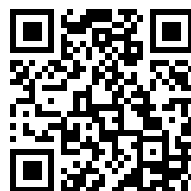
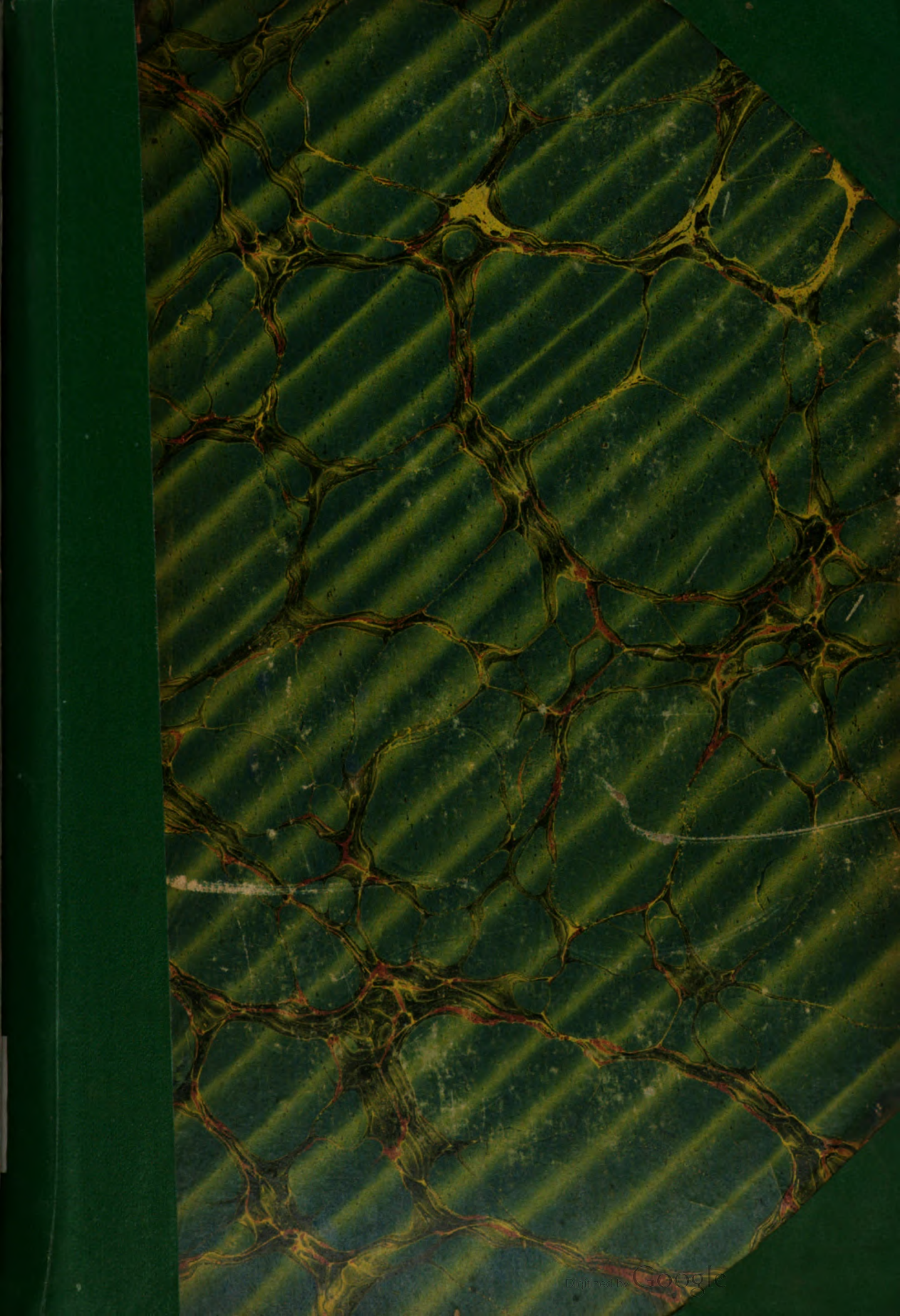

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GRAHAM'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Literature, Romance, Art, and Fashion.

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COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATES, Etc.

VOLUME FORTY-NINE.

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NO. 1.



ROYAL QUEENS

In the year 562, Clotaire, King of the Franks died, leaving his kingdom to be divided among his four sons, Sigebert, Chilperic, Gontran, and Caribert. The dominions of Sigebert were called Austrasia, while Caribert was called King of Paris, Chilperic King of Neustria, and Gontran King of Orleans. These monarchs practised polygamy. Among the concubines of Chilperic was one named Frédégonde, who by her remarkable beauty, grace, ingenuity and intellect, succeeded in supplanting in the affections of the king, not only all his other wives and concubines, but even the Queen Audovere, who had been her original patron. From a most humble station, Frédégonde was taken into her service by the queen, and once at court, easily managed by her great genius for intrigue, and her matchless loveliness of form and feature, to win her way onward, until she attained the elevation stated.

Chilperic had wives enough to satisfy even a Mormon; but motives of state policy induced him to take another. His brother Sigebert, King of Austrasia, married Brunehaut, the daughter of Athanagilde, King of the Visigoths, in Spain.

This powerful alliance added greatly to the previous importance of Sigebert; and Chilperic, to neutralize any hopes Sigebert might have from his marriage, demanded the hand of Brunehaut's sister, Galswinthe. But the Visigothic monarch refused to grant it, until Chilperic had dismissed all his other wives and mistresses, and consented to recognize Galswinthe alone as his queen. This was a sudden and unexpected blow to the ambitious hopes of Frédégonde, who, after having toiled so painfully up the giddy steep, felt no inclination to be thus rudely thrust back again. But Chilperic did as he was asked, and received in marriage Galswinthe, and with her a valuable dowry, consisting of several districts of territory. The chagrined favorite Frédégonde, refused to quit the palace, when all the other wives had done so. She had determined to succeed in her purposes and would not hear of failure. The charms which had before subdued Chilperic proved again too powerful for him. Frédégonde's tact and beauty won back her kingly lover from the arms of his new bride. The old love proved too strong for the new. The daughter of the Visigothic King accustomed to command lovers, and not to sue for their favor, could not stoop to lure back to her arms her faithless husband. A stranger among the Franks, speaking a foreign tongue, and abandoned by those who should serve her, she wept alone in her deserted chamber, wretched and forlorn in the midst of all her royal pomp and luxury. Mortified at her position, and indignant at her treatment, she demanded of Chilperic permission to return to her Spanish home, which, it seems, she felt apprehensive from the first at leaving, to trust herself to Frankish treachery. King Caribert died about this time, and his realm was divided among his brothers.

The request of Galswinthe was one the king could not grant, for several reasons. He would be sure to incur the hostility of her father, which he was not prepared to meet, and he would moreover, have to return with her the splendid dowry she had brought him. As avaricious as he was faithless, he could not bear the thought of this. He therefore, endeavored to soothe the feelings of the queen. He explained, expostulated, promised, did everything but what he should have done. Words were nothing to such a person, and he unscrupulously said anything and promised everything which he thought likely to change her resolution. But the queen saw through the device and refused to be consoled. Her demand was reiterated, and thereupon the infamous husband resolved to remove her by death. Calling to him secretly one of the slaves who guarded the queen's chamber at night, he gave directions that she should be murdered. The next morning she was found dead. Her griefs and her wrongs were thus suddenly ended.

The king, with a hypocrisy which was in keeping with his former villainy, went through the mockery of mourning for a short time, after which he married Frédégonde.

Thus, through crime and blood, by artful management, requiring the absence of all moral perception, not less than the possession of a genius for intrigue, this remarkable woman became at last sole queen of Neustria, where, in her early life, she had been an humble peasant. No obstacle seemed to be too great for her skill to overcome. Two lawful queens, and many concubines, were set aside to make way for her. Nor was her elevation but a momentary one. The same skill which had carried her to the position, kept her firmly seated there. Wars raged all around her. Thrones were shaken; kingdoms rushed to battle for and against her. But through all, and over all, she rode triumphant on the wave of fortune, a conqueror to the last.

The queen who was murdered to make way for Frédégonde, lay cold and stiff in the ceremonies of the dead. No champion dared raise his sword in her behalf in Neustria. But her sister, Brunehaut, Queen of Austrasia, incensed at the outrage, instigated King Sigebert, her husband, to commence a war of vengeance. For that purpose he united his arms with those of his brother Gontran. Against such a combination as this Chilperic could not stand. He was beaten and compelled to fly to Burgundy, but was allowed to return to his capital, on promising to give to Brunehaut the possessions which he had received as the dowry of her sister. In the year 578 the struggle was again renewed, but this time Gontran sided with Chilperic. Sigebert was an able general. He succeeded in inducing Gontran to abandon the alliance, defeated the forces of Chilperic, reduced Neustria to submission, and marched triumphantly through it.

This was a proud moment for Brunehaut. The murderer of her sister was now a suppliant for mercy. She hastened to Paris with her three children, in order to share in the triumph of Sigebert, and to throw her influence against Frédégonde. Through her instigation, the latter denounced death against his brother, and proclaimed himself king over his subjects. This was not a mere form, for the country was at his mercy, and every body was hastening to abandon the cause of Chilperic. Where now was the fortune of Frédégonde? In this crisis her genius displayed itself more fully than ever. Marking, from her palace windows, the haughty air of Brunehaut, and the triumphant insolence with which she treated her name, she vowed the destruction of both her and Sigebert. In this hour of her own misfortune and her enemy's triumph, there might be thought little to be feared from the threats of the doomed. But the terrible



ASSASSINATION OF SIGEBERT.

energy of Frédégonde educed victory from the ashes of defeat.

Summoning to her side some of the trusty agents, whom she had tried on former occasions, she bade them steep their long daggers in poison and seek an interview with king Sigebert for the purpose of killing him in the midst of his army. Under pretence of important business, they easily gained access to the king, when immediately they fell upon and murdered him with their poisoned weapons, and escaped before the alarm could be given. Frédégonde had prepared every thing to take advantage of the confusion ensuing upon the death of Sigebert. Her subject Neustrians were caused to assemble and renew their fidelity to Chilperic. The Neustrian army was reorganized, while the Austrasians, without a leader, and dismayed at the bold act which had caused the death of their king, began to get alarmed for their own safety, in the heart of a hostile country. They fell into disorder, and were soon disbanded. This may seem strange to the modern reader, but it was exactly what might have been expected, as the fealty of the Franks was due to the person of the king, and at his death they were free to shift it.

Frédégonde having thus, by a daring and skillful manœuvre, overturned all the bright prospects of her adversaries, profited by the opportunity with a quickness equal to that of a great general. She immediately had Queen Brunehaut and her children seized in Paris, and thrown into prison. Then she had her own husband, Chilperic, proclaimed King of Austrasia. Thus, once

more, this remarkable woman reigned triumphant over her enemies, and from the most disastrous fortune, produced the most astonishing success.

But in the midst of her victory an event occurred which marred its completeness. Such was the confusion following the death of Sigebert that the prison into which his sons were thrown was not properly guarded. His eldest son, Chilbert, taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, and aided by a person named Gondebaud, escaped from prison by being lowered in a sack from one of the windows, and guided by Gondebaud, hastened to his father's capital, where he was proclaimed King of Austrasia. His authority was acknowledged by the realm, and thus the husband of Frédégonde lost the kingdom at the moment when he seemed secure of it.

Brunehaut had been banished to Rouen. The haughty and ambitious spirit which this queen had displayed in prosperity, seemed for a time wholly to forsake her. The astonishing victory achieved by Frédégonde, confounded her so that she lived in constant dread of her power and cruelty. But in her adversity, the beauty which had procured for her the absolute control of Sigebert, again proved formidable. For she was the rival of Frédégonde, not less in royal state than in womanly charms. Her loveliness was that of the far south. The strange fascination of her Spanish features was a spell which the Frankish princes loved for its novelty. Frédégonde, on the other hand, was peerless among native beauties. Audovers, the repudiated queen

of Chilperic, had, since the accession of Frédégonde, resided in a convent at Mans. Thither her son, Merovæus, resorted occasionally to visit her. Being there in the vicinity of Brunehaut, whose beauty had captivated him at Paris, he visited her. The enthusiastic heart of the prince was immediately carried away with love for the unfortunate queen, to such an extent that, forgetting the dictates of prudence, he offered to marry her.

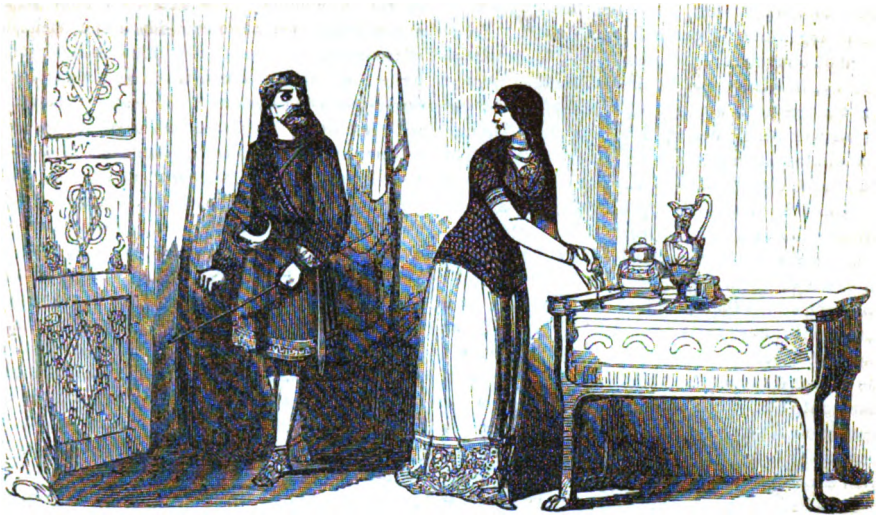
Brunehaut, smarting under the wrongs inflicted upon her by Frédégonde, had now a chance of revenge. Merovæus was the son of the rightful Queen of Neustria. By marrying him she might, perhaps, succeed in overthrowing her hated rival. She did so. The marriage was performed by Pretextat, Bishop of Rouen. But the news of it was immediately received by Chilperic, to whom it was artfully represented by Frédégonde as the commencement of a rebellion. Incited to action by his restless queen, Chilperic hastened to Rouen, seized Merovæus and his new bride, and separated them. His son, he sent a prisoner to

Soissons. Brunehaut, he set at liberty, supposing that she would seek the protection of her father, in Spain.

Such, however, was not the course she pursued. Depending upon her influence in Austrasia, she felt confident of success without the aid of her father. And, if the low-born adventurer, Frédégonde, could achieve what she had without aid, she might do so too. She fled to Metz, in Austrasia. Chilperic was quickly informed by his artful queen, of the importance and intent of this movement. She appreciated, in a moment, all the dangers and difficulties of the great field of action in which she contended, and left nothing neglected to secure herself against fate. Chilperic, at her instigation, declared war against Austrasia, for sheltering Brunehaut; and, gathering an army, marched into that country. But Brunehaut had not been idle. Her wrongs added fire to the natural eloquence of her voice, and when she called upon the Austrasians to defend their country against the invaders, the sturdy warriors were animated with a martial



ASSASSINATION OF BISHOP PRETEXTAT.



FRÉDÉGONDE SURPRISED BY THE KING.

fury. They gathered an army, commanded by Mummol, an able general. A battle was fought in which Chilperic was defeated with the loss of twenty thousand men, and was obliged to agree to a peace whose terms were humiliating to him.

Thus, once more the star of Brunehaut seemed in the ascendant. By her energy she had made herself queen-regent of Austrasia. Her army had carried the war to the gates of Chilperic's capital, and caused his precipitate flight therefrom. Frédégonde, having no other way of venting her spleen, excited Chilperic against Merovæus, so that the unfortunate prince was first thrown into prison; then taken out, and his long, flowing locks, the peculiar badge of Frankish royalty, cut off. Next he was divorced from his wife. Not satisfied with this, the king had him ordained as a priest, to prevent his marrying again, and sent him under guard to the Abbey of St. Calais. While on the way thither, however, he contrived to escape, and fled to the sanctuary of St. Martin, in Tours, where Bishop Gregory gave him protection. Chagrined at being thus thwarted in his vengeance, Chilperic demanded that the refugee should be surrendered to him; but it was refused. A celebrated magician, who had predicted with suspicious certainty, the exact hour, day, and year of the death of Caribert, King of Paris, now predicted that in one year Chilperic would be dead, Merovæus on the throne, and his brothers in prison. Frédégonde, thereupon, bent herself to accomplish the destruction of Merovæus. Her agents made several unsuccessful attempts to capture or assassinate him; but, escaping them all, he fled to Brunehaut, at Metz. His wife received him cordially, but the Austrasians commanded him to leave their kingdom; and, while he was lingering near

Rheims, a deputation invited him to enter the city of Therouanne, in Neustria, as king, saying that the whole country was ready to arm in his behalf. He went with them; but on the way, the pretended deputation, who were really his gaolers, acting under the orders of Frédégonde, slew him. Pretextat, Bishop of Rouen, who had married him to Brunehaut, was subsequently assassinated at the altar, in presence of an awe-struck multitude, by the order of the same artful woman.

Sickness had caused the death of Frédégonde's three sons, so that after all her struggles, it seemed imminent that Clovis, a son of Chilperic and Audover, would succeed, eventually, to the throne. Her ambition was unable to brook this; and to prevent it was not difficult for a person of her inexhaustible resources. She accused Clovis of having poisoned her children, in order that he might succeed to their inheritance; and managing to weave a plausible story to substantiate it, the weak-minded king caused him to be slain, and forced his sister to take the veil. Not content with this, Frédégonde caused the death of the Queen Audover herself, the munificent patron by whom she had been first raised from obscurity.

Rid of her domestic enemies, she now turned her attention to the enlargement of the domains of her husband. But the efforts of herself and her husband to that end proved unfortunate, and a treaty of peace, at length, put an end to hostilities. The struggles, however, were followed by the birth of a son to Chilperic, and his daughter, the Princess Rignunthe, married Ricared, King of the Visigoths. Chilperic went to pass the hunting season at his palace of Chelles on the Marne. Before the quitting the palace one morning he entered stealthily the chamber of Frédégonde, while the queen was washing her hands. In

order to surprise her, he struck her gayly with the riding-wand he carried in his hand. Frédégonde believing the intruder to be a lover named Laudry, in whose society she indemnified herself for the frequent absence of Chilperic, returned an answer which betrayed her amour. Though confounded at this, the king said nothing. Yet his silence clearly showed that he comprehended what had been unwittingly addressed to him, as Frédégonde turned and perceived her mistake.

Her fears told her as he withdrew that for one or other of them this interview must be fatal. She determined that it should not be herself, and, acting with her usual promptness, she had the hapless imbecile assassinated. Immediately upon his return from the hunt that day, just as he had dismounted from his horse, and had his hand still resting on the shoulder of an attendant, a strange man suddenly sprang forward and killed him with several well-aimed strokes of a dagger.

Thus Frédégonde saved herself, and meted out to Chilperic the fate he had visited upon Galswinthe. Retribution was slow in coming to him, but it came at last. But his death was the signal for the same general desertion of his followers as had occurred to the Austrasians on the death of Sigebert. Instantly the courtiers left Chelles, and some retired to their own estates, to watch, and take advantage of the course of events, while others put themselves with the King's of Austrasia, or of Orleans, and not a few took arms in behalf of a pretender named Gondovald, who claimed to be a son of Clotaire, Chilperic's father. None remained with the dead king, except Maubulle, Bishop of Senlis, who, three days before, had vainly sought accession to Chilperic's presence. He caused the dead king to be placed on board of a boat on the Marne, and conveyed to Paris, where it was buried with pomp and ceremony. Frédégonde reached Paris about the time of the funeral, and seeing the defection of the great vassals, she at once took sanctuary in the Cathedral with her son Prince Clotaire, and all the money and jewels she was able to collect.

The rest of the public treasures were delivered, without scruple, by those to whose charge they had been confided, to King Childebert, who being at Meaux when he heard of his uncle's death, had sent trusty emissaries to Paris, in hopes of their finding an opportunity of turning the occasion to his account. The position of the rival queens, Brunehaut and Frédégonde, was now reversed, and the latter trembled the more at reflecting on the probable vengeance which would be exacted, from knowledge of the course she would herself have pursued in similar circumstances. She had too much left, however, of the she-wolf's spirit which had actuated her through life, to sit down and despair. Her fears were pointed to the Austrasians. A ray of hope lingered on the side

of the Orléannois. She exerted all her talents and address to win the confidence and friendship of Gontran, and thus to defeat the design formed by her enemy for her ruin. Her letter to the fickle-minded sovereign of Orléans, "moistened with her tears," expressed her earnest desire "to entrust in his hands the government of a realm which no longer had a master, and the care of a young prince of four months old, whom his mother dared not confide to others." This appeal was made to a childless father, to one who, from his protection of Childebert, seems, whatever were his other faults and vices, always to have regarded with tenderness the helplessness of childhood; and the prayer was not in vain. He accepted the guardianship consigned to him, and hastened to Paris to defend the orphan king against the ambition and rage of Brunehaut and her son, and arrived there barely in time to render the service he had promised. As he entered, with a band of faithful followers at one gate, Childebert presented himself at the other. Fortunately Frédégonde had taken the precaution previously to gain the affections, by gold and good words, of the Parisians; and they consequently closed every means of access against the Austrasians, while Gontran found ready admittance and a welcome from all classes. Childebert endeavored to cajole and amuse the old man. He called him his father, reminded him of the scene of the adoption, spoke of the glories of their old alliance, and besought him not to interpose between the just wrath of an injured king, and the detested son of Queen Frédégonde. The reply of Gontran was firm, dignified, and worthy of better times and a better man. "Show me," he said, "any treaty signed with my hand, in which I have consented to assist in overturning the throne of a kinsman, in order to profit by the partition of his domains." The demand was as appropriate as it was severe. Such a treaty as that alluded to was in existence, executed by Childebert and Chilperic; and Frédégonde had transmitted it to the protector of her son, to show the spirit by which the King of Austrasia was actuated. Childebert, enraged at this disclosure of his treachery, at once forgot the adoption to which a few days before he had affectionately referred, and indulged in loud threatenings against his uncle, towards whom he vowed a mortal enmity. One of his messengers to Gontran so far forgot the respect due to the old king as to tell him that "the steel was not blunted with which his brothers had been slain." This fury, however, led to no result at the time.

The pretender, Gondovald, to whom we have alluded as claiming the crown of Chilperic, now began to make headway to the throne. Many able generals and nobles joined his standard, and a large part of the kingdom of Neustria acknowledged his sway. But Gontran and Childebert



BRUNEHAUT IN DISGUISE.

united their forces against him. A Burgundian army laid siege to and captured Poitiers. The inhabitants were punished with all kinds of tortures for adhering to the cause of the pretender, and the pillage was carried to such excess that the bishop was obliged to break in pieces a chalice belonging to the service of the altar, in order to distribute its fragments among the sacrilegious soldiery. Up to this time the fortunes of Gondevald had been auspicious, but from the fall of Poitiers they began to wane, and at length the generals who had supported his cause betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. Surrounded in his fortress of Couvennes, a Burgundian emissary contrived to gain access to Mummol, and by large promises, and plausible representations, he won that general to desert his master—whose cause, it is hardly necessary to add, had already become desperate. The other chiefs who had taken arms in behalf of the son of Clotaire followed the example of their leader, and, in a general council, advised Gondevald to submit to his fate. "Go forth from this town," they said, "and present thyself to thy brother. We will come to speak with his officers. There is no danger that thou wilt be sacrificed; for there remain scarcely any of thy race."

The unfortunate king was at no loss to understand from this that he had been betrayed; but knowing, also, that it would be useless to contest the matter, he suffered himself to be conducted in silent sadness to one of the gates of the town, where Ollon, Count of Burgundy, and Gontran Bosan, his former friend, were in waiting to receive him. As soon as they had delivered up their victim, Mummol and his companions hastily retraced their steps, closed the gates behind them,

and abandoned the prince to the mercy of his enemies. The end scarcely needs relating. Gondevald, as he descended the rugged path towards the Burgundian camp, was struck from behind by Count Ollon, who, felling him to the earth, exclaimed to his companions, "Behold your Ballomez, the son and brother of kings." In a moment he was pierced with a lance thrust into his side below his cuirass. He endeavored to rise, but Gontran Bosan, who was above him, seizing a large stone hurled it upon his head and crushed him to death. His body was dragged by a rope through the camp, his hair and beard were plucked out, and at last his mangled and bloody carcase was left in the midst of the plain, to be devoured by wild beasts and birds of prey. Although the provinces which had constituted the kingdom of Gondevald appertained to the kingdom of Neustria, the war had been maintained in the name of Gontran, and the names and authority of Frédégonde and her son had, as if intentionally, been wholly unnoticed. It has been asserted even, that, at the moment of Gondevald's overthrow, agents from Frédégonde had arrived at Couvennes, to offer him an asylum at the court of the young Clotaire. But whether this be so or not, it is certain that thenceforward Gontran cooled in his friendship towards the widow of his brother, and gradually assumed an attitude which a slight occasion would have converted into hostility. In the first place he compelled her to submit the government to a council of regency, similar to that which the Austrasian leudes had imposed upon Brunehaut, during the minority of Childebart. Immediately afterwards he insisted on her quitting Paris, where he himself took up his temporary residence as protector

of his nephew. Having withdrawn to the castle of Vaudreuil, about four leagues from Rouen, at the point where the Eure flows into the Seine, Frédégonde had to sustain a new mortification, in an inquisition as to the circumstances of her husband's death. She adroitly brought the evidence against herself to bear on the head of Duke Berulf, Chilperic's ancient chamberlain; but though by this means acquitted, she failed to remove the general suspicion of her guilt. About the same time, the body of Prince Chilperic, who had been put to death under the queen's instructions at Noisy, was dragged from the Marne, into which it had been thrown, by a fisherman, who recognised it at once, by its long hair, as being that of a person of royal birth. Gontran, at the head of the clergy of Paris, went to see the corpse, and caused it to be borne in great pomp to the church of St. Vincent, where Chilperic himself lay buried. The body of Marovæus was next exhumed, and brought to Paris to be interred beside that of his brother; and finally, Gontran, believing that he had sufficiently excited the popular indignation against Frédégonde, by renewing the memory of her blackest crimes, betrayed his ulterior purpose by disputing the legitimacy of his nephew. But this was dangerous ground. The Franks, however willing to punish Frédégonde, in her person or posterity, for her enormities, were not disposed to establish a precedent upon which their own widows and orphans might be subjected to ruin, whenever a crafty and powerful kinsman should desire their inheritance. They, therefore, contented themselves with the oath of Frédégonde, taken in the presence of three bishops, and of three hundred of the wealthiest Neustrian leudes, that she had never been false to the bed of Chilperic. The queen submitted to these humiliations with constancy and calmness, knowing that it was vain to argue without the power to act.

In the meantime, Brunehaut had gradually increased her power and influence in Austrasia. On every opportunity she had added a fraction to her authority, and, at last, on the death of Oendelin, chief minister to her son, she persuaded the young king, who had then attained the age of sixteen years, to dismiss his council of regency, and to invest her with the absolute administration of the kingdom. The leudes submitted. The government had long been virtually in her hands, had been wise and prudent, and the nation had prospered; and, as Chilbert was approaching manhood, it was deemed better to yield till then than risk a civil war by resistance.

The inhabitants of Soissons, dissatisfied that Frédégonde and her son should reside and hold her court at Vaudreuil, instead of the capital, threw off allegiance, invoked the protection of the Austrasians, and solicited Chilbert to give

them his son Theodebert, then a child about three years old, for king. The royal infant was accordingly inducted to his new kingdom, and formally established there, with a train of officers, of dukes and counts, and a mayor of the palace, now become a regular appendage to the Frankish courts. Meaux followed the example of Soissons; and Frédégonde in vain protested against so flagrant an usurpation, and urged Gontran to maintain the rights of her son, which he had formally guaranteed.

In the midst of this complication of domestic treachery and personal rivalry, the struggle of the leudes and fideles against the authority of the Merovingian princes was daily extending throughout France, and gathering strength from the accession of those new chiefs who accompanied their followers from beyond the Rhine, and found employ in the armies of their settled kinsmen. This hostile feeling has already been alluded to, in connection with the revolt which gave a short-lived throne to Gondovald. It now betrayed itself still more unequivocally in Neustria and Burgundy; and grew to an open rupture between Gontran and his nobles. The old king, indeed, was subjected to coercion and humiliation in his very palace, and dared not stir abroad in the streets of Orléans, or even to church, without a strong guard. His government was overawed by the violence of his subjects, his edicts were treated with contempt, and the land was filled with rapine and plunder; the chiefs themselves roaming over the country with their vassals in the character of bandits. Law and justice, with such a state of society, could find no breathing space; and each person did what seemed good in his own eyes, without any other fear than the vague one that he might, in turn, become the victim of some more powerful man than himself. Gontran was of too feeble a character to attempt to reduce this discord to order. Brunehaut feared also to take a determined stand against the leudes by whom she was surrounded, lest they should strip her of the authority which she held upon sufferance; and Frédégonde rather encouraged than opposed the turbulence of her adherents, and maintained emissaries at the other courts to promote the discontent of the nobles, as she thought to profit by the constraint to which her adversaries were reduced, in re-seizing the royal power and administering the affairs of her son's realm.

It was at her instigation, and under her guidance, that a dangerous conspiracy was formed at the court of Metz, by Rauchingue, Orsion and Berthefrède, to assassinate Chilbert and subvert his throne. In this plot, Rauchingue caused it to be published that he was a natural son of Clotaire I.; and, aided by the resources with which Frédégonde supplied him, he drew around him a large party, who swore to support him in



ASSASSINATION OF RAUCHINGUE.

an attempt to obtain the actual government of the kingdom, while the child Theodebert should retain the name of king. Orsion and Berthefrède undertook to dispose of Gontran, who was to be replaced on his throne by Thierry, the younger brother of Theodebert, whose government the assassins were to direct in the same way as Rauchingue conducted that of Austrasia. Before the project, however, was ripe for execution, Gontran obtained notice of its tendency from some of the parties engaged, and immediately informed his nephew of the danger which threatened him. Childebert, without betraying the least alarm, or indeed any consciousness of treasonable designs, sent for Rauchingue, and had a long private interview with him at the palace. At his de-

parture the monarch accompanied him to the door, and coldly bowed to him on leave-taking. This was the signal for three men, posted in the court, to seize the traitor by the legs and drag him to the earth. He fell with his head on the entrance-steps, and his feet on the door-sill; and while one of his assailants held him down, the two others clove his head with their swords. His body was then stripped and thrown from a window of the palace into the street. His property and estates were confiscated; when it is said to have been ascertained that he possessed more wealth in his several mansions and castles than constituted the whole of the royal treasures. Orsion and Berthefrède, finding that the conspiracy was discovered, fled to their domains, gathered their

vassals and a number of hired auxiliaries, and, uniting their forces, shut themselves up in a strong fortress, which Orsion had built in the midst of his lands, between the Meuse and the Moselle, determined to resist every attempt to bring them to justice.

The war then proceeded against Orsion and Bertheffrède. The latter was a friend or lover of Brunehaut, who had not long before been god-mother to one of his sons. She earnestly implored him to desert his accomplices, and offered him pardon and a restoration to favor on that condition; but in vain. He declared his resolution to partake the fate of his comrades, and, when compelled to abandon the castle in which he and Orsion had made their first stand, they took sanctuary together in a small church dedicated to St. Martin, which Orsion had founded on the peak of the rugged mountain of Vabres, on the eastern edge of the farthest of Ardennes. This, converted into a fortress, was capable of sustaining a siege; but it was of short duration. The church was set on fire, and Orsion, rushing, like Gontran Bosan, through the flames, fell amid the swords and spears of a host; but not before he had slain Trudulfe, a count of the royal palace, and several of the hostile soldiers, by the blows with which he finally signalised his strength and his despair. Bertheffrède was at first more fortunate. Favored by the known love of Brunehaut, and not improbably by the sympathy of the leudes who fought against him, he found little difficulty in escaping to Verdun, where he was readily sheltered by the bishop in his private chapel. Childebert, however, enraged at the obstinacy

with which the paramour of his mother had resisted all attempts to conciliate or subdue him, now threatened Godegisile, his general, that unless he forthwith transmitted to Metz the head of the rebel, his own should be forfeited. This quickened the vigilance of pursuit after Bertheffrède. His delivery was demanded from the Bishop of Verdun, and on the refusal of the churchman to violate his sanctuary, the soldiers ascended to the roof of the chapel, whence they threw tiles and stones upon the head of the fugitive till he lay a corpse upon the pavement below.

But, although this rebellion had totally failed in its object, such were the grievances, or such the restless turbulence of the Frank chiefs, a new revolt was contemplated almost as soon as the first had been suppressed. Sunegisile and Gallomaque, high officers of the household of the King of Austrasia, entered into a conspiracy against their master; but, ere the plot had obtained consistency, it was discovered, and its authors punished. Egidius, Bishop of Rheims, was implicated in this affair, and was condemned, by a general assembly of the leudes, to be deposed. The clergy, who had already begun to separate their jurisdiction from that of the laity, complained of infringement of their privileges, and their influence was sufficient to procure a revision of the sentence. The case was submitted, to a council of bishops, held at Verdun, and, as this assembly could not agree upon a decision, the matter was adjourned and the council summoned to meet anew at Metz. Here several charges, some of which there is good reason to believe were



ASSASSINATION OF THE GUESTS.

added to the prelate's real offences, merely to blacken his character, and afford his judges a pretext for his condemnation, were preferred against Egidius, and supported by the kind of evidence in that day admissible. The bishop, it was said, had forged the royal signature, on several occasions, to grants of land and donations; had maintained a correspondence with Chilperic, and consented to and advised the putting of Brunehaut to death; and finally the treaty found at Chelles, which Frédé-

gonde had disclosed to Gontran, whom it was intended to despoil of his kingdom, was attributed to Egidius, who at the time of its execution, was one of the council of regency. The bishops demanded three days to consider of their verdict; at the end of which they declared their colleague guilty, but implored for him the king's mercy. He was finally deprived of his see and banished to Strasburg.

In Neustria, two families had become involve



ST. COLUMB AND THE SOLDIERS.

in a mortal feud. Frédégonde's attempts to conciliate them failed through the obstinacy of three men of one of the parties. The queen invited the three Franks to a banquet in the palace; seated them all side by side upon a bench, plied them freely with wine, and, when they were intoxicated, gave a preconcerted signal to three men who waited behind them. Each of these at the same moment raised his axe; the floor of the hall was stained with blood, and the opposition to the queen's authority was ended. This violation of the laws of hospitality, however, enraged the Franks, and they besieged the royal palace; but the arrival of a party of faithful troops restored quiet.

Young Clotaire, soon after, fell sick at Paris, and the physicians despaired of saving his life; but his mother undertook the treatment of his disease, and succeeded in effecting a cure. Gontran had commenced a march for Paris, intending to take possession of the kingdom as soon as his nephew should die; but the queen won him over to her friendship, and induced him to become godfather to her son, who had not yet been baptized. The indolent, weak-minded, and

inconstant Gontran died two years afterwards, when Clotaire II. was eleven years of age. Childebert inherited his kingdom, and thus became master of a realm three times as large as that of his cousin Clotaire. He immediately put his troops in motion for the acquisition of the smaller kingdom; but Frédégonde quickly collected a small army which surprised and defeated the invaders, and ravaged the territory of the enemy to the very gates of Rheims.

A war with the Bretons, in which he was severely handled, and another with the Varni, whose name was stricken from the list of nations during its continuance, marked the remainder of the life of Childebert. He died in 596, leaving his kingdom to his two young sons, Theodebert and Thierry, and the care of the government to Brunehaut.

Frédégonde immediately commenced enlarging the kingdom of Neustria, at the expense of her neighbors; and defeated an army which Brunehaut had sent to punish the aggression. She was advancing to Metz when she fell sick and died shortly after, leaving behind her a name celebrated alike in the annals of infamy, and in

the record of shrewd, able, and calculating rulers. Brunehaut survived her rival, and awoke from the panic under which she seems hitherto to have labored. The Avars, who had continued to press upon the Rhine, were driven back in terror, and compelled to pay tribute. The Lombards renewed treaties of amity with the Austrasians, and the head of the church favored Theodebert with the titles of most illustrious, most pious, and most Christian prince. But a revolt of chiefs soon after compelled Theodebert to banish Brunehaut from his kingdom. All deserted her, save a poor wood-cutter, named Didier, who met her as she was flying for her life, alone and on foot, in a wood on the frontiers of Champagne. He conducted her to the court of her grandson, Thierry. Here she was kindly received, and enabled to reward the fidelity of Didier, who was made Bishop of Auxerre. At the court of Thierry she speedily organized a war for the recovery of the territory which Frédégonde had seized. The Neustrians were completely humbled, and the dominion of Clotaire was reduced to twelve counties, or governments of counts. During this war, Brunehaut procured the death of Bertoald, the mayor of the palace, who was too honest to be corrupted by her wiles, and too powerful to be openly displaced. Protadius, a Gallo-Roman, devoted to the interests of the queen, was chosen to fill the place of the virtuous Bertoald. The leudes, however, soon after put the new minister to death, in punishment for his having instigated the king to make war against Theodebert.

About this time, too, the queen was opposed by St. Colum, a Scottish or Irish monk, who had founded a monastery of Culdees on the island of Iona, and who now came to spread his doctrines among the Franks. The Pope had flattered the queen and her grandson with praises of their sanctity, and they now came to hear St. Colum preach, expecting the same servile adu-

lation. But the worthy missionary saw sin in the same light whether practised by the highest or the meanest in the land; and he accordingly reproached his royal listeners with the viciousness of the lives they led, and refused to bless the children of the king, because of their illegitimacy. Brunehaut caused him to be apprehended, tried for heresy, and condemned to banishment from France. The soldiers sent to execute this sentence knelt at the feet of this holy man, and implored his forgiveness of the crime which they were forced to commit. The immorality of Brunehaut and Thierry being made known so publicly, the clergy began to take some notice of it, and a quarrel with them was consequently commenced by the queen.

In 610, the war which the queen had long endeavored to bring on between her grandsons, suddenly broke out. Clotaire remained neutral, determined to move after one of the belligerents should be reduced. Theodebert fought a final battle on the plains of Tolbiac, where the great Clovis had gained his victory and abjured paganism. The battle was terrible; the combatants fighting so desperately, and so crowded together, that whole battalions remained dead on the ground in their ranks; many standing upright, being unable from the pressure of their comrades around them to fall to the ground. Theodebert was captured and sent a prisoner to Chalons, where Queen Brunehaut avenged herself for the indignity of being driven from his dominions, by putting him to death. His son, Meroveus, who was still a child, was seized at Cologne, in the pursuit after the battle, by a Burgundian soldier, who held him by the heels while he dashed his brains out against a stone.

Clotaire took advantage of the destruction of Theodebert's army to recover his old dominions, and he returned an answer of defiance when summoned by Thierry to surrender them. The latter



DEATH OF BRUNEHAUT.

then declared war, and was marching towards the frontier, when he fell sick and died in about four days afterwards. The eldest of his four sons was but ten years of age, and his grandmother was aged eighty, and odious to the Franks. Clotaire, therefore, advanced to the Rhine, and was everywhere acknowledged as king of the whole country. Brunehaut, knowing her fate should she fall into the power of Frédégonde's sons, mustered an army and sent it against him, under Varnachaire, the mayor of the palace. But her cause was entirely hopeless, and Varna-

chaire met the troops of Clotaire, lowered his banners, and returned with the foe as his acknowledged sovereign. Brunehaut was captured and brought to the camp of Clotaire, who submitted her to the tortures and insults of the soldiery for three days, and then paraded her through the camp on the back of a camel. At length she was fastened by the hair and one arm and one foot to the tail of a wild horse, and torn in pieces. Her remains were afterwards reduced to ashes in the camp-fires.

THE QUIET HOUSE.

In a quiet by-street of the otherwise noisy little town of Bristol, there stood an unobtrusive house which might have been thought uninhabited, so little movement or sound was there about it; only on the garden-side, which looked out on the wide valley and green mountains, bright curtained windows, filled with blooming flowers, were observable, and behind these, sometimes, a woman's form.

This silent dwelling was the home of a peaceful maiden, who though belonging to a wide-spread family-circle, was known beyond it to none but the poor, the sick, and the sad of heart. In the world and with the world she lived not; in the many small interests and gossip of the town she took no part; but with her own she warmly shared both joy and grief, and though in manner placid and full of repose, she could be merry as a child with the young and cheerful, and gladly received the throng of nephews and nieces who loved to visit their kind Aunt Mary. Still she loved best to be alone in her tranquil room, where the spirit of order and peace ever reigned, and her wearied eyes could rest on the fresh bright green of the valley.

Her birth-day was in May, and it was well known that on that day Aunt Mary received no visits from her family; but every year there came a noble-looking man to the chief hotel, who immediately passed on to Aunt Mary's, and spent the few days during which he remained in the town, from morning till night with her. They took long walks and read together, and seemed till the hour of parting as if they could not have enough of earnest conversation.

After these visits the quiet Mary was for a time still more quiet, and her sisters knew that she must for a while be left alone before she again appeared in the family circle with her old, clear, unassuming mien. The visits of the distinguished stranger to the elderly maiden, who was considered a sort of devotee, raised much wonder in the town, but people got accustomed to them. The

stranger was a professor in the university of a neighboring state, and a well-known author. All his works came, as soon as published, to the secluded chamber of Aunt Mary, who kept up an unbroken correspondence with him. The young growing-up nephews and nieces, especially the latter, teased their elders continually with questions and conjectures—whether he was a relation? or a friend? but had people often such friends?—but they got no satisfactory answer, and the secret was never disclosed.

Aunt Mary must once have been beautiful. Beside her friend, who though a few years older, was in the prime of manly life and vigor, she looked quite faded; but there was a mild grace diffused over her whole being, a breathing of peace which is higher than beauty, for it outlives the changes of time. Her health was very delicate, and she early felt her life decay. She usually had one of her nieces staying with her, and to her gentle influence they were indebted for much of their mental training; but now she asked her eldest sister to let her daughter Hermina, who had ever been her favorite, remain with her during the rest of her life. The young Hermina gladly agreed to the wishes of her beloved aunt, though not really thinking that she was so ill.

"But, mother," she said, "before I go to live with Aunt Mary, you should tell me something about the professor, for I do not know how I ought to behave when he comes."

"Yes, child," answered her mother, "you are in the right, and are old enough; so I will tell you what I know, though that is not much. It is a curious story.

"You know that Mary was the youngest of us all, and she was at home the darling and the pet as long as our blessed mother lived. We two elder ones were already married, and Mary not quite fourteen, when our mother died. It was a bitter grief to all; but Mary was wholly comfortless. Henceforth she had little joy at home, our father being an uncommunicative, severe man,

who did not touch her heart, and in a short time he married again, and now I must tell you that none of us much liked the second mother. She was not bad, but capricious and superficial. In the first weeks she overwhelmed Mary with fondness, afterwards she took no notice of her, either or good or ill; and the poor girl grew more silent, and next to being with her spiritual instructor, our good vicar, she preferred shutting herself up with her books and flowers; yet she could be lively, and she was, very beautiful, little as she thought of it."

"Am I not like her, mamma?"

"You! be sure you are not half so handsome; besides you do not dress yourself with such neatness and simplicity as Mary did. Well, Ludovic Rodgers (the professor now,) became acquainted with Mary on a vacation visit he made at Bristol, and they took great pleasure in each other's society. Nobody had a word to say against it, and we all thought it very fortunate when Mary, at the age of eighteen, was engaged to him. Now for the first time she enjoyed life, and was made much of in the family. Her father, brother, and step-mother, seemed for the first time to open their eyes to her loveliness, her understanding, and the attainments which she had acquired for herself in silence and without encouragement. The mother, indeed, was seized with a fit of maternal tenderness, and occupied herself eagerly with preparing the *trousseau*.

"Mary bloomed like a rose; her taste for books suited her lover exactly, and they were both much taken up with their studies and learned conversations. They wrote each other whole reams of letters; the old postman was obliged to call once oftener in the week; yet, when together they were like children. All seemed to go on well, yet I observed on being with them for a longer time, that Mary seldom now went to our pastor, and was unusually timid and silent in his presence.

"They had been engaged about half a year when Ludovic was called to a professorship in Naunton; then was their joy complete, and the wedding-day was fixed. Mary rejoiced like a child in her new prospects; the bridal dress was prepared, and the settlements arranged. Then came the professor, before his journey, to make one more visit to his betrothed, ere he came to take her home. Mary was, as ever, bright and tender; the professor was obliged to set out at night by the stage-coach, and they took a long walk together in the evening; I think it was in the churchyard, whither they often went. Mary came in cheerful and frank from their earnest conversation, and they took as tender and affectionate leave of each other as ever.

The next morning, Mary came down to breakfast so deathly pale that we were all frightened,

though we ascribed it to the parting. Her step-mother wishing to enliven her, said, "To-morrow, Mary, we will drive to Isleham, to look after your things; we have only four weeks now till the wedding." Then said Mary, calmly, but with a low voice, "You need take no trouble, mother; I shall have no wedding." We all sat and stared at her with astonishment; we should have thought she was out of her senses, had she not so softly and firmly sustained the storm of questions and reproaches that fell upon her. "And Ludovic?" I asked at last. "I have already written to him early this morning!" That was her only answer, and nothing more could we draw from her.

The professor arrived on the second day in extreme dismay. We had all expected him with grief, but hoped everything from him. "Set the girl's head straight," said my father, "or I shall grow crazy, too." Mary received him silently, and with trembling; they went into the garden, they sat there in the arbor in which they had pledged themselves to one another, God knows how long, in ardent discourse. We were filled with good hopes. At last they came forward, both white as ghosts; the professor said to my father, that he must submit to Mary's will, and relinquish his claims; gave his hand to each, also to Mary, kissed her ice-cold brow, and departed.

Little as I could understand Mary, I was much too sorry for her to reproach her; but my father was frightfully angry, and the step-mother threw off every pretence of affection. I took my poor sister for a time to stay with me, for she was so ill-treated that I feared the worst, and she only recovered through the stillness and peace in which I left her.

"It was not as usually the case between lovers who break off their engagements. No letters, no presents, or portraits were returned, on the contrary, the correspondence soon began again, though not so incessant as before, and Mary read her letters with such anxiety as if from each she expected the welfare of her life. I could not believe that all was over between the two, and exhausted all my eloquence when Mary grew better, to alter her mind, or at least to discover why she had so willed it. Soft and submissive as she usually is, she stood firm in this; but this I must say, that she became even more loveable and good than before. She appeared never to think of herself; so pious, so indefatigable, so kind to the poor,—she was like a real angel. When the first anger of her father evaporated, she returned home. One gets accustomed to everything; though time may bring no roses, yet he wears away the thorns. Our father said no more, and even he seemed aware that with his pale child an angel had entered beneath his roof. From year to year we hoped for a change, but things remained the same. Eight years from

that day our father died, and his widow went to relations at a distance. We would all gladly have had Mary with us, but at this time an old house in Bristol fell to our share as an inheritance from a cousin, and Mary begged us, as it was not to be sold, to give it up to her for a dwelling. This was done, and since then everything has remained as now."

This was all that Hermina could learn of her aunt's history, and it only stimulated her curiosity to know the true meaning of the mystery. This curiosity was exalted into the deepest, fondest sympathy, when in the unshared companionship of her aunt, she came fully under the influence of that peaceful, pure, and thoroughly pious nature; and never did she ask her a single question.

Aunt Mary had judged truly of her own state; her health was broken, her life hastening to decay. Soon her weakness increased so much that she could not leave her bed. Hermina never wearied in her dear and pious duty; the affection between aunt and niece grew yet stronger, and the sense of maternal love, denied to Mary, now woke up within her for her young niece.

It was in the beginning of autumn, a season so fatal to complaints of this kind, one still, calm evening, Hermina sate by the invalid's bed, silently gazing on her features, when Mary lifted up her half-closed eyes.

"My child, have you written to the professor?"

"Yes, aunt, immediately you wished it."

"That is well; he will soon be here," she said, with a soft smile.

Tears stood in Hermina's eyes; her heart was full to overflowing; for the first time she spoke further.

"Aunt, dearest aunt, since you care for him so much, why oh, why? You would surely have made him so happy?"

Mary laid her hand gently on the weeping maiden's:—

"Dear child, I shall not live long—you have loved me so well you shall not think of me as strange and capricious; I will tell you what I have never yet told to any one. Come nearer, I cannot speak long or loud, put the lamp a little further off.

Hermina, I was younger than you, still a child, when I sate at my mother's death-bed, as you do now at mine. But with my mother all departed from me. I was beside myself with grief; I believed that I could wring her from heaven with my prayers. She alone had power to comfort me. On that night she spoke to me long and from her inmost heart, and laid before me the deep, steadfast, soul-felt faith which had been the joy and consolation of her life; but my grief broke ever out afresh. "Mother, dearest mother," I cried, "how can I continue pious, how become good, without you? Promise me that you will

come down and visit me from Heaven." "My child," she said, earnestly, "you know not what you ask, such is not the will of God: God hath granted us light sufficient on our way. Yet, I promise you," she said, with a singularly clear and strong voice, "if God so permits it, I will come to you once more when your soul is in peril." These were her last words.

The dying woman was silent for a long time, then she began again, with short pauses:—

"Hermina, my love for Ludovic was unspeakably great—more than I have words to tell. I knew that he did not wholly share my faith,—it grieved me, but I never thought to give him up on that account—he was a noble-minded man—I trusted to the might of love—God would, through me, lead him back to the faith. But, child! that was a harder task than we are apt to believe. Ludovic's was a splendid, highly-gifted mind: the opinions of one we love are wonderfully attractive;—I did not avoid discussions on the most sacred subjects; indeed, I wished to convert him. These notions, the idealism of Christianity, as he called them, were always floating in my soul. I believed in Ludovic as long as I listened to him. When alone, then I felt that this was not the truth; but the star which had hitherto shone over me, I discerned no more. I could no longer look upwards as a child to its father. I was often secretly unhappy; yet, for all this, I did not think of giving up Ludovic. On that evening I told him everything that vexed and disturbed my soul, but he was not shaken by it. He showed and explained to me clearly on what grounds I stood; it was merely a transition towards the truth. Once more he spread before me the whole dazzling fabrics of his ideas; I could no longer discriminate—I was carried away, convinced, as I imagined; he enrolled me for a new life in the service of the Universal Spirit. Exalted, filled with new light I thought myself when we returned, and in my quiet room it was still the same. On that night, Hermina, my mother came to me; then I knew what I must do. As his wife I could not have withstood him—and I broke the bond. He said much to me;—that not with one syllable would he ever tamper with my faith. Alas! I well knew that there is a silence in relation to some subjects which may effect more than a direct attack against which one is armed. My way was clear before me; and God has been very gracious to me. Of all the prayers which I have since then offered up to Him, one only—my first, my last, my most ardent, is yet unfulfilled. Ludovic is true towards me and towards himself; could he purchase heaven by a falsehood, he would not do it; and now, my child, good night."

On the following day came a letter. Mary read it with brightened eyes. "He has not had

your letter yet, Hermina, but he is coming soon." Her sisters also came to visit her. She took an affectionate leave of them, but did not wish them to remain. She lay calm and quiet, as in happy expectation. At length a carriage drove up; the professor flung himself from it. "Does she still live?" he asked, breathless, of Hermina. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, as she answered in the affirmative, and went to his dying friend; no preparation was here needed. Long, long the two remained together, till Hermina ventured to come in. Ludovic sat close to Mary, who, lifted up in bed, leaned her head upon his breast, and looked on him with beaming, blissful eyes. The hands of both rested, clasped together, on Mary's bible

—her dearest memorial from her sainted mother. Hermina would have stolen away, but Mary nodded kindly to her, and said, in a low voice: "Thank God, my child, my prayer is heard; my sacrifice has not been made in vain." She spoke little more; but she withdrew herself not again from him from whom she had been so long divided. Together they received the holy supper—the last that should pass Mary's lips. She died with a peaceful smile. Her countenance in death was as it were glorified, almost as lovely as when a young affianced bride, only of paler hue.

The quiet house is shut up: still for the few to whom she belonged in life, it is hallowed by the soft and pious spirit of Aunt Mary.

ALITHEA.

BY JEROME A. MABEY.

CALL her not vain, nor blame her not that she,
Whom loveliness in joyful triumph owns,
Plays not the cloistering nun, but freely lays
Her fair page open to be read of all,
And generously familiar to the light;
(While Purity and Pride around her still
Bring radiant Honor to enchant the air.)
God was not chary when HE fashioned her;
But wrought with liberal hand, not hoarding up
Within HIS undream'd treasury of spells
The rarer forces perfected in her:
She doeth but as HE, in that she makes
Munificent using of HIS blessing gifts.
Wherefore thus lavish of HIS sovereign art,
That to her eye its jeweled arrows left,
Stored in the silken quiver of the lash;
That to her hair the changeful glory placed
Of seas at midnight sprinkled with the stars;
That from the subtler rimming of a cloud
Caught for her skin a softly, lustrous layer,
Transparently inlaid on lip and cheek,
To show the bright blood exquisitely thro';
That gave her step the striveless pleasant flow
Of motion riding on a summer wave;
That, with an energy so fine and bold,
Meted and drew the lines which mould a shape,
Whose least dividing by the toyful air
Comes with a pathos matchless under heaven.
By all that we may mark in earth or sky,

How eloquently is the lesson taught?
That with a boon as bounteously we deal
As the first almoner.

Note but the bird,
That, with the earliest blazonry of dawn,
Pours round thro' heaven so streamingly his song;
As life itself came to him on the sound,
And wings were nearly made to bear it on;
Whose treble only falters into rest
With the last dropping of his lids in sleep;
Say, do ye weary of his dainty song,
Flinging a daily sweetness on your ways?
And then the flowers—spring they not everywhere?
A haunting joy, and yet a marvel ever;
Whose tender bravery and airy grace,
A kindling there of something spiritual,
Do make it possible to dream them even
Our vanished lov'd ones, wearing such a guise.
And leaping to our feet in greeting glad,
O, do ye ask them in their loneliness
To fold their leaves for idle pageantry,
Nor give the air one token where they bend?

Not lightly was the mission set apart
To Beauty's singing, visible or voiced,
So that the dearthness of its perfect rhythm,
With all our nature blendeth for attune;
And, with an over present inspiration,
Entreat an inner fairness to our lives.

ROME.

'Twas dark: a sable cloak hung o'er the tower,
Whose thick'ning folds made drear the midnight hour;
Death-silence reigned, and all was hush'd and still,
Save distant echoes o'er the Pauline hill,
Which came at intervals from crowded halls,
Where wealth and beauty shone in splendid balls!

With quick'ning pace the steeds of Phœbus rode
Forth from their Eastern halls—their bright abode,
And, ere they had appeared, their traces broke—

And as they fled the revellers awoke
To view, with sunken eye and sick'ning heart,
The wealth and glory of the state depart!

The gloom grew thicker, and the funeral knell
The truth announced; and they ignobly fell:
Once more a sable cloud hung o'er the hill
And every artery in the state was still;
No echo came from court or crowded hall;
For all was hushed in their last mournful fall!

CLARENCE CARLETON.

THE MANDARIN'S QUEUE.

A CHINESE "TAIL."



THE Mandarin, Tchi-Kao, governed the District of Siu, one of the most important in the Chinese Empire.

He owed his elevation to this high function, to the talent he had exhibited as general in the war against the Western Tartars, and to his alder-

manic rotundity! Tchi-Kao had never lost a battle. When the enemy approached too near his position, he struck his tents during the night, and removed to the greatest possible distance; and by this means was enabled, each day, to dispatch to the emperor the most satisfactory

assurances of his own health and that of his army.

The Tartar Chief, convinced that this manoeuvre concealed some deep design, or an ambuscade, dared not advance further into the interior of the empire; and so, having contented himself with pillaging, and sacking, and burning the neighboring provinces, he offered terms of peace. Tchi-Kao deigned to accept his propositions, and returned to court with the reputation of a consummate warrior. He was the first Chinese general who had discovered the secret of never fighting under any circumstances. Far be it from me to tear from his brow these Chinese laurels, or to criticise too closely the masterly inactivity of the valorous Tchi-Kao. Besides, were I tempted to contest his military genius, I should be obliged to confess with the Chinese historians, unanimous upon this point, that the general was naturally called by the prodigious rotundity of his abdomen to the highest dignities of the empire. "Great stomach, great dignities," is a Chinese proverb, and Tchi-Kao had, therefore, all possible right to surmount his cap with the red button accorded to mandarins of the first class, and to the governorship of the fruitful and beautiful province of Siu. Tchi-Kao was forty years old, with a bright eye, fresh complexion, and a tender regard for the fair sex. Upon this latter ground, which perhaps is the most perilous, he renounced his system of retreat, and was almost bold and audacious. "Circumstances alter cases." His subjects, too, were well satisfied with his government, and each day blessed the emperor for sending them a mandarin at once so fat, and possessing the amiable and peace-loving qualities of a Chinese general. The country had never been more free and happy than under this military despotism. Singular country, having nothing in common with others!

From time to time, Tchi-Kao manifested his existence to his subjects by proclamations upon colored paper, which were read at the street corners with the most profound respect. Sometimes they were exhortations to the inhabitants to conform more strictly to the prescriptions of the "Book of Holy Rites," or a commentary on some sage maxim of Koung-Tseu, Meng-Tseu, or some other philosopher; at others, were the announcement of a *féte*, the transmission of an imperial order, or the creation of some new god.

The secretary of Tchi-Kao, enjoying a diploma from the University of Pekin, was particularly charged to soften the effect of the official prose, by apt quotation and rhetorical figures. Everything went marvelously well. The secretary wrote, the people admired, and the general, beloved by his whole district, grew fatter every day.

One day the peaceful inhabitants of Siu read

upon the gates of the city, and upon the walls of all the pagodas, an edict on red paper, in a style less academical than usual, but of a nature to produce a striking effect upon the crowd. It read as follows:—Tchi-Kao, mandarin of the red button always victorious; the sword of the Celestial Empire; the right hand of the brother of the moon:—

To all who shall read these presents, *tchin-tchin!* and prosperity for ten thousand years:— *Whereas*, Hair is the most beautiful ornament of men: and *whereas*,—contrary to the formal recommendations of the "Book of Holy Rites," and of the traditions of our ancestors, the greater part of the inhabitants of the district of Siu, neglect their hair, and do not give to the national queue its proper development.

And, seeing that a negligence so culpable might compromise the patriotism of the people, and dishonor the district in the eyes of neighboring provinces, and further, wishing always to proceed in the way of reform in the most gentle manner, as a good father and not with rigor, it is,

(Each one redouble their attention and read with respect.)

1st. *Ordered*.—That a reward of 100 taels and the privilege of dining upon rice, and drinking tea at the table of General Tchi-Kao, (*incline your head*,) shall be given to the inhabitant of the district of Siu, who at the end of three months from the date of this edict, shall be recognized as the possessor of the longest queue, and the most lustrous hair.

2d. The competition shall take place in the court of the palace of the mandarin, (*here tchin-tchin three times*,) Tchi-Kao, himself, being the judge. Have confidence in his justice!

3d. An honorary premium, also, to be granted to mustachios; old men having preference.

This edict, signed by my hand, and under the great seal, must be punctually obeyed.

Signed second month, first day, at the most lucky hour.

TCHI-KAO.

One may imagine the commotion such a proclamation would produce! Tchi-Kao had not, like many governors, a mania for edicts. He put them forth but rarely, and the public business never suffered in consequence of the omission; but when he had a mind to do so, it was done with the greatest effect.

The people of Siu, therefore, read very gravely his decree. "Tchi-Kao is right," said they—"our neighbors of Ya-O should not throw contempt upon us, nor should we be their inferiors by a hair. The consideration in which we stand, and the happiness of our district forbid it. What an honor if the celebrity of our long queues, should extend throughout the empire! The son of the brother of the moon shall be satisfied, and Siu become an attraction to the most beautiful

women; our flower-boats shall not yield to those of the famous Sou-Tchou."

Such were the commentaries upon the red edict, heard about the corners; the news spread and excited the whole population. Never had the polished period of the secretary of Tchi-Kao obtained such success!

"A reward of 100 taels! what a fortune!" Eat face to face with the great mandarin—what an honor!

Koung-Tsen himself, the great philosopher, had never spoken better. One might look a long while for a hundred taels among his maxims, and as for the honor of dining at his table—one makes a wry face at the very thought of it!

The new edict then was most popular. It was talked of in the street, in the squares and in the pagodas; and each one on reaching home, told the women, who were wonder-struck at the ingenious idea of the mandarin, and could only look upon it as an act of gallantry towards themselves. They would doubtless have desired that Tchi-Kao had offered a hundred taels for their benefit also, but it could have redounded only to their disadvantage, as it would not have been prudent to expose them to the danger of losing their hair by handfuls, in such a fearful struggle for supremacy.

But how shall we paint the ecstasy of the barbers? The edict of the governor was for them fortune, consequence, everything. They took copies of it, and hung it up in the most conspicuous places in their shops. Many even went so far as to enclose in the altar of their household god the eloquent prose of Tchi-Kao. It was delightful to hear their expressions of gratitude.

"What an excellent mandarin have we," said one. "He is without an equal in the empire," said another. "He has conquered the Tartars." "He protects the barbers." "These forty years that I have been shaving," said their chief, "I have read nothing so eloquent. You are more fortunate than your elders, young shavers!—Oh that Tchi-Kao had lived in our day!" "It is a complete reform." "Better than that, it is a revolution." "A revolution which will make us all rich." "And by which everybody will profit," added a philosopher of the company, "for it rests upon our old traditions, and upon the truest principles. Is not the head the noblest portion of the body? What would a head be without a queue?"

"Tchi-Kao deserves well of his country."

"And of the barbers"—long live Tchi-Kao!

But the enthusiasm was not confined to talking. It was decided by acclamation that the corporation of barbers of Siu, with banner at their head, should march to the hotel of the mandarin that very evening in procession, with a brilliant illumination of lanterns, to present him an ad-

dress of thanks, and offer him respectfully, presents; and amongst other things, a razor with an ivory handle, having inscribed upon it the date of the immortal decree, as a testimonial of their gratitude. An old student, unsuccessful in the field of literature, and since become a barber, was charged with the composition of the address, to be read by the chief, in the name of the corporation.

Accordingly, that evening, the numerous company of barbers, having swelled their numbers as much as possible by invitation to those of neighboring district, put itself in motion, preceded by banners and a noisy band of musicians.

False queues, admirably platted, and perfumed with the most odorous pomatums, and precious oils, were suspended from long bamboos, and carried by the principal barbers of the city. Then followed the presents, upon a dais, canopied with rich silk, and illuminated by brilliant and costly lanterns. The *cortège* advanced in order, and arrived, increased by a curious crowd, at the hotel of the mandarin.

Tchi-Kao had not been informed of the intended demonstration; the design was, to cause him an agreeable surprise. He was still at table, when the servants ran to announce the arrival, having scarcely finished his supper. He would have much preferred if they had not interfered with his quiet digestion; nevertheless, he gave orders to admit the deputation, and went himself to the vestibule to receive them; retaining however, his pipe, like a man intending to grant but a short audience.

After a long murmur of *ichin-ichin*, and a pantomime the most respectful, the chief of the barbers, commenced the reading of the address. The author had distinguished himself by writing it in verse, and harmonious rhyme. There have always been (poets) among the (barbers).

History, unfortunately, has not preserved the verses which the chief barber pronounced; for Tchi-Kao, to whom his glorious campaigns had allowed little time to cultivate the *belles-lettres*, interrupted, brusquely, the reading at the most pathetic point, and addressed the deputation as follows: "My good friends! I am charmed that my edict has given you pleasure; my secretary, A-Tchi, shall read your verses; that regards him alone. As for your razor, I accept it very willingly, and if it will cut better than my own, I will use it; meanwhile go quietly home, your joy can not be permitted to trouble the city, my duty is to watch over all, and these demonstrations, always noisy, are not necessary. Your intentions are good, no doubt, but you lose time, and that is precious. Go shave, my friends! You will have much to do, and I am very glad of it." After this short speech, in which the mandarin showed more good sense than eloquence,

the barbers retired, crying vociferously. "Long live Tchi-Kao, the Victorious!"

For his part the worthy governor quietly relighted his pipe, which unfortunately had gone out, and returning to his apartments, called for his tea to refresh him after his oratorical labors. He had never before spoken so much after dinner. As he had promised, he handed the poetic effusion of the barbers to his secretary, A-Tchi, who from envy no doubt, threw it among his waste paper. What an unhappy day for the wise A-Tchi, to see such enthusiasm produced by a decree he had not made, answered in verses he could not equal!

From the day after that on which the edict was published, the first excitement having passed, each one set to work to earn the reward.

The dandies of Siu, to whom the reproach contained in the edict did not apply of having neglected the elongation and cultivation of their queues, were of course considerably in advance of their competitors. They lounged about the public thoroughfare, displaying with pride, their queues, well-grown and platted, as a defiance to others not so well provided. But the growing ambition of their rivals was not the less active, and queues which had been until then neglected—tails of yesterday—aspired also to contest the prize against all comers.

The shops of the barbers were crammed with people waiting their turns, and even the streets before their doors were converted into anti-chambers; each candidate for tonsorial honors, struggling with his fellow to get possession of the chair; the successful selling out their privileges like the possessors of opera tickets on a benefit night, of the wonderful Jenny! The licensed barbers could not accommodate their customers; their number increased every day, so lucrative had the business become, and, at the end of the first month, one half the town shaved and dressed the other half.

But the use of the razor and scissors was insufficient, pomatums, and essences were necessary to increase and stimulate the hairy growth, and to give it lustre. Accordingly the walls of the town were covered with bills, large and small, red, blue, green, yellow, and of every imaginable color and device, announcing the new discovery of wonder-working pomatums, and miraculous oils.

"Buy my pomatum, the best in the world," said the advertisement of barber Ayo.

"My bear's oil will do the business," said another. "Beware of cheats and counterfeits, my essence of dragon is only sold, etc., published a third, "Tchi-Kao himself uses it daily."

"The water of Sou-Tchon is worthy of its great celebrity. Make haste to my shop; it is growing scarce from the increased demand; it is used constantly by the emperor."

In short, there was a perfect deluge of advertisements of this kind, and the whole city exhaled such a perfume of oils, and pomatum, that one might expect hair to grow on the very walls!

Our governor, not troubling himself with the popular excitement, remained quietly ensconced in his hotel; from time to time indulging himself in glorious fits of laughter over the advertisements which were brought to him by the inferior mandarins.

"By Koung-Tseu!" cried he, "that was a wonderful edict, we shall have a rare crowd at the competition. By the bye, A-Tchi, what pomatum do you use? It appears to me that your queue is very short, make haste, my friend—the day will soon be here."

"Great Tchi-Kao! dare I say to your excellency that I do not comprehend you." Bah! 100 taels for the longest queue—that is plain enough. "The barbers comprehended it at once: they have poets among them too: eh! friend A-Tchi! By the bye, what do you think of the verses of the other evening, have you read them?" "Miserable trash, your excellency! they smell of pomatum." "Enough! I see with regret, that you are no friend to the barbers; you are wrong, my dear doctor, our throats are every day at their mercy."

A-Tchi, without doubt was puzzled to discover the political design of the mahdarin in publishing his edict—and he was not alone in his perplexity. Many disinterested persons, either because they had no ambition, or that their hair stubbornly refused the coaxing of oils and pomatums, and therefore could have no hope of the reward, thought that Tchi-Kao was hoaxing; others that he was insane. It was at any rate curious, that the prize of 100 taels should put all heads in motion!

Lest the gentle reader should suffer as well as the wondering people of Siu, it is proper that I disclose the governor's secret.

Tchi-Kao, I blush to say it, was bald! In the war against the Tartars, he had not lost a single battle; the reader knows why! but, in marching backwards and forward among the snowy mountains, he had lost all his hair. His faithful servant Chang, was the sole confidant of this misfortune, which he concealed from the eyes of the world by a false queue, adroitly fixed to the bonnet of "mandarin of the red" which he never took from his head under any circumstances.

But in his later days, (misfortunes never come singly,) the governor had fallen desperately in love with a young lady of good family in a distant district, whom he wished to marry. The reputation of his brilliant campaigns, his dignity of mandarin, and last, not least, his sleek rotundity, gave a favorable aspect to his pretensions in the eyes of the parents. Nevertheless he imagined that he should add to these eminent qualifications,

doubtless from some loverlike fancy, by an irreproachable queue. Chang had visited every hair dresser in town, but none of the specimens exhibited would, in his estimation, become the dignity of the governor. At length, Tchi-Kao became impatient. "It is foolish thus to harrass poor Chang with a bootless errand, and to torment myself by his ill success: however I am determined to possess the finest hair, and the most graceful queue in the empire, before six months roll round. I have an idea." His decree developed it.

Meanwhile, the decisive term approached. The rivalry of barbers, and pomatum sellers increased in violence every day, without the least mitigation. On the contrary, it seemed to gain strength as the event grew nearer. A change took place in the manoeuvres of the aspirants. Nobody thought of exhibiting the length of his queue in the street, but each one scrupulously kept its length concealed, by winding it round his head under his cap, to the end that, his rivals might not anticipate the amount of his pretensions to the great prize. The sight of a fine queue either caused great anxiety in those who feared the result, or increase of self-esteem in those who believed their own surpassed it. It was well that the three months were almost expired, for the unhappy district of Siu, could bear but little more.

On the day designated, an immense crowd thronged the outer court of the mandarin. Queues rolled down their whole length upon the shoulders of the competitors. At the first view, cries of admiration and envy filled the air from a thousand throats.

It was soon evident that some twenty or more so far exceeded the rest, that the multitude of disappointed aspirants hurried away filled with shame and despair and cursing the decree, barbers, pomatum, and Tchi-Kao, swearing that the mandarin should not soon again entrap them with his follies.

When the crowd had thus dispersed, and none but the real candidates were left, Tchi-Kao, followed by A-Tchi and Chang, descended the steps of his hotel with grave demeanor, and passed them in review. A gleam of satisfaction overspread his countenance at the sight of the wonderful trial before him and outshone even his judicial dignity. He ordered the competitors into line, and then proceeded to the examination of each particular head and queue.

It was a beautiful sight to witness! the smooth foreheads freshly shaven, unctuous with oil and pomatum, and redolent of perfumes. From each head descended a noble plait of hair, long, thick, and glossy, to the very ground, decreasing gradually in size, until it terminated in a fanciful knot of ribbon. The mandarin was ravished with joy; Chang inhaled with delight the fragrant

perfume from the odoriferous heads; and A-Tchi himself, the classic A-Tchi, could not refrain from expressing his admiration.

"By my two-edged sword," exclaimed Tchi-Kao, "I could have met the Tartars face to face, had I been supported by a regiment of heads like these!"

"Oh!" cried Chang, "I have visited every hair dresser in the city, and I defy the best perruquier among them, to produce such queues as these!" "Nature always excels art," said the philosophic A-Tchi. The candidates, immovable in their ranks, heard with impatience the oaths of the general, the comparisons of the valet, and the axioms of the secretary, in fact they scarcely breathed, each one knowing that but one of their number could bear away the 100 taels.

After a close scrutiny, ten were first selected, and from these five: the rejected retiring with exclamations of despair! How much time and pomatum lost! Some even so far forgot themselves, as to seize their queues frantically, and brandish them in the very face of the mandarin, as in defiance of his decision. The choice was becoming more and more difficult. Tchi-Kao hesitated for a long time. At length three more were thrown out from the competition, and but two remained.

The general stepped aside with Chang and A-Tchi, to take counsel.

"That fellow to the right," said he, "appears to have the longest by the breadth of a hair."

"What regularity and lustre in that to the left," cried A-Tchi. Chang, consulted in his turn, sided with the secretary.

"Enough said! the die is cast," said Tchi-Kao the left has won. "Ask his name, A-Tchi, and invite him to dinner this afternoon; it is in the edict." This decision, was followed by that for mustachios, but this contest was without interest—one of the contenders for the prize, an old priest of the worship of Fo—presented a face so hideously hirsute, that the rest immediately took to flight. Tchi-Kao accordingly presented him with one tael, a pipe, and a fan, ornamented with verses by the classic secretary.

Dinner arrived, the conqueror in the struggle for queues was introduced to the eating saloon of the mandarin. He was a cheese merchant, by name Ta Tong, a person who up to that time was unknown in Siu, but whose success now filled every mouth.

The table of Tchi-Kao was sumptuously served, shark fins, swallows' nests, snail soup, jellies, creams, and sweetmeats, in a word, dishes the most rare and delicate, followed each other in rapid succession.

The timidity of Ta Tong soon gave way before the good humor of the general, who talked of his campaigns, and invited his visitors. And on his

part, the cheese-monger ate and drank as much as possible, as might be expected of a poor devil whose usual fare was rice and water.

The dinner over, Tchi-Kao conducted his guest into a little cabinet where tea and pipes were provided; the servants were dismissed and the door closed.

After the first pipe, the mandarin went to a closet which he unlocked, and brought forward two dishes in gilded lacker-work, upon which were several utensils, the mere sight of which sent a tremor to the heart of Ta Tong; they were pipes of the forbidden opium!

"Do you use this?" said Tchi-Kao.

By my ancestors! answered Ta Tong tremblingly. I have always respected the law, and the smoke of opium has never passed my lips.

"Bah! you'll enjoy a puff of it."

"Does your excellency wish to ruin me? Opium is forbidden by penalties the most severe, and if the brother of the moon heard." . . .

"Brave Ta Tong! I respect your scruples; but I love opium more. Come, my friend, here's your pipe."

Ta Tong took it and smoked.

It is only the first puff that is difficult. The cheesemonger took one pipe, then another, a third; and fell down stupefied.

When he had arrived at the last degree of intoxication, and his face was completely empurpled with excitement and drunkenness, Tchi Kao gave an exclamation of joy, the longer continued as it had been pent up in his impatient soul.

"At last I have it. It is mine." And at the same time taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, he mercilessly cut off, not without difficulty from its thickness, the queue of Ta Tong, who was, no doubt, enjoying the sweet dream of success.

"What an ornament for my bald head. How beautiful in the eyes of my intended! O! Tchi-Kao, you now can boast the most splendid queue in the empire. Of what value, beside this, are my victories, my *embonpoint*, my red button, the admiration of my subjects, or the enthusiasm of the barbers," soliloquised the general.

Meantime it was necessary to destroy, as soon as possible, all traces of the crime. The mandarin called his faithful Chang, acknowledged the object of his edict, showed him the scissors and the separated queue, and then said—

"Take a boat and carry this poor devil a hundred leagues from Siu; give him a hundred taels—a thousand, if you will—all that he asks, on condition that he never again sets foot in Siu. Lose no time. I count upon your despatch. Go, and return quickly. I will reward you well. You shall be a mandarin."

Chang said not a word in reply. He took

some ingots of gold, which Tchi-Kao gave him for the expenses of the voyage, and to purchase the silence of Ta Tong, hastened his departure, and embarked that very evening.

The unfortunate cheesemonger, still under the effects of the opium, was carried on board in a box, scrupulously hidden from all curious eyes.

But let us for a moment leave Tchi-Kao with his prize, and his victim, with Chang, whilst we take a glance at Siu, at the end of the eventful day.

It must be confessed that the discontent was general.

At first the unsuccessful candidates exclaimed and protested against the injustice, and scandalous favoritism that had been showed in the decision. The barbers were furious, because none of them could attribute to himself the glory of ever having shaved, or pomatumed the victor. Ta Tong was a poor devil whom nobody knew, and, who had avowed beforehand, that he had never used any other unguent than his cheese! what a scandal, for the barbers, and advertisers of miraculous oils, and wonder working pomatums!

Finally, when there was no longer hope of the reward of 100 taels, the populace, the most ungrateful of all things, forgetting its three months enthusiasm mercilessly criticised the decree, calling it absurd, undignified, ridiculous. "We would have done better to have minded our business," said one, "than to have lost time in oiling our hair without counting the cost of bear's grease and pomatum."

"Tchi-Kao, has hoaxed us," said another.

Some, more indulgent, attributed the edict to the folly of the mandarin, and contented themselves with saying. "We have a wig-block for magistrates," little thinking how near the truth they guessed.

Thus—O vanity of human aspirations—Tchi-Kao, the great general, but now the idol of the barbers, and the people, was nothing but a despot, a miserable joker—a wig-block, a nincompoop!

Believe in popularity if you can, with his example before you!

Alas! the truth did not stop there. The day after the award, while the crowd in the great square of the pagoda, still muttered curses against their mandarin, and the leaders of popular excitement, (they are found always, and everywhere,) prepared themselves to fan the blaze to a revolution if they could, suddenly there appeared, running from a street leading from the river, a man violently gesticulating, and exclaiming loudly, as he constantly carried his hand to a tuft of hair behind. It was Ta Tong. Immediately surrounded by an immense crowd he told with indignant voice the story of his triumph, his dinner with the mandarin, and the snare which had been laid for him, in which his queue had

been so ignominiously treated. Vengeance! cried he, vengeance against the infamous Tchi-Kao!

The riotous spirits wanted but a pretext. The victim had come to them. Profiting then by the sympathetic indignation of the populace, produced by the recital of Ta Tong, they rushed to the hotel of the mandarin. Let us hasten to say, in following them, that the faithless Chang had preferred to disembarass himself of the cheese-monger, without parting with the ingots of gold; he had then taken flight at the first village, leaving in the boat the unhappy Ta Tong, who, upon his awaking from the stupor in which the opium had thrown him, sought vainly for his queue, and at length discovering the frightful truth, had returned, furious from its loss, to the city.

Tchi-Kao, full of confidence in the fidelity of Chang, yielded himself up to the most delicious reveries and anticipations; he even prided himself on the ingenuity with which he had outwitted Ta Tong, when the crowd suddenly and tumultuously entered the court before the hotel, forced the doors, trampling under foot the servants in their course, scattered themselves about the chambers, and penetrated even to the apartments of the general.

Frightened at the uproar, he thought at first he would practise his old system of retreats as among the Tartars. But all egress was cut off, and even before he could attempt defence, he was discovered, seized, and almost beaten by the exasperated multitude; at the head of whom, he recognized Ta Tong, the most savage of them all!

The cheese-monger conducted the most eager to the cabinet where the treachery had been consummated, and there in the closet with the pipes of opium, he found his inimitable queue!

From the hotel the excitement spread throughout the city and district, and it was necessary that the mandarin of a neighboring province, should be called in in haste to restore order, and to try his ancient colleague, accused of cutting off the queue of a Chinaman and of using opium; crimes for which he was amenable to the Imperial Court at Peking.

A fortnight after these events, the general appeared before his judges. He was clothed in the costume of his rank, the red button of a mandarin of the first class surmounted his silken cap, from which also shot up the emblematic peacock's feather; his breast glittering with golden embroidery, the privilege of his rank, and his two-edged sword hung suspended from his ornamented belt by a rich "*agrafe*" of precious stones.

By his side was A-Tchi, his former secretary, now his advocate; opposite to them was placed Ta Tong, assisted by many of the inhabitants of Siu; the former held in his hand the proofs of the mandarin's guilt—the queue which had so cruelly been ravished from him, and the scissors,

the instrument of the crime. The judicial bench was occupied by the highest dignitaries of the empire, and the utmost solemnity was observed. The acts spoke for themselves. The indictment briefly set forth the charges which weighed so heavily upon the unfortunate Tchi-Kao. The interrogations, and depositions of witnesses confirmed it in every particular. During the passionate denunciations of Ta Tong upon the witness stand, and the murmurs of indignation amid the audience, the mandarin preserved his calmness and dignity. When the time came for the defence, A-Tchi arose, and, in a most pathetic discourse, retraced the warlike exploits of the general, his victories over the Tartars, and the popular affection which had for so long a time attended his unfortunate client. He read the enthusiastic address of the barbers of Siu, and, coming at length to the charges of the indictment, he referred them to one of those fatal influences which at times lead astray the most noble minds. His pleading lasted for two hours, and produced an evident effect upon his auditory; but alas! it was impossible to wrestle against such positive evidence. Whenever the court appeared to be moved by the eloquence of the doctor, Ta Tong, the inexorable Ta Tong, flourished in the air his mutilated queue, and thus destroyed the effect of the most passionate appeals and pathetic periods.

Judgment was pronounced. The prisoner convicted on all the charges, was condemned to immediate degradation from his rank, and the loss of all his employments.

By a second decree, wholly unexpected, Ta Tong, convicted of smoking opium to intoxication, was condemned to the confiscation of his queue, and to keep his head shaved for the rest of his life, nothing remained for him but to become a priest of Fo!*

Some of the audience, all their bad passions having been excited by these occurrences, insinuated that the president of the tribunal, condemned by nature to a false queue, could not resist the temptation to confiscate to his own profit, the property of the victimized Ta Tong.

The sentences were strictly executed. Tchi-Kao descended to the most obscure ranks of the people, grew thin with despair, and died in poverty. Ta Tong returned to his cheese, and A-Tchi again took up his literary labors, and made proclamations of the most ornate character for other mandarins, but he remained all his life the enemy of barbers. As for Chang, the traitor, he was never heard of more.

Nevertheless, from that epoch, the province of Siu was celebrated for the elegance of its dandies, the superiority of its pommades, the beauty of its queues, and the skill of its barbers.

Posterity more just than his contemporaries,

* The tonsure is one of the rites of the Priesthood of Fo.

honors the memory of Tchi-Kao—compassionates his misfortunes, and has caused the famous edict to be engraved in letters of gold upon tablets of marble, in the great pagoda.

Thanks to these posthumous honors, the only ones that the truly great can count upon, the

name of Tchi-Kao is again popular. Fame will grow hoarse, perhaps, some day in recounting his glorious victories, but the remembrance of the mandarin and his edict, will live forever enshrined in the grateful hearts of the patriotic barbers of Siu!

ODE TO SHAKSPEARE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

He went forth into Nature, and he sung,
Her first-born of imperial sway—the lord
Of sea, and continent, and clime, and tongue;
Striking the Harp with whose sublime accord
The whole creation rung!

He went forth into Nature and he sung,
Her grandest terrors and her simplest themes,—
The torrent by the battling crag o'erhung,
And the wild daisy on its brink that gleams
Unharm'd, and lifts a dew drop to the sun!
The muttering of the tempest in its halls
Of darkness turretted, beheld alone
By an o'erwhelming brilliance which appals
The turbulence of Ocean—the soft calm
Of the sequestered vale—the bride-like day,
Or sainted eve, dispensing holy balm
From her lone lamp of silver, thro' the grey
That leads the star-crowned Night adown the moun-
tain way!

These were his themes, and more—no little bird
Lit in the April forest, but he drew
From its wild notes a meditative word—
A gospel that no other mortal knew:
Bard, priest, evangelist! from hidden cells
Of riches inexhaustible, he took
The potent ring of her profoundest spells,
And wrote great Nature's Book!

They people earth, and sea, and air,
The dim tumultuous band,
Called into being everywhere
By his creative wand;
In kingly court and savage lair,
Prince, peasant, priest, and sage, and peer,
And midnight hag, and lady fair,
Pure as the white rose in her hair;
And warriors, that on barbed steed,
Burn to do the crested deed;
And lovers that delighted rove
When moonlight marries with the grove,
Glide forth—appear!
To breathe, or love, or hate, or fear;
And with most unexampled wile,
To win a soul-enraptured smile,
Or blot it in a tear

Hark! a horn
That with repeated winding shakes,
O'er hill and glen and far-responsive lakes,
The mantle of the morn!

Now, on the mimic scene,
The simplest of all simple pairs
That ever drew from laughter tears,
Touchstone and Audrey, hand in hand,
Come hobbling o'er the green;
While Rosalind in strange disguise,
With manly dress but maiden eyes
Which, spite herself, will look sidewise,
E'en in this savage land;
And her companion like the flower,
That beaten by the morning shower
Still in resplendent beauty stoops,
Looking loveliest whilst it droops,
Step faintly forth from weariness,
All snowy in their maidenhood;
Twin lillies of the wilderness,
A shepherd and his shepherdess,
In Arden's gloomy wood!
But comes anon, with halting step and pause,
A miserable man!
Revolving in each lengthened breath he draws,
The deep, dark problem of material laws,
That life is but a span.
Secluded, silent, solitary, still,
Lone in the vale and last upon the hill,
Companionless beside the haunted stream,
Walking the stars in the meridian beam;
Himself the shade of an o'ershadowing dream;
Blighting the rose
With his imaginary woes,
And weaving bird, and tree, and fruit, and flower
Into a chain of such mysterious power,
Such plaintive tale,
The beauteous skies grow pale,
And the rejoicing earth looks wan
Like Jacques—her lonely melancholy man!

Ring silver-sprinkling, gushing bells,
Blow clamorous pipes replying,
In tipsy merriment that swells
Forever multiplying!
He comes! with great sunshiny face
And chuckle deep, and glances warm,
Sly words and strange attempts at grace
A matron on each arm;
He comes! of wit the soul and pith,
Custodian and lessor;
Room for him! Sir John Falstaff, with
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Lo! on a blasted heath,
Lit by a flashing storm,

The threatening darkness underneath,
Three of the weird form!
Chanting, dancing, all together,
For a charm upon the heather,
Filthy hags in the foul weather!

The spell works, and behold!
A castle in the midnight hour,
Muffled mid battlement and tower,
Whereon the crystal moon doth lower
Antarctically cold!

A blackbird's note hath drilled the air
And left the stillness still more drear;
Twice hath the horned owl around
The chapel flown, nor uttered sound;
The night-breeze now does scarcely blow,

And now 'tis past and gone;—
But the pale moon that like the snow
Erewhile descending shone,
En crimsoned as the torch of Mars,
While cloud, on cloud, obscured the stars

And rolls above the trees,
Cleaves the dark billows of the Night,
Like a shot-smitten sail in flight

Over the howling seas—
God! what a piercing shriek was there,
So deep, and loud, and wild, and drear
It bristles up the moistened hair
And bids the blood to freeze!

Again—again—
Athwart the brain,
That lengthened shriek of life-extorted pain!

And now, 'tis given o'er:—
But from that pile despairingly doth soar
A voice which cries like the uplifted main,
“Glamis hath murdered Sleep—Macbeth shall
sleep no more!”

Thick and faster now they come,
In procession moving on,
Neath the world embracing dome
Of the unexhausted one;
Mark them, while the cauldron bubbles,
Throwing spells upon the sight,
And the wizard flame redoubles
In intensity of light:

Here is one—a rustic maiden,
Of the witching age;
Cheeks with beauty overladen,
Blushing like a sunset aiden,
Mistress Anne Page!

Here another, that doth follow,
Full of starch decorum;
A wise man this Cousin Shallows,
Justice of the Quorum;
A third is timid, slight and tender,
Shewing harmless Master Slender;
A fourth, doth frowningly reveal,
His princely mantle jeweled o'er,
By knightly spurs upon his heel,
And clanking sword of martial steel,
The dark Venetian Moor!

The fifth advances with a start,
His eye transfixing like a dart,
Black Richard of the lion-heart!
And now they rush along the scene,
In crowds with scarce a pause between;
Prelates high, in church and state,
Speakers dexterous in debate,
Courtiers gay in satin hose,
Clowns fantastic and jocose,
Soldiers brave and virgins fair,
Nymphs with golden flowing hair,
And spirits of the azure air,

Pass with solemn step and slow,
Pass, but linger as they go,
Like images that haunt the shade,
Or visions of the white cascade,
Or sunset on the snow.

Then, then, at length, the crowning glory comes,
Loud trumpets speak unto the sky and drums;

Unroll the military chain
From pole, to pole,
Greet wide the wonder of the poet's soul;
With raven plume,
And posture wrapt in high, prophetic gloom—
Hamlet, the Dane!

Bright shall thine altars be,
First of the holy minstrel band,
Green as the vine-encircled land,
And vocal as the sea!
Thy name is writ
When stars are lit,
And thine immortal shade,
Mid archangelic clouds displayed,
On Fame's empyrean seat,
Sees the inseparable Nine
In its reflected glory shine,
And Nature at its feet.

FRAGMENT.

BY H. E. M.

WHY when the morn her gauzy mantel lays
Over the dazling sun's reflected rays,
And sheds the light thus softened, yet still bright,
Upon those starry heralds of the night—
Why when that vaulted roof of azure hue
Excites, retains, but then defeats our view
To pierce within its inmost depths, and see
The heavenly glories of the deity;
Why then do thoughts arise within my breast,
That e'en by greatest minds are ill expressed?

Ye beauties of the night! celestial forms,
Created by the “Ruler of the Storms,”
Shed light divine upon aspirant man,
The wonders of futurity to scan.
O let thy beauty recreate man entice.
Some thoughts of earth to those of paradise;
To rise above these common scenes of life—
This strange community of love and strife;
And thus to pass, still looking up to thee,
His heavenly emblem of ETERNITY.

HOW A MIAMI CHIEF WAS WEIGHED.

THE Indians of the Maumee and Wabash Valleys for a long time after the Indian wars, and the subjugation of the country to the dominion of municipal law, held a sort of supremacy, because of their superior numbers, over the white population, or, at least, so much so as to cause their depredations upon each other to be overlooked, or winked at by the civil authorities. During this time, Fort Wayne, the head-quarters of the Miamies, Ottowas, and Pottowattamies, was the scene of many a brutal murder, which, for want of power in the white population, was suffered to go unpunished. This, of course, caused an accumulation of murders, and, as a consequence, frequently brought those warlike tribes in hostile collision with each other.

At length, however, about the year 1825 or 30, when the white population had increased to about two or three hundred persons, it was thought proper to assume a more authoritative attitude, and if possible, to arrest the further progress of Indian murders.

The resolution had hardly been formed, before an opportunity was presented to try the extent of the white man's power; one, too, which is no less amusing for its novelty, than for its development of Indian customs and Indian conceptions of municipal law.

A Miami Chief, called *Big-leg*, because of the large and muscular dimensions of his limbs, which showed to great advantage when riding on horseback, was the first to undergo the transition from savage to civilized punishment.

He was a full-blooded Indian, and the son of a chief, who, at his outset in the world, had given him, as a part of his portion, a fine young and interesting squaw. This gift was the more valuable because she was a child of the same father, but by a different mother. *Big-leg*, as we before said, was a pure Indian, but she was the daughter of a negro woman, whom his father had taken prisoner in the Indian wars. Whether she was at any time regarded exclusively as a mere item of property is not definitely known. But as neither he nor she had ever read the xviii chapter of Leviticus, or the Christian codes founded thereon, they knew of no objection to a matrimonial union where the ties of consanguinity extended only to the half-blood; accordingly, the master and slave were exchanged for the more affectionate one of husband and wife, or Indian and squaw, and, as such, they lived together in peace and harmony for many years.

At length, however, for some cause of which we are not advised, they separated and agreed to pursue their respective journeys alone. *Big-leg* continued to reside in his ancient wigwam; and,

as he was a good hunter, kept it well supplied with venison. But she seems to have been less fortunate; and either from want, or to gratify a theivish nature, would return, when he was absent, and steal his provisions.

This was an intrusion which is looked upon with much less allowance in the savage than in the civilized state; not only because thefts are of less frequent occurrence, but because women are of less value; and in this case, because the squaw was the exclusive property of the Indian, which he could, at his pleasure, have disposed of in any way he saw proper, and been justified by the Indian's law. Under these circumstances, he no doubt reflected on himself for not having executed his sovereign right while the object of his vengeance was in his power. Yet still, as she had been his bosom companion for many years, his cruel and bloody nature, for such a nature his appearance indicated, seems to have been somewhat appeased; and without seeking her destruction, he again sent her word that a further intrusion would cost her life. This seems to have had but little effect; for the same offence was again and again repeated. *Big-leg* now determined that the word of an Indian brave should not be idle; and accordingly, he sought for an opportunity to consummate his resolve.

She, knowing the Indian customs, and supposing herself insecure in her tribe, retreated to Fort Wayne. Hither her once husband, but now determined enemy, followed her; and while lurking round in her pursuit discovered her at work, in the yard of a hotel, leaning over a wash-tub. Now, thought he, was the time to make good his resolve, and to prove the extent of his power. Accordingly, with the silence and adroitness of an Indian hunter he closed upon her, and while she was still leaning over the tub, unconscious of his approach, plunged a large knife clean through her body. A single shriek proclaimed her agony as she sprang from her inclined position, and the next moment she lay struggling in death at the feet of her murderer.

The deed was now done, and savage vengeance satisfied; but to complete the horror of the scene, the wretched monster, gleating in his brutality, drew the knife from her trembling body, and turning to the spectators with a savage grin, held it aloft, still reeking with her blood, and in broken English, exclaimed, "*wasn't that nice?*"

As might be expected, a thrill of horror ran through the little community, which made up the white population of the tow, and although the Indians that surrounded them were not less than ten or twenty to one, still it was fully resolved to execute the law. Accordingly, *Big-leg* was

arrested, tried for murder, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. But then followed a train of simplicities, before which the gravity of the law is turned into ridicule.

The Indian heard his sentence pronounced, and looked with wonder upon the solemnity of his grave and sympathising judge. But he knew about as much of what was meant or intended as the man in the moon. At length, however, after a great deal of trouble, he was made to understand that he was to be suspended by the neck until he was dead. This, to him, was something entirely new, and very much confounded him in his ideas of execution; for he was both a hunter and a warrior; and, as he supposed, versed in all the arts of savage torture. But the *civilized* idea of suspending people by the neck had never before entered his mind. Neither was the language used to convey the idea less foreign to his conception than the operation to be performed. "To hang," were words he had never before heard. But, as the mode of procedure was made more clear to his mind, he sought for words, within his conception, by which he could express it, and as he had seen traders weigh with steelyards, he adopted this term as expressive of what was to be done. He was, therefore, as he said, "to be *weighed*."

This term brought the *modus operandi* within the conception of all the Indians, and accordingly the word soon ran through the whole extent of the tribe, that Big-leg was to be weighed by the neck until he was dead.

When this news reached the particular *band* to which he belonged—for all Indian tribes are divided into small villages or bands—it produced no little concern, as Big-leg was a good hunter, and, as they said, killed most of the deer on which they lived. This usefulness made him an object of concern, and for it, more than for any other good property, they wished to save his life. But they had been told that the requisitions of the law must be fulfilled, and that Big-leg could not, under existing circumstances, be released. This requisition of the law they interpreted according to their own custom, which is, *that for blood, blood must be shed*.

In this they somewhat resemble the ancient Jews, and from it, and some other customs which still prevail among them, have been, by some, supposed to be the descendants of the lost half tribe of the Children of Israel.

A council was called in Big-leg's village to devise means for his redemption, and, accordingly, an expedient was resolved upon, which was thought to be fully adequate to supply all the demands of retributive justice.

They had in their band a lazy, worthless Indian, whom we will call Sam. Him they determined to exchange, or, as they said, *swap* for Big-leg. Accordingly they all came to town in a body and presented their proposition to the jailor. "Sam," said they, "is a lazy, good-for-nothing Indian. Him you may take and weigh as much as you please; but we want Big-leg." The absurdity of this proposition was only equalled by the anxiety and sincerity with which it was urged. But what is still more remarkable, and equally characteristic of Indian stupidity, Sam was along, and willing to be exchanged.

Thus passed things with the tribe, while Big-leg lay in prison, unconscious of what was doing without; but patiently awaiting the time for his execution, and seriously contemplating the strange death he was about to die. He now fully understood that he was to be *weighed* by the neck; but, as he had never heard of such an operation before, he was unable fully to comprehend the practicable effect. To inform himself on this subject, he resorted to an expedient which is not only as interesting as anything that preceded it, but which is, probably, as effectual in exhibiting the characteristics of an Indian's mind. He got his dog in jail, fixed a cord round its neck, and actually hung the dog till it was dead. The struggling of the animal, and the agony which it evinced, induced the Indian to think that he would not like to be hung. Accordingly, when the jailor returned, he told him that he did not want to be *weighed*, that he had *weighed* his dog, and "that it made dog very sick;" but he continued, "they might shoot him, stab him, tomahawk him, or kill him in any way that Indians kill men, but *white man's way* was *no good*."

The absurdity of a direct and forcible application of our laws to the condition of uncivilized man, had now become too apparent to admit of further consideration. Everybody saw the impropriety of inflicting capital punishment on the poor ignorant Indian. His case was, therefore, presented by the citizens to the governor of the state, who, very properly, granted him the executive pardon.

Thus was Big-leg, after passing through what he considered a world of wonders, relieved from his threatened execution, and sent home to his tribe on the Wabash, where he continued to reside and to pursue his usual avocation as a hunter, until the spring of 1848, when I saw him, for the last time, passing through Cincinnati, with the rest of his tribe, on his way to the far west. X.

ADVENTURES IN THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

THE Tapajos River is one of the tributary streams forming the vast net-work with which the great river Amazon waters the whole immense central regions of South America. The exploration of the main river is a work of hardship and tedium, but may be accomplished without much difficulty. On the smaller streams, however, civilization has made no progress whatever. The Indians remain in all their original savage condition. The following narrative will afford the reader a good idea of that tropical wilderness. It is by Alphonse Maugin De Lincourt, a distinguished French engineer and architect. His journey, or rather voyage, extended on the Tapajos from Itaituba to the cataracts, and among the Mundrucus and Maués Indians.

As soon as the Brazilian ——— (the principal authority of the little port of Itaituba) had procured me some Indians and a small canoe, called in the country *canoa de Cazoeiras*, I left this place for the purpose of visiting the great cataracts of the river Tapajos.

I was the only white man among nine Indians, none of whom, with the exception of the Indian hunter, could understand me. I cannot express what I at first suffered in thus finding my life at their mercy. The boat, under the efforts of these nine pagans, had more the motion of an arrow than that of a boat ascending against the current of a river.

Only seeking the principal falls of the Tapajos, we passed, without stopping, over those of Tapacura Assu and *Pracau*, and, continuing our route to the large ones, we arrived there the following day, without having met with anything remarkable to relate.

There the scene changed. The river is no longer the calm Tapajos which slowly moves towards the Amazon; it is the foaming *Maranhao*, the advance cataract of the narrow and deep *Cazoeira das Furnas*; it is the roaring and terrible *coata*, whose currents cross and recross, and dash to atoms all they bear against its black rocks.

We surmounted all in the same day. Seated motionless in the middle of the canoe, I often closed my eyes to avoid seeing the dangers I escaped, or the perils that remained to be encountered.

The Indians — sometimes rowing with their little oars, sometimes using their long, iron-bound staffs, or towing the boat while swimming, or carrying it on their shoulders — landed me at last on the other side of the *Cazoeiras*.

Arrived at the foot of the fifth cataract, the Indians hesitated a moment and then rowed for the shore. Whilst some were employed in making

a fire, and others in fastening the hammocks to the forest trees, the hunter took his bow and two arrows, and such is the abundance which reigns in these countries, that a moment afterwards he returned with fish and turtles.

The Indians, exhausted from the fatigues of the day, were not able to watch that night. I was sentinel, for these shores are infested by tigers and panthers. Walking along the beach to prevent sleep, I witnessed a singular spectacle, but (as I was informed by the inhabitants) one of frequent occurrence. An enormous tiger was extended full length upon a rock level with the water, about forty paces from me. From time to time he struck the water with his tail, and at the same moment raised one of his fore-paws and seized fish, often of an enormous size. These last, deceived by the noise, and taking it for the fall of forest fruits, (of which they are very fond,) unsuspectingly approach, and soon fall into the claws of the traitor. I longed to fire, for I had with me a double-barreled gun; but I was alone, and if I missed my aim at night I risked my life, for the American tiger, lightly or mortally wounded, collects his remaining strength, and leaps with one bound upon his adversary.

I did not interrupt him, and when he was satisfied he went off. The next day we passed the difficult and dangerous cataract of *Apuy*. The canoe was carried from rock to rock, and I followed on through the forest.

The farther we advance in these solitudes, the more fruitful and prodigal nature becomes; but where life superabounds, evil does not less abound. From the rising to the setting of the sun clouds of stinging insects blind the traveler, and render him frantic by the torments they cause. Take a handful of the finest sand and throw it above your head, and you would then have a faint idea of the number of these demons who tear the skin to pieces.

It is true, these insects disappear at night, but only to give place to others yet more formidable. Large bats (true, thirsty vampires) literally throng the forests, cling to hammocks, and, finding a part of the body exposed, rest lightly there and drain it of blood.

At a station called by the Indians *Tucunari-cucire*, where we passed the night, one of them was bitten, whilst asleep, by one of these vampires, and awoke exceedingly enfeebled.

In the same place the alligators were so numerous and so bold, and the noise they made so frightful, that it was impossible to sleep a moment.

The next day I overtook a caravan of *Cayabanos*, who had left Itaituba before me. They

went there to exchange diamonds and gold dust for salt and other necessary commodities, and were returning with them to Cuyabá.

They had passed a day at Tucunaré-cuoiré, and had slept there.

Thinking I was a physician, one of them begged me to examine the recent wounds of a companion. In vain I refused. He still continued his importunities, lavishing upon me titles of Seigneur and Signor Doctor, as if he had been in the presence of M. Orfila.

I went with him. The wounded man was a young Indian, whom an alligator had seized by the leg the night the caravan slept at Tucunaré-cuoiré. Awakened by his cries, the Cuyabancos fell upon the monster, who, in spite of everything escaped.

I relieved him as well as I could. I had with me but a scalpel, some camphor, and a phial of volatile salts. It would have been best to amputate the limb, which was horribly mutilated.

I had myself an opportunity of observing the dangers and privations these men submit to, to carry to Cuyabá the commodities necessary there.

A caravan, called *Moncão*, which is loaded at Itaituba, for ten contos of reis, (five thousand dollars,) with salt, guaraná, powder, and lead, arriving in safety at Cuyabá, can calculate upon fifteen or twenty contos of reis profit.

At Pará the salt can be sold for three francs the alquiere; at Cuyabá it is worth one hundred and fifty francs.

They can descend the river in forty days; but it requires five months to ascend it.

The forests that border the *Tapajos* are infested by savage Indians, who frequently attack the *Moncaos*; and dangerous fevers sometimes carry off those whom the Indian arrow has spared.

I left the caravan at *Sta. Ana dos Cacoetras*; it continued its route towards the source of the *Tapajos*, and I entered the country inhabited by the *Mundrucus*.

The *Mundrucus*, the most warlike nation of the Amazon, do not number less than fifteen or twenty thousand warriors, and are the terror of all other tribes.

They appear to have a deadly hatred to the negro, but a slight sympathy for the white man.

During the rainy season they go to the plains to pull the sarsaparilla root, which they afterwards exchange for common hardware and rum; the other six months of the year are given to war.

Each *Malocca* (village) has an arsenal, or fortress, where the warriors stay at night; in the day they live with their families.

The children of both sexes are tattooed (when scarcely ten years old) with a pencil, or rather a kind of comb, made of the thorns of the palm-tree, called *Muru muru*. The father (if the child is a boy) marks upon the body of the poor creature, who is not permitted to complain, long

bloody lines, from the forehead to the waist, which he afterwards sprinkles with the ashes or coal of some kind of resin.

These marks are never effaced. But if this first tattooing, which is compulsory among the *Mundrucus*, sometimes suffices for woman's coquetry, that of the warriors is not satisfied. They must have at least a good layer of *geni papo*, (huitoc,) or of *roucou*, (annatto,) upon every limb, and decorate themselves moreover in feathers. Without that, they would consider themselves as indecent as a European would be considered who would put on his coat without his shirt.

The women may make themselves bracelets and collars of colored beads, of shells, and of tigers' teeth, but they cannot wear feathers.

In the time of war the chiefs have right of life and death over simple warriors. The *Mundrucus* never destroy their prisoners; on the contrary, they treat them with humanity, tattoo them, and afterwards regard them as their children.

This warlike nation, far from being enfeebled as other tribes are, who, since the conquest of Brazil by the Europeans, are nearly annihilated, increases, notwithstanding the long wars they every year undertake against the most ferocious savages.

Once friends of the whites, they yielded to them the lands they inhabited on the borders of the Amazon, between the rivers *Tapajos* and *Madeira*, and fled to live an independent life, which they have never renounced, in the deep solitudes of the *Tapajos* above the cataracts.

I visited the old *Mundrucu* chief, *Joaquim*, who rendered himself so terrible to the rebels of Pará during the disorders of 1835. He is a decrepit old man, almost paralyzed. He received me very well, appeared flattered that a traveler from a distant country sought to see him. He told me in bad Portuguese, "I am the *Tuckão*, Joaquim. I love the whites, and have never betrayed them. I left my friends, my *cacaos*, (cocoa plantations,) and my house on the borders of the *Madeira* to defend them. How many *Cabanos* (insurgents) have I not killed when I showed my war canoe that never fled?"

Now I am old and infirm; but if I remain in the midst of these women, and do not soon leave for the fields to chase away these brigands of *Muras*, who lay waste my *cacaos*, I will be bewitched and die here like a dog.

The *Mundrucus* do not believe that diseases afflict them. When a prey to them, they say it is a spell some unknown enemy has cast over them; and if the *Pugá*, or Magician of the *Malocca*, interrogated by the family of the dying man, names a guilty person, he whom he names may count upon his death.

I have heard afterwards that when he was fighting so generously with his Mundrucus for the cause of the white man, a Brazilian colonel, who commanded the expedition, ordered him to pull manioc roots in a field supposed to be in the power of the rebels. The chief was furious, and, angrily eyeing the Brazilian, said, "Dost thou believe my canoe is made to carry to the field women and children? It is a war canoe, and not a boat to bring thee farinha."

This same colonel revenged himself for this refusal by calumniating to the Emperor the conduct of the brave Mundrucu; and on that representation the court objected to recompense him. He remained poor as an Indian, when, according to the example of the Brazilian officers, he could have amassed wealth. He is old now, and has no heir, because he has only daughters.

The next day he came to see me, and begged me to cure his nephew, a young Indian of eighteen or twenty years, whom he dearly loved, and whom he would have had inherit his courage and his titles; but the poor devil had nothing of the warrior, and every day, for several hours, had an epileptic attack. I again had recourse to the phial of salts; gave him some for the sick man to smell at the time of the attacks; and also directed that he should drink some drops weakened with water.

The remedy had a good effect. The attacks became less frequent and long; and during the three days I remained in the neighborhood of the Malocca the old Tuchão came every day to thank me; pressed my hands with affection, and brought me each time different small presents—fruits, birds, or spoils taken heretofore from the enemy.

From Santa Ana, where I crossed the river, I determined to enter the forests, and not to descend by the cataracts. Six Indians went back with the boat to Itaituba; the three others remained to accompany me to the Mahués Indians, whom no European traveler had visited, and whom I much desired to know.

The Indian hunter, to whom I gave one of my guns, carried my hammock and walked in front. I followed him, loaded with a gun and a sack, (which contained ammunition,) my compass, paper, pencils, and some pieces of guaraná. The other two Indians walked behind, carrying a little manioc flour, traveling necessities, and a small press to dry the rare plants that I might collect on my journey.

We followed a narrow pathway, sometimes across forests, uneven and muddy; broken by small pebbly rivulets, the water of which is occasionally very cold; sometimes climbing steep mountains, through running vines and thorny palu-trees. I was covered with a cold and heavy sweat, which forced me to throw off my

garments, preferring to endure the stings of myriads of insects to the touch of a garment that perspiration and the humidity of the forest had chilled.

Towards five o'clock we stopped near a rivulet; for in these forests it soon becomes night. The Indians made a fire and roasted the birds and monkeys that the hunter had killed. I selected a parrot for supper.

The following day we arrived, about nightfall, at the Indian village of *Mandu-assu*.

The Mahués Indians do not tattoo the body as the Mundrucus, or, if they do it, it is only with the juice of vegetables, which disappears after four or five days.

Formerly, when they were enemies of the white man, they were conquered and subdued by the Mundrucus. At present they live in peace with their neighbors, and willingly negotiate with the whites.

The men are well formed, robust, and active; the women are generally pretty. Less warlike than the Mundrucus, they yield willingly to civilization; they surround their neat cabins with plantations of banana trees, coffee, or guaraná.

The precious and medicinal guaraná plant, which the Brazilians of the central provinces of Goyaz and Matto Grosso purchase with its weight in gold, to use against the putrid fevers which rage at certain periods of the year, is owed to the Mahués Indians. They alone know how to prepare it, and entirely monopolize it.

The Tuchão of the Malocca, called Mandu-assu, received me with cordiality and offered me his cabin. Fatigued from the journey, and finding there some birds and rare plants, I remained several days.

Mandu-assu marveled to see me carefully preserve the birds the hunter killed, and the leaves of plants, or wood, that possessed medicinal virtues. He never left me; accompanied me through the forests, and gave me many plants of whose properties I was ignorant.

Rendered still more communicative by the small presents I made him, he gave me not only all the particulars I wished upon the cultivation and preparation of the guaraná, but also answered fully all my questions.

I left him for the Malocca of *Mossé*, whose chief was his relative. This chief was more distant and savage than Mandu-assu, and received me with suspicion. I was not discouraged, as I only went to induce him to exchange, for some articles, his *paricá*, or complete apparatus for taking a kind of snuff which the great people of the country frequently use.

My cause, however, was not altogether lost; my hunter, who had been in a cabin of the village, took me to see a young Indian who had been bitten the evening previous by a *surucucurano*

serpent. I opened the wound, bled him, and again used the volatile salts. Whilst I operated, a young Indian woman, singularly beautiful, sister of the wounded man, supported the leg. She watched me with astonishment, and whilst I was binding up the wound with cotton soaked in alkali, (salts,) she disappeared, and I saw her no more.

The Indian was relieved. The old Tuchão knew of it; and, to thank me for it, or rather, I believe, to test me, presented me with a calabash, in which he poured a whitish and disgusting drink, exhaling a strong odor of corruption. This detestable liquor was the *cachiri*, (masato,) a drink that would make hell vomit; but the Indians passionately love it. I knew by experience that by refusing to drink I would offend this proud Mahué, and that if I remained in this Malocca I should assuredly die from want, because even a calabash of water would be refused me. I shut my eyes and drank.

The cachiri is the substance of the manioc root, softened in hot water, and afterwards chewed by the old women of the Malocca. They spit it into great earthen pans, when it is exposed to a brisk fire until it boils. It is then poured into pots and suffered to stand until a putrid fermentation takes place.

The Indian afterwards took his paricá. He beat, in a mortar of sapucaia, a piece of hard paste, which is kept in a box made of a shell, poured this pulverized powder upon a dish presented by another Indian, and with a long pencil of hairs of the *tamandua bandeira*, he spread it evenly without touching it with the fingers; then taking pipes joined together, made of the quills of the *gavião real*, (royal eagle,) and placing it under his nose, he snuffed up with a strong inspiration all the powder contained in the plate. His eyes started from his head; his mouth contracted; his limbs trembled. It was fearful to see him; he was obliged to sit down, or he would have fallen; he was drunk, but this intoxication lasted but five minutes; he was then gayer.

Afterwards, by many entreaties, I obtained from him his precious paricá, or rather one of them, for he possessed two.

At the Malocca of *Taguariti*, where I was the next day, the Tuchão, observing two young children returning from the woods laden with sarsaparilla, covered with perspiration, and overcome, as much by the burden they carried as the distance they had traveled, called them to him, beat some paricá, and compelled them to snuff it.

I then understood that a Tuchão Mahué had a paternal authority in his Malocca, and treated all as his own children. He forced these children to take the paricá, convinced that by it they avoided fevers and other diseases. And, in truth, I soon saw the children leave the cabin entirely

refreshed, and run playing to the brook and throw themselves in.

Several vegetable substances compose paricá: first, the ashes of a vine that I cannot class, not having been able to procure the flowers; second, seeds of *acacia angico*, of the leguminous family; third, juice of the leaves of the *abuta*, (cocculus) of the menispermæ family.

I never saw a Mahué Indian sick, nor ever heard them complain of the slightest pain, notwithstanding that the forests they inhabit are the birthplaces of dangerous fevers, which rarely spare the Brazilian merchants who come to purchase sarsaparilla roots.

I had often heard of the great Tuchão, *Socano* chief, and king of the Mahué nation, who, (unlike the kings of France,) notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his subjects, abdicated in favor of his brother, and retired apart in a profound solitude, to pass there tranquilly the remainder of his life. I wished to see this philosopher of the New World before going to Itaituba, from which I was eleven days' journey on foot.

I went again to Massú to see the Indian bitten by the serpent, and perhaps a little, also, to see the Indian girl. He was still lame, but walked, however, better. The girl was incorruptible. Promises, bracelets, collars of pearl, (false)—all were useless.

Without wishing to attack the virtue of the Mundrucus women, I was induced to believe she would be more charitable, because in the whole *Mundrucuanie* it is not proved that there exists a dragon of such virtue as to resist the temptation of a small glass of rum.

I assisted at an Indian festival so singular that it is only in use among the true Mahués. Following the example of the other nations of Brazil, (who tattoo themselves with thorns, or pierce the nose, the lips, and the ears,) and obeying an ancient law which commands these different tortures, this baptism of blood, to habituate the warriors to despise bodily suffering, and even death, the Mahués have preserved from their ancestors the great festival of the *Tocandeira*.

An Indian is not a renowned Mahué, and cannot take a wife, until he has passed his arms at least ten times through long stalks of the palm tree, filled intentionally with large, venomous ants. He whom I saw receive this terrible baptism was not sixteen years old. They conducted him to the chiefs, where the instruments awaited him; and, when muffled in these terrible mittens, he was obliged to sing and dance before every cabin of the Malocca, accompanied by music still more horrible. Soon the torments he endured became so great that he staggered. (The father and relatives dread, as the greatest dishonor that can befall the family, a cry of weakness on the part of the young martyr. They encourage and

support him, often by dancing at his side.) At length he came to the last cabin; he was pallid; his teeth chattered; his arms were swollen; he went to lay the gloves before the old chief, where he still had to endure the congratulations of all the Indians of the Malocca. Even the young girls mercilessly embraced him, and dragged him through all their circles; but the Indian, insensible to their caresses, sought only one thing—to escape. At length he succeeded, and throwing himself into the stream, remained there until night.

The *Tocandeira* ants not only bite, but are also armed with a sting like a wasp; but the pain felt from it is more violent. I think it equal to that occasioned by the sting of the black scorpion.

In one of my excursions in the environs of the Malocca of Mandu-assu, I had occasion to take several of them. I enclosed them in a small tin box. I afterwards let one bite me, that I might judge in a slight degree what it costs the young *Mahués* to render themselves acceptable. I was bitten at 10 A. M. I felt an acute pain from it until evening, and had several hours' fever.

The next day I departed for the Socano country. The Indians who accompanied me, having no curiosity to see the old Indian king, already tired of the journey, and seeing it prolonged four or five days independent of the eleven it would require to reach Itaituba, concerted to deceive me by conducting me through a pathway which they thought led to a port of the river Tapajos, and where they hoped to find some Brazilians of Itaituba with their canoes loaded with sarsaparilla.

In trying to lead me by a false route, they deceived themselves; for we walked two long days, and the pathway, which was but a hunter's track, finally entirely disappeared. I was ignorant of the position of the Malocca I was seeking. I only heard it would be found nearer the river Madeira than the Tapajos. I wished to cut across the woods and journey towards the west; the Indians were discouraged, and followed me unwillingly. We passed a part of the third day in the midst of the rugged and inundated forests, where I twice sank in mud to the waist.

The hunter could kill nothing; and when, towards the evening, I wished to take some food, I could only find a half-gnawed leg of monkey. The Indians had not left me even a grain of farinha. Being near a stream, I grated some guaraná in a calabash and drank it without sugar, for they had left me none.

Not daring to rest, for fear of being unable to rise, we immediately resumed our journey. Having again walked two hours across forests of vines, which caused me to stumble at every step; or crawling under large fallen trees, which constantly barred our way; or in the midst of large

prickly plants, which lacerated my hands, I arrived, torn and bruised, at a small river, where we stopped.

After drinking another portion of guaraná, I swung my hammock, but was soon obliged to rise, because a storm had gathered above us and now burst forth.

If there is an imposing scene to describe, it is that of a storm which rages at night over an old forest of the New World. Huge trees fall with a great crash; a thousand terrific noises resound from every side; animals, (monkeys and tigers,) whom fear drives to shelter, pass and repass like spectres; frequent flashes of lightning; deluging torrents of rain—all combine to form a scene from which the old poets might have drawn inspiration to depict the most brilliant night of the empire of darkness.

Towards midnight the storm ceased; all became tranquil, and I swung my hammock anew. The next day I awoke with a fever. I drank guaraná made more bitter than usual, and we started. The hunter met a band of large black monkeys. He killed five of them. The Indians recovered courage; for myself, I could proceed no further, so great were the pains I suffered from my feet to my knees. The fever weakened me so much that I carried my gun with difficulty; but I would not abandon it. I had only that to animate my guides and defend myself with.

By frequently drinking guaraná, the fever had left me; but towards the evening of the fifth day, finding we were still wandering, and the forests becoming deeper, I lost courage and could not proceed. The hunter swung my hammock and gave me guaraná. The two others, perfectly indifferent, were some paces from me, employed in broiling a monkey. I knew if I had not strength to continue the journey the next day, they would abandon me without pity. Already they answered me insolently.

After a moment passed in the saddest reflections, I called to the hunter to bring me my traveling case. I took from it the entire preparation of paricá of the Mossé chief, and a flask of arsenical soap, which I would not use except as the last resource. I took the paricá and did as I had seen the old Indian do. I instantly fell drunk in my hammock, but with a peculiar intoxication, and which acted upon my limbs like electric shocks. On rising, I put my foot to the ground, and, to my great surprise, felt no pain. At first I thought I dreamed. I even walked without being convinced. At length, positively sure that I was awake, and there still remaining two hours of daylight, I detached my hammock, and forced the Indians, by striking them to follow me. The next day we arrived at a miserable Malocca, composed of about four or five Indian cabins.

OUR HUNT.

BY GEORGE BRANDON.

I ONCE heard a millionaire remark that he would give half his fortune if he could "only learn to *blow rings*" from the smoke of his cigar. I said nothing, but only thought that if he would give me half his fortune, I would very willingly give up my ability to perform the said feat.

Howbeit, that same blowing of rings with the blue smoke of a fragrant "Havana," in the quiet of a summer evening, is one of the pleasantest pastimes I know of. There is a kind of spiritualized sensuality, so to speak, in lounging lazily back in your "old arm chair," and watching the wreaths float silently away, spreading gradually, like circles on the water, till they break into pale, misty ripples on some invisible shore. Their beauty is of that soft, quiet kind, that, mingling with the golden stillness of summer twilight, steals gently back on the soul, and floats it away in a fairy bark down the waveless tide of reverie into the "Land of Dreams." Then there is something so like human hopes in them. They burst from the lips so joyously, so rich in hue and full in form, roll gloriously along for a time, and then break into pale, thin fragments, waver for a moment, and are—nothing: leaving nought behind but a vague, shadowy fragrance, that whispers sadly of their departed beauty.

"Pshaw!" you will say, "here's more nonsense about 'human hopes' and 'dreams,'" etc. Wait a moment. I have flattered myself that that is not *all*."

Early one afternoon, late in October, when that loveliest part of the year, "Indian Summer," was in its glory, I was sitting in a Law-Office, in a quiet little village in Illinois, listlessly watching the vagaries of smoke wreaths which floated around me as "above mentioned." I was fast becoming wrapped in dreams, when I was roused somewhat suddenly by burning my lips. This, as you may suppose, resulted from the fact that my cigar had become somewhat shorter than when I lighted it. I threw away the "stump," and turned to look at the scene of my labors. There were great volumes that bore a promise of internal dullness in their very binding, they looked so stately and monotonous, all "bound in calf." I had been—well, no matter how many months or years—engaged in poring over these very interesting works, and attending to the other things connected with the Law, until I had nothing else in my head. I had confined myself strictly to the office, allowing no time for recreation in the way of exercise or otherwise, and, for some days before the one spoken of, had felt the effects of such a course, both mentally and physically.

My limbs had become weights instead of supports; my brain had become dried up to ashes, and my eyes could see little but chapters on "Trusts" or "Powers," or other such enchanting topics; and even through my dreams ran long stories about how Smith's hog broke down Brown's fence, and "with his feet in walking, etc., did destroy his, the said Brown's grass, corn, herbage, etc." In short, I was entirely given up to that agreeable state of mind and body known as "blue."

But no matter for that; on with the law I must go; and I was just turning wearily to continue my daily routine, when my friend Corwin, who had been engaged in the same interesting occupation for about the same length of time with myself, walked into the office, and throwing himself into a chair, burst out more energetically than politely, with, "May all the curses that all the Popes of old invoked upon—."

"I say, Joe," said Bob Macon, rushing into the office, "come, stir yourself out of this dry place. Get a rifle, and go with Dwight and myself out to the S— river, and join our hunt. It'll do you good."

"Well, really, Bob"—began I.

"Oh, fudge!" he broke in, "never mind the law. It'll take care of itself. Get a gun and go. Capt. Fish, and old Father Perry, and John Perry, and Tom Hardy, the "Deerslayer," started yesterday morning, and Dwight and I start to-morrow morning. Come, rouse up, and get out of this musty law awhile. You know you're too 'blue' for study."

"Corwin, will you go?" said I.

"No!" said he, "I've got too much to do." And with a sigh, he rose and started for his—prison.

"Well," said I, after some hesitation, "I guess I'll go."

"Well then, get ready this afternoon, for I'll be after you before daylight to-morrow morning."

"I wish I had that fellow's spirits," I muttered, as Bob left the office whistling a quickstep. And then I sat down and was relapsing into a reverie about the diversity of men's dispositions, mentally, morally, etc. But rousing myself, I turned a triumphant look on the old papers and books, and leaving the office, commenced preparations for "our hunt," in earnest.

Long before daylight the next morning, I was roused from a heavy sleep I had fallen into after dreaming of all sorts of fights with bears, wolves, and deer, by a succession of thundering knocks which seemed to shake the whole house, and a loud shouting of "Fire!" under my window.

Hastily throwing up the sash, I asked, "What's the matter?"

"Ah! up at last—eh? Well, come down, it's time we were off."

I had forgotten the hunt in my haste. On emerging from the house, I saw the shadowy outline of what appeared to be a somewhat dilapidated carriage, and two horses. Not exactly satisfied with the appearance of things, I asked, "Bob, where did you get this establishment?"

"The carriage and one horse is Old Fitch's, the other horse is mine."

"Yours? Well, I guess we shall have a time then, before we're through with it."

Now, Bob's horse, like himself, was all fire and energy, and among other things, one noticeable point was, that he had a strong antipathy to having anything touch his heels. This occasioned the remark recorded.

In a few minutes, we had stored ourselves away among greatcoats, guns, fishing-rods, and all the other paraphernalia of a hunter, and after having satisfied ourselves as to the safety of a flask of good old "cogniac," we "got under weigh," and were off for the S—.

As long as it was dark, we rode along in happy, though not entirely unsuspecting, ignorance as to the state of our equipage; but when daylight showed us the true condition of things, we began to entertain serious apprehensions. But it was too late to turn back, and we could but do the best under the circumstances.

For about an hour more the road continued to pass through level prairies, but at the end of that time we came into the "barrens." These are heavy rolling prairies, thickly covered with an undergrowth of hazel and sumac, with now and then a little clump of "scrub-oaks," or a solitary hickory. The roads through these are, of course, a series of ascents and descents, some of them quite abrupt.

Our harness was entirely destitute of contrivance for "holding back," and, consequently, there was great danger that the rickety old carriage would be jamming the horses' heels, and in that event, the chances were, that in a very short space of time, we would be on the road with broken heads, and minus a connected conveyance. This was not a very pleasant predicament to look forward to, and accordingly, on arriving at the brow of the first of these hills, we held a council of war to discover the safest way to get to the bottom. The quickest was very evident. After some consultation, it was decided that Dwight and myself should get out and hold the carriage back, while Bob should drive slowly down. This worked charmingly; that is, in effect, not in performance, for it was no pleasant business to hang on behind a carriage and plough two furrows with the heels through dry clay.

Besides, it was a position in which neither of us would have wished to have been seen in a civilized region. However, there was no one near but Bob, and he couldn't see us.

We had got safely down some four or five hills in this way, when, as we were going slowly down one quite steep, the carriage ran into a deep hole on one side of the road. The sudden lurch loosed the hold of both "conservatives," and since we were inclined at something of an angle, we were left lying supine in the middle of the road, while the carriage, released from our grasp, ran suddenly on the horses, and they, somewhat astonished, set off at full speed down the hill. The two "conservatives" gathered themselves up out of the dust, and after staring at each other a moment in mute astonishment, started to the rescue. At the bottom of the hill, Bob had miraculously stopped the horses, but in the rush down hill, one of the gun-barrels had fallen against his nose and started the "claret," so that when we, the "conservatives," arrived, he was standing on the ground at the side of the carriage, and while the blood dripped from his chin, gazed ruefully upon a damp spot in the dust below, where the remains of the old "cogniac" were falling, drop by drop, through the bottom of the carriage, from the broken flask.

"Alas! poor *Cogniac*!" said Bob, after we had removed some of the dust and blood of the encounter, and were about to start on—as he took one last look at the fast disappearing spot where the brandy had fallen, "I knew it well!"

"No doubt of it," laughed Dwight, as we started on, and everybody's good humor was restored.

Already I felt better. Without further adventure, we arrived at the "Bee Ford," where the party who had preceded us, had said they would be found. But they were not there. Here was a dilemma. We had nothing to eat—no implements to make anything like a camp—and no disposition to "camp out" by ourselves at all. Fortunately, Macon had heard the "Deerslayer" speak of a lake farther down the river, where he had hunted before, and this was now the *dernier resort*. But how to get there was the question. Neither knew the way, and there was no apparent road in that direction. But we were "in," (as we say "West,") for adventure, and so we started—neither knew exactly where. On we wandered. Now plunging, guideless, through thickets of hazel—now making long *detours* to avoid thickets too dense for passage—and now lifting the low carriage over stumps, or retracing our steps in search of a lost hat or coat, dragged from the head or carriage by overhanging branches.

However, to pass over the incidents "by the way," we emerged at length from the forest, on

the shore of a beautiful sheet of water, which, from our present point of observation, seemed to be entirely embosomed in the wood; though, as we afterwards discovered, the other end of it skirted the open "bottom."

Across a little bay, upon the shore of which we stood, a column of smoke curled up from among the trees, and a few minutes after we stopped a loud laugh rung out on the air, and a moment after, the notes of a gay hunting song came swelling through the trees. The song was sung in the familiar *fat* voice of Captain Fish, and left no doubt but that we had found them at last. This was "Cottonwood Lake," and there were the hunters.

Leaving our carriage where we stopped, for we could get it no farther, we loosed the horses, and led them along the shore, and, after stumbling along a short distance, rounded a little thicket of hazel, and came into view of the—*Camp*.

The party, to premise, consisted of Captain Fish, a fat, red-faced, good-humored bachelor of fifty, Father Perry, the very antipodes of the Capt. in all but good-humor; John Perry, a medium in all things, and Tom Hardy, a bachelor, who, in his younger days, had been poor, and spent his time in the back-woods, but in later years, having received a sudden accession of fortune, somewhat mysteriously to the rest of the world, had removed "to town." He still remembered his old habit of life, however, and was the prime mover of the present expedition.

The scene which presented itself when we rounded the thicket of hazel, was truly picturesque. For several yards along and back from the shore, the wood was entirely free from under-growth, and, indeed, the forest was far less dense than that surrounding. In the midst of this comparatively open space was a fire, and standing before it, shading his face from the heat with a large frying-pan, stood the "Deer-slayer," engaged in cooking a piece of bacon, in the very primitive way of holding it in the flame on the end of a stick. A little farther off, upon a stump, on the shore of the lake, stood Father Perry, fishing, or rather dazing, in the sunshine, while the fish made off with his bait. His son lay stretched at his ease on the grass, watching alternately Hardy's motions at the fire, and the clouds of fragrant smoke elicited from his "Havana." Captain Fish, for a wonder, was the only active man in the party. Having just finished his dinner, he was cleaning his rifle and caroling the song we had heard before. And he was a good singer, with a rich, mellow voice.

His song had prevented our approach from being heard, and Bob Macon, stealing suddenly forward, slapped Hardy heartily on the back, thereby startling the worthy "Deerslayer," inasmuch

that he dropped the frying-pan on his toes, and his bacon in the fire, and overturned a small box of salt, which stood hard by on a log, in his haste to snatch his gun which stood near.

The excitement attendant upon our arrival was soon over, our horses attended to, and we engaged in discussing a very savory dish (or pan) of "pike," together with tempting bits of squirrel and quail, with cups of clear, cold water from the lake. The misfortune which Macon's irresistible passion for "sport" had brought upon our salt, (I say *our*, for the party was all one now,) made our dinner rather *fresh* in taste; but after our long and wearisome ride, (and "*conservationism*") it was really delicious. At least I relished it much better than the dinners I ate when I "dragged my slow length" from the office homeward.

After the dinner was over, and each had enjoyed the delicious quiet of the afternoon in the soothing company of one of the best cigars, the party, with the exception of Father Perry, who stayed to fish, and the Capt., who stayed, as he said, to clean the pans, etc., and to keep up the fire; (Bob slyly suspected that he stayed to sleep, but said nothing till we were out of ear-shot,) the party, I say, started for the evening hunt. Having in view nothing but small game, we soon separated, and each took his own way. Carrying a gun was a novel occupation for me, and not being a very skilful huntsman, I saw nothing to shoot at, and so, after various wanderings, coming to the shore of the lake some distance from the camp, I sat down on an old moss-covered log, and gazed out upon the water. The season was "Indian summer." The day—one of its loveliest. The weather, so rich and balmy, seemed the last, sweetest sigh of the dying summer at the birth of winter—like the last, brightest flicker of the waning taper at the birth of darkness. A soft, scarcely perceptible wind floated across the lake, and made low, rustling music in the richly-tinted foliage overhead. Now and then, a leaf, dislodged from its forest bough, would go twirling away, and alight silently on the water. Nothing disturbed the holy silence but the low breathing of the wind, or the sudden splash of some sporting fish. Across the lake from where I sat, stretched the level "bottom;" and bounding the view in that direction, the "bluffs" rose blue and indistinct, shrouded in the rich haze of the season, and one could almost fancy that somewhere in the misty hazy distance, lay the veritable dreamland of Poesy. An irresistible influence urging to day-dreaming seemed diffused throughout the air. Everything was in such quietness and repose. The very sun seemed to have half shut his burning eye, and to float listlessly through a sleepy sky.

I was always rather too much given to day-dreaming, and yielding to the influence of surrounding circumstances, I leaned my rifle against a neighboring tree, lighted a cigar, and with my eye fixed now upon the distant hills, and now upon the smoke of the Havana, I was soon reveling in the realms of reverie. Away up in the blue air I builded me a castle of Alhambra-like magnificence. Soft music swelled voluptuously through vaulted halls. Beautiful faces glided noiselessly over marble pavements. Renowned warriors (habited however in the garb of peace) stalked proudly to and fro. Stately dames swept grandly through gilded saloons, and the bright eyes and fair faces of beauteous maidens looked out from every vine-clad bower and shaded walk of exquisite gardens. And I—poor little I—was “Lord of all.” Like all the day-dreams of young bachelors, mine had a goodly portion of love in it, and I was just about to “lead to the altar” the “fairest of the fair,” when—crash!—the whole fabric, towers and halls and gardens, toppled into inanity “like the baseless fabric of a vision,” as the sharp crack of a rifle broke the sabbath stillness, and a bit of lead went singing by in very disagreeable proximity to my person. I sprang to my feet, and a moment after Dwight appeared before me breathless with excitement, with the smoke still curling from the muzzle of his gun, and expectation painted upon every feature. Alas! what a disappointment! He found no game but me!

Now Dwight, being a New Yorker on a visit “West,” was about as inexperienced in hunting as myself. He insisted that he saw and shot at a squirrel. I didn’t mention my suspicions to him, but upon looking up I noticed that an oriole’s nest which hung three or four feet above my head bore unmistakable marks of having been recently disturbed by a rifle ball, or something of that nature. Still, I don’t wish to insinuate that he did not shoot at a squirrel. ’Twas *guesser*. That’s all.

Simply remarking that, as my disposition was not at all like that of Charles XII., I would be obliged to him if he would not fire so close to my head the next time, I invited him to give up profitless “tramping,” (for he had shot nothing but the—well no matter,) and join us with a cigar. He did so, and we remained chatting quietly till late in the afternoon.

The other three hunters returned to camp loaded with game, (where they found it I couldn’t imagine,) and we set about making preparations for a grand “burgoo soup.” Perhaps there may be some who don’t understand what that is. It is a soup made by swinging up a large iron kettle over a fire on such occasions as the present, and throwing in a part, or the whole, of *every kind of game taken*. Rather curious—you will say.

Delicious—say I—to a tired man in the woods. Now salt is an indispensable requisite to a good “Burgoo,” and, as the reader probably remembers, this had been lost in the somewhat ludicrous confusion of our arrival. To punish us for causing the loss, it was determined that Bob and myself should take the carriage and go to a house some three or four miles off, and procure the article. There was no help for it, and so we went.

While at the house an incident occurred which impressed itself deeply upon my memory. The dwellers in the house were an old man, his wife, and their daughter-in-law. The old man was away from home, and some neighbor on his return from the nearest post-office, had brought him a letter. Neither of the women could “read writing,” and the younger one could but read enough of the post-mark to ascertain that the letter was from California, where her husband was. Wishing to know the contents, they gave it to me to read, showing to me at the same time a bill of exchange which they said they had taken from the letter. I took the letter, but after reading a line or two, stopped. Glancing hastily over the remainder, for the letter was quite brief, I saw that it was not from the son and husband. He was dead;—and some pitying friend had written the intelligence, sending at the same time all the money the poor fellow had amassed. I had stopped too late. A quivering hand was on my arm, and a low, thrilling voice was in my ear bidding—“Read on.” I could but do so,—and when I stopped and silently folded the letter, the young wife, (the mother seemed perfectly bewildered,) gazing into my face as if she would read my very soul, asked, in a tone in which was concentrated all the intensest of human agony and human endurance—“Is that there?”

I bowed. There was no passionate outburst of wailing or of tears, but taking the letter, she turned away with pale face and lips crushed together, and walked into the house. I hesitated a moment, and then sprang into the carriage where Macon was already impatiently waiting, and rode away. I had seen them once forever. But I saw through all the after merriment, and the dreams of that night; aye, even now I see that pale face and those rigid, bloodless lips, crushing back the deep agony of a widowed heart that “the stranger” might not see it. But “the stranger” did see it, and marked it. Verily, the truest heart beats not under the proudest roof, and the purest and deepest fountains of feeling lie not beneath the richest vestment.

The sun had been long set when we arrived again at the camp, and found all in uproar. Tom Hardy, whose prowess in the chase sunk into insignificance before Capt. Fish’s skill in the *cuisine*, had degenerated into an humble “drawer of

water," and was running to and fro, from the lake to the fire, whose ruddy glow was beginning to struggle with the ragged moonlight which stole through the leaves; while John Perry and Dwight were changed to "bawlers of wood," and with axe in hand were fast adding to the pile of dry "chunks" through which the flame was stealing red and glowing. Father Perry, under the direction, and assisted by Capt. Fish, was arranging a very primitive-looking contrivance on which to hang the great iron kettle in which was to be concocted the anxiously-looked-for "burgoo." Capt. Fish, indeed, was the presiding genius of the scene, and moved here and there with jolly red face glowing in the fire-light, a very "monarch of all he surveyed." The wood rang with the blows of the axe, the alternate laughing and shouting of Dwight and Perry as they dragged up the wood and threw it on the fire, and snatches of hunting songs, intermingled with sundry vigorous requests for "all hands" to "be lively," from Capt. Fish.

Immediately upon the arrival of Bob and myself, with the salt, Tom Hardy and the captain commenced initiating us into the mysteries of preparing the game for cooking. Soon, with bare arms and and bloody hands, we were engaged in dissecting turkeys, ducks, squirrels, quails, etc., etc., and making them ready for the skilful finishing of Capt. Fish.

Everything was soon ready. The fire burned up brilliant and cheerful, and the moonbeams retired in disgust from the scene, unable to cope with the volumes of red smoke that rolled up through the trees. The kettle was swung up, and Capt. Fish insisted upon having the field to himself, with the exception of Dwight, whom he persuaded to stand and keep the pole upon which the kettle hung from burning, by pouring water on it with a cup; and the poor fellow now stood with the cup, turning, now this side then that to the roaring fire, shading his face as well as he could with his hat. He endured the torture for some time, but finally flinging down the cup, he fled to the lake with roasted face and streaming eyes. The rest of the party then "took turns" at this unpleasant duty, and in a little while Dwight returned, and lying down at the foot of a large tree, was soon snoring.

In due time the soup was made, and the cups distributed. Now the soup was almost boiling, and Bob Macon, taking a cup, roused Dwight with a tremendous slap on the shoulder, and told him if he didn't eat fast he wouldn't get any. Still half asleep, the poor fellow took the cup offered by Bob, and before any of the rest could interfere, had a large spoonful in his mouth. Springing from the ground with a roar of pain, he dropped the cup and seized a bucket of water. The cup fell on Macon's hand, and plunging

backward he overturned Capt. Fish, in the midst of a tremendous roar of laughter, and rushing for the lake, plunged his arm up to the elbow, without waiting to see the consequences of his "ground and lofty tumbling."

Quiet was soon restored, and all discussed the soup with much relish. The feasting over, (and it was long before it ceased,) we all indulged in a cigar or pipe, and then preparing the tent, were soon stretched out, waiting to be clasped in the arms of the "drowsy god." The novelty of the situation, aided, perhaps, by the quantity of "burgoo" I had made way with, kept me long awake; and I lay till after midnight, looking out through the open front of the rough tent upon the lake sleeping peacefully in the moonlight, and listening to the low night-wind as it whispered softly to the slumbering leaves.

The night was—but it is useless to attempt description. A moonlight night in Indian Summer, in the woods of Illinois, "needs to be seen to be appreciated."

The moon was gone—pale streakings of light were stealing up through the haze from the east, and the gray shadows of the conquered night were trailing rapidly westward and fading as they went, when I was aroused from a deep and refreshing sleep by the sound of a rifle and a loud halloo. In a few minutes Tom Hardy came in with a large wild turkey, the spoil of a short morning ramble, and, ere long, we were all engaged in replenishing the smouldering fire, and hastily preparing an early breakfast. Capt. Fish's skill was again brought into requisition, and we were soon enjoying delicious coffee with fried turkey, and bread from home, etc., etc. When I rose from the delightful repast, (delightful in the woods, if not in the city,) I felt light and free as the wind, and yet as strong too. I had never felt so well in all my preceding life.

A deer-hunt was the "order of the day," and all were eager to start. A little more than a mile from the camp, was the termination of the lake in our direction, and here, a little stream, now almost dry, put in to the lake through a thicket of hazel and sumac. It was just beyond where Dwight had made his famous shot on the preceding day. Here it was that Tom Hardy now took the lead and conducted the whole party, with the exception of Father Perry, who still remained true to his angling, and after assigning to each his station, mounted Macon's horse, and with two or three dogs belonging to the party generally, issued from the forest into the wide, level "bottom" lands, to "start the game."

My station was in the edge of the thicket on the little stream just mentioned, near a place where the deer were accustomed to cross. From where I stood I had a full view of Hardy as he secured the "bottom." He had gone about a

mile from my position, when, as he circled around, the dogs started a noble buck. The frightened animal started directly for the "crossing" where I was stationed. Hardy pursued at full speed. It had been some time since he had been engaged in a deer-hunt, and he was eager in the chase. Forgetting, in his excitement, that the undrained "bottom" was cut up here and there with little marshy spots, and that only by following the path of the buck, would he be likely to miss them all, he started across the "bottom" to "head off" the animal, and make up for the deficiency in the speed of his horse. He had ridden safely for a few moments, when, reaching suddenly the verge of one of these little "sloughs," the horse came to a sudden halt, and rider and gun went flying wildly over his head. I had hardly time to laugh a moment and then wonder whether he were hurt, when the buck came bounding along the little path directly past me. I raised my rifle and fired. But, alas! there is a disease known among hunters as the "Buck-ague," which frequently attacks young sportsmen, and just at that moment I was sick with it. I wouldn't hazard a conjecture as to where the ball went, but I haven't the slightest idea that it passed within ear-shot of the intended victim. The only effect was the momentary swerving of the flying deer, and a wondering stare on my part.

The "Buck-ague," like the smallpox, seldom attacks the same person twice, and John Perry, who was stationed on the other side of the stream from myself, having passed through the allotted term of sickness several years before, had the good fortune to bring down the game.

The whole of the party who had started on the hunt, with the exception of Hardy, who we saw was slowly leading his horse up, were soon gathered around the fallen animal. Fortunately for the feelings of the more tender-hearted and inexperienced of the party, the ball from Perry's rifle had done its work completely.

While we were standing looking at the fallen deer, Hardy came up. A more pitiable, and yet ludicrous object, I have never seen. He had fallen headlong into the swampy hole, and now there was little of his face, save his eyes and the point of his nose to be seen. His cap was gone, his hair was plastered to the sides of his face and over his ears with slimy mud, and the same delectable article, mingled with half-decayed, sickly-looking prairie grass, ornamented the whole exterior man; while the horse snorted and tossed his head, as if perfectly conscious of, and enjoying exceedingly, the mischief he had occasioned. A shout of laughter greeted him as he approached, but he, superior to his lot and "majestic in misfortune," merely threw the bridle to Macon, and without deigning a look at the proceeds of the morning's hunt, stalked rapidly off in the direc-

tion of the camp, while shout after shout of boisterous merriment, as the green, slimy mud ran down his clothes or dripped from his finger-ends, urged him on.

Deprived of the "Deerslayer's" leadership, we could do but little, and being very well satisfied with *our* exploit we determined that we would hunt no more that day. Accordingly, we spent the rest of the day in preparing a part of the game for transportation home, and part for immediate consumption, all under the supervision of Capt. Fish. Hardy was an exception, for he spent most of the day in cleaning and drying his clothes and gun, and in muttering vigorous anathemas against both horse and owner; which latter, every few minutes during the day, would burst into a roar of laughter, and put some quizzical question to Tom about his fall. Towards evening, Tom, having put himself "to rights," left the camp, and after an absence of two hours or more, returned, loaded with game, and with his good humor completely restored, and that night joined in the laugh as heartily as any, while the fire roared and crackled in concert, and rich "burgoo" smoked in every hand.

Two or three days more passed in almost the same manner, and about noon of the fifth day out we determined to start homeward on that evening. The afternoon was passed in cleaning guns, and in making ready generally for a reappearance in civilized life. In the course of the afternoon I discovered that Dwight had negotiated for, and obtained for the return home, the only remaining place in the wagon of the first comers. This arrangement devolved the whole "conservation" duty upon me, and was not at all to my taste. Now Capt. Fish had done little but act as governor-general of the camp, and wishing to give him some "active duty" to perform, I forthwith opened negotiations with him to effect a change in our respective modes of returning home. Being quite ignorant of the duty attendant upon riding with Macon he readily assented to my proposition, and I immediately informed Bob, who was exceedingly well pleased at the change, readily concurring in my wish to force active service upon the Capt. The arrangement, however, did not work well for Bob in the end, for we had not gone many miles before the Capt. managed in some way to get the control of the "reins of government," and turned the "conservatism" over to Bob.

Wild and uncivilized as was the place, I confess to a feeling of pure melancholy, when, just at sunset, we took our seats and drove away. In the short time I had passed in the camp, I had formed a sort of attachment for the free, careless life, and I felt a shade of unadulterated sadness at giving it up. But the feeling soon passed off, and we rode merrily homeward.

It was broad moonlight when we emerged from the forest into the open prairie road, and, as we did so, a cold blast from the north-west struck on our faces and went wailing sadly through the woods.

"Rain soon," growled Hardy, and wrapping his coat closer around him he shrunk down in a corner of the wagon, and was soon asleep. But the blast passed away in a few minutes, at least for the night, and the air was softer again.

I was sitting beside the driver, old Father Perry, and through the long moonlight ride, I

smoked my cigar and gazed in silence over boundless prairies sleeping serenely in the dreamy moonrays, or listened to the low, monotonous tones of the old man, as he told me wild stories of the mountain life of his boy-hood on the far-off Susquehanna.

Daylight was fast streaking the east, when I threw myself once more upon a veritable bed, and sank immediately into a quiet, strengthening sleep, from which I did not awake till far into a gray, cloudy day. And so ended "Our Hunt."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WILL you cast down my humble history when I tell you that in my youth, as well as in age, I was plain, hopelessly plain? My profuse dark hair was my only charm. My face was thin almost to emaciation, and of a sallow unhealthiness. My eyes were unnaturally large, and my lips were pale and colorless.

My health was bad, and my mind was always in a low state. I was sensitive almost to folly, and I shrank from strangers with that instinctive horror, which even now thrills me at the touch of an unknown hand.

I was an orphan, lonely and alone; I lived with a maiden aunt, in the dark depths of a pine forest, near Blackwater.

The influences which surrounded my childhood were cold and chilling, unfavorable to the development of my social or intellectual faculties. My aunt was kind to me, that is, she gave me food and clothes, and *carte blanche*, as to the disposal of my time.

The library at Pine Forest was very limited, a Bible, prayer book, a few ancient histories, and an old romance, which I had read and re-read until every word was impressed upon my memory. It told of many characters, but I passed them all over to think of one noble, dignified, and god-like. I loved that character. I worshipped an ideal. I cared not whether the form and face were handsome or ugly; it was the noble attributes of the soul which I loved.

Of mere sexual love I knew nothing; until I had reached my eighteenth year, I had never had even a boy playmate. To school I had never been; my aunt had taught me to read and write, and some of the more ordinary female accomplishments.

But a new chimera penetrated my aunt's brain. A stray newspaper came to Pine Forest, and in its columns was the advertisement of a female seminary, which was to be opened for young ladies, at Landsdowne, in a short time.

To this school my aunt was resolved to send

me. I felt no delight at the intelligence. Study was distasteful to me. I liked better to go out on the bare hills when the storm demon was abroad in his raging, and baring my dark brow to the wild winds, cast my restless eyes out into the deep gloom, or, raising my face up to heaven, gaze unshrinkingly on the red lightnings which were vomited from the cloud's black bosoms.

But aunt said I must go to school, and when I openly demurred, she told me of the many wonderful things I should learn, and the interesting objects I would see; and I strove to curb my wild will in obedience to her wish.

Two months passed rapidly away in preparation; my clothes were ready packed in aunt's great black trunk, and, accompanied by our farm servant, I was sent to Landsdowne. Jacob engaged a boarding-place for me, in a family of wealth and respectability, and then he returned to Blackwater.

Words cannot describe to you the heart-loneliness I felt that first night. Alone, I sat by my little window, which looked out upon a tall, dark church, and a dismal grave yard, with its white tombstones gleaming in the ghostly moonlight. I loved the view. It was more in accordance with my own dark feelings than the cheerful interior of my pretty chamber. All was light and pleasant *there*. The large solar lamp sent its silver light over the crimson couch hangings, and illuminated the wall-paper until the room seemed a garden of living flowers. But I liked not cheerfulness. What right had I to be bright and gay? Was I not a waif on the fair earth? There was no one in the wide world to love me; would any one weep when I should be laid away in the death-mould? I asked the question with bitterness. No, there were none to love me! I laid my head on the window-sill, and clasped my hands over my eyes.

When I awoke the sun was shining warmly over my disordered hair, and the little robins and sparrows were singing pleasantly in the

churchyard trees. I roused myself, and making a hasty toilet, descended to the breakfast room. The family had already assembled. There was a row of strange faces at the table; young gentlemen and ladies who, like myself, were to attend the school. I fancied they were ridiculing me, and I doubt not but they were, for one of the young men repeated a few words in an unknown language, looking at me all the while, at which they all laughed heartily, and turned their great prying eyes curiously upon me. The young ladies, evidently not regarding me in the light of a rival in the young men's affections, joined with them in the general attempt of quizzing me.

I bore this as long as I could, and then from the depths of my fierce, wild heart there welled up a few bitter, writhing words, and I spoke them. The surprised company were silenced, but occasionally they cast looks of covert scorn toward me. After breakfast they spoke no encouraging friendly word to me, but conversed apart, in groups, and I knew that I was their subject, by the glances which they bestowed upon my shrinking, sensitive form.

To one of my nature, this treatment was galling in the extreme, and I made up my mind to hate them all. Even the little girl, the daughter of the people who kept the boarding house, seemed to take exquisite delight in torturing me, asking me spiteful questions about my dress, contemplated studies, etc.

Alone, I went to the academy. No one offered to go with me, no one told me which way to go, they only set up a derisive laugh as I put on the green silk bonnet, which it had cost my aunt and the village milliner a week's work to remodel from aunt's old calash.

I knew where the academy was situated. I had passed it on my way the previous day. It was a large white building with carved columns and shady porticoes, in the middle of a green lawn, gemmed here and there with a tuft of the purple frost flower. The green in front of the edifice was thronged with young gentlemen and ladies, gay and laughing. Was it any wonder that a wild, forest bred girl like me, who had scarcely seen a dozen faces out of her own family circle, should shrink from the curious stare which, on every side assailed her? Sick at heart, I leaned against a shade-tree for support.

Only one in all that merry company understood my feelings. Heaven bless her, wherever she may be! She was a lame girl, a little younger than myself, with a pale, sweet face, and a gentle, pitying voice. She came hastily toward me, laid her small hand on my arm, and looking into my face, with one of her soul-full glances, she said timidly, "Pardon me, but you seem to be a stranger here; are you going to attend the school?" I could have fallen down and wor-

shipped her for the first kind words which had greeted my ear since my arrival in Landsdowne. She bade me follow her to the dressing-room, and there she took off my bonnet and shawl, and conducted me to the hall, where she showed me a seat where I could sit until Professor Montcalm should arrive and assign me one.

There I sat in trembling suspense, waiting for the great bell to sound the signal of commencement. It rang out, at least, loud and clear. There was a hurried rushing of the young ladies for seats, then a stillness, broken only by an occasional whisper, and then steps in the wide passage announced the coming of the Principal. I did not raise my head to look at him, even when I heard his deep sweet voice calling each young lady to come up separately, that he might register her name, and purposed course of studies.

One by one, they went to him. I alone remained. I could not gather courage to look at him. How could I rise and walk across that long hall alone, a mark for all those curious gazers? There was a silence during which I *felt* the eyes of all upon me. The tears started to my eyes, I could not restrain them, and in shame and agony I dropped my head upon the arm of the settee.

There was a sound of confused buzzing in the room, but over all, rose that firm, stately tread which approached me. It paused at my side. With a sudden impulse, I raised my head, and looked at the face of him beside me. It was Prof. Montcalm. I knew it by his regal form, his high serene brow, and his unconscious dignity of manner.

He bent his calm dark eyes upon my distorted face for a moment, and then stepping, so that his form concealed me from the listening pupils, he said, in his low winning voice—

"Is it your intention to become a member of my school, young stranger?"

"Yes," I faltered out between my stifled sobs.

"Your name, if you please;" said the same musical voice—

"Genevieve Fairfield," I returned.

He wrote the name. "What studies, Miss Fairfield?"

I replied, by handing him the letter which my aunt had written concerning my projected course, and with newly inspired confidence, I watched him while he read it.

Every feature of his face is before me now, I can see the forehead where majestic benignity reigned peacefully with powerful intellect—the wild, rich hair thrown carelessly over the classic head, the calm, deep eyes, the straight Grecian nose—the mouth half stern, half tender. Yes, I can see Howard Montcalm as he stood before me, years and years ago.

He gave me a written *programme* of my studies, the hours of recitation all correct, and then with

a smile which lighted up his face like the sunshine of heaven, he turned away as he said, "You must try and be contented with us, Miss Fairfield; homesickness will, I am afraid, interfere with your progress, and make you unhappy."

Mr. Montcalm sat down on the raised platform, and then in regular rotation the different classes were called. I went with fear and trembling. I had never been at school before in my life, and well I knew my deficiency. Very kindly he questioned me, but of course, I could answer nothing. He dismissed the class and called me to his desk. He enquired into the system of my education, and I frankly told him my little history, how that I had lived all my life in an isolated spot, and that my aunt, had been my only tutor.

Prof. Montcalm considered for a moment, and then told me that I might study and recite separately from the others, after the school had closed at night. And more, he said that if I was, as he feared, a little sensitive, I might study out of school if I chose. Oh, how my heart blessed him for his kind words.

I took the books which he selected for me, and going to my boarding-place, I went up into my little chamber, and bent my whole soul upon the task of learning the lesson which he had marked.

It was hard, oh, so hard, to keep from flinging down the book, and running into the wild, dark woods, behind the cemetery; but I thought of those serious eyes which I knew would wear a grieved expression, if in my lesson I should be deficient, and resolutely I toiled on.

The dinner bell sounded, and as a mere form, to avoid being questioned, I forced myself to eat. As soon as I had finished, I returned to my studies. I read and pondered. At least, I gave a glad shout! I could recite every word correctly.

Again and again, did I repeat the monotonous phrases and when the bell rung for the close of study hours, I tried on my despised bonnet and set off for the Academy. School was out, but Prof. Montcalm was waiting for me.

I gave him the book, it was Andrew's Latin Grammar. He asked the questions, I answered all correctly.

A surprised, pleased expression passed over Montcalm's fine face.

"You have done well, Miss Fairfield," he said in a decisive tone, as he returned me the book with the next lesson marked. "Perseverance and application, my young friend, will place you in the highest ranks of literature." He took up his hat, and went out.

Oh! how I prized that commendation coming from his lips! I need not tell you how I studied till the stars paled before the day god's coming. I need not particularize. Days and weeks passed much the same as I have already described. I

progressed rapidly. I had outstripped the junior class, and was fast approaching the senior.

Mr. Montcalm praised me, encouraged me, spoke kindly to me. Laura Gray, my first acquaintance, the lame girl, was gentle and friendly towards me, but further than this, I had neither friends nor acquaintances.

My fellow-boarders still preserved towards me the same constrained, half-patronizing, half-ridiculous air, but for that I cared not; his kind word was enough.

My love for music had always amounted to a passion, and if I was very sad, or, if through the dark veil which shrouded my lone life then came a sky of sunshine, I would improvise some wild thrilling harmony. It was a power which the soaring winds, the surging pines, the gushing rivers had given me, and it soothed me when my soul was overflowing.

One evening when I came to recite, Prof. Montcalm had gone to the lower hall for a consultation with the assistant teacher, and I sat down in the great lonely hall to await his return. One of my sad strange moods, came over me and I sung. I forgot that I might be overheard and ridiculed. I only remembered that I was sad and I sung until the great load of heaviness was raised from my soul. As the last wild echo died away in the still arches, Montcalm came in at the open door. He appeared agitated, but he heard my lesson through and then as he handed me the book he said, "pardon me, Miss Fairfield, if I inquire where you received your musical culture?"

An overwhelming sense of shame came over me, that he, whose good opinion I valued more than that of the whole world, should have heard my wild heart's outpourings, and I buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly.

Montcalm understood me. He set down beside me, and said earnestly, "listen to me, Miss Fairfield, I meant not to wound your feelings. You are too sensitive for this rough world of trial. But what I would say to you is this, you have a voice more powerful than any I have ever heard. It has moved me in a manner in which I am seldom moved. Now I would propose that you enter the class of Herr Von Getchenburg, he is a superior vocalist and an unrivaled instructor. Will you consent, Miss Fairfield?"

His eyes met mine. I bowed my head, and it was arranged that I should become a pupil of Herr Von Getchenburg.

I was admitted to his class in a few days, and I received his teachings; he said I was possessed of the most thrilling voice he had ever trained. I strove hard to learn and I succeeded.

In twelve months, Von Getchenburg offered me an almost incredible sum if I would accompany him in a tour over the country, in the capacity of a public singer. I refused. I could not tear my-

self away from the place where Montcalm breathed. Do you ask if I loved Howard Montcalm? Love! 'twas an unknown word to me. I felt not toward him as I felt to others, I loved him not as women loves man, I worshipped him as the Christian worship his God!

The term of my continuance at school was drawing rapidly to a close. In one short week, I was to go to my dreary home, and see *him*, in the light of whose smile I had lived for two years, no more.

My situation in the family where I had boarded, was much the same as at first, I had made no friends, nor had I wished to, and I thought of leaving *there* without a solitary regret.

The closing day came at last. There was to be a grand examination in the great hall of the Academy, and essays and compositions of all kinds were to be read.

The holiday dresses were drawn out, jewelry was borrowed, stay-lacings were stretched to their utmost tension, and *rouge*, and chalk-balls were in urgent demand.

I had no fine clothes in which to appear, so I wore the pale, straw-colored calico which had been my church dress in summer. Ornaments I had none, not even a ring or a pin, and my muslin collar was fastened by a plain black ribbon. Excitement had lent a crimson blush to my wan cheek, and my eyes were almost fearful in their great brilliancy.

The time came for me to read my essay. It was the last exercise. I rose, my head swam, I saw but one face in all that assembly, and that face was *his*. It strengthened me. I read the composition; the subject was "Desolation." I had thrown into the essay all the wild energies of my lonely soul, all the vain yearnings of my desolate heart, and I succeeded in what I had desired. The audience which filled that vast hall sat spell-bound! The stillness of the tomb was there! I finished and sat down, no one moved; no one spoke. Pale and still they sat, some in tears, others with cheeks white and dry.

I looked at Montcalm, his head lay on the desk before him, and his form quivered with emotion. At length, the manager announced the exercises at an end, and the spectators departed, leaving Montcalm alone with his pupils. In a few appropriate words he bade us farewell. Each one, in passing out, took him by the hand, and received from him some parting admonition. I held back until the last. There was a melancholy pleasure in being the last to say adieu to him whom we all loved.

He took my hand. My whole frame thrilled at his touch; all the life-long agony of my existence was pent in that one moment! My courage forsook me, my self-restraint gave way, and "Oh, God!" escaped my lips.

We were alone; Montcalm bent his head until his breath played upon my cheek, and his voice was broken and agitated as he said, "Miss Fairfield—Genie, do you love me?"

My face flushed crimson with shame; he knew my fatal secret. I would rather have lain down at his feet and died, than he should have known it.

I replied bitterly: "Alas! was this blow needed to complete my utter wretchedness, my great humiliation?"

Montcalm's face lighted up with intense joy; he caught me to his breast. "Dearest, Genie," he exclaimed, while his kisses rained upon my face, "and you do love me, darling, you have loved me a long time!"

I wound my arms around his neck and held him close to my bosom, for I feared even in that moment of ecstasy, an undefinable something, dreadful, and unknown.

Oh, the bliss of sitting in the lonely old hall, with the twilight shadows around us, while he told me in his low, thrilling voice, all his love, his hopes—all, all.

"To me, dearest Genie," he said, tenderly, "you were always beautiful, you were woven in all my dreams of happiness, your pale, sad face, as you raised it to mine on that first morning of our meeting, has been for two years the companion of my waking and sleeping hours! Genie, I love you better than the whole world, better than my life, next to God. Will you love me thus, darling?"

I told him without reserve of all my lonely life, of the first beam of light which his presence had brought, of my many weary hours passed in toiling at my lessons, that I might win a kind tone from him; leaning on his noble heart, I told him all my life-long yearning to be loved, and his calm soul-lit eyes shed love and happiness upon me as he looked down with holy trust into my face.

We parted. One long agonizing kiss I pressed on his lips, received with strange dread his tender embrace, and murmured "farewell."

Howard Montcalm was a son of the south, the possessor of a fine property in a southern city, and thither he was to go, but in two short months he would return, and take me away, his own.

I went back to my lonely home at Blackwater, lonely no longer, for my thoughts were all of him. I told no one the story of our love, it was too hallowed, too sacred to be spoken of.

Two weeks rolled into the silent past, and I received a letter from him, such a heart-warming letter as only he could write. I wept over that letter—wept for very joy that I, poor, plain and inferior, had won the love, had become the object of interest to one so noble, so excellent as Howard Montcalm.

Four days after the reception of that blessed letter, at the dead hour of midnight, there came a messenger to Blackwater. He brought a note for me which contained these words—"Genie, I am ill, come to me."

It was enough. I threw on my clothes, and scarcely explaining anything to my aunt, I set forth with the messenger. The night was dark and gloomy, and the wind moaned fitfully in the black forest. I asked no questions; my companion gave no explanations. Arrived at the railroad depot, we stepped on board the night train which was on the point of leaving, and for the space of ten hours we traveled without intermission. At last the train stopped. It was nearly noon, and we were in the midst of a great city. My companion handed me into a carriage and we were driven rapidly along. The streets through which we passed, were silent and deserted. No carriage passing save black, gloomy hearses, and the ghastly dead oarts, and I felt at once that I was in a city of pestilence.

Our carriage stopped before an imposing stone edifice. I was assisted to alight, and with a feeling of suffocation I followed my guide up the marble steps to the great gilded door. He turned the handle without ringing, and entered a gorgeously carpeted hall. A broad flight of variegated marble steps led upwards. My guide motioned me to follow him and passed noiselessly up. We arrived at the last landing, he pushed open the mahogany door and said, gently, "She has come!" then turning he left me in a large apartment furnished in a style of Oriental splendor. In a gorgeously curtained alcove there was a low couch. I sprang toward it. Great God! there he lay, so frightfully changed that an indifferent person would not have recognized him—my heart's idol! he whom I loved better than all the world. With a scream I caught him in my arms. I pressed my lips to his cheek, I kissed the damp sweat from his forehead, and laid my face on his. "Oh, Genie! poor, dear, lost Genie!" was all that he said.

Then when he was more composed, he said,

"why did you come, Genie." I was mad to send for you, it is death for you to stay here! but, oh Genie! I so longed to feel your dear hand upon my hot brow once more! You will die if you stay here, darling, with this fearful pestilence—here, where I had arranged everything for you—oh, Genie, it is hard to die and leave you just as life's sweet dream of love was over you! This was to have been our home, I had chosen everything for you—and now, I must be laid in the cold grave mould! Oh God! oh God! He drew down my head to his bosom, and said in a faint whisper, "Dearest Genevieve, if it had been *His* will to have permitted me to live, I would have made your life-journey joyous! I would have plucked every thorn from your pathway. But it was not to be so, dearest, and God never decrees unjustly. Promise me, Genie, that you will bow submissively to His great will!"

Howard talked to me much more until his strength was wasted, and the black pestilential shadow drew closer around him. As the moon rose in the east, he put his feeble arms about me, and murmured, "Mine in Heaven, Genie!" Then a cold calm settled over his face, the light went out in his eyes, his arms lay like lead around me—I fell on his dead bosom, and for many years I was as one unborn!

I am old now. My once jetty hair is white as December snow. My limbs are palsied by age, my voice is feeble and broken. I am called an old maid. The young girls in their rosy bloom, ask me why I have never married, and smile at my lonely eccentric life. All my relatives are lying 'neath the valley clouds, and I live here alone in my grand, gloomy house, at Blackwater.

I would not have it otherwise. God has taught me to look to him alone for happiness. He took away my idol; but it was all right.

I feel that my earthly pilgrimage is almost over; that I shall soon pass through the Valley of Gloom into the eternal sunshine of Heaven. Howard awaits me there, and I look forward with blissful anticipation, to the time when I shall look into his eyes by the calm, pure light of Heaven!

A DIRGE.

Thou art gone in thy early sweetness,
The sun of thy life hath set;
But the glory that hung around thee
Is lingering with us yet.
Bright and beautiful as the shadows
Of the stars upon the sea,
When they shine in their nightly splendor,
Are the memories of thee.

As the dawn of the early morning
Breaks forth from the arms of night,
And the golden bars of the sun-shine
Stream up 'mid the fields of light;

So, thy gentle spirit hath taken
Its glorious flight away,
From earth and its darkened shadows,
To the realm of endless day.

As the gorgeous glow of the sun set,
When it tinges the clouds with gold,
And lingers upon the mountains,
'Till the gates of night unfold;
So, the light of thy soul hath faded,
The sun of thy life hath set,
But the glory that hung around thee,
Is lingering with us yet. T. M. TWEED.

THE PRINCESS AND HER LOST FOOT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I HAD entered by chance an old curiosity shop, combining at once that of an iron-monger, a carpet warehouse, the laboratory of a chemist, and the studio of a painter; in these mysterious caverns where half-closed shutters admit a judicious twilight, the most ancient thing of all is the dust; the spider-webs are more authentic than the gimps, and the old pear-wood is younger than the mahogany arrived yesterday from America.

The magazine of my curiosity merchant was a genuine Capernaum; all centuries and ages seemed to have met there; an Etruscan lamp of red clay rested on an *armoire* of *boule* with ebony panels radiated with filaments of copper; an easy chair of the times of Louis XV. carelessly extended its fawn-like feet under a thick table of the reign of Louis XIII. with heavy spirals of oak, and carved with foliage and fanciful figures. A suit of armor from Milan was admiring in a corner the ornaments of its cuirass; porcelain nymphs and Cupids, Chinese monsters, cups of Saxony and old Sevres china encumbered the *etageres* and corners. On the fretted shelves of dressers shone immense Japan waiters, with red and blue designs, relieved by gilding, side by side with the enamels of Bernard de Palissy, representing serpents, frogs and lizards. From the drawers of *armoires* peeped out Chinese silks shot with silver, and rich brocades; portraits of all ages smiled through their yellow varnish in frames more or less decayed.

The merchant followed me cautiously through tortuous passages between piles of furniture, checking with his hand the hazardous motion of my coat, and watching my elbows with the uneasy attention of the antiquary and the usurer. The merchant's face was a singular one; an immense skull, surrounded with a scanty circle of gray hair which set off to advantage his salmon-colored skin, gave him an air of patriarchal benevolence, contradicted by the scintillations of his little yellow eyes, which quivered in their orbits like two golden louis on a ground of quicksilver. The curve of the nose had an aquiline profile which betokened the Oriental or Jew. His hands withered, spare and terminating with claws like those of a bat, were tremulous with age.

"Will you buy anything to-day, sir?"

"I want a little figure that will serve as a paper-weight, for I cannot endure those trumpet bronzes which the stationers sell, and which are found in every office."

The old gnome, searching among his curiosities, spread out before me antique horses, pieces

of malachite, little Hindoo or Chinese idols, incarnations of Brahma or Vishnoo. I was hesitating between a porcelain dragon and a little Mexican fetish, when I perceived a charming foot which I took at first for a fragment of an antique *Venus*. It had the reddish and fawn-colored tints which give to Florentine bronzes a warm and lively aspect far preferable to the verdigris color of ordinary bronzes which might be mistaken for petrified statues; a gloss like satin rested on its round form, polished by the kisses of twenty centuries, for this must be Corinthian brass, a work of olden time, perhaps from the font of Lysippus.

"This foot will answer my purpose," said I, to the merchant, who looked at me with a sly and ironical air, as he handed me the article that I might examine it at my leisure.

I was surprised at its lightness; it was not a foot of metal, but of flesh, an embalmed foot, the foot of a mummy. On examining it closely, the grain of the skin could be distinguished and the almost imperceptible mark of the bandages. The toes were slender and delicate, terminated by perfect nails, pure and transparent as agate; the great toe, a little apart, was turned in the opposite direction from the others, after the antique manner, which gave it a careless attitude, the delicacy of a bird's foot; the sole, scarcely marked with almost invisible lines, show that it had never touched the ground, or found itself in contact with anything harsher than the finest mats of rushes from the Nile, or the softest carpets of panther-skin.

"Ha! ha! you want the foot of the Princess Hermonthis," said the merchant, with a strange chuckle, fixing his owl eyes on me; "ha! ha! ha! for a paper-weight! an original, artistic idea! whoever had told old Pharaoh that the foot of his adored daughter would serve as a paper-weight, would have surprised him, since he caused a mountain of granite to be hollowed out that he might place in it her triple sarcophagus, painted and gilded, covered with hieroglyphics and beautiful pictures of the judgment of souls," added this singular little merchant, in a low voice, and as if speaking to himself.

"For how much will you sell me this fragment of a mummy?"

"As dearly as possible, for it is a superb morcean; if I had the mate to it, you should not have them for five hundred francs; the foot of the daughter of Pharaoh, nothing could be more rare."

"Assuredly it is not common, but what will you take for it? I must inform you that my

whole treasure consists of five louis; I will purchase to the value of five louis, no more. You may search my pockets as much as you please, you will find nothing further."

"Five louis for the foot of the Princess Hermonthis! it is very little, very little indeed, a genuine foot," said the merchant, shaking his head and giving to the pupils of his eyes a rotatory motion. "However, take it, and I will give you this envelope besides," added he, rolling it in an old fragment of damask; "very beautiful damask, real Indian damask, which has never been re-dyed; it is strong, substantial," muttered he, handling the frayed tissue with that commercial habit which led him to praise an article of so little value that he thought it only worth giving away.

He placed the gold pieces in an old-fashioned purse hanging at his girdle, repeating: "The foot of the Princess Hermonthis, a paper-weight!" Then, fixing on me his phosphoric pupils, he said with a voice as harsh as the mewling of a cat which has just swallowed a bone: "Old Pharaoh will be much dissatisfied; he loved his daughter, the dear man."

"You speak as if you had been his cotemporary; though old, you do not date as far back as the pyramids of Egypt," replied I, laughing, from the threshold of the door.

I returned home very well satisfied with my acquisition.

By way of putting it to immediate use, I placed the foot of the Princess Hermonthis on a pile of papers, fragments of verses, an undecipherable mosaic of scraps, articles commenced, letters forgotten and posted in the drawer, an error which often happens to absent-minded people; the effect was charming, original, romantic. Very well satisfied with this embellishment, I descended to the street, and began my walk with suitable gravity and with the dignity of a man who has, over all the passengers whom he elbows, the ineffable advantage of possessing a bit of the Princess Hermonthis, the daughter of a Pharaoh. I looked with sovereign contempt on all those who did not, like myself, own a paper-weight so motoriously Egyptian; and the true occupation of a man of sense appeared to me to be the having a mummy's foot upon his desk. Fortunately an encounter with some friends happened to distract me from my infatuation with my recent acquisition. I agreed to dine with them, for it would have been difficult for me to have dined at home.

When I returned in the evening with my brain slightly clouded, a vague puff of an Oriental perfume greeted my olfactory nerves; the heat of room had warmed the natron, bitumen and myrrh in which the parasite incisors of corpses had bathed the body of the princess; it was a sweet though penetrating perfume, a perfume

which four thousand years had not been able to evaporate. The aim of Egypt was eternity; its odors have the solidity of granite, and last as long.

I was soon drinking deeply of the dark cup of alumber; during an hour or two all was opaque, oblivion and annihilation inundated me with their gloomy waves. But soon my intellectual darkness began to clear up, and dreams flitted by on their noiseless wings.

The eyes of my soul opened, and I saw my chamber as it really was. I might have believed myself to be awake, but a vague perception told me that I was asleep, and that something singular was about to take place. The odor of the myrrh had increased in intensity, and I felt a slight headache, which I attributed very reasonably to some glasses of champagne I had drank. I looked around my chamber with a feeling of expectation which nothing justified; the articles of furniture were in their usual places, the lamp shone on the console, softly shaded by the milky whiteness of its globe of polished crystal; the paintings reposed beneath their Bohemian glasses; the curtains hung languishingly; everything had a sleepy and tranquil air. Meanwhile, at the expiration of a few moments, this calmness seemed to be disturbed; the wainscot creaked, the stick of wood buried itself in the ashes, emitting suddenly a flash of blue flame, and the disks of the curtain fixtures seemed eyes of metal, attentive like myself to what was passing.

My eye rested by chance on the table on which I had placed the foot of the Princess Hermonthis. Instead of being immovable, as was becoming to a foot that had been embalmed during four thousand years, it was agitated, drawing itself up and leaping over the papers like a frightened frog. One would have thought it in contact with a voltaic pile. I heard very distinctly the tapping of its little heel, hard as the heel of a gazelle.

I became somewhat dissatisfied with my acquisition, preferring sedentary paper-weights, and thinking it unnatural to see feet walking without legs, and I began to experience something which strongly resembled fear.

Suddenly I saw the fold of one of my curtains move, and heard a patting as of a person hopping on one foot. I must confess that I was alternately hot and cold, that I felt a breeze at my back, and that my hair suddenly stood on end, throwing my night-cap to a distance of two or three feet.

The curtains opened, and I saw advance the strangest figure imaginable.

This was a young girl of a deep coffee-color, like the *Bayadere Amani*, a perfect beauty of the purest Egyptian type; her eyes were in the form of an almond, and her eyelashes so black

that they seemed to be blue; her nose was delicately carved, almost Grecian, and she might have been taken for a statue of Corinthian bronze, had not the high cheek-bones and the slighter African mouth unmistakably proved her to be of the hieroglyphic race on the banks of the Nile.

Her arms, slender and spindle-like, like those of very young girls, were encircled with a species of metal bracelet and strings of beads, her hair was braided, and on her breast hung an idol in green clay, which, by its seven-branched whip, might be recognised as Isis, the conductress of souls; a gold plate shone on her forehead, and some traces of paint appeared beneath the copper hue of her cheeks.



HERMONTTHIS CLAIMS HER FOOT

As to her costume, it was very singular. Imagine a garment made of strips of cloth, spotted with black and red hieroglyphics, starched with bitumen and seeming to belong to a mummy newly unswathed. By one of those transitions of thought so frequent in dreams, I heard the hoarse voice of the curiosity-merchant repeating, like a monotonous refrain, the phrase which he had uttered in his shop, with an intonation so enigmatical.

"Old Pharaoh will be much dissatisfied; he loved his daughter well, the dear man."

Strange peculiarity, which did not re-assure me, the apparition had but one foot, the other having been broken off at the ankle. She directed herself with a hop towards the table where the mummy's foot was agitating and fluttering with redoubled vitality. Having reached it, she leaned on the edge, and I saw a tear glisten in

her eye. Though she did not speak, I clearly discerned her thoughts; she looked at the foot—it was indeed her own—with an expression of sadness mingled with infinite grace; but the feet jumped and ran here and there as if moved by steel springs; two or three times she extended her hand to seize it, but without success.

Then there took place between the Princess Hermonthis and her foot, which appeared to be endowed with a separate life, a very curious dialogue in ancient Coptic, such as might have been spoken thirty centuries since in the country of Ser; fortunately on this night I understood Coptic to perfection.

The Princess Hermonthis said, in a tone sweet and vibrating as a crystal bell: "Well! my dear little foot, you fly me always, and yet I took good care of you, I bathed you with perfumed water in an alabaster basin, I polished your heel with pumice stone dipped in palm oil, your nails were cut with golden pincers and rubbed with the tooth of the hippopotamus; I was careful to choose for you *that* *beds* embroidered and painted, with peaked toes, which were the envy of all the young girls in Egypt; you wore on your toe rings representing the sacred scarabæus, and carried one of the lightest bodies which the laziest foot could desire."

The foot replied, poutingly and with chagrin: "You know that I am not my own property, I am bought and paid for; the old merchant knew very well what he was about; he wished you to espouse him, and this is a trick he has played you because you would not. The Arab who broke open the royal sarcophagus in the subterranean pit of the Necropolis of Thebes was sent by him; he wished to prevent your being present at the assembling of the dark people in the cities underground. Have you five gold pieces to buy me with?"

"Alas, no! My jewels, my rings, my purses of gold and silver, all have been stolen," replied the Princess Hermonthis, with a sigh.

"Princess," exclaimed I, then, "I have never detained unjustly the foot of anybody; although you have not the five louis which it cost me, I will restore it to you willingly; I should be in despair to be the cause of lameness to so amiable a person as the Princess Hermonthis."

I uttered this discourse in a dignified and gallant tone, which seemed to surprise the young Egyptian.

She turned upon me a look of gratitude, and her eyes became illuminated with a bluish light.

She took her foot, which this time allowed itself to be taken, and adjusted it to her ankle with as much address as a woman puts on her slipper. This operation terminated, she walked two or three steps around the room, as if to be certain that she was indeed lame no longer.

"Ah! how rejoiced will my father be, he who was so distressed at my mutilation, and who, from the very day of my birth, employed a whole nation to dig out a tomb so deep that it should preserve me untouched until the day when souls are to be weighed in the balances of Amenthis. Come with me to my father, he will receive you gladly since you have restored me my foot."

I thought this proposition very natural. I threw on a large-flowered dressing gown, which gave me a Pharaonesque air. I hastily thrust my feet into Turkish *babouches*, and told the Princess Hermonthis that I was ready to follow her.

Hermonthis, before setting out, detached from her neck the little figure of green clay and placed it on the scattered papers which covered the table. "It is but just," said she, smiling, "that I should replace your paper-weight."

She extended her hand to me, which was soft and cold as the body of an adder, and we set out. We flew for some time with the swiftness of an arrow through a fluid and grayish medium, seeing only dimly defined outlines on the right and left; for an instant we hovered between the water and the sky. A few moments afterwards obelisks began to point upward beneath us, and the huge rampant form of the Sphinx stood out on the horizon. We had arrived.

The princess conducted me to a mountain of rose-granite, wherein there was a narrow and low opening, which could with difficulty have been distinguished from the fissures of the stone, had not the spot been marked by two monoliths covered with sculpture. Hermonthis lighted a torch and began to walk before me.

There were corridors hewn in the living rock; walls covered with pannels of hieroglyphics and allegorical processions, which must have occupied thousands of arms for thousands of years. These corridors, of interminable length, led to square chambers, in the midst of which were dug pits, into which we descended by means of hooks and spiral stairways. These pits led to other rooms, whence issued corridors equally adorned with hawks, serpents rolled up in a circle, and other mystic emblems, prodigious labors which no living eye could see; interminable legends of granite which the dead alone have time to read during eternity.

At last we reached a hall so vast, so enormous, so immeasurable that its limits could not be perceived; in the perspective extended files of monstrous pillars, between which trembled livid stars of yellow light; these shining points revealed incalculable depths.

The Princess Hermonthis still held me by the hand, and gracefully saluted the mummies of her acquaintance. My eyes, accustomed to this crepuscular twilight, began to discern objects.

I saw, seated on thrones, the kings of the subterranean races; they were dried up, wrinkled, withered old men, black with naphtha and bitumen, coiffed and *pschent*s of gold, adorned with breast-plates and collars of jewels, with eyes as fixed as those of the sphinx, and long beards whitened by the snows of centuries; behind them stood their embalmed people, in the stiff and constrained positions of the Egyptian art, guarding eternally the precise attitude prescribed by the Ieratic code; behind these people were cotemporary cats, ibises and crocodiles, rendered more monstrous still by their swathes and bandages.

All the Pharaohs were there, Cheops, Cephrenes, Psammetichus, Sesostris, Amenatoph; all the black monarchs of the pyramids. On an elevated platform sat the King Chronos and Xixouthros, who was a cotemporary of the deluge, and Tubal Cain, who preceded him.

The beard of the King Xixouthros had grown so, that it had already made seven times the tour of the granite table on which he was leaning dreamy and somnolent.

Further on, in a dusty vapor, through the fog of eternities, I distinguished vaguely the seventy-two preadamite kings with their seventy-two nations now disappeared.

After having left me for some minutes to enjoy the bewildering spectacle, the Princess Hermonthis introduced me to the Pharaoh, her father, who gave me a majestic nod of the head.

"I have found my foot! I have found my foot!" exclaimed the princess, clapping her little hands with all the tokens of excessive joy; "it was this gentleman who restored it to me!"

The races of Keme, the races of Nahasi, all the black, bronze, copper nations, repeated in chorus: "The Princess Hermonthis has found her foot!" Xixouthros himself was moved; he raised his heavy eyelids, passed his fingers through his mustache, and cast on me a look heavy with centuries.

"By Oms, the dog of hell, and by Tmei, daughter of the Sun and Truth, here is a brave and worthy youth," said the Pharaoh, extending towards me his sceptre, terminated by a lotus-flower. "What would'st thou have for a recompense?"

Bold with that audacity, which dreams give, in which nothing appears impossible, I asked the hand of the Princess Hermonthis; the hand for the foot appeared to be an antithetic recompense of good taste enough.

Pharaoh opened wide his glassy eyes, surprised at my pleasantry and my demand.

"Of what country art thou, and what is thine age?"

"I am a Frenchman, and my age is only twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven years! and he aspires to

espouse the Princess Hermonthis, whose age is thirty centuries!" exclaimed at once all the thrones and all the circles of nations.

Hermonthis alone did not seem to think my request unsuitable.

"If you were only two thousand years old," resumed the old king, "I would willingly give you the princess; but the disproportion is too great, and then our daughters must have durable husbands, and you have lost the art of preserving yourselves; the last bodies brought here, scarce fifteen centuries ago, are only a handful of ashes; look, my flesh is as hard as basalt, my bones are bars of steel. I shall be present at the end of the world with the body and features I wore in life; my daughter, Hermonthis, will last longer than a statue of bronze. Then the wind will have scattered the last atom of your dust, and Isis herself, who could find the severed parts of Osiris, would be embarrassed to recompose your frame.

See how vigorous I am still, and how strong my arms are," said he, shaking my hand in the English fashion, in such a manner as to cut my fingers with his rings.

He pressed my hand so hard that I awoke, and perceived my friend Alfred pulling me by the arm, and shaking me to make me rise.

"Ah, mad sleeper, must one pull you into the middle of the street, and let off fireworks in your ears? It is after noon; do you not remember that you promised to take me to see the Spanish painting of M. Aguado?"

"I had forgotten it," replied I, as I dressed myself; "we will go there; I have the permission here on my bureau."

I advanced to take it; but judge of my astonishment, when, instead of the mummy's foot which I had bought the night before, I saw the little figure of green clay put in its place by the Princess Hermonthis.

THE BROTHERS OF LA TRAPPE.

SOME where about the year 1100, the Count de la Perche founded, near Mortagne, a convent called, from the position in which it stood, La Trappe.

The monks were of the order of St. Benoit, the most rigid of all monastic sects. They made a vow of poverty, chastity, work, abstinence, and silence. All very laudable and commendable things in their way, but of which our monks, as one generation succeeded another, gradually grew tired.

The fifth abbot, whose name was Serlon, was the first to admit of a slight deviation, and the first thing on which he exercised his indulgence, was the privilege of talking—silence having been found the hardest of all the rules to observe.

From one leniency they proceeded to another, until the order, from being the most severe, degenerated into one of the most scandalous of Catholicism. The celebrated Abbe Napie, of whom Chateaubrian has written a biography, relating his dissipated life and his wonderful conversion, becoming the abbot of the order, effected an immediate reform, and brought it back, not only to its original rigidity, but even added to its asceticism and privations.

From this time, until the present, the order of La Trappe has remained the type of solemnity, solitude, and severity.

When convents were abolished in France, Don Augustin, then abbot, took his monks to Switzerland, and established a monastery, which was destroyed, in 1798, by the French. From thence he and his monks proceed to Lithuania, and next to Spain.

In 1815 the Trappists returned to France, and reestablished their convent. Sixteen other like

institutions of the same order were successively founded. There are now convents in the wildest and most retired parts of Auvergne, Cevennes, and the Alps.

Nothing can be calmer than these retreats. Each one has a separate habitation with two cells, for they cannot be called rooms, and a small garden in front of it. One of their occupations is to cultivate this garden in fine weather. From two to six in the morning the monks are in the chapel on their knees. Many study abstruse sciences, for they are allowed books—those who have an art or a science exercise it—but all in silence; although they often work in groups—they never speak, never exchange their thoughts or feelings, not even with their eyes, which they keep fixed in accordance with a rule of their order, invariably on the ground.

All take their meals together—in silence. They eat nothing but herbs, dried peas, beans and potatoes, but neither butter, oil nor eggs. Salt however, is allowed them, as also fruit in small quantities, and pure water. They dig their own graves and then when they meet in this occupation they speak—the only words they are allowed to say—"Brother, remember we must die."

The entire silence and solitude of their convents, has attached to them, spite of the severity of the rules, men of great intellect and genius—yet here genius and intellect are forever useless, for no one ever knows the endowments of his companions or his history, or the disappointments and trials which have brought him to this place; where the echoes of the world's ambitious toils and triumphs never penetrate, as neither do its hopes, its fears, or its affections.



LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

BY ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER I.

"What is this life without the light of love?"

At the early age of two years, Emma Seymour was bequeathed by a dying mother to a father's love. As is generally the case, the affections of the husband and father centered in the little being who remained as the last tie which bound him to earth; guarding her as some cherished flower, which neither the air nor sunshine might too rudely visit. At sixteen, the light-hearted child had grown into a creature of rare loveliness, while to her striking beauty was added the charm of a sweet disposition and filial devotedness. But alas! a strange world is this, in which heart-piercing grief stalks abroad, eager for his prey, and marks as victims the sweetest of earth's flowers. Is there no remedy? Experience answers, None! Youth, beauty, innocence, possess no charm of occult power with which to ward off his fatal spells. Just as Emma Seymour was budding into womanhood, the father that she so loved was seized with a violent fever, the consequence of fatigue, and in a few days the fond daughter was a lone orphan. When she partially recovered from this shock, it was to feel more keenly the desolateness of her situation. She knew of no relations. She was young and unprotected, alone in the wide, wide world, and as she threw herself beside her father's grave and wept in passionate despair, how fervently did she pray that the damp earth would unclothe and receive her to his cold embrace. An early and long tried friend of Mr. Seymour attended to the settlement of the estate, and in the most pressing and affectionate manner solicited Emma to make his house her future home. Mr. Townsend had for years been on terms of the closest friendship with her beloved parent, and his only child, Clara, the playmate of her childhood, was her own most intimate friend. Her father's property, although not so ample as was supposed, was fully sufficient to support her handsomely, and to relieve the fear of dependence on her friends; so the sorrowful girl accepted with gratitude the kind offer, and became an inmate of Mr. Townsend's family, while the sympathy and kind attentions of his wife and daughter, tended somewhat to lessen the excess of her grief. She dwelt in great retirement in the bosom of the Townsend family, and a long time elapsed, ere they could prevail on her to accompany them in their occasional visits through the neighborhood. But, although Emma Seymour had secluded herself from society, yet she had been seen and loved.

Herbert Elliot was the last member of a family

noted for its wealth and respectability. Having no tie upon his affections, and ample means to gratify his propensity, he had traveled a great deal in Europe, as well as in his own country. During a tour through the Southern States, fortuitous circumstances detained him for some time at B——, the dwelling-place of Emma Seymour, and charmed by the picturesque views in the vicinity, he still lingered, long after the necessity for delay had ceased to exist. His person was commanding, and the fire of his soul shone in the depths of his dark eyes, emitting sparks of intellect; but a close observer might have detected a shade of disappointment, or a little suspicion of mankind in his handsome features. His mind was of the kind to grapple with the world. The brilliancy of his genius, and the soundness of his principles, well calculated him to rule over mind in general, and to his gifted understanding was added a taste rich by nature, and highly cultivated by study and travel. Such was the man in whose bosom Emma Seymour had awakened an interest hitherto unknown. At first, the story of her early sorrow touched his heart—then followed the desire to gain her acquaintance. Frequent intercourse deepened his impressions, and love came upon him ere he was aware. And what were the feelings of the object of his love? Emma Seymour was the tenderly cherished idol of a father's love, upon whom she leaned; and when death with ruthless hand tore away her prop, the sense of loveliness that filled her sad heart was almost insupportable. She had a soul too full of poetry, drinking it in from every lovely thing around her. The shadowy glen, the rippling streamlet, and the dark forest, were to her beauty and incense. Imaginative and susceptible, she had always lived in a world of her own creation, and in her heart there was an undefinable yearning for some one to guide its impulses, share its communings and cling to for support. Such an one she found in Herbert Elliot. The correctness of his judgment would direct her. In the deep tenderness of his heart she would find kindred sympathy, and the strength and decision of his character would prove a sure defence against life's storms. To her mind, he presented an embodiment of the noblest and loftiest principles which adorn and sublimiate human nature. Her love was like

"A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!"

Under the influence of this sweet vision, the joy-blossoms of her innocent heart, that had once withered away at the touch of sorrow, now re-

vived, and became redolent with a thousand perfumes. In the quiet of the summer twilight they would stray forth to gaze upon the delightful scenery, and listen to the low whispering anthem of the forest trees. Then would Herbert Elliot recollect the classic enthusiasm of his early days, until Emma, fascinated into a forgetfulness of herself, would become partaker in a conversation, to which, at first, she was only a timid listener. She loved poetry, and he was an admirable reciter. He had imbibed the poetry of nature, from the rushing mountain streams, and beautiful lakes of the north, and loved to repeat his verse to an ear so rapt as hers. She was a daughter of the sunny south, where the gush of warm affections flow out, pure from the heart, unrestrained by the chilling breath of a colder climate; and as she listened to those thrilling strains, a rapture would steal over her, stirring her heart with vague and mysterious feelings. How she loved to watch the pale moon leading on the starry host of heaven, until the fairy-like landscape dreamily melted away, and the soft summer air floated by like angel's whispers, while, with a soul beating in unison with this harmony, and a crowd of holy feelings round her heart, she would stroll silently along, forgetting earth in thoughts too ecstatic to be clothed in language. Thus she loved. Herbert Elliot, having traveled much, and mixed a great deal with society, had met with heartlessness, as well among womankind as the other sex, which had created a great distrust for them, mingled with an utter abhorrence of coquetry. He imagined his wealth and station in society to be the desideration at which the fair ones aimed, in order to carry out successfully, their schemes of flirtation. If a pretty woman smiled on him, or received him graciously, he was sure it was the concealment of a plan to jilt him. So strong was his prejudice upon this particular subject, and so completely had he encased himself in this idiosyncrasy of his, that his heart was rendered impervious to the arrows that were constantly flashing from the brilliant eyes, or quivering on the dimpled cheeks of the fair beings with whom he associated. But a change had come over him. His hitherto watchful heart had been betrayed into loving the sweet and gentle Emma Seymour, before he was aware of danger, and he now regarded her with feelings but little short of adoration. He admired the blended fervour, delicacy, and otherality of her mind, and he loved her for her gentle dependence and trusting confidence; yet he persuaded his better judgment, that it was better to study her nature and character more thoroughly, ere he confessed his love. How little does man know of the depth and tenderness of woman's affection! He may think that she is influenced by sinister motives—that his fortune or worldly fame attract her. Deluded mortal!

Does he imagine that the love of a true-hearted woman can be bought with such gilded trifles. He bestows upon her numberless pleasing attentions, that are so gratifying to a woman, when coming from the man she loves. He yields a constant deference to her wishes, that is as delicate as it is flattering, and is so fully appreciated by a refined mind. All this he thinks he may do with impunity, while, as he terms it, he is studying her character. If he should happen to find some discord with the perfect harmony of his ideas, or perchance a rival present herself, in one fairer, richer, or more accomplished, his pursuit is at an end, and those delicate attentions are transferred to another. Judging from his own heart, he supposes that should the forsaken one feel a little at first, change of scene, or perhaps a new lover, will soon heal the wound and leave no sore. Thus do men who are far from intending wrong often reason. They know not that every look, every tone, is graven upon the heart, guarded as a sacred treasure, and yielded up only at the behest of death.

CHAPTER II.

*"She wove a tale, with all a demon's art,
Should bare to mock the secret of her heart:
She form'd a plot, that o'er her fair young brow
Should call of shame, and pain, the crimson glow."*

"It shall never be," exclaimed a handsome but vindictively haughty girl, as she pushed aside the embroidery frame over which she was bending, and rising up, commenced pacing the floor with a quick, irregular step, then stopping abruptly before the person she addressed, her eyes sparkling with ungovernable rage. "It shall never be, I repeat it, Herbert Elliott shall never marry Emma Seymour."

"And pray how will you prevent it?" inquired the young man to whom she spoke, and who bore so strikingly a resemblance to her that it were an easy matter to decide the relationship that existed between them. "Everything appears to be going on very prosperously between them—indeed I should not wonder if they are already engaged—and an angel he will get for a wife."

"Fool!" muttered the first speaker, in a contemptuous tone. "Are you too caught by that baby face, whining voice, and affected manners?"

"Pretty language for a sister to address to a brother," replied the young man, while a cold smile curled his lip in scorn. "Ah, Bell! you had better take Emma Seymour for a pattern, if you expect to get such a man as Herbert Elliot, or indeed any other."

"The artful creature! well does she know how to play her part. She feigns a sweet, pensive look, and enlists sympathy in behalf of her early sorrows; but it is not the loss of a dead

father she mourns, these are only the arts she employs to secure the living lover."

"Shame on you, Bell," exclaimed her brother, indignantly, "to judge of any woman by such a cold, heartless piece of artificiality as yourself."

"Have I not seen it all?" interposed Bell, violently agitated with passion. "I could have won Herbert Elliott easily, had he not fell into the snare of that designing creature. But it is not too late, I'll have him yet."

"A very maidenly assertion, upon my word," replied her brother, ironically; "but," continued he, in a more natural tone, "that were easier said than done."

"I shall need your assistance," resumed she; "to that will be added my own discriminating judgment and unfailing resources for management, and I fear not for the result."

"Say rather your artful maliciousness, and you will come nearer the truth. However," said he, changing the bitter sarcasm of his manner to a lighter mood; "I am ready to enter into any measures that will be likely to make me the proud and happy husband of Emma Seymour. What course of action have you decided upon?"

"I have no settled plan as yet," said his sister, in reply to the question, without taking any notice of the former part of his speech. "I intend to watch narrowly the course of events and make them subservient to my purpose. All you will have to do is to follow closely when and where I direct."

Isabel Raymond had been the school-mate of Emma Seymour; but the uncongeniality of their natures forbade the intimacy which is sometimes continued in after life. Isabel was vain, selfish, cold-hearted and revengeful in disposition. Indeed, there was scarcely a redeeming trait about her; but, possessing an uncommon share of vivacity, together with great personal attractions, her moral defects were concealed. She loved Herbert Elliott as much as she was capable of loving any one. The gentle Emma Seymour had ever been the object of her envy, and now that she was likely to prove a rival, jealousy and hatred, the most implacable, took possession of her breast. John Raymond, the brother of Isabel, differed but little from his sister, except that a bad man seldom possess, in the same proportion, those qualities of despicable craftiness and expertness at manœuvre, that characterize a bad woman. As we have seen, he loved Emma Seymour, and he hesitated not at the means employed to obtain her, imagining that could he break off the intimacy between her and Elliott, there would exist no obstacle in his way to happiness. According to the instructions of his sister, he set about cultivating an intimate acquaintance with Herbert Elliott, and endeavoring to find out his peculiarities. Elliott found

in Raymond a pleasing and agreeable companion, and very soon the two were on quite intimate terms. One day, when out on a shooting party, the gun of Herbert Elliott suddenly burst and severely wounded him. Raymond had him conveyed to his own residence as being the nearest place of relief, and from which the physician declared it would be highly perilous to remove him. On examination, the wound proved to be a very dangerous one, and the high fever that ensued reduced him so low that his life was despaired of. However a strong constitution baffled the disease, and he was at length pronounced convalescent. The only solace Elliott knew, while languishing on his bed of pain, was the thoughts of his gentle Emma. How could her sweet voice have assuaged his sufferings, and from her dear hand the naseous drugs would have lost half their bitterness. But this was impossible, so he must be resigned. He fully determined that immediately on his restoration to health he would offer to her his heart and hand. During his sickness he had been attended in the most faithful manner by John Raymond. His apparently disinterested kindness completely won upon the generous nature of Herbert Elliott, who regarded him as his best friend, and for him would have made any sacrifice. Propped by pillows, Elliott was now able to sit up for a short time, and once more to taste the sweets of returning health; but he had latterly discovered an air of abstraction about his friend that sorely grieved him. When Raymond thought he was not observed he would draw from his bosom a curiously wrought medallion, and, touching the secret spring, would gaze wistfully upon the treasure it concealed, while deep sighs heaved his breast, and the tears seemed ready to start; then, fondly kissing it, he would lay it away in its hiding place. Elliott respected his feelings and would not for worlds have his friend know that he had been a witness of his weakness. It was true, then, that Raymond loved, and some fickle creature had dared to trifle with the affections of such a noble and generous soul. Elliott was almost tempted to curse the folly of man for loving, and the heartlessness of woman for coquetting. It chanced one morning, from a dreamy reverie, he happened to open his eyes very suddenly, and beside him sat his friend, the golden medallion laying in his hand, and he regarding it with a look of great sadness. Before he could recover his wonted presence of mind, Raymond lifted his eyes and met his friends. In evident confusion he closed his hand upon the jeweled picture; but it was too late, his secret was discovered. The thought occurred to Herbert that by rallying his friend upon his attachment he might win his confidence, and by sharing his grief its poignancy would be lessened;

at all events, he determined to broach the subject, fully persuaded that if he understood the case he could be of use.

"Nay, Raymond," said he, good-humoredly; "do not be so selfish. Allow me a glimpse of the pretty face that you hold in your covetous grasp, for pretty I know it must be if you admire the original."

"And as false as fair," replied Raymond, bitterly; and, relapsing into his former dejected mood, seemed to preclude all attempts at further conversation.

But Elliott was not to be diverted. Having the welfare of his friend at heart, he determined to persevere.

"Raymond," said Herbert, with manly frankness, "excuse me if I have aroused from their repose thoughts of an unpleasant nature; such was not my intention, neither do I desire to pry into the secrets of your heart from motives of vain curiosity; but, having unknown to you, and unintentional on my part, witnessed many things that led me to suspect the state of your affections, I thought that a repose of confidence might enable me to be of service, which it would be my greatest happiness to render."

"Heaven be blessed for granting me such a friend," exclaimed Raymond, as he cordially grasped Elliott's extended hand, "but, alas! you can be of no use to me, therefore it is unnecessary to trouble you with—"

"If nothing else will be gained," said Herbert, resuming the conversation, unfinished as Raymond left it, "rest assured your heart will feel lighter when its burden of grief is divided with your friend."

"Impossible! naught on earth can heal the wounds of a crushed spirit, or restore happiness to the heart from whence hope hath forever departed. It began in the days of our early youth," continued Raymond, reluctantly; "It was the charm of my boyish days and the hope of my manhood. Need I tell you how I loved!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as glowing with his subject, he forgot his former embarrassment, and seemed now as anxious to dwell upon it as he had before been unwilling. "It filled my whole soul, it became my animating principle, it gave vigor to my intellect, fervor to my devotions, energy to my whole character. And it was returned with the purity and sweetness of a young heart's first love. She was a confiding and artless being, too guileless to conceal her attachment, and too pure minded to deny the sweet familiarities of the innocent. Her lovely head found its resting place upon my breast, while my hand was allowed to roam at pleasure through its rich garniture of tresses. I might look into the depths of those gem-like orbs, and drink my fill of the intoxicating delight, or, if my gaze became too impas-

sioned, and in rebuke, the lovely lids drooped softly over them, my pardon was sure to be sealed upon the ripe, pouting lips. Thus we grew up—but why dwell upon these moments of ineffable bliss? For years they were the light of my existence—now they are gone never to return. A change came over my beloved, and when I sought to know the cause, and revive the sweet recollections of by-gone hours, she coldly repulsed me, telling me that I must forget, as she had, the fancies of her girlish days, and when I reminded her of the solemn engagement between us, of which Heaven had been witness, she answered with a scornful smile, that I could not expect her to fulfil, or even remember engagements that were made when she was a mere child. At length she refused to see me, and I am left to bear the anguish that is devouring me as best I may." Overcome by his feelings, Raymond ceased speaking. Elliott was deeply moved by his narrative.

"Am I acquainted with her?" inquired he, in a soothing tone.

"Yes—no—that is—I mean—let us speak no more about it," said Raymond, exceedingly agitated, and evidently from different emotions than those that had just before held their sway over him.

"What ails you, Raymond?" asked Elliott, astonished at his singularity of speech and manner. "What am I to gather from your strange answers?"

"Seek not to question me further," replied Raymond; "too much has already been said, but thank Heaven," he continued, muttering in an undertone, as if he were thinking aloud, "I have not gone too far—I have been careful—he knows not who it is."

"What can you mean? of whom have you been speaking? tell me her name!" demanded Elliott, while a strange presentiment crept around his heart.

"Alas! you know not what you ask," was Raymond's mournful rejoinder, his eyes resting with a sad expression upon Herbert's face; "would that I had said nothing—but who could have foreseen this; no, no, you could not bear it."

"I can bear anything but this torturing suspense, speak quickly," almost gasped Elliott, while his countenance assumed a death-like pallor.

Raymond returned no answer; but, as if yielding to a sudden impulse, he slowly unclasped the fingers that seemed to cling with fond tenacity to the medallion, and extended his hand to Elliott. One look was sufficient. In their sweet placidity, as pure and sinless as an angel, the lovely features of Emma Seymour met his wild gaze. A deep groan escaped from his bursting heart, as he sunk back upon his pillow. It was

the struggle of a mighty spirit. While it was going on a gleam of fiendish triumph shot across the countenance of the wretch who sat beside, and quickly passing away, left in its place the woful expression it had before worn. In a short time, Elliott recovered and arose. His face was deadly pale, and the mental suffering of a year seemed to have passed over him in those few moments.

"My friend," said he, in a voice so calm and composed that it quite startled Raymond, "how deeply I have wronged you, your suffering heart can best tell; and yet your generous spirit has returned good for evil, and cherished with your kindness the serpent that had coiled itself around your hopes of happiness—say that you forgive me, and the remainder of my life shall prove how utterly I deplore the ignorance that unconsciously led me to wound you; but rest assured, nothing has passed between the lady and myself that need for a moment disturb your quiet—the love that I confess to you has never been breathed into her ear. Excuse me, if I advert to unpleasant circumstances. I once noticed in her possession the counterpart of the medallion you have just showed me, and very careful she was of it. It was, she said, painted for her father, by an eminent artist, who, ere a copy of it could be taken, went unexpectedly to Europe, and has ever since resided there."

"That copy is the one I now have," replied Raymond; "and, at our betrothment, was exchanged for my miniature. A few months since she returned my likeness requesting her own; but I could not part with it."

"What could have been her object in resorting to falsehood and deception?" said Elliott, musingly.

"You are reputed wealthy, Herbert, and, beside an attractive exterior, you are talented and well educated. Having seen much of the world has given ease to your manner, and variety to your information; you are just the sort of a man with which a lady of taste and refinement loves to swell her train of admirers. Your attentions flattered Emma, and, when contrasted with you, her former lover appeared to disadvantage; but I hoped that, in time, the spell would have broken, and my heart have been gladdened by a return of her former trusting affection."

"And have you any feeling of respect for such a vain trifer? Oh! be careful, Raymond, not to throw away the treasure of a manly heart upon one who has proved herself so utterly unworthy of your love."

"Speak not so; she is now young and thoughtless, time and judicious counsel will correct the errors of her unformed character, and make her all I could wish." Elliott dropped the subject for it was painful to both.

Was it possible, thought Elliott, when alone,

that he could have been so deceived—and yet the evidences were too clear to be doubted. Among his intercourse with society, he had never met with one so innocent and pure-minded; and yet this fair appearance, this semblance of innocence, covered a false and, to his ideas of purity in woman, an almost impure heart. That delicate waist had been encircled by the arm of another, and those loving eyes reflected his image. In this there might be no impropriety, for he was her betrothed; but he remembered that her eyes had fallen beneath his respectful look of admiration, that she had walked alone with him, and her arm trembled as it rested in his; she had listened too, with an air of quietness, to his conversation, and though she said little in reply, yet that little was uttered in low, sweet tones that spoke of tenderness, and made his heart thrill with delight. And all this was done while, in the sight of Heaven, she was the betrothed of another. For what object? Money, and a station in society. Contempt for her dissimulation, and rage at having been made the dupe of an artful girl, made him, at first, almost furious; but after a while these emotions subsided, and the thoughts of the sweet moments he had spent with the only one he had ever loved, rose up before his mind with beauty and freshness. Must he awake from the blissful dream in which the last few months had sped away so quickly? Alas! he felt that it was indeed only a dream, and already was he awake to its fallacy. His course was at once decided upon. As he had made no profession of attachment to Emma Seymour, it was unnecessary that he should see her, or offer any explanation of his conduct. His having been so long and intimately associated with Raymond, would be likely to suggest to her guilty heart the true cause. As soon as he was able, he intended to leave B—, and endeavor to forget the unhappy incidents of his sojourn there. But in this he was mistaken, the conflicting emotions that had agitated him in his weak and reduced state, brought on a return of the fever, and many weeks elapsed ere he was restored to his former state of convalescence. At times, during his sickness, he imagined that the form of a female moved noiselessly about the room, but he closed his eyes resolutely upon the vision, determining that never again should false woman find a direct communication from his eyes to his heart. Raymond's attentions were redoubled, and Elliott was glad to perceive that his friend wore a more cheerful air than formerly. He was now able to sit up. Clad in Raymond's elegantly embroidered *robe de chambre*, his feet covered by slippers, elaborately wrought, and resting upon a cushion of the same beautiful style, he could not but admire his delicate taste, and compliment him thereon. Raymond disclaimed all

merit to praise, remarking, that the articles he admired were the taste and work of his sister, who was always studying in what way she could most contribute to her brother's comfort. Elliott now discovered to whom he was indebted for the many delicacies he was constantly receiving. At length he was able to leave his room. One morning he strolled into the library, and taking up a book, threw himself upon a sofa and commenced reading: he was aroused from his reading by the voices of Raymond and his sister in the next room. The library opened into this apartment, which was empty when he passed through it, and he could not retire without discovering to them that he had overheard their conversation, which, from its nature, he knew they intended should be private, and were not aware of his proximity. There was no alternative but to remain. He then learned that an informality had been discovered in the will of their deceased father, by which Isabel was left dependent upon her brother. This had been known to Raymond for some time, and he had kept it carefully concealed from his sister, who had only just found it out. She had now determined to leave her brother, and live upon the interest of a small legacy that had been left her by a maiden aunt. It was in vain he remonstrated, and urged her, in the most tender manner to give up her plans. She was affectionate, but firm; telling him, that it was her delight to keep his house, but as he would soon have a wife to take care of him, her services would not be further needed, and that her spirit could not brook having her dependence thrown up to her by Emma Seymour, even though she were her brother's wife. She had accepted the invitation of some friends at a distance to visit them, and remain until she had made some permanent arrangement for the future, and expected to leave in a few days. Raymond would not listen to her leaving so soon, urging, as a reason, that it would appear strange for her to leave so suddenly, and while his friend remained with him. At the mention of this Isabel burst into tears. By tender entreaties, Raymond finally managed to draw from her the true cause of her desire to leave him so suddenly. It appeared that a censorious world had been animadverting upon Elliott's protracted stay at her brother's, that the little acts of kindness which humanity had prompted towards an invalid, had been misrepresented as serious attempts to secure his affections. Servants had been bribed to say that she spent the greater part of her time with him, singing to him, playing for him, and endeavoring in various ways to entrap him. In her distress she hinted that even more than this was said, that she was unwilling to believe or repeat. She appealed to her brother as to the falsity of these accusations, and how cruelly she had been belied. Raymond was at

first silent from grief and astonishment, but, at length, he succeeded in consoling his sister; agreeing with her that the best plan they could pursue was for her to leave immediately, the invitations from their friends offering a good opportunity, and the future was to be left for further consideration. After deciding upon this course they left the apartment together. Imagine Elliott's distress of mind at these extraordinary and unexpected disclosures. That he should be the cause of bringing sorrow and almost disgrace upon an innocent woman was bitter anguish to a noble soul like his. 'Twas true Isabel had sung and played for him occasionally, had amused him by her wit and vivacity in conversation, and had contributed, in various ways, to his comfort; but in this she was only following the dictates of her benevolent nature, and her great affection for her brother, of which he had seen so many proofs, prompted her to be kind to his friend. In return for her kindness she was likely to reap an abundant harvest of unmitigated anguish, aggravated by domestic trouble. From being, as was generally supposed, an equal heir with her brother, she was suddenly reduced to comparative dependence, obliged to minister to the whims of a haughty sister-in-law, or cast herself upon an unfeeling world, with a character which the foul breath of calumny had tainted. As an high-minded and honorable man, there was but one course to pursue, which was to make her his wife, and thereby restore her to her former independence, and remove the reproach that had fallen upon her in consequence of him. Propinquity and management have made many a marriage. Herbert Elliott, like many another, was compelled to resign himself to the lot in which he had become entangled. That night he offered his hand to Isabel Raymond, which, after the proper hesitation, was accepted. As Elliott was very desirous to leave B——, an early day was fixed for the wedding, immediately after which he quitted the village with his bride.

CHAPTER III.

"Alas! the love of woman, it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone."

"I want you to be my bridesmaid, Clara," said Emma Seymour, entering the room where her friend was seated.

"Your bridesmaid!" exclaimed Clara, in unfeigned astonishment, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Emma, in a cool and somewhat bitter tone, "that I am to be married in the early part of next month to Mr. Cleavland—"

"To Mr. Cleavland!" interrupted her friend. "Emma I shall be vexed with you, if you continue to jest in this way."

"Clara" said the other, in a solemn manner that could not fail to carry conviction. "I seriously assure you that I am engaged to Mr. Cleaveland, and 'ere another month passes away will be his wife—believe me or not, as you please."

"I am compelled to believe you; but at first the announcement was so sudden and unexpected that I could scarce credit it. You have been so indifferent to the many gentlemen who visit you, and so absorbed in literature and the various studies you were pursuing, that I thought your heart would never unlock its rare treasures. I knew that you possessed deep tenderness of feeling, but I doubted if one could be found who would cause it to spring forth. I did think at one time that you were interested in Herbert Elliott; but I was mistaken. That passed away, and the voice of adulation and lover's vows you have ever treated as empty air. You cannot then be surprised that I was startled at what you have just told me. But dearest Emma," continued Clara, in a gentle but earnest tone, as she approached her friend and passed an arm around her waist, "forgive me if I am frank with you—in a little while it will be to late. Have you reflected seriously upon this matter? remember Mr. Cleaveland is many years your senior and will possibly expect you to forget the young, fresh feelings of your heart, and be like him. Think of the holiness, the responsibilities, the trials of a married life, and assume not rashly these duties. Nothing less than the entire yielding up of your affections to the one whom you have chosen will support you under them. Are you prepared to do this? Dear Emma, do you love Mr. Cleaveland?" said Clara, gazing into her friend's face with affectionate solicitude, as though she would read there the answer.

Emma averted her head, for she dared not encounter Clara's earnest look. A violent agitation passed over her shuddering frame, her lips quivered and the breath from them came in quick and irregular gasps, while the wild throbbings of her heart, as she leaned against her friend, were fearful.

"Forbear Clara," said she at length, with a voice tremulous from agony. "Seek not to tear away the torturing mask, with which I endeavor to hide a weary heart, whose griefs are insupportable and beyond alleviation. And yet, why do I shrink from confiding in you? You shall know all," exclaimed she, passionately, as if goaded on by motives almost fierce, and which she found it impossible to withstand. "I knew not Herbert Elliott—I sought him not. He was your father's visitor. He solicited my acquaintance—caused me to forget my timidity, taught me the passionate delight of love. This was not done in words, it was not done in actions. It was—I know not what—but each knew that the

other loved. Then came that unfortunate accident and the illness that followed. Oh! the anxiety, that I endured and the sleepless nights that I passed praying for his restoration. Delicacy forbade any show of uneasiness, and it was only occasionally that I heard from him. What would I have given to have been his nurse; but it could not be. After a relapse he was at length pronounced convalescent, and I might hope soon to see him. With what emotions of rapture did I anticipate his visits. I would once more walk by his side, listen to his voice, gather instruction from his conversation. Oh! how tardily the hours moved on that kept him away! Time could not keep pace with my wild thoughts. At night I would long for morning and in the morning I would think, "To-day he will be here." He had now been seen out and every day I expected him—but in vain—he came not. The anguish I endured, who can tell! I shudder when I think of it. My nights were spent in pacing my chamber, framing excuses for him, which my judgment would not receive, or torturing my mind, to discover if possible the reason of his changed conduct. I blamed myself as being the cause of his estrangement; and yet I knew not in what I had offended. I feared that some word, some action, some little trifle, that I knew not of, had displeased him—still I hoped on. At length, came the tidings of his marriage. It fell like lightning upon my heart, withering and consuming its bright hopes. Oh! you of calmer soul, know nothing of this fierce, wild love that mocks at all control, save that of pride. All this time I was obliged to wear a smiling face, in order to hide the heart-deep woe that was devouring me, and I succeeded. None ever dreamed—not even you—of the wild wishes, burning anguish, and hidden, idolizing love, that lived on, hopeless still. I became an altered being, scarce a vestige of my former self remained. I had grown old and wise prematurely. I surprised myself. The gentleness of my spirit turned into bitterness, and I regarded the whole race of human beings as false and hollow-hearted; and yet I never blamed him. 'Twas true I could not explain his strange conduct; yet I knew that the idol of my worship possessed too noble a soul to be fickle. I was almost tempted at times to wish that I might feel he had acted basely—then I could hate him and forget. My first thought after the keen bitterness of my grief had somewhat subsided, was to prove my power by a wealthy and honorable marriage; an offer of which just at that time presented a strong temptation; but reason interposed in time to spare the sacrifice. I knew that I could never again love, and there was something too repulsive in the idea of rushing into the arms of a man whom I would otherwise have despised. I then turned to literature for peace. I determined I would not think of him. I

hoped that love would dim before the dazzling light of fame; but vain was the hope. The thought that his eye would rest upon my lines, elevated my thoughts, and gave life to my pen. Every page was written with the hope that it would meet his approval. When I knelt down for prayer his image was present. I struggled against these feelings but I struggled in vain. Thus guilty in the sight of Heaven have I lived for three years. *It shall be so no longer*; I cannot dwell in the same place with him. I have turned from offers of marriage with disgust—the present is indifferent. Mr. Cleavland is sensitive and high-minded, noble and generous, and as such commands my highest respect. Had I never met Herbert Elliott I could have loved him, and my regret is that I have not a heart to give him in return for his manly affection. I am not entirely a deceiver—he knows that I have loved—I told him—he is satisfied. I am now going far away, perhaps change of scene, the attention of a noble and talented husband, and the new duties upon which I shall enter, may divert my mind from brooding over its sorrows, and restore something of its wanted cheerfulness.”

Emma Seymour ceased to speak, and burying her face upon her friend's bosom wept convulsively.

CHAPTER IV.

“But thro’ the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
’Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix’d, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought.”

“The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.”

Among the highlands on the Hudson amid a garden of rare cultivation stood a charming villa. It was midsummer, and during the day the mansion was closed to keep out the heated atmosphere; but on the coming of evening with the river breeze, the windows were thrown open for respiration. At the window of a tastefully furnished apartment in this beautiful dwelling, sat the lady of the house. She was simply attired in a mourning dress, which gave to her quiet and pensive features a still more melancholy expression. There dwelt a world of shadowy thought within the depths of her eyes, as leaning on her arm she gazed musingly upon the beautiful scenery around her. The lady was Mrs. Cleavland, a faint representation of the timid and gentle Emma Seymour of other days. She had loved with a woman's wild idolatry—with that deep, deathless passion life only once may know. She had tasted too the bliss of knowing that she was beloved, and she had felt the wretchedness, and despair of desertion by the beloved one—a desertion that was surrounded by mystery inexplicable. Who can paint the

bitter wasting agony of the young heart as ages of withering pain roll over the victim's head, while to avoid the sneers of the unfeeling, she tortures herself to conceal the grief that is consuming her. Four years had elapsed since her marriage with Mr. Cleavland, and within twelve months she had stood beside the remains of him who had loved her devotedly. Although towards her husband she had never known that fervid earnestness of feeling, that impulsive struggle of affection, which distinguishes the marriage where hearts are united; yet she had ever felt a great reverence for him, an innate sense of dependence upon a stronger nature, and a kindly wish to minister to his happiness. She carefully nursed him during his long illness, and the tears that fell upon his lifeless clay were not affected—they were the promptings of gratitude for his love, and grief for the loss of a dear friend. Twilight is always saddening, and the shadows deepening around her, increased her melancholy almost to pain. From the gloomy pleasure of this reverie she was aroused by the entrance of a servant, to say that a person wished to see her. Ere she could give an answer, a female form, closely veiled, pushed aside the servant, and demanded a private interview. Mrs. Cleavland motioned the person in attendance to withdraw, which being done, the intruder approached with a firm determined step, and throwing back the veil that concealed her features, regarded the pale trembler before her with a fierce, searching look. Emma started back in terror, for she recognized in this wild, haggard-looking being, the once gay and beautiful Isabel Raymond.

“You know me, do you? Listen while I tell that which will make you pray for death.” She explained, in a voice of spiteful vindictiveness, while her strongly-marked features wore a fearfully malignant expression. “You loved Herbert Elliot, and he loved you. I loved him; *but I hated you*. In the ravings of delirium your name was ever on his lips, it stung me to the heart; but I possessed an antidote. I determined you should never be his wife—how well my determination was carried out time has shown. Before we had decided upon any plan, John learned that the artist who painted your likeness had returned to this country. At a great cost of trouble and expense, he ascertained his place of residence, and procured a copy of your medallion. Elliott's accident, and subsequent illness afforded unlooked for advantages. John managed the matter well. At the proper time, while Elliott was weak in body, and his mind consequently deprived of its usual vigor, the subject was cautiously introduced. By means of the medallion, he was made to believe a story of a long engagement between you and John—of great coquetry on your part—and final rejection of himself, in the hope of

gaining Elliott, because he was wealthy. I then succeeded in the plan of his overhearing a conversation between myself and John, in which I pretended that my character was suffering in consequence of his protracted stay at our house. My schemes were well planned, and produced the effect desired. As an honorable man, he made me his wife. After many months spent in traveling, I was anxious to return to B—, in order to gratify my pride by displaying my power. My husband opposed this, mildly, but so determinately, that I feared I should not prevail. To live away from B— I had never thought of. It was necessary to my happiness that you should be a witness of my triumph. I rightly conjectured the reason Herbert objected to return to B— was that he did not wish to meet you. When persuasions failed, the furies took possession of me, and I ventured to upbraid him for his love to you. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the wretched woman, wildly tossing her arms above her head, "shall I ever forget the expression of his countenance as I uttered the words, or the wild, fierce look he darted upon me as he rushed from the room. Hours elapsed ere he returned; and bitterly did I repent my rashness. When he came back he was deathly pale, and I knew that he had suffered intensely. In his manner, too, there was a frigidness that chilled my soul, as he coolly informed me that I might prepare myself to return to B—. I knew that my husband had never loved me, now I felt that he abhorred me; but I secretly rejoiced at the possession of an influence with which I could tame him, determining to use it unspairingly. The birth of my daughter, soon after our return, perceptibly softened Herbert's heart towards me, and diverted me for a while from my fell purposes. There was then a prospect of our leading a happier life; but my wicked passions would not rest. The better feelings that awakened my maternal tenderness soon passed away. The striking resemblance that my child bore to you, excited in me anger and dislike; besides, she was the delight of her father's heart. For hours would he walk the floor holding her in his arms, and gazing tenderly into her meek, blue eyes, or kissing her soft, velvet cheek. I grudged her these evidences of his affection, and fancied that he loved his child because it reminded him of you. I hated my own child, and felt a sort of savage satisfaction as I listened to the falling of the cold clods upon her coffin-lid, for then I thought he would have none to love. Our child's death deeply grieved Herbert, at the same time that it rendered me more callous than ever. From expressions that escaped him during his sleep, or in the incoherent ravings of fever, I was convinced that he still passionately loved you—that his suspicions were aroused as to some wrong having been

perpetrated—and that he regreted the haste with which he united himself with me. My envy and jealousy of you rose beyond all bounds, and my conduct towards him became intolerable. If he staid out longer than usual, I accused him of haunting around your dwelling, to catch a glimpse of you. If I saw him grave and inclined to solitude, I upbraided him with pining away in love for you. I heaped reproach upon him. I made his house miserable, and yet I did not mean to do so. I was actuated solely by a jealous, absorbing desire to feel that he was all my own. He was high-spirited, and would not tamely submit to such a despotic tyrant. He threatened to employ legal measures to free himself from me; but I made a solemn vow before heaven and him, that if he did so, I would throw the whole blame of our domestic unhappiness upon you. He knew my determined spirit too well to doubt the truth of my assertion; and to shield you he bore the anguish. Your marriage, and removal from B—, brought no change to our home—peace had too long departed ever to be won back. John, who was always inclined to dissipation, after your rejection of him, gave himself up entirely to a dissolute and irregular course of life, and while out at a drunken revel, was shot by one of his companions. He immediately sent for Herbert. Fearing that it was to make important disclosures, I accompanied my husband, in hopes that my presence would intimidate John; but it was in vain.* The near approach of death terrified him. He revealed all, and died begging forgiveness of Herbert and you. When Herbert was aroused from the stupor of agony occasioned by John's confession, he rushed impetuously from the house, nor could any give me information of whither he went. I staid not to witness my brother's remains deposited in the earth; but collecting some money for immediate necessities, started in pursuit of him. After a search of untiring diligence, I succeeded in discovering that he had gone to New York, which more than confirmed my suspicions that he had sought your presence for comfort; and that you might yet be happy together. The thought maddened my excited brain. I slept not, day or night, until I reached New York. I there learned that he had embarked for Europe, and when a few days out at sea, jumped overboard, and was drowned. I knew of nothing that would gratify me so much as to make you miserable, by showing you the happiness you have lost; and the fiendish delight I feel in knowing that you can never be his, almost repays the sufferings I have endured." Scarcely had the wretched being uttered the last words, ere, with a cry wrung from her, as it seemed, by some fierce and terrible pain, she sprang forward, and then, with a heavy fall, sank to the floor. As soon as Emma was sufficiently recovered to sum-

mon assistance, kind hands raised the prostrate form; but all started back in horror at the insanguined stain which dyed the garments of the dead. Her spirit had departed ere her cry had faded upon the ear.

CHAPTER V.

"Thus they met again;
The wind had swept along the flower since then;
O'er her fair cheek a paler lustre spread,
As if the white rose triumphed o'er the red.
No more she walk'd exulting on the air—
Light though her step, there was a languor there."

It was sunset in Italy—bright, beautiful Italy, that lovely land of the poet's dream; and thither by the persuasion of kind friends, had Mrs. Cleavland gone in the hope that the balmy air of this far-famed land would restore to the dimmed eye and faded cheek their former brilliancy and roundness, for her health had declined beneath the repeated shocks she had received. She had strolled forth into the garden attached to the mansion where they resided, to watch the rich, soft, ever-varying hues of an Italian sky. The thought of Herbert Elliott rose in her mind; 'twas impossible to repress it, and unconsciously she repeated some lines he had composed for her.

"Emma, my own beloved, will you forgive me?" broke upon her ear, in tones that sounded like the echo of a blissful dream; and in a moment after, she was clasped in the arms and felt that the eyes of Herbert Elliott were gazing on her. She forgot all that she had suffered. She wist not if she were in earth or heaven. She knew only—it was all she wanted to know—that she was pressed to the bosom of him whom she had loved so long and so hopelessly. Startled, confused, yet sensible of her sudden happiness, Emma could only murmur his name, as she lay in his arms, without the power or wish to move. She opened her eyes to assure herself that it was indeed a blessed reality, then closing them again, fell fainting on his breast. After her recovery the circumstances of his sudden appearance were soon explained. The disclosures made by John Raymond, which Emma informed him she was aware of, and thus spared him the painful necessity of detailing, almost deprived him of reason, and he seemed alive only to a sense of escaping as far as possible from the miserable being whom he called wife. Under these feelings he embarked for Europe. The vessel in which he sailed carried out another passenger who also bore the name of Elliott, and whose first name commenced with the same initial as his own. This person was in very bad health, and a homeward bound vessel, that hailed them, brought in the intelligence that during the night, in a fit of

insanity, he either jumped or fell overboard, and was drowned. Isabel's agitated and wandering mind at once concluded that it was her husband, and so represented it to Emma, who afterwards saw an account of it in the papers, and never hearing the true statement, believed that Herbert had long slept in the deep. Elliott passed in haste through various countries of Europe, seeking to drown in travel the bitter remembrances of the past. At length he resolved to return to his native land. Not that he hoped for happiness there; but an undefinable yearning came over him to tread once more his native soil. Nor did he dream that Emma loved him still. He felt that she must consider him as beneath contempt, for becoming so easy a victim to the schemes of Isabel and her brother, and falling into their snares without examination. Yet he longed to hear of her, though uncared for; to be near her, though unseen. Accordingly, he set out for Liverpool to reëmbark. Upon his arrival there he found a letter from his agent in the United States, dated some months back, informing him of the death of his wife, and the ill health and departure of Mrs. Cleavland, in company with Clara and her husband, for Italy—also mentioning the erroneous impression that existed with regard to the drowning of his fellow-passenger, Elliott. A new light broke upon his mind on the perusal of this letter. He would see Emma, perhaps she would listen to his exculpation. With him, to resolve was to execute, and by the most rapid conveyances he soon reached Florence, where he had previously ascertained Mrs. Cleavland's party were for awhile residing. Hesitating as to the manner in which he should introduce himself, he rode out in the vicinity of the city, intending to pass the beautiful dwelling that had been pointed out to him as containing her he loved. As he approached, he caught a glimpse of Emma in the garden. Alighting from his saddle, he drew near stealthily; and, concealing himself among the shrubbery, listened with a beating heart as she repeated his own poetry. There was hope for him then, for she cherished his memory. Unable to restrain himself longer, he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

* * * *

There was a wedding in Florence. A shade of silver mingled with the dark locks that clustered around the intellectual countenance of the bridegroom, and a touch of gentle sadness lay upon the meek face of the bride; but the look of satisfied bliss, that responded to the love-beaming eyes which were timidly lifted to his, was the surety of their future happiness.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS; OR, THE HISTORY OF A VISIT TO UTOPIA.

"HAVE you heard the glorious news?" asked a friend one day, as we sat conversing upon the subject of woman's wrongs and man's tyranny.

"No," said I, "what is it?"

"The men of Utopia," she replied, "have at length acknowledged woman's right to equal social and political privileges with themselves."

"That is, indeed, glorious news," I replied, "and much as I love my native land, I am resolved to emigrate to Utopia, and seek a home where I, as a woman, can be free; for I despair of ever seeing such a change effected in American sentiment as will secure to me, as a woman, those political and social rights, which I hold as dear as life itself, and which I regard as essential to the real progress of humanity."

A year passed away, and true to my purpose, I found myself on board the good steamer, *New Era*, rapidly approaching the harbor of Utopia. "At length I am free," said I, to myself; "my chains are severed, and a glorious destiny awaits me. Here I shall find true refinement, real progress, and the genuine influence of woman." Soon our vessel touched the wharf, and our decks were crowded with a motley crew of porters, and—can it be possible?—portereesses—women! struggling, quarreling, cursing and trampling, one upon another, in their eager strife for the privilege of carrying our baggage to the hotel. Woman, angelic woman, stooping to a life like this; surely, surely, these are the Pariahs, the outcasts of society, who have turned aside from the high career which the genuine patriotism of the men of Utopia has opened to them.

I entered an omnibus, to ride to a hotel. There were but four passengers besides myself; but they monopolized all the seats; stretched at full length on the cushions, they coolly puffed their cigars, utterly regardless of the fact that a lady was standing, or vainly attempting to stand, as the omnibus rattled over the rough pavement, until they should make room for me. A sudden jolt threw me off my balance, and pitched me headlong upon one of the gentlemen. With an oath, he pushed me away; and, when I gently reminded him that ladies were entitled to more courtesy at the hand of a gentleman, he coolly replied, "Ladies are our *equals* in Utopia, and must take care of themselves."

I confess I was a little startled at this fruit of woman's rights, but I concluded that my feelings were only a remnant of my antiquated American notion of gallantry, which, of course, was out of the question among equals.

At the hotel I enquired for the ladies' parlor. The bar-keeper stared at me, seemingly not un-

derstanding my question. I repeated it, "Where is the ladies' parlor?"

"Oh!" said he, "I understand you now. You came by the last steamer from America, I suppose. Ladies' parlor, indeed! there is no such thing in all Utopia. Ladies have no exclusive privileges here. This is a land of equal rights. You can walk into the common parlor if you choose."

I did so gladly, for I found the noise, confusion, and stench of the bar-room insufferable, although I noticed that other ladies seemed to be perfectly at home there. But, alas! the parlor was but little better. It was filled with a motley crowd of men and women, some reading, some talking politics, and Babel seemed to have returned to earth again. As I looked around the spacious room, I was specially struck with the appearance of a noble-looking and even beautiful woman, who was engaged in animated conversation with a gentleman. I drew near, but was surprised to hear angry words passing between them; at length the lady called her companion a liar. Instantly he raised his hand and felled her to the floor. Shocked beyond measure, I now began to remonstrate with him, but I was cut short in my remonstrances by the ladies and gentlemen around us, rushing up and crying out, (as the lady sprang to her feet and rushed at him,) "Clear the ring!" "Fair play!" "Hurrah, for Miss Lucy Barton!" "Hurrah, for Mr. Brown!"

Disgusted with such a scene, I sought the retirement of my chamber. "Surely, surely," thought I, as I reflected upon what I had witnessed, these cannot be the fruits of the glorious principles of woman's rights. No! I will seek for the genuine influence of emancipated woman in the senate chamber and the domestic circle.

Accordingly I repaired to the senate chamber. "Here, at least," thought I, "I shall perceive the refining and elevating influence of woman, softening the asperities of the sterner sex, awing men's passions, and subduing their rage by the magic power of gentle words and holy thoughts." But even as I stepped upon the threshold, a shrill voice smote upon my ear, causing me to start back as from some frightful phantom that had suddenly thrust itself across my path. Words cannot describe the mortification that filled my soul, as I heard a political tirade of slander, foul-mouthed reproach and bitter invective, falling from the lips of a woman, such as would have disgraced even a representative in an American Congress. Sick at heart, I turned away from such a scene, hoping to find in the

domestic circle that realization of my bright dreams, which I had so utterly failed to meet with elsewhere.

I turned and sought the residence of a couple of valued friends, noted for their purity of character, and their conjugal affections; who had, like myself, abandoned their native land, and sought in Utopia, a home where woman might achieve the glorious destiny that God designed for her. But alas! how different was the scene, from that which imagination had depicted. The premises presented unmistakable evidences of neglect, the gate was hanging by a single hinge, the gravel walks were overgrown with weeds, and the steps were littered with filth. As I approached the door, which stood ajar, I saw that the picture within was the full counterpart of the scene without. All betokened indolence and neglect. And yet this was the home of wealth, taste, and refinement. But, hark! angry voices fall upon my ear, bearing imputations and recriminations in no gentle strains. Unwilling

to act the part of listener, I knocked, and, with the familiarity of an old friend, entered uninvited. My friends, indeed, were there; but alas! how changed! Clouds sat upon their brows, and scarcely had the usual compliments been passed, ere husband and wife broke out at once in bitter language, each complaining of the other. He, of her neglect of her house, and her domestic duties. She, of his unreasonable claims, in wishing to tie her, his *equal* and *companion*, down to the drudgery of household duties; while she felt that her talents and her tastes led her rather to the senate chamber and to the halls of justice.

And thus ended my bright visions of woman's rights. By the returning steamer, I resolved to seek again my native land; content to live and die where woman's sphere is the fireside, and the domestic circle. As this resolution found utterance in words, I awoke, and behold, it was a *dream*!

ILLUSIONS.

EVER since evil has come into the world to dispute with the good, ever since the false has struggled against the true, mankind have been liable to be led away, unawares, from the true and the good, and to follow those lights that only "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind." So full of illusions has the world been found, that even serious philosophers have rushed to every wild extreme, lest their understanding and wisdom should be imposed upon; some determining to believe nothing but what their senses could demonstrate, unmindful that even these senses may be in a league with distempered fancy; while others have refused to believe in the reality of material things, affirming that nothing but ideas do exist. So that, one of the great questions of the world has been, and is, what is real, and what is illusory.

Even in the physical world around us, it may often be found difficult to answer this question. Often are we involved in perplexity as we learn the principles upon which our senses form their conclusions, and as we find every sense will sometimes mislead us. How shall we reconcile all the various and contrary notions, different individuals are led to form through the same medium? How can we determine the absolute truth of distance, or magnitude, or time? And must we believe that when as children, "heaven lies about us," coming down to the tree-tops and resting on the distant hills, yet that "vision splendid," is only the illusion of unpractised sense, and that the man sees and judges more truthfully when he

forms other estimates of distance, and puts the great and the beautiful farther away?

Journeying through the world with the same organs of sight, how much more is seen by some than others ever see. The eye of one informs him of nothing but the monotonous road, the waste of waters, the common light of day, or the night, that to him is only for slumber; while to another traveler on the same pilgrimage

"—The air, the earth, the skies
To him are opening paradise."

Hesees the little flower the ploughshare has turned

"The primrose by the water's brim,"

is more than "a yellow primrose to him." The clouds, the sunshine, the shadows, the dread magnificence of midnight heavens, paint their shifting pictures in his eye, and leave their impress on his heart. Yet how many passed that way and saw them not?

So does the sense of hearing return with various accounts from the world of nature and life. How many "sweet sounds and tender harmonies" are to some discordant or unheard? Do melodies at all waken for those too dull to listen, or linger at all in desolate places? Does Niagara roar when no ear is by to hear it, or does the deep utter its voice in solitude?

But were our bodily senses never at fault, to what illusions are we liable when we contemplate things through unseen distances? The laws of perspective in the material world, seem often reversed in the world of mind; and while, in the

former, objects are diminished in the distance, we find, to the intellectual vision, men and things are magnified in proportion as they are far away. So, very many there are who worship the great of past ages as if they were colossal phantoms, who never had to do with the homely wants of actual life. How might their immense proportions diminish, were we now to meet them in our streets; to see them only as men among men; to salute them in the dull, blank morning, and in the weary, sultry noonday; to see them subject to all the lets and hindrances of fortune, to all "the ills that flesh is heir to;" with what associations then would we pronounce the name of Caesar or of Plato?

We are, also, prone to think that in other lands, under other heavens, will be found some longed for ideal we can never realize in the actual

around us; and we forget that wherever we may go, we shall color every thing for ourselves, with the light of our own vision, and darken it with our own shadow.

But if the distant, the past, and the future, too, are all peopled with illusions, cheating our intellectual perceptions, how often shall we find them as they pass and re-pass in the present? How many things that promise to us the great, the lovely, the good, the true, the wonderful, vanish away as shapes without substance. And yet, if any where exists the real, the enduring, in the present only can it be secured, and upon ourselves it depends whether this life be all "for man's illusion given," or whether we make it earnest, real, and yet beautiful—

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar,
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

THE PERFECTION OF POLICE MACHINERY.

THE following curious anecdotes were related by an intelligent foreign minister, to show the perfection to which the system of *espionage* was carried under the French government:—A merchant of high respectability in Bourdeaux had occasion to visit the metropolis upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount.

On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a genteel looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect. "Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau, exactly answering the description I hold in my hand. You will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to Monsieur de Sartine."

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more so at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what Monsieur de Sartine wanted with him; adding, at the same time, that he never had committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him.

The messenger declared himself perfectly ignorant of the cause of the detention; stating, at the same time, that when he had conducted him to Mons. de Sartine, he should have executed his orders, which were merely ministerial.

After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him accordingly. Mons. de Sartine received him with great politeness; and, after requesting him to be seated, to his great astonishment, he described his portmanteau; and told him the exact sum in bills and specie which he had brought with him to Paris, and where he was to lodge, his usual time of

going to bed, and a number of other circumstances, which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himself. Monsieur de Sartine having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary question to him: "Sir, are you a man of courage?" The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of such an interrogatory, demanded the reason why he put such a strange question, adding, at the same time, that no man ever doubted his courage. Mons. de Sartine replied, "Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night! If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour; but be careful that you do not fall asleep. Neither will it be proper for you to look under the bed, or into any of the closets which are in your bed-chamber;" which he accurately described. "You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near your bed, and discover no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If, however, you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure a person who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead."

After some further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that Mons. de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refused to be personated, and formed an immediate resolution literally to follow the directions he had received. He accordingly went to bed at his usual hour, which was eleven o'clock. At half-past twelve (the time mentioned by Mons. de Sartine) the door of the bed-chamber burst open, and three men entered with a *dark lantern*, *daggers*, and *pistols*. The gentleman, who, of course, was awake, perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death. The gentleman hearing all this, and

not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may be naturally supposed, was under great perturbation of mind, during such an awful interval of suspense; when, at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police officers, acting under Mons. de Sartine's orders, who were concealed under the bed, and in the closet, rushed out and seized the offenders with the property in their possession, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder.

The consequence was, that the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. Mons. de Sartine's intelligence enabled him to *prevent* this horrid offence of robbery and murder; which, but for the accuracy of the system, would probably have been carried into execution.

Another anecdote was mentioned by the same minister, relative to the Emperor Joseph the Second. That monarch having, in the year 1787, formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and civil offences; and having also established what he conceived to be the best system of police in Europe, he could scarcely ever forgive the French nation, in consequence of the accuracy and intelligence of Mons. de Sartine having been found so much superior to his own, notwithstanding the immense pains he had bestowed on that department of his government.

A very notorious offender, who was a subject of the emperor, and who committed many atrocious acts of violence and depredation, at Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police established by

his majesty, who ordered his ambassador at the court of France to demand that this delinquent should be delivered up to public justice.

Mons. de Sartine acknowledged to the Imperial ambassador, that the person he inquired after had been at Paris; that if it would be any satisfaction, he could inform him where he had lodged, and the different gaming tables, and other places of infamous resort which he had frequented while there; but that he was now gone.

The ambassador, after stating the accuracy and correct mode by which the police of Vienna was conducted, insisted that this offender must still be in Paris; otherwise the emperor would not have commanded him to make such an application.

Mons. de Sartine smiled at the incredulity of the imperial minister, and made a reply to the following effect:

"Do me the honor, sir, to inform the emperor, your master, that the person he looks for left Paris on the tenth day of the last month; and is now lodged in a back room, looking into a garden in the third story of a house, number 98, in—street, in his own capital of Vienna; where his majesty will, by sending to the spot, be sure to find him. It was literally as the French minister of police had stated. The emperor, to his astonishment, found the delinquent in the house and apartment described; but he was greatly mortified at this proof of the accuracy of the French police; which, in this instance, in point of intelligence, *even in Vienna*, was discovered to be so much superior to his own."

BARTOLINI.

A STORY OF VENICE.

In what manner slight disappointments prevent great distresses, it is, perhaps, not necessary for us to know. But to know that they really do prevent them, and to be able to bring them to a balance with the common ills of life, and to live, and think, and argue accordingly, is worth all the rest of our knowledge put together.

"Alas! how capricious is fortune," muttered a Venetian merchant, whose name was Bartolini, as he returned home after his usual fatigue, in the hurry of business on the Rialto. "Ten times this very day," continued he, "have I been upon the point of a lucky hit, and some cross circumstance or other has still broke in upon my schemes. What signifies all our caution, or industry, or integrity? They can neither prevent ill success, nor secure good. Chance will, after all, have the most to do in our affairs; and, therefore, he that trusts most to chance is the wisest man. For my part, I shall depend upon nothing but being disappointed in whatever I depend upon for the

future." With these and many more sagacious remarks of this sort, did the fretful Bartolini amuse himself, till he had by degrees argued and convinced himself out of every good quality he carried about him. And though he was in general a very honest and rational man, he might justly have been deemed at the moment when he went to rest that night, as abandoned a knave and infidel, as chagrin and ill-humor could make him.

His eyes were scarce closed, when Fancy, by an operation very common in sleep, put his life, if I may be indulged in the expression, twelve hours backward, and set him going again just in the temper and situation in which he began the unlucky day he had been complaining of. The first person he had seen that morning was a messenger, who informed him that a store-house of his had taken fire, and that the merchandize in it, which was to have been put on board a ship to sail that day, must wait for some future op

portunity. This was the real fact; and it was one of those lucky hits which the merchant was so angry to have missed. But this dream promised him much better fortune; it brought the same messenger to tell him, that the goods had actually sailed in that very ship. And as imagination frequently crowds the transactions of a long time into a few minutes, Bartolini received advices from the captain of a prosperous voyage. The ship had arrived at the port; the sailors had begun to unlode; and things went on very smoothly, till a fatal letter blackened all the prospect, and told him, that a passenger on board had contrived to carry with him a parcel of contraband wares, which he offered for sale; that the cheat had been discovered, the ship and cargo confiscated by the laws of the country, the commander and his whole crew confined in prison, and the names of all concerned in freighting the vessel made infamous upon the public mart, by a solemn proclamation. "Alas! cried the merchant, would to heaven my goods had perished ere I sent them on this unhappy venture! Who would have thought it? My credit ruined! My name infamous! Oh! that I had seen my goods burnt in the port of Venice," added he, with an emotion which waked him, and which made him happy in recollecting that, instead of these misfortunes, he had only lost a slight piece of building, and the mere opportunity of sending, by one conveyance, that which he still had in his power to send by another

Bartolini's mind was too much agitated by what had passed, and seemed to pass, to admit of any reflection. He awoke just to be relieved from the solicitude his dream was pregnant with, and then sunk a second time into slumber. Before he had continued long in that situation, a person, of a very open countenance, corrected with a decent gravity, appeared to approach and accost him. "Signor," said the stranger, "you have spent a whole day in arraiging that providence which has befriended you as much in what you conceive to have been the losses and disappointments of the day, as it ever did in those events which you have most esteemed, and which really were the happiest in your whole life. If you will promise to make atonement, by judging in future with more candor, I will show you the misfortunes you have escaped."

The merchant was a little startled at this address, but the strong effect of his own reasoning on the subject, founded, as he persuaded himself, on experience, prevented his giving any other answer than a nod, which bespoke a sulky sort of

acquiescence rather than a cheerful approbation. "You have seen," said the stranger, in your dream, what might very probably have been the result of your succeeding this morning in the first thing you proposed; but as that showed you only what *might* have been, I shall make no application of it now, but proceed to acquaint you with those events which, short as you may think the time, have happened since you saw the opening of the transaction.

You remember the two men who were in such haste to purchase a quantity of your goods, that they seemed entirely regardless of the price. You remember, too, that the unseasonable absence of a servant, whom you had entrusted with the care of those goods, prevented their dealing with you, and sent them to another merchant, who was as much pleased as yourself with the advanced sum they offered, and who put them into immediate possession of the commodities they required. This you thought an unlucky circumstance; but permit me to set you right. Those men were arrant cheats: the bills they drew for payment mere forgeries: the securities they gave, all a fiction: and the merchant who thinks himself so happy to have obtained the misfortune you have been deprived of, will too soon discover it. The rogues have already disposed of their purchase, in little lots, at an under rate, and are now dissipating the produce at a tavern, where one is lodged in the arms of a courtesan, and the other overwhelmed in drunkenness.

"Turn your eyes a little from the tavern, and you will behold a meagre figure, lurking in the corner of the street, with his hand upon a stiletto, which he hides in his bosom. He is waiting for a company which he supposes to have met in the neighborhood to celebrate a wedding. The company did indeed meet, but they have been dispersed some time; and all, as it happened, went home another way; so that the ruffian is like to be disappointed. But tell me, does not your rich uncle live near the place? Can you have forgot how you importuned your son to spend this very evening with the old gentleman, in order to ingratiate himself, and with what peevish anger you heard him plead an engagement of his own? See now what would have been the consequence had you enforced your commands! Your son would have had the assassin's stiletto in his heart, and you would this instant have received the intelligence of his death! Say then, unhappy man, have you not been saved, by trifling disappointments, from the severest afflictions to which human nature is here exposed?"

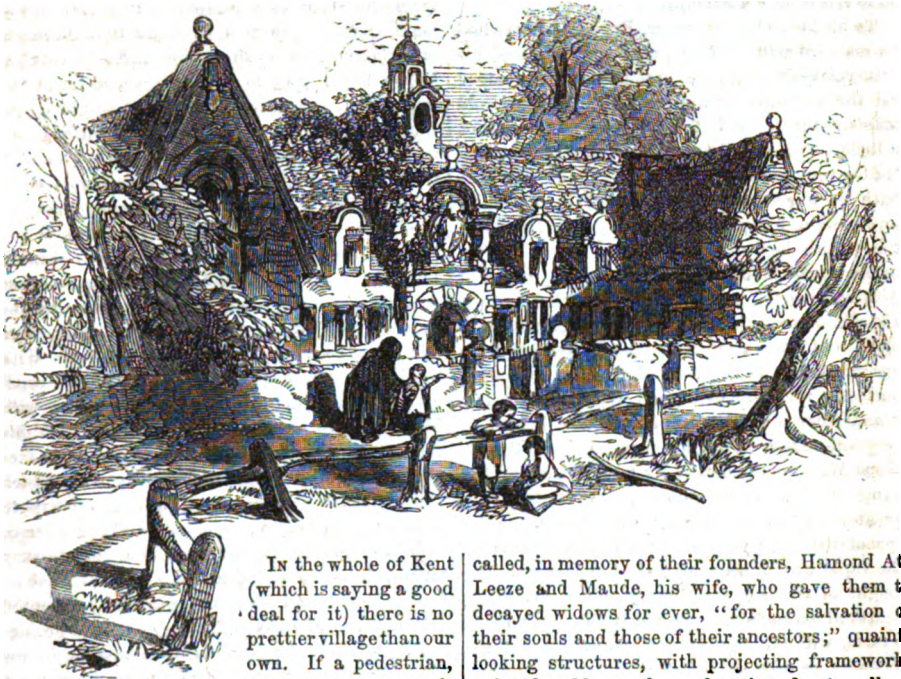
THE CALM.

Hushed was all nature, in a calm serene,
No breeze of wind did fan the flow'ry plain,

Smooth lay the surface of the gliding flood—
Even aspen leaves without a motion stood.

BURNT-WOOD-WEAL.

A STORY OF MY VILLAGE.



In the whole of Kent (which is saying a good deal for it) there is no prettier village than our own. If a pedestrian, you may come upon it through a bridle-path, lying between gentle slopes, covered (in summer time) to the very crown with waving corn and red clover patches; and thence, through one of those green and narrow lanes "where the bee sucks" from woodbine and wild-rose blossoms her epicurean feast; overhead the boughs of ash and wych elms are interlaced, and here and there old grotesque pollards, frescoed with lichens, and wreathed with delicate tracery of ivy, vie with their leafy neighbors in picturesque effect. This land brings you to the church, an old gray building, with a square tower, and other signs of indisputable antiquity. and then the village street is before you, with its whitewashed and vine-covered cottages, each standing in its little garden, with the hum of bees about it, and the scent of herbs and flowers. All around, on the pleasant hillsides, and stretching into the valleys at their feet, are corn-fields and pasture-lands, hop-gardens and orchards, with occasionally wide-spread demesnes and dark belts of woodland, interspersed with modern mansions, church-spires, old manors, farm-houses, and here and there a windmill, while threading in and out amongst these objects one may trace the sinuous and far-wandering streams—the life-springs of all this verdure. Close by the church stands the *At-Leeze* Almshouses, as they are

called, in memory of their founders, Hamond At-Leeze and Maude, his wife, who gave them to decayed widows for ever, "for the salvation of their souls and those of their ancestors;" quaint-looking structures, with projecting framework, pointed gables, and overhanging fronts, all shrouded with ivy, and clasped about with honeysuckle and roses, that from Lady-day to Candlemas 'tis as much as one can do to get a peep at their lattice-windows and stone porches. At the time of my story the At-Leeze family was not quite extinct among us. Old Roger At-Leeze, the proprietor of Burnt-Wood-Weal, boasted his lineal descent from them, and was, in consequence regarded by the peasantry (who have a lingering prejudice in favor of feudal custom) as a far more important personage than any of the modern residents. The farm was one of the largest in the neighborhood, but the house differed little from many more in the vicinity except in an appearance of greater age—one of those red brick fabrics, with a triple tier of long and narrow casements, so numerous that they serve to advertise the date of the building, as at least antecedent to the tax on light. There was moss-grown orchards about it, and a flower-garden in front, and, as far as you could see, lawn-like meads covered with cattle, and dotted with hawthorn and other trees that love moist places. Everything about Roger At-Leeze's farm had a thriving, well-to-do look, no half-dilapidated barns and broken fences, no unhinged gates and decaying hurdles; every article was kept in repair or replaced before the want became evident; but,

then, as his neighbors said, "he could afford it;" and, as wealth begets wealth, no wonder his horses were so sleek, and barns so full, and crops so everlastingly abundant.

To all his riches, however, Roger At-Leeze had no male inheritor. One granddaughter was his sole remaining relative, and in her was centred all the ambition as well as affection of the old man's nature. And of the first he possessed not a little—he hoarded out-of-date memories, when the Crevequirs and D'Auranches had intermarried with his ancestors, and as he noted the exceeding loveliness of his grandchild, and counted in secret the wealth he calculated upon leaving her, he began to ask himself why might not she mate with some such, and not throw away her beauty and riches upon those whom, wanting her gentle blood and ancient pedigree, he looked upon as her inferiors. In the meanwhile, Alice At-Leeze, perfectly unconscious of, and indifferent to her grandfather's ambition, planned for herself a very different destiny. The farm adjoining Burnt-Wood-Weal was tenanted by a gentleman of the name of Palmer, who, having run through the greater part of a large fortune in experimental speculations and personal extravagance, lured by the rapid wealth accumulated at the period (the height of the last war) by agriculturists, rashly ventured his remaining capital in the purchase of a farm, without any practical knowledge of the business, or even the lay stock of persevering and painstaking industry that would so materially have made up for this want. Proud, improvident, and, with as intense a spirit of emulation, as if his affairs were in the most prosperous condition, instead of making economy an object in his commencing arrangements, he dashed off with his usual carelessness of expense. His teams rivalled every one's in point of size and sleekness, the farm implements were of the newest and most approved fashion, the fittings up of the dairy more like the arrangements of a nobleman's ornamental farm than those of a practical, hard-working, everyday farmhouse. He kept his gig, joined the club-hounds, took out a game license, and provided himself with unexceptionable fishing tackle as necessary adjuncts of his new occupation. Old men looked on and shook their heads at his folly, and gravely remarked, "It was impossible it should last."

One thing, however, was in his favor. His wife, though a frail and delicate-looking woman, was one of those persons in whom circumstances of difficulty and trial arouse an unexpected spirit of resistance, and for years she stood between her children and the ruin their father's conduct rendered inevitable, and opposed her personal energy, carefulness, and forecast to his reckless expenditure and neglect; but it was fearful odds!

The want of attention on the part of their

master soon begat indifference in his servants, and at length it became absolutely necessary to withdraw the eldest son (a youth of eighteen) from the study of a profession in which he was making rapid progress, in order that he might superintend the business his father's careless habits left a prey to every species of fraud and imposition. It was a severe trial to Dalton Palmer, this sacrifice of his hopes; but the situation of his mother and sisters reconciled the act to his heart, if not to his ambition; and his affection for them enabled him to bear (at least uncomplainingly) the disgust and disappointment he naturally felt at the overthrow of his personal prospects. Frank, warm-hearted, and intelligent, his countenance was a reflection of these attributes; and his fine person, free air, and agreeable manners, were additional recommendations in his favor. With the inhabitants of Elm-street he became an especial favorite, but with none more so than with Mr. At-Leeze. A previous intimacy with his family and their neighborhood brought them frequently together; and the docility with which the young man received his advice, relative to the land under his management, and the alacrity with which it was carried into effect (though very natural in one who had no knowledge of what he had in hand, and therefore gratefully accepted instruction,) was a tacit flattery to the old gentleman's love of dictation, very composing to his other prejudices; and, forgetful of the natural consequences of such an intimacy, Dalton Palmer became a frequent and looked-for visitor at Burnt-Wood-Weal.

At first he came expressly by invitation to chat an hour in the winter evenings, or take a hand at draughts or cribbage when Alice wasn't in the mind, and, while she sat at work, Dalton would take her place as her grandfather's adversary, and, with his eyes and thoughts too often wandering from the game, allow the old gentleman to felicitate himself upon his superior skill in winning; but after awhile, in the twilight of the summer evenings, you would see him sauntering down the lane that divided his father's grounds from those of their neighbor, or leaning over the garden gate, or at the open window of the parlor at Burnt-Wood-Weal, and his auditor was sure to be Alice. Sometimes he would meet her returning from the "At-Leeze Almshouses," a favorite visit of her's, and, as they walked through the village together, the old wives would look after them with many smiles and nods, indicative of what they thought would be the end of it. In the meanwhile, all the carefulness and industry of the son did little more than supply the father's extravagance. His dissipation increased with the knowledge that the close of it was at hand; but it took another character, and the gay, expensive man of the world sunk slowly into the debauchery

of low life, and sought in habits of intemperance a passing oblivion of his situation. The scenes that this propensity gave rise to in his home, would frequently leave poor Dalton too humiliated and depressed to pay his accustomed visit to the At-Leese's, and then both the old man and his grandchild were at a loss to know what virtue had gone forth from their hearth that they no longer felt the same calm satisfaction in themselves that formerly existed there. Alice, especially, would wonder why she no more felt that delight in reading aloud, or singing to her grandfather, or in listening to his old stories, that used to make her evenings pass so pleasantly before they had known Dalton Palmer. Now even the graceful employments of her leisure were taken up listlessly or altogether discarded, and even to her old grandfather she was changed, and, instead of finding her (when he returned from his evening saunter round the grounds,) watering the flower-beds, or waiting at the front orchard gate, or at the doorstep to meet him, with his arm-chair ready placed outside the porch, that they might watch the sunset together, or listen to the night-ingle in the adjoining copse, or enjoy the delicious perfume of the giant-stocks and carnations, as the dew fell on them and pressed out all their odors—now, somehow, she was never in the way when he came home, unless, indeed, another accompanied him, and then she would steal timidly down from the window, where she had been watching through the twilight to catch but a shadow of that form that filled her mind's eye continually. It was strange that, about this time, and, when so far as looks and tones could communicate feeling, he had made it evident to Alice that he loved her, Dalton Palmer began to relax in his visits, to wait, indeed, for the old man's invitations as formerly, while the latter, piqued at his voluntary coolness, and fancying that, as the young man grew older, he affected his father's stand-off manners, soon ceased altogether, and Dalton came no more to Burnt-Wood-Weal. Nor could Alice, any more than her grandfather, account for his conduct; her heart told her that she had been wronged, and, with an instinct of womanly pride, she tried hard, poor girl! to make her old pleasures and employments regain their past ascendancy, and fill her mind to the exclusion of his image, but in vain. At length a rumor of his father's affairs spread through the village; horses and gig had been sold; and a quantity of stock covertly disposed of. Things were evidently assuming a painful crisis, and Alice At-Leese, with the intuitive perception of her sex, at once divined the cause of Dalton's behavior, and, like a true woman, added it to the calendar of his virtues. In some way the falling off of his intimacy had been productive of a mutual estrangement between their families, con-

sciousness of her own feelings had withheld Alice from calling, and domestic wretchedness, as well as a sense of their falling circumstances (while it left Mrs. Palmer and her daughters keenly alive to neglect,) deterred them from standing on their old prerogatives, and thus, except at church, they never met. Day by day, as Mr. Palmer's perplexities became more embarrassing and inextricable, the violence of his temper knew no bounds—scarcely an hour sober. Whenever a confused perception of his circumstances occurred to him he would vent his besotted rage on the unhappy members of his family, but most especially on the wife and son, to whose vigilance he owed so long a respite from bankruptcy. On one of these occasions (for by this time he had completely blunted all the better feelings of his nature,) he was so lost in the paroxysm of his senseless anger that he even attempted to add blows to his ferocious language, and, when Dalton interposed to protect his beloved mother, the violence intended for her fell on him to the earth. Quivering with suppressed passion, and a keen sense of humiliation and wrong, the young man sprang to his feet, pressed one burning kiss on the pale forehead of his half-fainting mother, and in the madness and excitement of the moment left the house, never more to return to it as his home. The whole scene was so unimagined, so sudden, and terrible, that for some moments it completely paralyzed the senses of the miserable mother and her children; but as evening closed in, and Dalton did not return, a vague feeling of anxiety stole over them, a feeling that no one imparted to the other, and yet all equally felt. For a time Mrs. Palmer combated her fears by imagining that the ebullition of his feelings had induced him to walk farther than usual; but when hour after hour passed away—when their accustomed time of retiring arrived, and the night deepened into the long hours before midnight—the anguish of her soul could be suppressed no longer, but found a voice in tears and prayers, that grew the more intense as time doubled the assurance that her son was lost to her. Sometimes her fears would suggest probabilities too dreadful to endure, and her heart-breaking sobs and groans would burst into hysterical shrieks, ringing on the agonised ears of her children, and waking late remorse in the indurated breast of her husband. Morn at length dawned on the miserable household, and in the course of the day a note arrived from the young man to his mother which relieved her terrors for his personal safety, but made all hope of his return impossible. When Dalton rushed from his father's door there was no direction in his steps. He walked on rather to escape the unnaturally aroused spirit within him than with any other object. When, to the feelings of out-

rage and indignation with which he burned, there came the thoughts of blighted prospects and hopeless fortune, of the present beggary and future blank, the selfish sacrifice of his profession had entailed on him, and with all the remembrance of Alice and his hopeless passion, adding a more intense bitterness to his despair, he no longer paused at the wild project the reckless excitement of his feelings prompted, but with a farewell gaze at Burnt-Wood-Weal, one long look at the old house, orchards, and pleasant garden, (oh! if Alice had been there!) and with his resolution set to an issue, the fugitive took a by-path leading from Elm-street into the London road.

The news of his flight soon spread through the village. Some attributed it to his father's circumstances, coarsely hinted of rats leaving a fallen house; others to his love of the rich Miss At-Leeze; while not a few knew for certain he had had a large fortune left him, and was gone to claim it; but those most skilled in the augury of a mother's face, drew an inference nearer to the truth from the pale brow and grief-worn aspect of the unhappy woman. But neither mother or sisters could feel more bitterly than Alice At-Leeze his abandonment of home; they, at least, could express their sorrow—could pour out on each other's hearts the full tide of their tears and anguish, and interchange not only sympathy but consolation. But for her, darkness, and solitude, and prayer, were the only confidants of her suffering. To these alone could she unburthen her heart, or own the secret of her first deep sorrow. It was something, however, in alleviation of it to go over to Ash-grove, as the Palmers' place was called, and as they made no secret to her of what had led to his rash conduct to relieve her grief while sympathizing with theirs; but this resource was not long continued. What every one expected at length took place. An execution was put in the house, land, stock, and goods seized, and Mr. Palmer himself thrown into prison. For his wife and family every one felt the greatest commiseration; but for himself his conduct had never merited compassion, nor did he on the present occasion meet with it. Our country town is many miles distant from the village, so that, after their removal (for the faithful woman accompanied her bankrupt husband,) we saw no more of the Ash-grove people. It was not till now that the altered appearance of his grandchild first forcibly, and with some glimmering of its cause, occurred to Mr. At-Leeze. Her step was sobered—her once light and ringing laugh low and seldom heard, her fair brow had a look of still but settled sorrow, and her whole aspect so changed from the buoyant, active, merry-hearted girl of twelve months back, that he began to fear seriously for her health. Medical men, however, assured him that her ailment

was beyond their skill, and hinted of some attachment; and then the old man cruelly conceived that, with a view to benefit the ruined fortune of his family, by her reported riches, Dalton Palmer had been making love to her—Dalton, the high-minded, unselfish Dalton, upon the fulness of whose heart the knowledge of their widely-separated circumstances had imposed unbroken silence, who had (as he hoped) hidden in the depths of his own disappointed bosom the secret of his attachment, and had borne it with him undisclosed. Vainly poor Alice combated his suspicions; his prejudices seemed to grow the more rankly for the trouble she took to root them up. In the meantime his plans for her were as far from their fulfilment as when they were first projected.

"Where the sweets are there will be flies," says an old adage, and the knowledge of his granddaughter's expected wealth, without the dower of her sweet face, and sweeter disposition, might account for the popularity of our village church with all the young men of the neighborhood; but, though many of them managed to get an introduction to the heiress, not one came up to the standard of Roger At-Leeze's anticipations. Wealthy, good-looking, ill-educated, and worse-bred, were these wooers, for the most part young men, whom a previous intimacy with Dalton Palmer threw immeasurably in the shade; and only served, by contrast, to stamp his memory more deeply in the heart of the devoted girl, for neither his silence nor absence could shake her faith in the belief of his affection. Years passed away, the girl of little more than sixteen was a woman of six and twenty, and her grandfather an old, hoar man, leaning on her arm, with the dependence of a child. It was a delicious evening in June; a shower in the early part of it had left the leaves fresh and sparkling in the sunset, and the intense odor of the honeysuckle and eringa, exhaled by moisture, filled every nook of the sweet garden; overhead a belated skylark, lost in the charmed circle of its own song, poured down a "rain of melody;" and those summer birds, the swallows, on their swift, sleek wings, skimmed to and fro between the pond and eaves without cessation; but, for the change in the old man and young girl, the traveler, who stood gazing at them in the lane that divided Ash-grove from the grounds of Burnt-Wood-Weal, might have fancied it but the evening before since he had last looked at the old place, so essentially unaltered was it. The trees wore the same hue he left them in; and the house itself, with its glittering casements and red face protruding through its veil of vine leaves, and the thin wreaths of wood-smoke curling from either gable in the clear, blue sky; why, it was just so it looked that evening when from the selfsame spot he paused to gaze at it with such an aching spirit.

Years seemed to fall from his existence—long years of action and suffering, and the softness of boyhood stole into his heart, and filled his eyes, at the familiar aspect of the place. The pleasant garden and quaint sun-dial, and house-dog stretched without the porch, and the figures of the old man and lady walking to and fro, or now and then pausing while Alice (his heart told him it was she) pointed out some fresh object to the unobservant eyes of her companion. He longed, yet feared, to approach them. Perhaps she was married, or about to be; and if not, was it likely she had retained affection for him till now? While he thus argued with himself, singularly enough, the conversation between Mr. At-Leeze and his granddaughter—by one of those inexplicable sympathies that often fell into a vein not altogether dissimilar to his train of thoughts. “I wonder,” said the old man, abruptly, “what has become of the Palmers?” Alice sighed softly, and a sudden color tinged her cheeks as she answered, “You remember they went to America; but after Mrs. Palmer wrote to me, on their arrival, I never heard of them again.” “Ay, a sad piece of business,” muttered the old gentleman; “that break up, a sad piece of business; but the young man—let me see, what was his name? Dalton. Did he go with them? “No,” said Alice, sadly. “Ah! I forgot,” rejoined her grandfather, with something almost deprecatory in his tone, as if conscious he had touched on a painful subject; “I forgot all about it;” and yet with the pertinacity of age, a moment after he continued, “but somehow, Alice, it now and then crosses me that you rather liked that young man, and so did I.” At this moment he was inter-

rupted by the opening of the gate leading from the lane, and a tall and not unhandsome man (though worn with climate and exposure) advanced towards them; he had a firm step, and something of command in his air, and yet he appeared to approach them with embarrassment. Roger At-Leeze and his granddaughter paused in their walk, and the stranger, lifting his hat to them, addressed the old man, though his eyes were bent on Alice. “Mr. At-Leeze, I believe,” he said, bowing to them, and Mr. At-Leeze bowed; but, before he had time to frame a method of informing them of his identity, the quick eye of Alice had discerned through the mask of years and the traces of travel and fatigue, the well-remembered features of Dalton Palmer. “Dear sir,” she exclaimed, scarcely able to suppress the exhibition of her emotions, “’tis he, ’tis himself, Dalton,—Mr. Palmer!” and she extended her hand to him, while her heart beat wildly; and she could with difficulty resist the feeling of faintness that surprised her. But why coquette with the pleasant sequel of our story? It is soon told. Dalton Palmer had joined the army as a volunteer, and had fought his way from rank to rank; he was now a major; and, faithful to his first passion, had returned to offer his rank, with her acceptance, at the shrine of her grandfather’s ambition. This last, we may say *en passant*, had pretty well found its level. He perceived that stars do not easily leave their spheres, and was content to see his granddaughter happy in her own choice. Roger At-Leeze is long since gathered to his fathers; but numerous little Palmers still play about the orchards at Burnt-Wood-Weal.

OUR LAST WALK.

BY C. FRANCES ORNE.

The bee was asleep in the harebell blossom,
The wind was hushed to a murmur low,
And far in the west where the soft clouds floated
The heavens were flushed with the sunset glow.

Away on the breast of the flowing river,
Silently floated a lonely sail;
With noiseless footsteps the mists were creeping,
To fold o’er the hill-sides their silvery veil.

The calm of the peaceful and lovely twilight,
Had soothed our hearts with its deep repose,
And still as we wandered in happy converse,
Our thoughts, like incense, to heaven arose.

The sod was yet green over many a sleeper,
And oft we paused in our reverent tread,
For all round our way were the low mounds telling
Where pitying earth had hidden her dead.

Oh! fair was the child in his gladsome beauty,
With whom I walked in that twilight glow!

I marvelled as words of a heavenly wisdom
Oft from his innocent lips would flow.

O’er his beautiful head six golden summers,
Scantly had passed since life begun,
Yet his tenderly loving, and trusting spirit,
Many hearts’ love had already won.

How dear to me was his winsome laughter!
How dear the light of his clear, dark eye!
The smile on his lips, and his cheeks’ warm flushing,
Rich as the rose-tints that blushed in the sky!

Why saw I not in those dark eyes the shadow,
Already glooming across my way?
Why saw I not that the path which my darling
Even then trod, through the dark valley lay?

Or ever had faded the harebell blossom,
Or ever the bee sought its winter cell,
Or a crimsoned leaf from the trees had fallen,
I kissed his cold forehead in a silent farewell.

TRACES OF SAPPHO, THE POETESS.

BY G. HILL.

"Trust not reading nor observation,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error." SHAKESPEARE.

"COULD we recall a work and its author, in preference to all others, from the past," says an old annotator, "they would be the poetry of Sappho and herself; a woman whom, from admiration of her genius, the Greeks placed among their divinities." A more creditable, if less remarkable, distinction was their placing her in the first rank of their writers.

Unfortunately, if her genius has been more than that of any other woman whose name has reached us, her life, probably, has been more calumniated. It appears, from a passage in Athenæus, and another in Ælian, there was a Sappho of Eresus, in Lesbos, her countrywoman and, perhaps, contemporary, with whose disreputable habits and adventures there is much and, we think, sufficient reason to believe, that the accounts of writers, either heedlessly credulous or less regardful of truth than effect, have confounded her own. "The tenderness of Sappho," says Thirlwall, "whose character has been rescued by one of the happiest efforts of modern criticism, from the unmerited reproach under which it had labored for so many centuries, appears no less pure than glowing." The work to which he refers is by Walker, a German, and, perhaps to the American scholar, not accessible. Lieber notices it with the remark, "She must not be confounded with a later Sappho, the place of whose birth was Eresus, famous for having thrown herself from the Leucadian rock on account of her unrequited love for Phaon." Facts and inferences will be subsequently adduced corroborative of this opinion, the reverse which seems never to have been entertained, or even suggested, until several centuries after the time at which Sappho is supposed to have flourished.

She was called by the Greeks "The Fourth Muse." In the judgment of many well versed in their literature, they have left no lyrical specimens, at least, to surpass those of the few, brief remains of her works, scattered through the pages of ancient critics and compilers, precious in themselves, but, like the gold of a coin bearing her image, valued chiefly for such memorials of her as they have preserved and transmitted. Contemplating these slight and residuary, yet exquisite traces of her genius, one feels as if, amid the ruins of a Grecian temple, he had met with a finger or other diminutive fragment of a statue of some ancient Goddess, the only portion of which, though at one time the perfection of

art and admiration of nations, he can ever hope to recover. With the decline of literature, the stigma on her name appears to have been transferred to her works, and, at length, helped to consign them to an obscurity which has baffled the eye of all subsequent research. Probably, her reputed character considered, they had become mixed up with certain objectionable pieces of which she was not the author; or the early christian writers treated them with less indulgence from the circumstance that her statues were the objects of an adoration, either real or apparent in public places, perhaps in the temples of the pagan gods. It is difficult, however, to account for the all but total loss of productions, which, for six centuries, were so generally read and greatly admired.

The city of her birth and residence was Mitylene, in Lesbos, the most eligible, as to situation, scenery and climate, and celebrated for persons intellectually eminent, of all the Grecian Islands. She is supposed to have flourished about the year 610, before Christ, at a time, or rather during a period when, in the arts of poetry and music, the Asiatic Greeks attained their highest point of excellence. She lost her father at an early age, and her husband, a wealthy Andrian, of the name of Cercolas, probably soon after marriage. The fact that eight fathers of different names are assigned her, would seem to imply that her paternity, if not doubtful, was at least obscure, unless we are to suppose that, as in the case of Homer, her celebrity caused her origin to be a subject of much interested rivalry and dispute. Her name may have been a common one, or perhaps the very credible uncertainty respecting the parentage of the Eresian Sappho was transferred to her own. It is reasonable to infer from the circumstances of her marrying a man of wealth, that, as her personal advantages appear to have been few and inconsiderable, those of her social position, in regard to either birth or fortune, or both, were the reverse. Herodotus calls her brother the son of *Seamandronymus*. This brother, whose name was Charaxus, a wealthy wine-merchant in Egypt, became enamoured of the most beautiful woman of her time, the celebrated Rhodope, or Rhodopis, whom to redeem from servitude he reduced himself to indigence. He soon after abandoned her, and returned a fugitive from justice, as well as love, to his native city. Ovid makes Sappho, in terms no less inconsistent with her own character and conduct, if such as he depicts them, than sadly indignant, allude to the distress and disgrace resulting to Charaxus

from this connexion, and the course of life by which he sought to recover the wealth so unworthily dissipated.

A brother, too, impoverished and disgraced,
A love-born fugitive, the seas has crost:
Pride, worth, affection from his heart effaced,
He seeks by crime the wealth by crime he lost.

She made both her brother and the object of his passion, the subject of a severe satire. Her wit and resentment had hardly been publicly exercised on persons of their repute, had her own been equally and in like manner discreditable.

She composed nine books of odes, besides epigrams, elegies and epithalamiums, all extant in the time of Horace, but of which there remain only a few fragmentary verses, a Hymn to Venus, and the lyric addressed, in a male character, to one of her sex. "Whatever," says Addison, "might have been the occasion of this ode, the reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress." He should have said, a *jealous* lover. The best English version of it, though, like a statue of Psyche, but imperfectly expressing the impassioned beauty attributed to the original, is the following, by Ambrose Phillips. Touched by the poetry of Sappho, his cold, torpid genius, like the Theban stone smitten by the day-beam, returns a strain somewhat feebly akin to her own.

"Blest as the immortal gods he be,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast,
For while I gazed, in transports tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed, the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame,
O'er my dim eyes, a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horror thrilled,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sank and died away."

"Admirable as this ode is," says a quaint, old annotator, "I am resolved not to touch it. True I was once enamoured of Sappho, but the reprobate, and her compotator (Anacreon) having well-nigh ruined me, expect not here a syllable in even seeming commendation of either her or her works, than which, in Greece, nothing was deemed more elegant, spirited or graceful." So moralizes Tanaquillus Faber; with a pertinence for which, we fear, he is indebted much less to Sappho and her imaginary compotator, than to the Cyprus wherewith he was wont, both as a classic and a lover, to enliven the tedium of his erudite vigils. At least, the few surviving strains of her lyre, if, as he would seem to insinuate, inspired by the grape, are as little redolent of it, as were probably the myrtles, consecrated to Erato, of the wine-moistened earth in which they were set, at a Paphian banquet.

The Greek and Roman writers seem to have regarded her as a female Homer. A volume of love-poems is the last we should expect to see consulted for its medical lore. Yet Plutarch tells us, that the study of her works enabled Erasistratus, the physician, to detect, under a pretended, the real malady of Prince Antiochus, so violent and deep-seated a passion for his youthful mother-in-law, Stratonice, that his father, with a readiness which doubtless surprised everybody but himself, permitted him to wed her. The same writer, alluding to the impassioned spirit of her lyrics, says, they breathe fire emitted from her heart. Horace has a similar thought:

"Still breathe of love the soul, the fire,
That warmed Æolian Sappho's heart;
The passion spoken through her lyre,
Though mute its tones, will not depart."

We are not, however, to suppose that this spirit, like the tones of an instrument of many strings, vibrated by an unvaried impulse, was awakened and sustained by subjects of love only. Longinus cites the ode translated by Phillips, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, her Hymn to Venus, as admirable illustrations of many of the higher principles of composition. Thevet remarks that Plato admired, not only the inventive talent and spirit which her poetry exhibits, but the profound truth. Strabo calls her,

"A kind of miracle,"

and says that, in poetic genius, no woman was ever known even to approach her. Ovid speaks of her fame as destined to be universal. Demetrius Phalereus calls her "The Divine" and admires the *delicacy* with which she treats of subjects of *love*. Other ancient writers have termed her, in what sense will presently appear, "The beautiful." She, perhaps, excelled no less as a singer and a lyrist than as a poet. She invented the musical mode termed the Mixolydian, the execution of which, to please, required a voice of great sweetness, clearness and flexibility, when modulated to a very high scale, in which respect her own (as its powers doubtless suggested the mode,) is supposed to have surpassed that of any other singer of her time. We are not greatly grieved to learn that the effects of her "Sydian measures," were such as to induce Plato to exclude them from his Republic, a Eutopia in which its projector had soon died of a confirmed melancholy.

Her most distinguished, though little favored admirer, was her countryman Alcæus, the eminent lyric poet; "consors," as Ovid makes her term him, "patrisque lyræque." Aristotle cites from his poems a kind of colloquial, epigrammatic fragment, the points of which may be thus expressed.

"ALCÆUS.
Loved one, in my breast there dwell
Thoughts I would but fear to tell.

SAPPHO.

Lover, you have cause to fear
For your eyes betray and check
Thoughts which I must blush to hear,
Thoughts which you should blush to speak.

In this relic, doubtless, we have the substance of a real dialogue. In another fragment of this poet, found in Hephæstion, he terms her, "The chaste;" an epithet which, as it was not applied ironically, must, in his judgment, have been deserved. According to Madame Scuderi, whose authority, where matters of love and not of fact are concerned, we are not disposed to question. Sappho was, not only contemporary with, but enamoured of Anacreon. If so, we highly recommend the resolution of the penitent Tanaguius, to eschew all further intercourse with one of her suspectedly petulant habits. Possibly Madame Scuderi had her eye on two Greek fragments, one purporting to be part of an ode addressed by Anacreon to Sappho, and the other of her reply. They are thus translated, or rather paraphrased, by Moore.

"Spirit of love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze in golden twine,
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light thy votary shroud,
And on those wings that sparkling play.
Waft, O, waft me, hence away!
Love, my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury:
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe,
Smiles at the hoar and silver hues
That time upon my forehead strews—
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms
In store, for younger, happier arms."

"O, muse! that sitest on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian Sage is taught by thee.
But goddess, from thy throne of gold
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told
He lately learned and sung to me."

Unluckily, according to a high authority, Sappho, if alive when the locks of the "Teian Sage" were "hoar" must, at the lowest, reasonable computation, have been in her hundred and fifty-fifth year. No approved system of chronology places an interval of less than sixty years between the times at which they flourished.

Ovid insinuates that, though the treatment she received from her young countrywomen was such as to induce her forever to renounce their friendship and even society, she had little cause to complain of it, however severe.

Possibly, she may have represented herself as an object of their unmerited persecution, but his ambition was to write what would be read, not for its truth but its poetry, which his refined but dissolute admirers were little likely to censure for any allusion to her habits or adventures as disreputable, whether real or imaginary. The supposition, therefore, that he doubtless depicted her character and conduct as he found them exhibited in her writings, or, rather, that his epistle of "Sappho to Phao" is a version or, at least, a close imitation of some composition of her own,

is entitled to no more respect than if predicated of his epistle of "Helen to Paris." If, however, really indebted to her for that matchless picture on unrequited disappointed passion, he has found a superior where he is commonly thought not to have an equal.

Horace terms her "The Masculine," but, according to Ausonius, in the sense of courageous:

And Sappho, wounded by the Lesbian dart,
Content with life, if so with love, to part,
Bold from despair, now meditates the leap
From dread Leucate's tempest-beaten steep.

Thevet and Porphyrio think the word refers to the "masculine" character of her studies, rather, perhaps, to that of her intellect. Horace, indeed, for some reason not expressed, makes her complain of her young countrywomen. This, however, he may have done, and in neither her poems nor her history met with anything which implied that she was deservedly an object of their dislike, or, possibly like others, he mistook her for a very different person of her name and country. Her youthful persecutors, if such they were, may have been the pupils of some rival lyricist, or the disaffected among her own. It would be difficult to name an eminent Greek, male or female, who was not undeservedly the object of public vituperation.

The character and adventures of Phao, if not, as some have supposed, a mere dramatic fiction, are partially veiled by fable. On the authority of three writers, the earliest by at least three centuries his junior, we shall suppose him to have been a sailor, or rather a boatman of Mitylene. To them, chiefly, we are likewise indebted for the rest of his story, which, so far as it respects his reputed connection with Sappho, the poetess, we regard as wholly fictitious. According to Athenæus, *he was beloved by Sappho of Eresus*, whose passion, if the accounts of both of them are to be credited, he was very likely to return. In an old play, by John Lily, "The Euphuist," he is introduced as Phao, a ferryman, with the following characteristic and, to us, quaintly beautiful monologue: "Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet a freeman, possessing for riches, content, and for honors, quiet. Who climbeth standeth on glass and falleth on thorn. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sappho to sway the sceptre in her brave court. *Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upwards, and revenge barketh only at stars.* Thine angle is ready when thine oar is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood by policy. Oh, sweet life! seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage."

Having, we are informed, conveyed Venus, free of charge, from Chios, under the semblance of a woman whose apparent age and poverty he commiserated, she, from gratitude, presented him a vase of ointment, the virtues of which not only restored his youth, but endowed it with a beauty which fired the hearts of all the women of Mitylene. In a dialogue of Lucian, "Did you," inquires Simylus, "like Phaon, convey Venus from Chios, that she gratified your wish to be once more young and admired for your comeliness?" The popular belief that some remarkable change which his bodily powers and appearance underwent, was the effect of a gift of Venus, disguised in the manner above described, had, doubtless, more to do in rendering him an object of public and, therefore, female admiration, than the change itself. His vocation considered, he could hardly have been greatly enamored of the poetry or conversation of Sappho, and her person, if correctly represented, was not likely to beget in an admirer, even of the most intellectual tastes and habits, an affection more than platonic. She had long been a widow, had borne her husband a daughter, and, in a climate where the more enduring traits of female beauty seldom survive the period of youth, must have, in a great measure, lost the few she probably ever possessed of the frailer but more delicate. There is extant what purports to be a fragment of one of her letters, in which she objects to marrying a youthful suitor, by reason of the difference in their ages. According to Ovid, her pretensions to personal attractions were so very questionable, that he makes her, as a lenitive to Phaon's aversion, urge only, what he doubtless had no great respect for, the more enduring claims of genius and celebrity.

The charms of beauty and of youth are thine,
The Muse's gifts, more lasting charms, are mine;
Stinted my stature, yet the voice of fame
To earth's remotest limit bears my name;
Brown, like Cepheia's, my face, yet her
To brightest dames young Perseus could prefer.

Maximus Tyrius coincides with Ovid in representing her complexion as dark and her figure as diminutive, and remarks that Plato (rather Socrates through him) in terming her beautiful, refers merely to the merits of her poetry. Madame Lefevre reluctantly admits that she was a plain-looking brunette, but adds, on what authority we know not, that she was of the middle stature and remarkable for an eye of great brilliancy and sprightliness. Alceus, in the fragment before cited from Hephæstion, terms her "dark-haired" and "sweet-smiling." She is called "The beautiful," by Athenæus, Plutarch, and the Emperor Julian, but, doubtless, only in the Socratic sense. At least, in alluding to a woman of her intellectual celebrity, they were not likely to distinguish her by an epithet expressive merely of corporeal qualities, however

remarkable. Ovid implies that Phaon abandoned her and retired to Sicily. According to Madame Lefevre, she not only followed him to that island, but, while residing there, composed many of her more admired pieces, particularly her Hymn to Venus. "Madame Dacier," says Addison, "observes there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short, transient visit, which she intended to make her." The sense, if not the poetry, of the passage to which he refers, may be thus rendered:

Swiftly thy car the sparrows drew,
As to my tower they downward flew,
I saw their pinions quickly move,
For errands please them best of love;
The bower once reached, they soon regained
Their airy path, while you remained.

Other writers, with more respect for credibility as well as herself, suppose she withdrew to Sicily, to escape the persecution of her countrywomen. If she instituted a school of music at Mitylene, her genius and reputation, in a country where that art was so generally cultivated, and not unfrequently taught by persons, eminently qualified, of her sex, must have provoked the envy and encountered the opposition of many competitors, of no inconsiderable share of popularity and influence. In her impassioned temperament, state of widowhood, and the erratic character of many of her compositions, was an ever opportune and ample subject for the tongue, whether of private or of party malevolence. The honors, however, to which we shall presently allude, were not of a class which either Greek or Roman admiration was wont publicly to confer, from a regard to the claims solely of genius and celebrity. Except we confound her person with that of Sappho of Eresus, there is no reason to suppose she was ever in Sicily, or out of her native island.

At length, we are told, from despair of otherwise extinguishing a passion which the coldness of Phaon served rather to aggravate than allay, she resolved to test the reputed virtues of what was termed "The Lover's Leap;" a kind of half pious, half remedial experiment, not unlike the modern practice of submersion, for the cure of certain refractory ailments, in the waters of a Saint's well. It consisted in leaping from the top of Leucate, a promontory of Acarnania, into the sea. The effect, as in the case of Deucalion and Pyrrha, recorded by Ovid, is said to have been, in one respect, an immediate interchange of the mental conditions of the patients and the objects of their passion. In the former desire was supplanted by aversion, in the latter aversion by desire.

"Deucalion once, with hopeless fury burned,
In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorned,
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain."

"Whether or not," says Addison, "the fright they had been in, or the resolution which could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises they received in their fall, banished all the sentiments of love and gave their spirits another turn;—those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion." We find in Photius, a long account of persons whom this experiment had cured. He omits the name of Sappho. The origin of this singular practice is traced by a writer, whose authority he cites, to the following traditional adventure:

Venus, weary of her unrequited love for Adonis, was conducted by Apollo to the rock of Leucate, and bidden to leap from it into the sea. Having experienced the desired effect, the extinction of her passion, and being curious to learn the cause, she was told by him he had observed that Jupiter was in the habit of frequenting the place and sitting there, to abate the violence of his passion for Juno. He was doubtless then a bachelor.

It was customary, on the annual recurrence of the festival of Apollo, to throw a criminal from this rock, with a view to avert all impending calamities. To break the violence of his fall, the wings of birds and sometimes the birds themselves were attached to him, and persons in boats were stationed below, to prevent, by their interposition, his too rapid descent, and rescue him from the water. If he survived the trial, he was only banished. There is some reason to think that the leap, was a kind of popular exhibition, periodically made by a class of persons trained and hired, like gladiators, for that purpose.

Whether or not Sappho was supposed to have survived the experiment, does not satisfactorily appear, but, as no act of her life, as subsequent to that reputed event, is recorded, we may reasonably conclude, that, if ever performed by her, it was the last. Ovid makes her consecrate her lyre, with an inscription, in the neighboring temple of that deity, to Apollo.

The account of writers of an age, several centuries subsequent to her own, especially, as they conflict with others of at least equal authority,

will hardly justify the inference, that a woman the most admired, honored and celebrated at any period, for her mental accomplishments, the great national poetess of the Greeks, became, though a mother and probably past the flower of her life, desperately enamored of an obscure, illiterate boatman, however in form and feature, by a gift of Venus, preternaturally endowed: much less, that she followed him, a widow "bewitched," about the world, and, at length, to extinguish as ungovernable though unrequited passion, had recourse to an experiment commonly fatal and founded on a traditional and ridiculous superstition. All this, however, is perfectly credible of her countrywoman, as described by Athenæus and Ælian, the Sappho of Eresus. The restored youth and beauty of Phaon, like those of Tithonus, were not immortal. We learn from Ælian, that his love for a Sicilian woman, terminated in an adventure, the discovery of which led to his assassination. According to a very suspicious authority, that of two comic writers, he caused a temple, dedicated to Venus, to be built at Leucate, whence "a woman" enamored of him had cast herself into the sea.

Statues were erected to Sappho, after her death, and coins stamped with her image. Cicero accuses Verres of having purloined a celebrated statue of her from the Prytaneum at Syracuse. There was another of Porphyry at Rome, and, a third at Athens. Reland says, that medals of her, bearing the inscription, "The Mitylenians," were in his time extant; and Thevet, that he had copied a head of her on a coin which he brought from Lesbos. Pliny speaks of a picture of her by Leo, and Aristotle remarks, that honors were paid her by the inhabitants of Mitylene. We remember seeing at that city, an antique relief, of which the exquisite, though in some parts nearly obliterated sculpture, is supposed to represent her crowned with myrtle and holding a lyre struck by Minerva. The Greeks of her native island still regard her fame as its brightest ornament, and her poetry, music, and reputed adventures, are a favorite subject of their songs, tales and traditions.

SONG.

I hide a grief within my soul
That only death can drive away,
While on the circling seasons roll,
That sorrow on my lips will prey;
The moon again will fill her horn,
The night, each faded star restore,
But joy to one, like me, forlorn,
Can come back never more.

I will not to the world unveil
The dreary source of all my woe
Ah! better ease the heart in mail,
And bide the desolating blow.

Enough, that I have known the worst,
That happiness for me is o'er,
And hopes, that I too fondly nursed,
Are crushed for ever more.

I hear a music in my dreams
That turns to discord when I wake;
Though night may bring Elysian gleams,
They pale when day begins to break.
The moon again will fill her horn,
The night each faded star restore;
But joy to one, like me, forlorn,
Can come back never more.

W. H. C. Hosmer.

Chat-Chat

WITH OUR READERS, FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THERE are very many persons who wish above all things to see American literature rendered independent of foreign competition. They are anxious to see our native writers encouraged, and their productions become popular. Does it ever occur to these good people that thousands of them are doing all in their power to stifle American authorship and prevent its acquiring a subsistence? Such is the fact. No one can deny that "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE" has been the friend of American talent—that it has fostered rising genius, rewarded writers of established merit and stimulated the growth of a national literature. No one should call himself the friend of native talent who neglects to patronize "Graham," and wastes his money on any periodical which is but the rehash of English Magazines and books. And now such of our patrons as appreciate the truth of our remarks, and desire to show that they do so, cannot find a better method than to get their friends interested in the cause. We do not think we can mistake the feeling which is abroad in our country on this subject, and our friends may rest assured that upon such a basis thousands of good clubs might easily be gotten up.

OLD King Lear, in the play, when he was out in the storm, said in his apostrophe to the rain, wind, thunder and lightning:

"You owe me no subscription."

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says he wishes he could say as much to all his subscribers. We wish so too in respect to some of ours. We have now on our books some fifteen thousand dollars of debts for subscription, which it would be a great relief to us to collect. For the information of some of our patrons we are obliged to say that our Magazine is not published gratis. Paper, ink, press-work, engraving, steel plates, literature and composition, all must be paid for, to say nothing of other expenses. Cannot our friends oblige us by settling their back bills. We want to begin afresh, and with a good start we will give you so much better a Magazine, that you will feel rejoiced at having paid your bills. Now is the time to subscribe for the New Volume!

WE perceive that the title of "Ned Buntline's Own" has been altered to the "Quaker City." This change is decidedly an improvement, and if Ned Buntline himself would follow suit and devote his talents to more elevated literature than he has for the last few years, we should regard it with much pleasure. As a writer of nautical tales and sketches, he long ago distinguished himself in the American Magazines, but we are constrained to say, and we feel it a duty to utter it however disagreeable it may be to Ned to read it, that his later efforts have been all unworthy of his early fame. Since he revived his paper in Philadelphia we have thought we perceived indications of a change for the better. The alteration of the title assures us that we were not mistaken.

75

OUR kind friends of the Newspaper press are certainly entitled to our warmest thanks for the gracious welcome they have accorded to the new publishers of the Magazine. They may rest assured that we feel duly grateful for their very numerous favors, and that we shall be glad to return the obligation in kind as the editors may designate. The earnest desire they all seem to feel for the success of Graham's Magazine as the steady friend of the better class of American literature, is truly flattering and serves to stimulate us to renewed exertions to deserve success.

IT is generally believed that the Fashions change every month or, at least, every season. Magazines compete with each other, or profess to do so, in furnishing the latest and most correct intelligence of the variations of costume. Some of the Magazines however, think this entirely unnecessary, and find it much easier and cheaper to buy up old fashion plates, wood cuts and patterns to use again. We had supposed that our friend Godey would be above such things, yet his June Number contained a large wood engraving of children's fashions, which was a *fac simile* of one that appeared in Graham's Magazine last winter. When we gave it, the fashions were correct and adapted to the season, but as applied to summer they are absurd. This single instance ought to suffice to show how far ahead of its competitors our own Magazine is and always has been.

WE have on hand several Serial Tales of considerable length, which have been lying by us awaiting a place in the pages of our Magazine. During the next year we shall endeavor to make use of them, but due notice shall be given beforehand of the commencement, and each will be ended in the volume with which it begins. During the present volume it is not our intention to present any story or article which will not be complete in the single number. With the first number of the coming year we shall commence the publication of a novellette to be completed in six numbers. It is by an American Authoress of much distinction, but aside from that, the incidents are full of interest and will excite great attention. No one need doubt of the completion of the story in the volume. We have the whole of the manuscript in our possession, as we shall hereafter of any story of which we may commence the publication. Those of our readers who desire to read a really interesting story should not neglect to subscribe for the coming year. We have many other novelties in store, and the Magazine for 1857 will be abundantly replete with variety and entertainment.

PERSONS writing on business should know that postage stamps cost one, three and ten cents each, according to the distance for which they are used. They must always enclose a stamp for the return letter instead of putting us to the expense of postage as well as the trouble of writing answers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mrs. E. D. C., of Montreal, is informed that it is not our purpose to engage any "regular" correspondents whose productions we shall be obliged to give place to. We must have the liberty of choice. The same answer will serve for Miss M. H. B., of Virginia, and many other ladies and gentlemen of literary ability, who have written to us on this subject.

In the matter of Poetry, our correspondents must not be impatient. We have a large stock of good verse on hand, and no great amount of space to spare for it, but we shall endeavor to clear our table drawer in the course of the next volume, to which therefore, our poetical friends must pay attention, so as not to be writing letters to us unnecessarily. The best way is to subscribe for the Magazine regularly by the year, and not depend upon the receipt of transient copies. We receive a great deal which shows the writers to have talent enough to be able to do better, much that is afflicted with halting lines or defective grammar. And there is much else to which we cannot lay either of these charges and yet are not pleased with.

In our next number we shall publish an interesting story called "The Omen," by Miss L. S. Goodwin, author of "The Mirror Sisters."

Persons of classical taste, should read Mr. Hill's capital article "Traces of Sappho," contained in this number. The original contained the Latin of all the quotations from the old Latin poets, but we have taken the liberty to omit it and to give merely the quoted English version. These learned quotations in other languages are a great drawback to the most valuable portions of literature, and though it is probable that Mr. Hill may not relish the liberty we have taken with his article, yet we think that the general mass of readers will be pleased the better. We shall in all cases exercise our own judgment in pruning, altering or amending the matter prepared for the Magazine, as we have much better opportunities of knowing the public taste than the writers whose productions we use.

We have received an interesting story by Ann W. Curtis, author of "The Literary Leviathan," and will give it an early publication.

Editorial Patch-work.

Our friend Webb, of the *Pennsylvanian*, is one of these writers whose style is so marked and peculiar, as always to attract and interest the reader, no matter what be the subject to which he devotes himself. There is nothing mediocre or every dayish about the *Pennsylvanian* under his regime. It is sure to be read with a relish, and after all that is the true aim of newspapers. Of a morning we sit down to read the effusions of our friend Webb, quite confident that no matter how severe may be his denunciations of political opponents, it will be done up in so thoroughly classical a dress, and interlarded with such apt illustrations from ancient and modern literature, as to take off the edge of the intensification. Now here just before us, as we write, lays a *Pennsylvanian*, and though we have not read it, we feel quite sure that it contains something interesting. The principal article is on local politics, and we extract from it the following capital retrieve of the life, character, public course and death of Pericles:—

"When PERICLES was charged by the citizens of Athens with wasting the public revenues, he pointed to the palaces and statues he had constructed with the funds, to adorn and give character to their city, in justification of his course, and proudly offered to bear the cost himself to silence their murmurs. His plea for the expenditure was considered sufficient by the people, and while his generosity was spared, his power was preserved. In exchange for their money, he had given them those noble specimens of stately architecture, which have stood as types of perfection for more than two thousand years, and will serve as models, while the mind has conceptions of the beautiful. If he exhausted the treasury to sustain himself and

party, the Athenians had the consolation of knowing that the grandeur of their city was enhanced by the temple of PALLAS, and the importance of their name secured. Extravagant as was his administration, yet wastefulness had no part in his system. If he bribed the demagogues of Athens to sustain his power, he neither disgraced himself nor his city by elevating them to office. He was a worthy successor of the virtuous and gifted CIMON, and for forty years, by the irresistible power of his eloquence, the dignity of his manners, and personal merit, was able to rule the most intelligent city in the world, at an important period of its eventful history. In the midst of his more than regal splendor, and with the Peloponnesian war bearing heavily upon the treasury, he kept the finances of Athens in a healthy condition. He never yielded his judgment to the errors of the masses, nor flattered their vanity by fulsome adulation. In their misfortunes, he inspired the people with confidence, and stimulated them to imitate his own noble example. Great in the practical resources of his intellect, he was worthy to be the Chief of a City like Athens. While he held the reins of Government, no combination of circumstances could destroy the vigor of his administration, nor mar the prosperity of the city. He was a truly great man, and all his conceptions partook of his innate greatness. But he was succeeded in power by one of those brilliant geniuses, whose minds sparkle with jewels, yet produce nothing but evil results. PERICLES' death raised ALCEBIADES to authority, and Athens was ruined. The insinuating eloquence of the latter, aided by his great personal beauty, attracted much admiration, but gave him no fast hold

on the public heart. All his schemes were bold, but impracticable, and the ruin of his city brought infamy upon himself. Her finances were soon in complete disorder, and Athens lay at the feet of the proud Macedemonians."

If our political strifes were all conducted in this classical style, how much more readable and refreshing would the political newspapers be? The only regret we have in reading this article is, that unfortunately there is no one whom Pericles is compared with here in Philadelphia, and though we would not have missed that eulogy upon his career, we must still wonder at the meaning of it. We have no Latin "laying about loose," or else we would here finish by a quotation. But Webb can doubtless do justice to the effervescence of our feelings by some passage from Horace or Virgil, or somebody else among the mummies of the past.

In our youthful days we attended a High School for boys, which was blessed with six or seven Professors, under whose instructions we were daily stuffed from nine o'clock, A. M., until three, P. M., with anatomy, history, mathematics, syntax, rhetoric, elocution, composition, astronomy, Latin, French, and we know not how many other branches of polite learning. Among the professors, however, there was one, an excellent man, but as dry as the bones in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, who lectured one hour every day on moral philosophy. This turn on that topic came the very last hour of the session, when we were all exhausted with other labors and hungry for our dinners. Nevertheless, we were obliged to listen to his remarks, and that without the drift of them. One day after we had been bored in this way for the usual philosophy, a boy who sat near us, drew a long breath as the lecture ended, and said as though to himself, and yet so loud that in the stillness it was heard all over the room, "You don't say so." Such a burst of laughter as went up from all sides at this completely dumbfounded the utterer of the words. In his absence of mind he had unconsciously said aloud what he had intended only for himself. "Yes, I do say so," replied the lecturer, angrily, "and I say further, that you must stay in school an hour after the rest of the boys have gone, for your impertinence."

ILLITERATE men are very prone to make a show of learning by parading borrowed quotations. This is especially true of phrases from foreign languages. In the last City Council of Philadelphia, there was one gentleman of this kind, who though a very useful man in many ways in that body, was an inveterate speechmaker. During one of the meetings a very excited debate arose on some railroad question, in the course of which he made a severe attack upon another member, charging him with being "the *prima donna* of the whole affair." A laugh here greeted his ears, whereupon he exclaimed, "Gentlemen excuse my *Latin*—I don't often use it."

A YOUNG American lady being asked by a politician, which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

ONE of the Philadelphia morning papers has an exceedingly poetical reporter, whose items occasionally are quite fanciful. On the morning of the first of May, he had an article in the paper redolent of all the delightful things associated with the name of the vernal seasons. The last day of April, when he wrote this, was a glorious, balmy, beautiful day—one just calculated to make our poetical friend feel in love with life and nature. But the next day, the May day for which he had written, came forth a dull, rainy, heavy, cloudy, dark, disagreeable, chilly sort of day; full of gloom and rheumatic visitations. His advice to his readers to join eagerly in the sports was "all in my eye," and, as he sat in the editorial sanctum the next morning, he could not refrain from invoking a left-handed blessing on the clerk of the weather for his perverse habit of spoiling his articles. To mend the matter, some subscriber, with a sharp apprehension of such jokes, sent to the office a note, advising the gentleman who did up the city items to be a little more careful in future, and not allow his articles to grate so harshly on the feelings of his readers. It was bad enough, he said, to put up with the weather, without having the agony piled on in that way. The reporter would have liked to kick that fellow, but as he was not within reach he took an old hat and kicked it out of the back door instead. Our poetical friend is still very sweet on "the impudence of subscribers," and he observes that if the performance did not take place as he had described, the fault lay "entirely in the department of weather," a department which he says, has for five or six months past been sadly out of order. The misfortune is, that the last city election did not provide for a change in it, instead of paying so much attention to the Commissioners of Highways.

THE District Court in Philadelphia is held in the second story of the Court House, corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets. One day as an old lawyer, celebrated for his waggery, was standing alone thoughtfully at the top of the stairway, a young attorney, afflicted with a remarkably disagreeable breath, came running up stairs in a great hurry. Pausing at the top, he exclaimed "Oh! dear, Mr. ———, I've lost my breath." "Have you," said the wag; "Then my dear fellow, allow me to congratulate you."

In the Boston Police Court, Justice Rogers has reversed all former precedent, and decided that umbrellas are property. A forlorn fellow, who looked as though he had been out in the rain since the flood, was arraigned for stealing an umbrella. After hearing the evidence, Justice Rogers decided that umbrellas are legal and tangible property, and fined the fellow \$6 and costs for his iniquity. Let takers of umbrellas cut this out and paste it on their spectacles.

THERE is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenious, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies and everything. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, girls and coquettes!

In an out of the way corner of Philadelphia county, on one of those long rambling country roads, which seem the very essence of retirement, lives Farmer Burns, an honest old soul but not over gifted with intelligence. Philadelphia is an awful big city, twenty-one miles long by we know not how many wide. Burns had to vote for Mayor, and a great many other officers, which puzzled him exceedingly. Just before the last election he sat down to look at the party tickets. "What a confounded mess this here is," said he. "Who is this Dick Vaux, and this Hen Moore what's up for Mayor? I wonder if Hen's any relation to Phil More that's up for President? The Moores must be gettin' up in the world." "Mr. Moore," exclaimed the farmer's simpering, blue-eyed, peesy-starch daughter, "Oh! don't you know him; he wrote 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and 'Lallor Rook,' and a whole lot of pretty things." The last we heard of the farmer he was wondering how Moore came to be on the Native ticket, when he was born in Ireland.

The law authorizing the arrest of intoxicated persons in the street, is very hard on sundry weak-headed gentlemen who are accustomed to have an occasional "spree." One of these cases, "comprehended" by a policeman one rainy night recently, in Philadelphia, full of brandy punch and music; so full, in fact, that he had not got over it the next morning when he was taken before the Mayor.—"How's this, sir," said the magistrate. "Not sober yet." "Sober," was the reply, as he straightened himself up with drunken dignity. "Who says I'm not sober." "Why you can't walk a straight line," said the Mayor; "there, try to walk along that seam in the floor." Buttoning up his coat with determination, the toper started to try it, but he doubled over the line several times. At last, he exclaimed, "You know it ain't a fair shake; the floor is n't level."

A VIENNA journal states that the recent appearance of the Sultan at the balls of the English and French embassies was but preliminary to more extended visits. He intends paying his respects, in person, to his illustrious Allies in Vienna, Paris, and London, to thank them for the generous and disinterested aid rendered him within the last three years. The arrangements for the journey are secretly made. A flotilla of three Turkish steam frigates and six steamers of the Allied fleets will accompany his Majesty to Marseilles, from whence he will proceed to Turin, and from thence to Paris and London. He will return to Constantinople, via Vienna, and the Danubian principalities. His suite will consist of Admiral Achmet Pacha, the Mushier Ismael Pacha, and ten other dignitaries of the Empire.

Now that the warm weather is at hand which invites to cat-naps, siestas and luxurious loungings after dinner, it is of the first importance to know that nothing is more clearly established in the physiology of man than sleep, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the ex-

penditure the brain withers; this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death, by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs. Thus it is, also, that those who are starved become insane before death; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three: 1st. Those who think most, who do most brain-work, require most sleep. 2d. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. 3d. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake of themselves, and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a judge for himself. Great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given.

JACOB BROWN, had a little son named Rudolph, which he shortened familiarly into Rudy. Jacob was fond of taking Rudy out walking with him, and as Jacob's legs were very long and Rudy's very short, the latter got tired much sooner than the former, the more especially as Jacob did not reflect that the walks which suited him did not suit Rudy's legs. Walking in this way along a rough lane, where the unevenness of the ground made the work very fatiguing, Jacob and Rudy passed a dead tree, on the topmost branches of which sat a crow, crying, "caw! caw! caw!" Rudy's ears, however, interpreted it into "walk! walk! walk!" as his ideas were in that direction, and at length, he said "Papa, ain't that a naughty bird. It says walk! walk! walk! when I'm so tired."

THERE was impressive compactness, and sad truthfulness, in the Menominee Chief, Grisly Bear's critical judgment upon the stone groups in the rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington. Turning to the eastern door-way, over which there is a representation of the Landing of the Pilgrims, he said, "There, Ingen give white man corn; to the north, to the representation of Penn's Treaty, "There, Ingen give em lands;" and to the west, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Capt. Smith, "There, Ingen save em life;" and lastly, to the south, where the pioneer, Daniel Boone, plunges his knife into the breast of the red man, while his foot rests on the body of another—"and there white man kill Ingen."

A GENTLEMAN once wrote to a lady whom he had offended by his dilatoriness, and for a long time refused to speak to him. His letter was earnest in supplication for forgiveness. It concluded with—"One word from your lips will make me happy. When and where will you speak it?" Her answer was: "Next Wednesday, at the altar." To which he sent the following reply: "I will be there!"

Pearls from the Waters of Sentiment.

BOY LOVE.—One of the queerest and funniest things to think of in after life, is boy love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manly ways. He casts side glances at the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church, or meeting; carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and how very soon, he *falls* in love; yes, *falls* is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy delirious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet, blended somehow inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and annoints for a beard. He quotes poetry, in which "love" and "dove" and "heart" and "dart" peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine effluvia, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most sublime ecstasies by a smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown.

He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There was never such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolator! He is the very type of magnanimity and self-abnegation. Wealth! he despises the grovelling thought. Poverty, with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophises as the first of all earthly blessings; and "love in a cottage, with water and crust," is his *beau idéal* paradise of dainty delights.

He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water; undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka; swim storm-tossed oceans; scale impassable mountains, and face legions of bayonets, but for one sweet smile from her dear lips. He doates upon a flower she casts away. He cherishes her glove a little worn in the fingers—next his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off steam. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap—a fitting medium for his insanity. He scornfully deprecates the attention of other boys of his own age; cuts Peter Thibbets dead because he said that the adorable Angelina had carrotty hair; and passes Harry Bell contemptuously for daring to compare "that gawkey Mary Jane" with his incomparable Angelina.

Happy! happy! foolish boy-love! with its hopes, and its fears; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart burnings; its solemn ludicrousness and its intensely prosaic termination.

WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS?—"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

It is said to be a property of the tree-frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn, it

is commonly of a very dark green. If found on a white oak, it has a color peculiar to that tree. Just so it is with men. Tell me whom you prefer and choose as you are. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you seek to be with the profane. In your heart you are like them. Are jesters or buffoons your choice friends? He who laughs at folly is himself a fool, and perhaps a very stupid one, too. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest seat among them? Then you have already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way and seek to be a companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

UGLY OBJECTS.—Constable remarked to a lady, who, looking at an engraving of a house, called it an ugly thing: "No, madam, there is nothing ugly; I never saw an ugly thing in my life: for, let the form of an object be as it may—light, shade, and perfection will always make it beautiful. It is perspective which improves the form of this."

SIR WALTER SCOTT and Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, their's is the history of thousands.

WOMEN, however lovely they may be in person, rarely excite true admiration, if they are ignorant of conversing well.

A MAN without care, is very seldom without trouble.

EVERY vice fights against nature.

AN exchange says:—"How young men consent to loaf about the corners as they do, when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for sixpence, is really surprising."

MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

If you want enemies, excel others—if you want friends, let them excel you; in other words, give them the preference—occupying the highest seat.

He that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him, does to his father's care.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are matters of victory.

INSULTS, says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money, we can't hinder them being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

Men are not attracted by highly accomplished women so much as by truly natural and artless women—women sufficiently well educated to be able to write and speak accurately, and sufficiently childish not to despise common things.

What men want, is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will.

Oddities.

PAINTED DOGS.—A recent traveler in South America, who accompanied a number of Jumnas on a tapir hunt, says that, besides the hunters, their party was composed of women and boys of the village, together with a score or two of dogs. Of the latter he says: "These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the Jumnas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were of yellow, others blue, others mottled with a variety of tints. What could it mean? But I know well enough. The dogs had been dyed. Yea, it is a custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coats of their dogs with brilliant colors, obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huito, the yellow roca, and the blue of the white indigo. The light grey, often white hair of these animals favors the staining process, and the effect produced pleases the eye of their savage masters; on my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned the curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, orange, and purple dogs."

IVORY.—But few ladies, as they twirl their fans, or run their fingers over the keys of a piano, are aware of the manner in which this article is procured, the quantities of it which are annually sold, and the number of noble animals which are yearly slain for the purpose of supplying the constantly increasing demand. Mr. Dalton, a celebrated Sheffield manufacturer, estimates that the annual consumption of ivory in the town of Sheffield alone, is about one hundred and eight tons, equal in value to \$30,000, and requiring the labor of 500 persons to work it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up this amount of ivory is 45,000; and according to this the number of elephants slaughtered every year for the supply of the Sheffield market is 25,000. But supposing some tusks to be cast, and some animals to have died a natural death, it may fairly be estimated that 18,000 are killed for that purpose.

DE QUINCEY THE OPIUM EATER. It is related as an instance of DE QUINCEY's carelessness in money matters, that, having been once arrested for a debt of twenty pounds, in Edinburgh, he was dragged to jail, where he remained for two weeks. During the period of his incarceration his daughter frequently visited him, and one day brought him a new waistcoat, the one he then wore being somewhat shabby. After DE QUINCEY had taken off his old vest, his daughter carelessly examining the pockets discovered a bank note for thirty pounds, of the existence of which her father had no knowledge whatever, and with which, of course, the twenty-pound debt was instantly discharged. DE QUINCEY, when he writes, flings each sheet, as soon as finished, over his shoulder, and never sees them again. His daughters

gather up the scattered leaves, arrange and correct them and hawk them amongst the magazine editors for sale. For a long time DE QUINCEY's nervousness from opium was so great that he was obliged to walk fourteen miles a day, in order to procure two hours sleep at night. The way in which this was accomplished was curious. The dreamer had a mile measured on a neighboring road, and at one extremity placed a heap of seven stones. When the journey was to commence, DE QUINCEY took up a stone and carried it to the other end of the mile, then returned for another, until the pile was exhausted. This necessity of carrying the stones prevented DE QUINCEY from forgetting the number of miles he had walked, which would, otherwise, be highly probable.

REMARKABLE CASE.—The Rockingham Advertiser states that a respectable farmer named Samuel Henly, residing in that county, has totally abstained from food for *fifty-seven days*! and he may yet survive for several days. For some time he has been in a rather melancholy mood, and about two months ago he refused to eat, and since that time has not taken anything except water, and strange to say, he is still alive though reduced to a mere skeleton. Neither physicians nor friends can induce him to take any nourishment. He declares he can swallow nothing, though he does every now and then take a drink of water. He will doubtless persist in this delusion until he starves to death.

THE DANGER OF MODELLING IN WAX.—Few persons, especially, perhaps, of the many young ladies who are now practising the very pleasing art of modelling fruit, flowers, etc., at all suspect the danger in which they are placed from the poisonous nature of the coloring matter of the wax which they handle so unsuspectingly. The white wax, for instance, contains white lead; the green, copper; the yellow, chrome yellow; the orange, chrome yellow and vermilion—strong poisons all; while many other kinds of wax are equally poisonous, and therefore dangerous. Mr. Bally, an English modeller in wax, has been at times completely paralysed, and is now, and has long been, very nearly so, especially in the hands and arms; and he has also been afflicted with extensive ulceration of the throat, and has almost totally lost his voice. Both himself and his medical adviser, after a long attention to his symptoms, are satisfied that the primary cause of his affliction is the extent to which the subtle poisons in the wax with which he has worked have been absorbed into his system through the pores of his hands; while the disease has been generally strengthened, and one part of it accounted for, by the occasional application of his fingers to his lips while at work. Mr. Bally says that he has known several cases in which young ladies have been attacked with partial paralysis of the hands and arms after having devoted some time to the practice of modelling; but at the time he had no suspicion of the cause.

Smile Extractors.

UNPLEASANT BED-FELLOWS.—Many years ago, a young man, twenty-one years of age, and who I will call Daniel, was hired to work on a farm by Mr. Wallace, a man of considerable note as a farmer, in Massachusetts. Mr. Wallace had a daughter and a hired girl, both about eighteen years of age; and Daniel, being of a steady turn, was not talkative enough to suit their fancy; and after trying various plans and tricks without success, to—as they said—raise his ideas, they caught a large frog, and put it into Daniel's bed. On going to bed he soon discovered the whereabouts of his bed-fellow, and pitched his frogship out of the window, and never afterwards betrayed the least sign of knowledge in regard to the joke.

About a fortnight afterwards, Daniel found a lot of chestnut burrs, nearly as sharp as thistles, and contrived to deposite nearly half a peck in the girl's bed; and after the girls went to their room and had time to undress, he took a candle, went to the door, and rattled the latch, when the girls put out their light and jumped into bed, and such a squalling was never heard before. Daniel now opened the door and stood in it with light in hand.

"Dan, torment your picture; I wish you were as far beyond the light house as you are on this side," said Sukey.

"Why, what is the matter? have you any frogs there?" said Dan.

"Dan, if you don't shut the door and clear ov! I will call Mrs. Wallace," continued Miss Sukey.

"I will call her myself if you wish," said he.

"Daniel," said Anna Wallace, "if you will shut the door and go back to the kitchen, there shall be no more tricks or jokes put upon you by us, for six months, at least."

Daniel, thinking he had punished the girls enough, shut the door and left them. A few moments after this, Sukey came out to light her candle.

"I thought you had gone to bed, Sukey," said Mrs. Wallace.

Sukey made no reply, but looked daggers at Dan, and quickly returned. After this scrape the girls put no more jokes or tricks upon Dan. He was a steady faithful man—saved every dollar of his earnings, and six years from that time owned a good farm, married Anna Wallace, and was three years first selectman of the town, which he afterwards represented in the State Legislature.

SHARP CORRESPONDENCE.—One of the Peter Funk "Gift Enterprise" firms in a large city, sent a package of the tickets to a postmaster in Maine, the postage upon which was fifteen cents, unpaid. They got the following hard rap over the knuckles, from the indignant official: "You must be fools as well knaves, to suppose I will aid you in swindling my neighbors, and pay all the expenses myself."

To which he in a few days received the annexed "setler." "Sir: we perhaps owe you an apology for sending the parcel postage unpaid. As we infer

from the phraseology of your note you are willing to swindle your neighbors if we will pay all the expenses. Please give us the lowest terms on which you will act as our agent.

"P. S. All communications shall be strictly confidential."

This note was promptly returned with the following endorsement across its face, by the Postmaster. "It seem that you are not only fools and knaves: but blackguards also. Ask my neighbors if they think I would 'swindle them either at my own expense or that of any one else.'"

To which the answer came back by next mail: "We have enquired of your neighbors long ago and that's the reason we applied to you in the first instance."

Here follows the Postmaster's final reply: "I acknowledge the corn. Send us your street and number, so that I can call upon you when I come to the city, and I may conclude to aid your 'enterprise.'"

But that was the last thing that the "gift" gentleman could think of doing. In fact, secrecy as to his locality was quite essential in keeping out of the clutches of the police.

SHOOTING STARS.—There was a man who, when the stars were complaisant below, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a squint.

One night as he was getting under way I saw two Irish gentlemen taking an observation of his movements. Both were policemen.

"Jamie," said one, "what in the wurrel is your fellow after with his machinely?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "sure and can't ye see that it's an air gun cannon, that he's got. He's after shooting stars, he is."

"Haden't we better be getting out av the way thin?" inquired his friend.

"Sure and it's not us," was the answer. "Didn't ye ever hear of shooting stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and squinted through it at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then, by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit it—he's fetched it down!" cried both of the paddies in a breath. "Sure, and that's the greatest shooting I iver saw in my life!" But a sense of duty at once prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science.

"Ye'll just stop that now, mister, av ye plase. The night is dark enough now, plinty, and av you go on shooting stars at that rate, sorra the man'll find his way about the strate."

And the telescope man had to pick up and be off.

We cut the following advertisement from one of the newspapers:

"To rent, a house in Mollville avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater part to be taken in plums."

A HOT WATER FIEND.—Our friend Jones is not a man of fortune. In fact his income is very limited. But he has a wife who has set her mind upon living well. She must have all the comforts and luxuries within reach. There is one luxury upon which city folks set great value. It is pipes for the supply of hot water in the kitchen and bath-room. Now Jones is unfortunately not furnished thus in his house. He has moved six times in the course of the last six years, and each time he has got into a house without hot water. This is terrible to Mrs. Jones. The longer the privation continues, the more unbearable it becomes, until now she could almost move into an alley or court, if the house had hot water arrangements. In fact Jones says that there is a hot water fiend about her and that the monster has taken possession of his wife. It keeps him in hot water all the time, though there is none in his house. It has scalded his nature until he can scarcely bear the subject to be touched. We overheard him one day cursing the inventor of hot baths and hot water pipes, and suggested that it would be better to end all his trouble by introducing the arrangements at his own expense. He replied that it would cost about two hundred dollars, which he could not afford to expend on a rented house. The answer was conclusive and we could only pity him. He says that it is an inseparable part of his daily fare. He breakfasts, dines, and sups on it. And when he dies he desires that his epitaph stand to commemorate the fact that he lived in hot water all his life, and died of it at last. Oh! you people who erect houses without hot water arrangements, think of the dismal fate of poor Jones, and add to your plumbers bill this item.

WORTH TELLING.—Mrs. Polly Beeman, of Birmingham, Connecticut, is in her 92d year. Her husband, Tracy Beeman, died a short time since, he was two years the senior of his wife. They had lived in the same farmhouse sixty-nine years. They had a family of nine children, the eldest of whom is now 73, and was married when she was 14. Of the grandchildren there are now forty-nine, the oldest of whom is 56 years. There are one hundred and fifty-six great grandchildren. The family enjoy iron constitutions. This venerable woman can call two hundred and thirty of her lineal pedigree around her thanksgiving table. Their united ages now amount to 7,724 years; so that, if this family had followed each other consecutively, the first might have been an old lady of seventeen hundred summers at the day Adam woke up, and ate forbidden fruit with his partner. Our Connecticut old lady intends to take a long journey next week behind the "iron horse." She ought to have a free ticket.

Did you ever want an omnibus in a particular hurry without finding them all running in the opposite direction to where you wished to go?

Did you ever have your house topsy turvy and cleaning or repairing going on, without being flooded with visitors?

Did you ever start off in great haste to reach a place in a given time, but what you had to go back

for something you forgot, or met somebody to detain you?

Did you ever feel extremely anxious to see a certain number of a newspaper, periodical or book, without some one carrying it off before you did so?

Did you ever, in fact, go through a whole day without finding things playing thus at cross purpose?

SOMEBODY afflicted with the poetic itch says:

I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly large and wide,
But what it fell upon the ground
And always on the buttered side.

This is somewhat better than Moore's—
I never had a dear Casselle, &c.

LEARN THE LINGO.—Even at home, there are few persons who have not experienced the necessity and convenience of having, at least, some slight knowledge of the French language, but, in going abroad, it is actually indispensable. Mr. Mason, U. S. Minister to France, has been the subject of a great many jokes on this account, as when he received the appointment he did not understand a word of French, and from all accounts, he has not made very wonderful progress in the new tongue. The last story is as follows:—The Minister, soon after his arrival at the Court in which he was appointed, was invited to a diplomatic *soiree*. At these *soirees*, no matter in what part of Europe, the language of etiquette is French. But our Minister knew but few words of that language, and, as English is but little spoken, he found himself in a very awkward position. The arrival of the English Minister naturally gave him great relief; but as this gentleman could not spend the whole evening with him, he was soon obliged to excuse himself, and leave our minister again to his embarrassment. As he was leaving, however, he suddenly turned round on perceiving the Count B., Minister from —, and said to the American Minister, "Oh, there is Count B., who speaks English!"

This was a god-send for the gentleman in a dilemma, who immediately begged to be presented, and who was in a moment in conversation with the gentleman who spoke his mother and only tongue. The motive of the introduction not being understood by Count B., the conversation commenced and terminated as follows:

COUNT B.—*Mais vous parlez Francais, Monsieur?"*

MINISTER.—*"On poo!" (Un peu—a little.) "Vous parlez—English."*

COUNT B.—*"A small!"*

IN the Court of Sessions, in Scotland, the judges who do not attend or give a proper excuse for their absence, are fined; but it is common on the first day of the session to send an excuse to the Lord President. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, on the President mentioning it, the Lord Justice Clerk said, in his broad dialect:

"What excuse can a stout fellow like him have?"

"My Lord," said the President, "he has lost his wife."

The Justice, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied—

"Has he? That is a good excuse, indeed. I wish we had a' the same."

THE DUTCH MINISTER.—Foreign ministers in Washington lead a very quiet and unobtrusive life, as a general thing, and it is very rare that they are ever heard of again after their credentials have been delivered; but M. Dubois, the Ambassador of his Majesty of the Netherlands, has scarcely set his foot upon our shores when he has become famous. It must shock the nerves of even so phlegmatic a gentleman as the Dutch Ambassador, to find himself a notoriety so suddenly, without any effort on his own part. M. Dubois, it will be remembered, came passenger in the *Arago*, in company with Mr. Buchanan, and he was eating his first breakfast in Washington, at Willard's Hotel, when the terrible affray occurred in which one of the waiters of the house was killed by a member of Congress. The newly-arrived Ambassador looked quietly on, with characteristic nonchalance, and made no attempt to interfere, for the whole scene was so perfectly in accordance with the travelers' stories he had read of life in America, that he regarded it as an ordinary occurrence. He finished his coffee, and, ascertaining that the man who had been shot was dead, walked out of the breakfast parlor, and meeting a gentleman whom he knew, the Minister exclaimed, "What a peoples! If they do such things at breakfast, what won't they do at dinner?"

It is astonishing how rapidly time *does* fly. If you put in your note at Bank at ninety days you will realize perfectly this truth. Scarcely have you forgotten the discount, when you are called upon to renew. Time flies. We could preach a sermon from this text. The little boy whom you remember going to school unwillingly a few years since, in the young man of to-day, with whiskered cheek and a long nine in his mouth. The prattling girl in pantalettes is now the woman in hoops.

EVERY system of teaching must be defective which has no reference to the characteristic talent of the scholar who, though he may be a dunce in classics, and slow of recollection, may possess a turn of mind which will one day lead him to great discoveries, and rank its possessor among the most eminent of mankind.

In one of our up-town and rather out-of-the-way congregations, three or four Sundays ago, a voice spoke out in response to an energetic and fervent as-servation and warning of the reverend speaker: "That's so!—that's the talk!" It electrified the whole "meeting," as well it might. The sexton requested the man to leave the pew, and the sanctuary. "What for?" he asked. "Why," replied the sexton, in a low tone, "you are interrupting the services." "Not a bit of it: same as 'Amen' in a Methodist meeting!" The sexton thought differently, and walked the poor half-lunatic out of the broad aisle into which he had vacantly wandered.

A **PRIVATE** of the Galway Rifles was recently standing sentry, when an officer, noticing that he had a black eye, accosted him, and charged him with having been fighting. "Please, sir," the soldier replied, "wasn't it for that you engaged me?"

ANYBODY LIKE MR.—I ain't anybody—I'm married—I ain't a bachelor any longer!—This ain't my home; 'tisin't my carriage, my horses, my opera box; oh, no! they are Mrs. Smith's. I'm not John K. Smith, the richest broker on Montgomery street, but—that fashionable Mrs. Smith's husband!

Nelley came down to the office yesterday; sweet Nelley! she almost consoles papa for all his cares; clustering curls, blue eyes—dear Nelley!

"Whose lovely child is that?"

"Mrs. Smith's."

Of course it is! she don't belong to me—oh, certainly not! I wish I felt a little more clear on that point. That expensive plate just going home belongs to Mrs. Smith! What if I *did* pay for it? don't I belong to Mrs. Smith! Poor oppressed women! they have only all their own property and half of their husband's by law, and the rest by possession; but they need more *rights*! Where rights are *wrong*, I wonder what words the petitioners would use! And then the idea of calling me "*anybody*!" I'm a cipher! I'm an animalcule—I'm a bubble—a jack-o'-lantern—a vision. I'm absorbed—swallowed up—extinct.

An epigram on seeing a young lady write with a hole in her stocking:

To see a lady of such grace,
With so much sense, and such a face,
So eternally, is shocking:
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your poetry and pen lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

LORENZO Dow once said of a grasping avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

An **IRISHMAN** who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

An editor remarks that some one has written on the art of making one happy without money, and says he is in excellent condition to be experimented upon.

SOME scolding bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married, but more jawy after a year or two.

A **MAN**'s temperature is generally about 98 Fahrenheit. A scientific friend observes, to increase his temperature, all that is necessary is to pull his nose.

A **NEW** stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is put under the feet, and a mustard plaster upon the head, which draws the heat through the whole system. Said to be a Yankee invention.

A **LOVE-SICK** gentleman, who has taken very much to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his lines.

THE girls are leaving off the style of hooped dresses, because it "keeps beaux at a distance." Oh, shameful!

A **MERCHANT** of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above I have died."

Spirit of Current Literature.

YANKEE TRAVELS THROUGH THE ISLAND OF CUBA, or the Men and Government, the Laws and Customs of Cuba, as seen by American eyes, by Demotocus Philalethes. New York: Published by D. Appleton & Co. Sold by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

If we do not have enough information respecting "the gem of the Antilles," it will not be for lack of books on the subject. Humboldt's work described Cuba as it is geographically, and a better or more thorough description of that kind could not be desired. The present work, however, looks at the social condition of the Cubans. It is an epitome of Cuban life, manners, government and prospects. From the fifth chapter of the book we extract the following interesting sketch:—

My friend Don Plácido was the narrator, and also one of the performers. On the afternoon of the eighth day of April, 1839, he was sitting near his window, smoking a segar, and enjoying the pleasure of the fresh air, with his linen coat and slippers on, but without waistcoat or cravat. Another lawyer, a friend of his, who was passing by, stopped at his window, and said:—

"Plácido, let us go and see the ceremony of the Seal." Both friends burst out into loud and contemptuous laughter. "You are right," said our doctor, "this ludicrous farce is worth seeing . . . But walk in, I must dress myself."

A few minutes afterwards, both were on their way towards St. Francis' Convent, conversing at great length on the impropriety of establishing a Superior Court in Havana. They concurred in the opinion, that it was going to produce more evils than the system previously followed in law-suits. In Puerto Principe, where it was formerly established, the Judges could live on a smaller income than in the capital, where they would probably like to make a great show.

"Were honest and capable Judges appointed, some advantages might be derived," remarked the other lawyer, whom I will call Sanchez.

"I believe," said my friend, "that when the good or evil that an institution can do, is dependent on the personal endowments of its members, the probabilities are, that it will be mischievous."

"They have begun already to show what they will do," said the other. "Almost all of them have arrived in the city penniless, and have borrowed money to buy their household furniture, carriage, etc. The lenders in many cases, have been persons overloaded with law-suits, especially debtors, who are not willing to pay. These Judges must be very ungrateful if they fulfill their duties afterwards."

"I know of two of them," said Don Plácido, "who go every evening to play ombre with a man of rather weak mind, who in less than a month has lost over a thousand dollars."

"On the other hand," added Sanchez, "they affirm that the Regent knows little about the legal profession."

"At least," remarked his friend, "I will bet any-

thing, that he knows less than the Judges; these less than the Attorney Generals; and these less than the lawyers; and I dare to affirm it, because it ought to be just the reverse. Spain is the country of wonders!"

"And they cannot allege that we speak thus, because we are Creoles. In one of the works of the *Spaniard* Lafuente, it is said, that all the animals of the Nation assembled in Congress once to make appointments for several offices, and the results were as follows:—The hare, which is believed to be the most cowardly animal, was elected Minister of War; the tortoise, being the dullest aquatic, obtained the office of Minister of the Navy; and the ass, which is generally considered as the symbol of stupidity, was appointed Minister of Public Instruction."

The Doctor burst into a loud laugh, by which his friend feared that those who were around them would come to understand the subject of their conversation. They were already surrounded by people who proceeded towards the church, and entered through the main door of the building.

"How is this?" inquired Sanchez; "the official advertisement in the newspapers says, that the Seal shall be placed in the vestry, and now we find it in the church."

"Is it a matter of surprise to you?" asked Don Plácido, in a very low tone of voice. "Among us, the first man to violate the law, is he who makes it. The regulations of the Court which is to be established now, provide that no person who has not been a practical lawyer for a period of ten years at least, can be appointed a Judge of it. Not one of them, however, complies with this requisite, and it is not quite a year since some of them began the practice of the law."

"Is it not strange, that in a country where so little regard is paid to the laws, everything should be in so hopeless a state?"

"The worst of it is, that we never shall respect the laws, as our law-makers are unable to enact good ones, and nobody likes to submit to what is bad."

Both friends then entered the building. The church was crowded, and the throng of newly arrived people passed through the left nave towards a communion altar, inside the railing of which one of the Judges was sitting. He was dressed entirely in black, and was fanning himself with his handkerchief, on account of the intense heat which made him sweat profusely. By his side stood a small table covered with cloth, upon which a large cushion of crimson damask had been placed, with a small screw-press upon it. This was the *Seal* of the Audiencia which was being watched, and had to be carried the next day in regular procession. This was the cause of the crowded state of the church.

Two women approached the railing, looking for something to see, but only found the press on the cushion, and the broad face of the magistrate, who

endeavored to assume an air of great solemnity. The whole was ludicrous enough, but the circumstance of the Judge being moon-eyed, strongly excited the temptation to laugh.

"Oh, pahaw!" said one of them; "did we come here only to see this?"

"That has a very gallows-like appearance," remarked the other: "What a disappointment we have experienced!"

The Judge looked very angrily at them, but they laughed and retired. Don Plácido and his friend then approached the altar without looking at the Judge, and the former with the aid of his spectacles cast a glance at the press, but seeing nothing in particular proceeded. A man then came up to them, and inquired, pointing to the Magistrate, "Is that fellow going to stay there till to-morrow?" "He ought to do so," answered Don Plácido, "but he will go quietly home in the evening, and afterwards represent things in quite a different light."

"First fraud of the Audiencia!" said Sanchez, at which all those who stood around laughed. Soon after the two friends met several lawyers dressed in their long black robes; they had solicited the privilege of keeping company with the Judge in church.

"What do you think of these poor wretches?" inquired Don Plácido of his companion, with a contemptuous smile.

"They begin to do honor to the profession by their meanness and abjectness."

After walking for some distance they separated, and agreed to meet the next morning to see the procession.

At nine o'clock of the following day, the Captain General left his palace, accompanied by a large crowd of tipstaffs, door-keepers, Judges, and several lawyers dressed in the same style with those seen the day before. Sanchez and his friend looked at them as they passed: the one examined their faces, and the other strove to apply the scanty knowledge he possessed of the sciences of Lavatur and Gall to ascertain their inclinations.

"I have not perceived a single spark of intelligence in any of them, and their faces do not evince much honesty," remarked Sanchez.

"What I have observed," said Plácido, "is not the want of knowledge, but so extraordinary a development of certain organs, that I involuntary took hold of my watch to secure it."

At last, the procession arrived at the Convent, and the Regent ordered one of the constables, who seemed to be the strongest of all, to take the machine and carry it away.

The law provides, that a mule should be used on such occasions, and that the press be carried on the pack-saddle; but the Audiencia, undoubtedly, has more power than the law, and this direction was totally disregarded. An open carriage, drawn by four teams of horses was procured, and "the gallows," as the women styled it, was placed in it; after which they proceeded very slowly through the streets. The residents, who at the suggestion of the authorities, had covered their windows with lively colored curtains, looked through them, but could not see any-

thing worthy of so much parade. The amusement was occasionally enhanced by the spectacle of a policeman running after a negro and beating him, or of a soldier, who by way of fun, freely distributed blows to those around him.

Finally, the whole company reached the palace, where the Halls of Justice were located, in the best spirits. One of the Judges, however, whom I will call S * *, had been obliged to pass through a pool, and had soiled his feet above the ankles. Being a person of a very irritable temper, he kept cursing all the time, and those who happened to go near him, knowing that he had been entirely crazy twice before, feared that another attack of lunacy would come on, and that he would knock them down or use some other violence.

The whole procession went into the Hall, where the "gallows" were deposited, and thence they proceeded to the Cathedral, where a solemn *Te Deum* was celebrated.

Don Plácido and his friend did not follow them, but before separating, the latter inquired:

"What did you like best of the whole affair?"

"The gracefulness of the Regent in thrusting in his gown under his left arm. In this he will not suffer by a comparison with the most gallant bullfighter."

THE BUNSBY PAPERS. Second Series. Irish Echoes. By JOHN BROUGHAM. Published by DEERY and JACKSON, New York. Philadelphia, sold by WILLIS P. HAZARD, Chestnut Street.

The author of this book is a popular comedian and dramatic author. His fund of humor seems to be as inexhaustible as his pen is tireless, and as his long familiarity with the drama has given him a remarkable talent for striking effects, his productions are generally popular. Moreover, Brougham's style of writing is sparkling and effervescent. The Bunsby Papers are legends of Irish life. Among the tales we perceive one called "The Fairy Circle," which contains the skeleton of a plot that has been worked up into a successful Irish play of the same name by Mr. Brougham. A poor Irish cobbler, in order to try his luck goes to sleep in a spot, which tradition makes the haunt of fairies, and where, it is believed, wealth may be had for the seeking. The scene which transpires in his sleep is thus described:—

THE FAIRY CIRCLE.

He hadn't been asleep, as he thought, an instant, before he felt an innumerable quantity of tiny feet traversing him all over; with regular step they marched up his throat, and scaled his chin; making two divisions up his cheeks, they arrived at his eyes, where they commenced tugging at the lids until they were forced open; the sight that met his view filled him with dreadful wonder. The circle of meadow, in which he had barely room to stretch himself out, formed all he could see of earth. Church, village, country, all had vanished; he rubbed his eyes and looked again, but there was nothing; with an inexpressible sensation of awe, he turned round, and creeping cautiously to the edge of the circle, gazed downward, and could just discover the village he had quitted about a mile below; with still increasing dread, he was now aware that he was gradually mounting higher and higher. One more look; vil-

lages, cities, countries, were blended into an undistinguishable mass, and soon the globular form of the earth appeared, thoroughly defined, swinging in the air.

He then became sensible of a tremendous heat, which increased in intensity, until he found to his dismay that he was rapidly shrinking in size; his flesh dried up, shrivelled, cracked, and clasped his diminishing bones tighter, until at last he was not bigger than a respectable fly. "This is mighty queer," thought Corney, "there's a great lot of things like me frolicin' about. I feel as light as a feather. I wonder if I couldn't make one among them." So saying, he bounded up, and to his great amazement found that he had literally jumped out of his skin. He perched upon his own head, which had resumed its natural size, and flying off, found himself floating securely in the air, while the carcass which he had just deserted fell, fairy circle and all, rapidly towards the earth, and finally, also disappeared. Oh! the pranks that Corney played in the first delight of being able to fly; he dived down, he careered up, he threw mad summersets like a tumbler-pigeon—so light and buoyant had he become, that the passing vapors served him for a resting-place; he was happy, intoxicated with glee, thousands upon thousands of atomies gambolled around him like gnats in a sun-beam, the whole surrounding expanse was instinct with joyous life.

And they knew Corney, and saluted him as he passed by, with a compliment.

"Hallo!" said they, "here's Corney O'Carrol; how are you, Corney? It's well you're looking;" and Corney was astonished at the extensive nature of his atmospheric acquaintance.

"How do you like a fairy's life, Corney?" said one slim, midge-waisted chap.

"Illegant, your fairyrship, illegant," said Corney.

"Then, I'd advise you to make the most of it, while it lasts. You'll soon have to appear before our king, and if you don't give a satisfactory reason for seeking him, woe betide you."

"Don't be frightened, sir," said Corney; "I've rayson enough for comin', to 'tisfisy any dacint-disposed fairy."

"Doubtful," said the good-natured elf, and off he flew.

"Stupid sperrit," thought Corney, and over he tumbled in mad recklessness, enjoying actually, that delicious sensation which sometimes occurs to people in dreams—the ability to skim through the air with the speed and safety of a bird. What struck Corney most particularly was the universal expression of glee which prevailed; nothing could he hear but a universal hum, which rose and fell on the ear with a purr-like undulation, such as one might imagine would proceed from a paradise of remarkably happy cats.

While Corney was thus revelling in his new-found element, he was suddenly accosted by two very genteel fairies. "Mr. Cornelius O'Carrol, we presume?" said they.

"There's not a doubt of it, gentlemen," replied Corney.

"We have come to have the honor of conducting you into the presence of our king," they continued.

"With a heart and a half," said Corney; "where might his majesty domesticate?"

"In yonder gold-tinted cloud, a few seconds' fly from this; follow us."

Upon nearing the regal abode, Corney observed sundry small substances, like duck-shot, dropping downward. "What's thim?" inquired he of his conductors.

"Oh!" answered one, "only a few discontented souls, who, like you, have sought our king, and haven't given sufficient reason for troubling him with their complaints."

Corney began to feel nervous, but coming to the conclusion that he had as good a right to be enriched through fairy agency as ever Phil Blake had, he put on a bold front, and was ushered into the presence of the fairy potentate. There, a sight of such dazzling splendor presented itself to his view, that, as he said himself, "You might as well try to count the stars of a frosty night, or look right into the sun's heart of a summer's day, as to give the slightest notion of the grandeur that surrounded me." All he could compare it to was a multitude of *living jewels* of every variety of hue, sparkling and flashing in perpetual light.

As soon as he could collect his scattered senses, he heard a voice exclaim, "What, ho! soul of O'Carrol, approach!"

"So I'm travellin' without my trunk this time, any way," thought Corney, as he advanced toward the voice.

It continued, "Soul of a mortal, why hast thou sought our presence?"

"May it plaze yer majesty," Corney began to stammer out, "bekase I was a trifle unaisy in me mind."

"What about?"

"In regard of the scarcity of money, plaze your reverence."

"What is your trade?"

"A shoemaker, sir."

"Cobbler, you mean," said the voice, severely. "No lying here; recollect your poor, miserable, naked soul stands before us."

Corney thought of the height he'd have to fall, and trembled.

"You can't get work, I suppose," the voice returned.

"Too much of it, if it plaze yer honor. I niver have a minute to spare."

"For what?"

"Why, yer honor, to—to—"

"Remember the punishment of prevarication. To what?"

"To take a dhrink."

"Then you have no home?"

"Oh, yes, but I have, sir."

"But 'tis pleasanter to lounge in a tap-room?"

"A trifle, may-be, your honor."

"Perhaps you have no wife to make your home comfortable?"

"Haven't I though; the best that ever drew the breath of life," cried Corney, with a loving remembrance of Mary.

"Poor fellow," continued the voice; "your situation is deplorable, it appears. You have a good

trade, an excellent wife, a comfortable home, and yet you are discontented."

Corney felt himself resolving into a leaden pellet.

"One question more," said the voice; "when did you first feel dissatisfied?"

"Why, to tell the truth, yer honor, as soon as that fellow, Phil Blake, began to build his big brick house opposite to my little mud cabin. Before that, I was as gay as a lark, but it stood like a great cloud between me and the sun."

"Envy was the cloud, envy, that gloomiest of all earthly passions. Why do you covet this man's fortune?"

"Because, sir, he always looks so smilin', and jinks his money about, an' dispises the poor boys he used to be friendly with."

"Foolish, foolish soul!" said the voice, in accents of commiseration, "but not yet wholly tainted. Thy love of home hath partially redeemed thee. Listen to me. Dost thou see yonder piled up mass of rainbow-tinted clouds. Do they not look gloriously, as the rising sun flings his beams through them, as though revelling in their embrace? Wouldst thou not like to behold such magnificence closer?"

"Nothing in life bett'her, yer majesty," said Corney.

"Then away; a wish will place you in their midst, a thought return you here."

So with the wish and thought Corney went and came back.

"Well, what didst thou see?" inquired the Fairy King.

"The devil a haperth," replied Corney, "but a mighty black and most unwholesomely damp cloud."

"What should that teach you?"

"Never to thravel without an umbrella, yer honor, I suppose," answered Corney, who, to say the truth, was a little obtuse.

"Fool," said the fairy, "since I cannot lesson thee, go to thy kindred earth, and learn experience from realities. Proceed to the chamber of the man whose good fortune thou enviest; then to thine own, and if thou art not satisfied with thy condition, seek me again, and meet with thy reward. Away!"

As if by magic, the brilliant assembly dispersed like clouds of gold-dust floating on the wind, and Corney was left alone.

"That's a mighty high sort o' chap," said Corney, "but I suppose I'd better do what he towld me for fear'd he'd turn spiteful."

So Corney wished himself within the chamber of Blake, and there he saw the most piteous sight earth can produce: a young mother weeping tears of agony over the body of her first-born. A man stood beside her with features set and hard, as though turned to stone by hopeless grief.

"My God," thought Corney, "and these are the people whose lot I have envied, and my own blue-eyed darling, is he safe? Home, home," cried he, and with the wish was there. In his little cradle lay the beautiful boy steeped in the angel-watched, the holy sleep of infant innocence, while Mary, on her knees, mingled her prayer for her absent husband. Corney was rushing towards her, but suddenly remembering himself: "What a fool I am," thought he, "I forgot I was a sperrit, at all events, I can kiss

the babby." With that, he bounded into the cradle, and nestled on the boy's lip. Mary, seeing the child smile in his sleep, exclaimed: "Good angels are putting sweet thoughts into your head, my blessed babe," and she softly kissed him too.

"Oh! murderer," thought Corney, "this will never do; I must go and look after my body and bring it home. Thanks to the good fairies, I've larned a lesson that shall last my life and my boy's, too, if I have any influence over him."

So saying, Corney wished himself in the meadow where his tangible proportions were extended, and having kicked and got in, shook himself carefully to see if he had obtained absolute possession.

"It's all right," said he, "I've come back." Looking up and around him, he was surprised to see the bright sunlight of morning, and still more so to observe Mary trudging through the churchyard to meet him.

"Oh, well," said Mary, anxiously, when they encountered, "what luck?"

"A power of knowledge, but no money," said Corney, sententiously.

GLEANINGS—SOME WHEAT—SOME CHAFF. By Miss A. A. Goddard. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Sold by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a volume of tales and sketches, long and short, all written in an interesting style. We cannot do better than to give the following short sketch as a specimen of the collection:

COURTING BY PROXY.

Love making, on one's own account, must be delightful, the transition state it is presumed between an actual earth and contemplated elysium—that is, so far as presumption dares assert. It may be more of one and less of the other. I dare not be certain, but either way, it most certainly must be delightful.

Years ago, and it shames my modesty to say it, I fancied I too, in common with Eve's daughters, possessed a lover. One all my own. Shall I tell you why and how I thus appropriated him?

I had read the "Sorrows of Werter," and more—had experienced a double portion of my own sorrows, had sympathized with "Dorcasana" until my excited brains conjured lovers in country bumpkins—and heard music in the schoolboy's corn-stalk fiddles. I had tried "tricks," and dreamed dreams. No wonder then, is it, that one so prepared, should have esteemed a lover as anything less than a miracle?

My first tangible impression of my good fortune was through the Postoffice. Ah! how I blessed the inventor of Postoffices. My epistle was sealed with a "love of a motto," and addressed with a profusion of flourishes. The superscription was unmistakable. All right without, how could I dream that it was otherwise within?

My foolish heart twittered a trifle, as my eye devoured the fervent protestations of some smitten swain, and pride was flattered: for the writer *dared* not (only think of it) tell his name, until certain his suit was not rejected. I wore that billet on my heart for days (and, if you'll believe it, the spot it covered is warm still with something of the same emotion that imparted caloric in that sunny hour), and longed for another of those same blissful confessions.

I need not say how anxiously I waited from day to day for another similar missive. It came—and another—and another. Romance fed the flame, and curiosity fanned it to a perfect blaze. Watching the moon (by nights of course) and wandering in shady groves and by murmuring rills, became favorite occupations. Poetry, too, was vouchsafed to me, and had I but suffered a relapse, no doubt I should have deemed myself a poet born.

Inditing love sonnets became a pastime, and "sighing like a furnace" the only relief my pent-up spirit experienced, in trying to cast off a portion of its burden of happiness.

Perfumed paper vanished from my portfolio, and blue ribbon rose in market value.

Ah! those were sunny days, over which memory throws a halo, overspread now and then with a cloud, yet never quite able to hide the halo's brightness; and those blissful dreams, how much they remind me of —, but I anticipate.

My lover preserved his incog. while I grew more furious in my "eternal devotion." Could I but see the hero of my dreams, the author of my *billet-doux*, the idol of my heart; could I but whisper his loved name to the winds, and be certain they would bear it to his ears—but no! his bashfulness could not be overcome; and poor I was doomed to wait many days, if not weeks—with but a suspicion of who was my true knight.

Every gent, who had the good manners to blush in my presence, became my Orlando—for the time, and the focus, in which my affections concentrated. I sought by sentimental sighs, and soft words designed for their ears alone, to draw out the secret, and prove myself too disinterested and generous to treat their love unkindly.

But alas! "Love's labor seemed lost" for the season. Hope deferred made the heart sick, and wan and pale, from midnight watching and lack of food, I became a fine fancy sketch for Hamlet's Ghost. My mother prepared herbs for her pining child, but with no avail, for herbs have no healing power for the spirit's ailment. I could not make her my confidant—how could I? It seemed so vulgar to bare my treasured secret to the eyes of common mortals. So alone I sighed in secret, and pined openly. Esculapius was appealed to in vain—another god understood my case better—the shafts of Cupid had pierced my heart, and were ranking there. They needed the soft hand of the unknown to pluck them thence, and why—oh—why—should he avoid me?

At length, the day of trial and hope came. The secret was to be revealed. By appointment we were to meet, and I was to prove my sincerity by an elopement.

My dear old home—the mother that had nursed me, and the father who had nightly blessed me, were to be forsaken. So complete was my infatuation that these scarce cost me a sigh.

Never was creature so supremely blest. The grove where I had wandered so frequently was designated as the place of meeting—and the hour was the very one I had consecrated to star-gazing. With a fluttering heart, but unfaltering step, I neared the rendezvous.

A stately form cast its noble shadow in the silver stream. My breath came heavily. One moment more, and I should cast myself into the arms of him who, not having seen, I had long since learned to love. We met—one look was enough—I recognized a rejected suitor, and he an old flame.

The Captain—for it was, after all, only Captain Smith—bowed—blushed—and apologized. It was not me he expected, but another lady: my cousin, with whom he had for some time corresponded. By some confusion of ideas he had invariably addressed his notes to me; not dreaming that there was but the difference of a single letter in our cognomens. Of course, my love experienced a chill. We pledged ourselves to secrecy. I kept the letters, and cousin Fanny, some time afterward, took the Captain.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF THE LATE DR. MAGINN. Edited by Dr. Shelden Mackenzie. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York.

THE volume before us contains Homeric Ballads and translations, and some of the Comedies of Lucian. It is the fourth of the series of Dr. Maginn's miscellaneous writings, now first collected, and contains almost the whole of his translations from the Greek poets. It does not include his translation of the mock-heroic *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, for the reason that the compiler has not been able to find it. From the Editor's Preface we make the following extract:

The Homeric Ballads, sixteen in number, are not to be confounded with the Hymns generally attributed to Homer, of which some spirited translations into English verse appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, nearly twenty years ago, from the pen of Dr. Badham. The first twelve of the Ballads, versified by Maginn, are portions of the *Odyssey*, sufficiently isolated in interest to bear separation from the main narrative, and sufficiently picturesque to permit their being rendered into English in a popular form, much akin, in fact, to that in which, tradition and conjecture agree in affirming, they were originally framed and sung. The *Odyssey* was Maginn's favorite. He may not have thought, with Bentley, that it was made for women, while the *Iliad*, with its heroic deeds, was composed for men, but he would have probably said, with Charles James Fox, when asked whether he would rather have written the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, that he preferred to read the latter.

Four of the Homeric Ballads have been taken from the *Iliad*, and the other three translations which I have recovered, have also had their subjects supplied by the same heroic poem.

The publication of the Homeric Ballads, originally intended to have extended only to twelve, took place in *Fraser's Magazine*, and ran through that periodical, one for each month, in the year 1838. They excited such considerable attention, not only among learned but ordinary readers, that Maginn was induced to continue them. Three additional Ballads appeared between October, 1840, and his death in August, 1842. The last—

"The last!—oh, by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred!"—

was published in *Fraser*, in October, 1842, and was written down from Maginn's death-bed dictation, by his devoted friend, and ardent admirer, Edward Kenealey, whose introduction to that poem, (pp. 217-219 of the present volume,) breathing at once serenity and simplicity, is imbued with a deeper pathos than more ambitious language might have failed to express.

Of the other Homeric translations, I may briefly say that the *Wife of Juno*, was a contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine* as early as 1820, while Maginn was a schoolmaster in Cork. At that time Maginn was in the flush of that "purpurea juvenus" which noiselessly passes into the abyss of the past, almost before we know how rapidly it is vanishing. His mind, too, was then rich in its golden fruitage, and crowded with literary projects and literary enthusiasm, which eventually produced little more than scattered fragments. The *Wife of Juno* was translated into the Spenserian stanza, and this shows how early Dr. Maginn had formed the opinion, deliberately placed on record some twenty years later, that "the only metre in which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as whole poems can be adequately translated into English is the Spenserian." He added—and the mode of expression is rendered doubly affecting, now, from its very light-heartedness, "I have made considerable progress with such a translation, and sometimes think I may finish it. Why I am not sure of so doing will be found out by any one who takes the trouble of consulting the seventh Satire of Juvenal." At the time he was penning these words, Dr. Maginn was already on the verge of the valley of the shadow of death.

Bacchus; or, *The Pirates*, was also an early contribution to *Blackwood*, in the lyric metre of most of Scott's poems, as well as of Moore's *Fire-Worshipers*, and Byron's *Glaucus*, *Siege of Corinth*, *Parisina*, *Mazeppa*, and *prisoner of Chillon*. It was Maginn's belief that what Byron calls "the fatal facility of the ocio-syllabic verse," if properly controlled, would not prevent its being advantageously employed in rendering several passages in the romantic parts of the classical poets, and that a great many portions of Homer particularly, were peculiarly fit for it. Most people, especially those who are acquainted with Scott's poetry, will admit that his favorite metre is admirably adapted for the rapid relation of occurrences, while (again to use Byron's words,) "the stanza of Spenser is, perhaps, too slow and dignified for narrative." In the *Bacchus*, the adoption of the lyric metre has been so successful (for the translation is very spirited) as to excite surprise that Maginn, in further Homeric translations, did not employ it. He used it again, only once, in *Fraser's Magazine*, for May, 1835, in his English version of Helen's Visit to Scæan Gate, from the fifth book of the *Iliad*.

WONALDI, A TALE, by Washington Allston. Boston, Tickner and Fields.

Allston was a writer of no mean ability, as the reader of this novel will perceive. It is a story of Italian life, and every part of it gives token of the fine taste and artistic skill of the writer.

HISTORY AND REPOSITORY OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE, (deceased divines), containing the masterpieces of Bossuet, Maillien, Edwards, etc., by Henry C. Fish. Author of the *Premium Essay, Primitive Piety Revised*. In two volumes. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York.

Prefixed to this work is a steel plate of eight small portraits of John Knox, Chrysostom, Hugh Latimer, Walter Blake Kirwan, Martin Luther, Christmas Evans, Jonathan Edwards, and Fenelon. This is decidedly one of the best collection of standard sermons by celebrated preachers of ancient and modern date that we have met with. It will, undoubtedly, be esteemed invaluable, by thousands not given to the study of theology. Each division of the work is preceded by a well-written historical sketch. Of the Greek and Latin pulpit, the specimens are by Tertullian, Cyprian, Athanasius, Cyrill, Gregory, Nazianzen, Basil the Great, Chrysostom, and Augustine; of the English pulpit, by Wickliffe, Latimer, Doune, Hall, Adams, Chillingworth, Baxter, Bunyan, Howe, Tillotson, Surth, Keach, Atterbury, Wesley, Whitfield, and others; of the German pulpit, by Luther, Melancthon, Spever, Zollikoffer, Harder, and others; of the Irish pulpit, by Taylor, Kirwan, Carson, and Wolff; of the French pulpit, by Calvin, Bossuet, Fenelon, Maillien, Saurin, etc.; of the Scottish pulpit, by Knox, Blair, Chalmers, Irving, etc.; of the Welsh pulpit, by Christmas Evans, John Elias, and David Charles; and of the American pulpit, by Summerfield, Edwards, White, Livingston, Mather, Maxey, Griffin, Leland and others. We do not know of any theological work of recent date with which we have been so well pleased as this.

THE LADY'S GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY in Manners, Dress, and Conversation; in the Family, in Company, at the Piano Forte, the Table, in the Street, and in Gentlemen's Society. Also, a useful instructor in Letter Writing, Toilet Preparations, Fancy Needle-work, Millinery, Dressmaking, care of Wardrobe, the Hair, Teeth, Hands, Lips, Complexion, etc. By Emily Thornwell, Author of "Home Care made Easy." Published by Derby & Jackson, New York. Sold by Willis F. Hazard, Philadelphia.

The title of this book is a sufficient indication of the nature of its contents. Some of our newspaper friends, in reviewing it, have said that gentility is a thing very difficult to teach by written rules. It is, however, certain that, as it is a matter of mere conventional form arising from the usages of civilised society, those unfamiliar therewith may very properly consult books of this kind for information. We shall recur to this book hereafter.

HINTS TO MISSIONS TO INDIA, with notices of some proceedings of a deputation from the American Board, and of reports to it from the Missions, by Myron Winslow, Missionary at Madras. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York.

The title of this work, which we have given in full, sufficiently explains its character. It is a sort of digest of the experience of thirty-seven years of missionary residence and observation in India.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS, or Living in the Country. By Frederick B. Conzans. New York, Published by Derby & Jackson. Philadelphia, Sold by Willis F. Hazard.

There is a rich vein of humor running through these "papers," which pleases us much, conveyed as it is in a spirited style, light, airy, and gossiping.

SALAD FOR THE SOCIAL, by the Author of "Salad for the Solitary," with numerous illustrations.

The episcurean title of this book gives no indication of its contents. By a custom quite common now among authors, the name is a metaphor, which the reader must plunge into the work to find out the meaning of. Mr. N. P. Willis is, we believe, the reviver of this practice, but those fond of antiquarian investigations, will find it a thing frequently mentioned in the literature of the Puritan days of England. From the preface, we learn that the work before us is chiefly a compilation of passages from all kinds of books. As such it is very well done; and is agreeable reading, but is deserving of no particular credit in the way of authorship. The publishers, Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport, have gotten up the work very handsomely.

PAUL FERROL; A TALE. By the author of "IX poems by V." From the fourth English Edition. Published by Redfield, 34 Beekman Street, New York.

The fact of this novel having run through four editions in England seems to be a sufficient attestation that it has merit. It is comprised in a single duodecimo volume of 353 pages, a style of presentation suiting us better than some others too much in vogue, on this side of the water.

CICERO'S ORATIONS. Translated by C. D. Yonge. New York. Harper and Brothers.

This volume is handsomely printed, and constitutes one of the volumes of Harper's Classical Library.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES EXPLAINED. By James M. Macdonald, D.D., Princeton, N. J. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York.

These commentaries state the result of the author's criticism on the Hebrew or Greek, without giving the result by which it has been reached. By leaving it to scholars to recur to authorities, and refer to the original for themselves, he has thus made his work useful by those who are not capable of appreciating criticisms on the etymology of words and the construction of sentences in these languages.

A TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC, Theoretical and Practical, by Elias Loomis, L. L. D. Published by Harper & Brothers.

The author of this work is the Professor of Mathematics in the University, and therefore in a position to know what is practically required in such a work. It is, however, unfortunate that so many of our collegiate professors have turned bookmakers. The result is a great confusion of text books.

A want of space and time compels us to defer, until our next number, notices of various new books, among which are the following valuable ones from the Harper's, New York: Allison's Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, a standard history, of which we shall have something to say. Vagabond Life in Mexico, by Gabriel Fený, for seven years resident in that country. A literary friend who has read this book pronounces it very interesting.

Fashion Gossip.

THE glowing summer weather has called forth all the delicate gossamer fabrics which are admissible for carriage and walking costume. Grenadine, of course, continues the favorite, being the most beautiful, as well as most expensive of the thin materials. The flounced barege robes, with the trimmings woven in the flounces, are in great favor. Silks of the lighter kinds are much worn.

One of the prettiest CARRIAGE DRESSES we have seen was made of the chené silk, in lilac. The corsage was high and perfectly plain. The demi-basque is trimmed with two puffings of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are tight at the arm hole, reaching, with but slight flow almost to the elbow, where they terminate in a frill. This plain part is ornamented with two puffings similar to those on the basque, the frill is no ornament whatever, the lace underleeves showing below with the prettiest effect. The skirt is trimmed with the same style of puffings as the basque and sleeves, set on longitudinally so as to cover each seam. In simple elegance this dress could not be surpassed. This style of trimming on the skirt was quite a relief to the eye, in contrast to the flounces so much in vogue this season.

For EVENING DRESSES we gave so full a description in our last number, that it is quite unnecessary to describe any in this, as there is, of course, no

change of style. We may, however, mention the beautiful white embroidered Swiss robes to be found at Messrs. T. W. Evans & Co's popular dry goods establishment, Chestnut street, Philadelphia. These are composed of four flounces, beautifully needle-worked, with basque and small Talma to match. They possess the double advantage of answering for both dinner and evening dress, and of looking equal to new after having passed through the hands of the laundress. The lace robes wrought in chenille, either in white or color, are also in great favor. Nothing can be more fairy-like than these floating, gossamer robes.

These are expensive, of course, and many things may be made to look quite as well at half the cost.

It is a sad drawback upon the elegance of female dress, that ladies do not pay more attention to the trimming. Nothing can be more out of taste, than to see a splendid piece of stuff made up with poor trimmings, or to observe by the style of make, that too much has been spent on the silk, and too little on the making. It is of far more consequence to have a dress richly trimmed or elegantly fashioned, than that it should be of costly material. And if our fair readers would but endeavor to learn this lesson, they would find it of great advantage. Before purchasing dress goods, they should inquire the cost of their proper trimmings, and of making up in a suitable

style, and then govern themselves accordingly. It is a mistake to fancy that these two essential items can be stinted without producing a visible effect upon the dress when it is worn; as many ladies have found upon trial, to their chagrin and mortification. We fear much, that this is a national failing, and not peculiar to any class of our population. We see so many pieces of rich goods made up without taste or poorly trimmed, that we feel constrained to admonish our fair readers on the subject. And we cannot do better than to lay down a rule to remedy it: Before a lady purchases a dress, she should remember the exact amount of money she is willing to devote to the whole article, to make it ready to be worn. Then of that sum, let her set apart two-thirds for the material or dress stuff, and the remainder for the trimming and making. Instead of doing this, the custom too generally, has been to buy the handsomest and richest fabrics, which of course, come at very high prices, and to take no thought of the remainder of the expense. Any lady who pursues the rule we have laid down, will have the satisfaction of seeing herself arrayed to far greater advantage. It is far better to have a passable fabric handsomely made up and decorated, than to have a rich one poorly trimmed and made. Few can but see the illustration of this fact, who witnessed the last appearance of Parodi, in this city. Who can forget the brilliant effect of the maize-colored dress she then wore? For the benefit of our readers, we will give a slight description of it. The skirt was composed of three parts of corn-colored crape, made over the silk of the same hue. Corsage very low on the shoulders, where bretelles formed of blonde and ribbon were fastened with rosettes of cherry-colored ribbon, with floating ends. Each skirt was looped at the side with rosettes of the same color as the corsage; the lowest having long ends floating almost to the knee. This dress was made by Mademoiselle Durand, 134 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a real *artiste* in the way of dress. It reflected credit on the taste of both wearer and maker. Parisian ladies fully understand the effect of an artistic toilette, and think much more of having a dress well made, than of the material itself.

The black lace and white Swiss needle-worked MANTILLAS have taken the place, in a great measure, of the heavier ones of silk, worn last month. These, as well as the Swiss basques, now imported ready put together, the pretty little white capes to wear with low bodied dresses, the Fichu Ristori composed of white or black lace, in the frillier form, with ends crossing in front, and turned with bows of ribbon according to taste are all beautifully adapted to the present season.

There is also a pretty canesou composed of valenciennes edging and insertings, which, ornamented with bows of ribbon is much admired.

Collars, and undersleeves of Huiton, and print lace are the highest fashion.

For CHILDREN'S DRESSES, brillantes and cambrics trimmed in the same material in contrasting colors, are very fashionable. The skirts have two or three folds, decreasing in width as they go upward, with belt and bands to the short puffed sleeve, of the same

color as the trimming on the skirt: white with the trimming of blue, pink, or buff, as most worn; but individual taste determines this matter. We have seen blue trimmed with yellow, and *vice versa*. Those with the beautiful little white Marseilles basques, the picturesque Leghorn flats, form a neat costume for children from three to seven years of age. Simplicity in children's dresses are most desirable.

Double skirts are also in much favor, and, like those mentioned above, are much more suitable for the summer season than flounces.

We have seen a very pretty sleeve intended to go with a flounced skirt. A plain lining is cut of the pagoda form. Over the front part of this lining is a part of the material of which the dress is made, (it is most appropriate for silk, cut in pyramidal form.) Over the plain lining, are placed three frills, the lower one being the deepest; so as to meet, or to conceal the edges of this piece. These frills are cut plain, and are made almost to meet at the armhole. The base of the pyramidal piece cut into a point on which is placed a hanging button, being the first of a row that extends up the middle of this piece. The frills may be finished with any kind of trimming, ribbon having the prettiest effect. Bows of narrow ribbon may be substituted for the buttons, and for very young ladies are preferable.

Corsages are still universally finished with bretelles of ribbon, in most cases both crossing, in front and back, with floating ends.

The basque is generally made deep, although there is some variation from this, as in the one mentioned above, as intended for a carriage dress, or for dinner wear at a watering place.

There are several kinds of travelling dress goods, which have taken the place of the *de bête* so generally worn, during the two or three past seasons. The lightest, and most pleasant of these is the summer poplin. Though rather more expensive than the others, is quite pretty, which is more than can equally be said of fabrics intended for this purpose.

A PHILADELPHIA lady, who has resided during the past season in Paris, writes under date of May 8th, the following gossip respecting the fashions in that gay capital. The information concerning the spring novelties comes too late to be of service here in the United States, but no doubt our fair readers will be pleased to peruse it, and the last two paragraphs, respecting the summer fashions, may be of service:—

The proclamation of peace has given the signal for a series of *fetes* of all descriptions. The marriages which usually take place in the spring are more numerous than hitherto, but to describe the splendor of these rich *corbeilles de mariage* is impossible. The most magnificent laces, rich embroideries, cashmere shawls of fabulous prices, jewels, brocades, gold and silver tissues, etc., compose the offering of the groom to the bride. The *trousseaux*, which the parents of the lady provide, consist of the house linen, and the more ordinary articles of toilette. The most boundless extravagance is also lavished on this portion of the lady's wardrobe. In many instances the bed linen is heavily embroidered, edged with Valenciennes

lace. In the Corbelle of the Margravine of Bavaria were three parasols—one with an ivory handle covered over with rose colored *Moire*, and again with English point lace; the second had an ebony handle, inlaid with silver, and was of sky-blue taffetas, covered with a thread tissue d'aloès Chinois; the third was covered with maroon *moire antique*, with a sprinkling of gold spots. The fringe was of maroon silk and half gold.

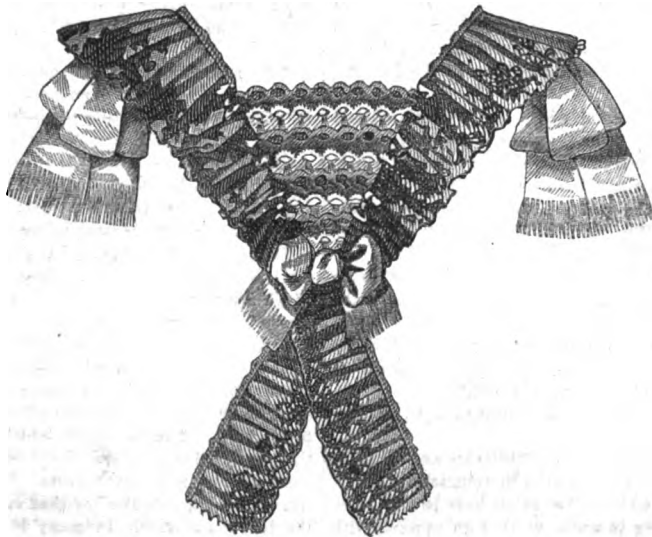
Attention is now turned towards the new Spring modes. Bonnets are nearly the same; the front is very small, and the curtain very large; the long ends of the ribbons fall over the shoulders. A *modiste's* establishment has produced an invention for preventing the bonnet from falling entirely off the head, it consists of a little imperceptible gauze, arranged in the front of the bonnet, and which produces the desired effect, obviating the employment of pins. Among the prettiest models for the Spring is a bonnet of green taffetas, with bands of Italian straw, traversed by a black velvet, which forms a bow above the curtain, and falls behind; roses mingled with white illusion tulle ornament the inside of the bonnet. Another is of white illusion tulle; the tulle is drawn, and in each *coulisse* a bias of rose taffetas is placed; on each side of the bonnet are tufts of rose-colored feathers, inside, a bouquet of primroses, lilac and white lace, trimmed with the iris flower, is much in vogue. For little girls there are the Pamela bonnets, ornamented with large knots of velvet with floating ends, or with garden flowers of every shade. The beautiful *coiffures Peruvienne*s of flowers, which attracted so much attention at the Exhibition, have since become quite the fashion. Their freshness and lightness render them well adapted for summer ornaments; their opaque white harmonizes admirably with the *paillis de ris*. Flowers and feathers will be much worn this summer. Among the head-dresses we hear much of the crown Ristori, appropos to the

actress' success in *Medea*. The crown is composed of silk oak leaves, shaded with red; the golden and green acorns are grouped in the foliage, and gold tendrils from behind a floating knot, that falls on the shoulders.

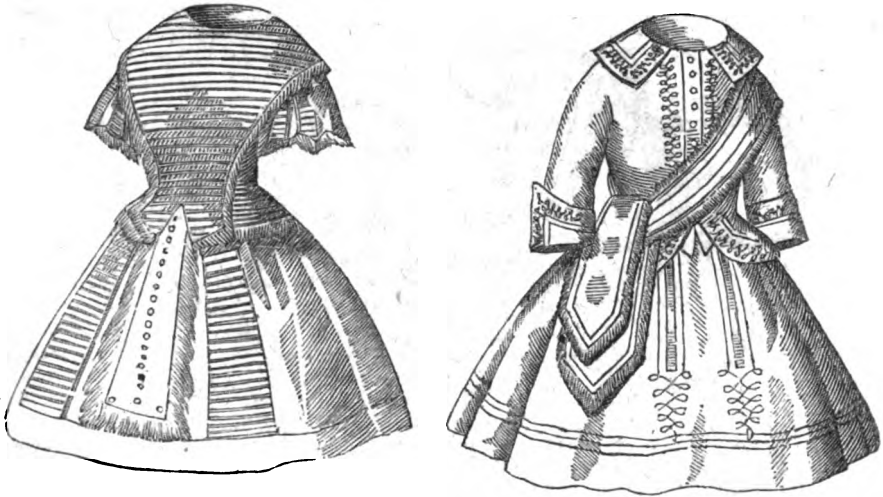
Robes are worn as full as ever; the sleeves preserve their open form, and the corsages their basques, more or less long. The skirts are either quite plain, or covered with five or seven flounces reaching to the waist; but robes, with the same number of flounces, only as far as the middle of the skirt, and leaving the upper part without, are no longer in fashion. The patterns for dresses continue very large, and consist chiefly of broad stripes, cameo lozenges, large bouquets, or running branches. Clouded and Pompadour silks are in high favor. There are a number of flounced robes, the fringes to the flounces being woven in the same material.

The *Aurelia* is a blue silk, having flounces of several shades of blue stripes with small flowers between them. For young ladies, there is a variety of very pretty silks of small patterns or checks; some of them have between the stripes flowerets of a color different from the ground of the dress. For light summer toilet, jaconets, printed muslins, bareges, organdi, silk muslin, and grenadine silk, are still in favor. All these materials have flounces.

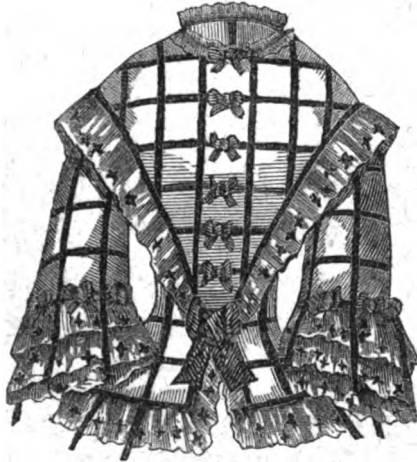
The upper garments for the season present a great variety of shapes. Mantelets will be much worn; also silk caracos, styled polka jackets, fitting to the figure; half shawls of chantilly or cambric lace, and even of plain silk; all are trimmed with two flounces. The silk shawls have flounces of the same material. Lace points are also worn without any ruffles. The caracos have long and wide basques falling loosely over the voluminous skirts now worn. This garment is made of black silk and is trimmed with fringes of a mixture of chenille and jet, or with a deep flounce of lace or Venice guipure.



Fichu Bretelles, of Ribbon, covered with Black Lace and trimmed with Ribbon and Lace.

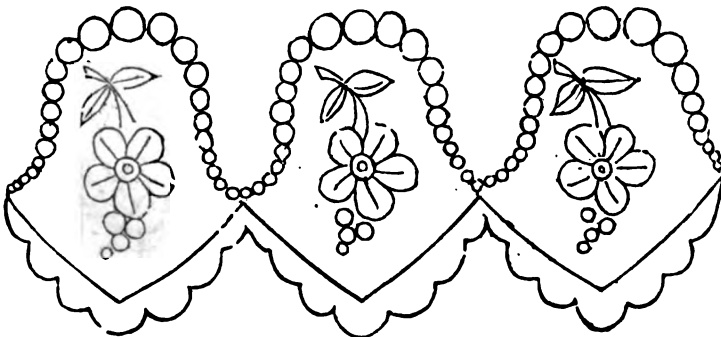


• Patterns for Children's Dresses, to be made of White Cashmere or Mousseline de Laine.



This new and beautiful Corset is made of White Tulle and Black Velvet Ribbons, trimmed with Black Lace, and ornamented with lines of Black Velvet.

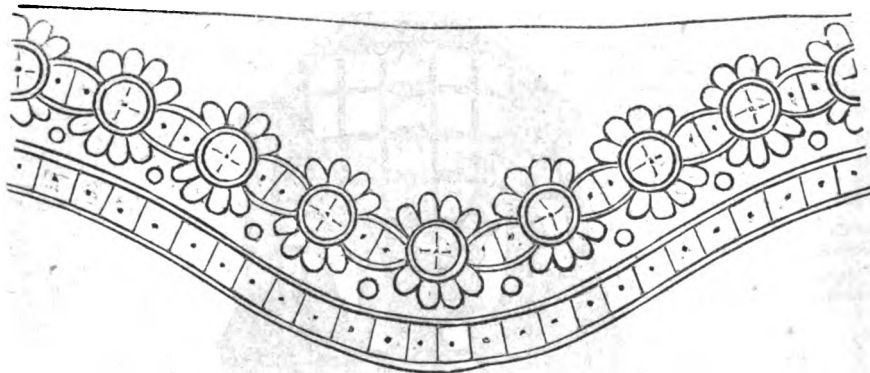
Patterns for Needlework.



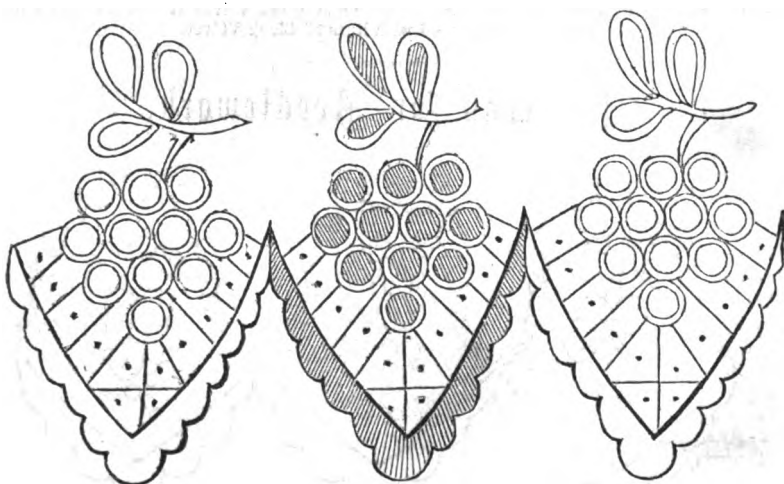
Patterns for Flouncing.



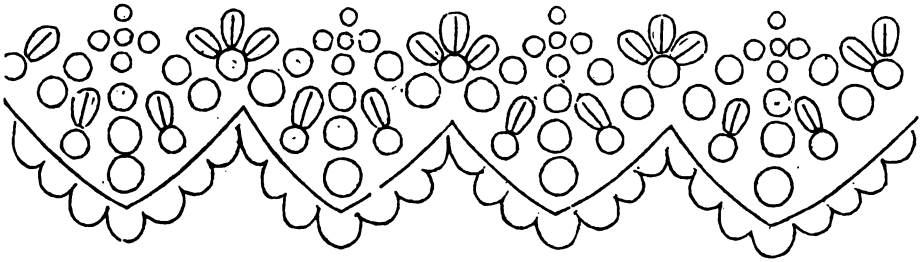
Name and Corner for a Pocket Handkerchief.



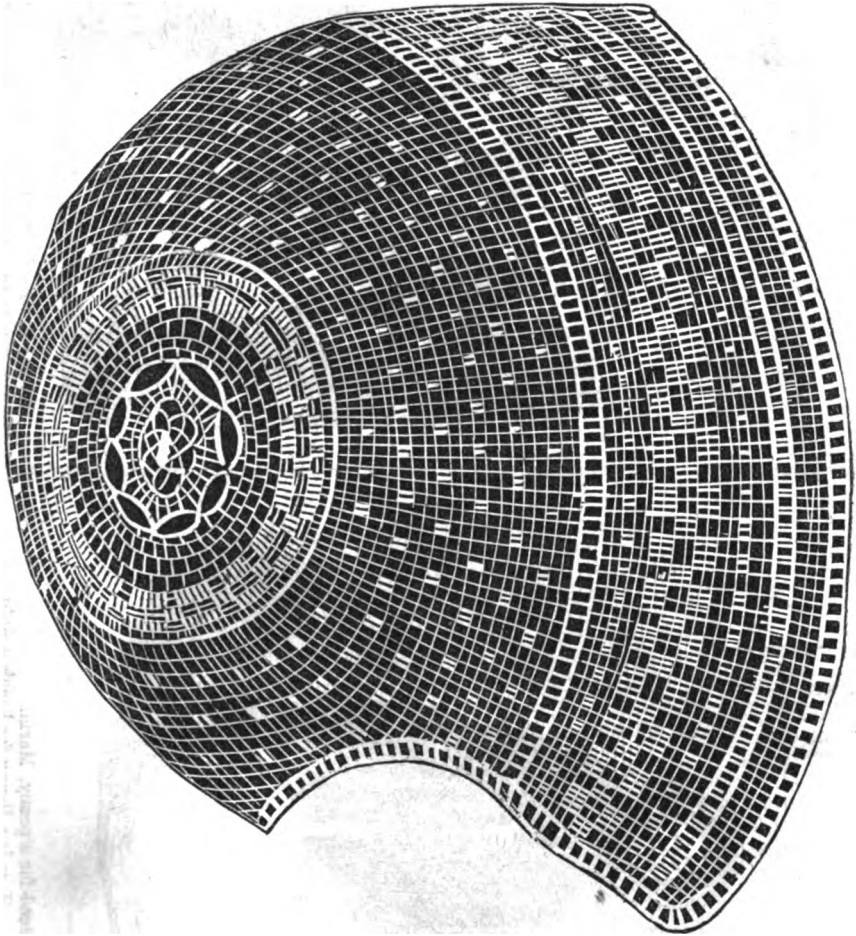
This is a very neat and easily worked pattern of a Cuff for Little Boys. Can be made the size of wrist.



Pattern for Flouncing for Undersleeves, etc.



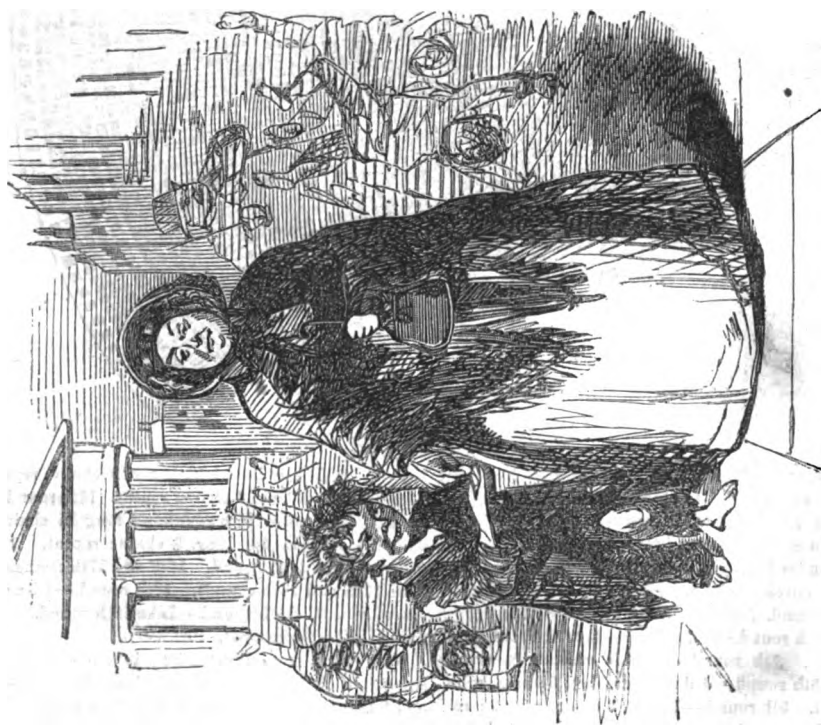
Pattern for Embroidery on Child's Dress.



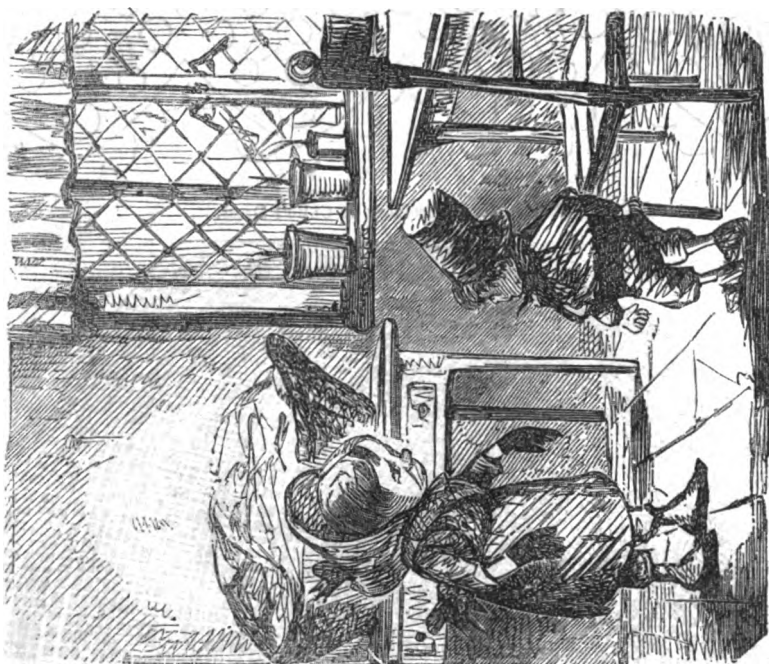
INFANT'S CAP.

MATERIALS.—Marshland's crochet thread No. 100; Penelope crochet No. 4. Make a round foundation of seven stitches; work two stitches of double crochet in each stitch. 2d round.—1 double crochet, 5 chain, miss 1; repeat. 3d round.—Double crochet in centre stitch of chain, 9 chain; repeat. 4th round. Like 3d round. 5th round.—Double crochet in every stitch. 6th round.—3 double crochet, 11 chain, miss 5; repeat. 7th round.—Double crochet in every stitch. 8th round.—1 double crochet, 5 chain, miss 2; repeat. 9th round.—1 long, 3 chain, miss 2; repeat. 10th round.—1 long in centre chain, 4 chain; repeat. 11th round.—1 long in centre chain; repeat. 12th round.—8 long, 4 chain; repeat. 13th round.—Like 12th round. 14th round.—4 long in chain, 5 chain, 1 long in 4th long, 5 chain; repeat. 15th round.—Like 14th round. 16th and 17th rounds.—Like 12th and 13th rounds. 18th round.—1 long, 3 chain, miss 3. 19th round.—Like 18th round. 20th round.—Double crochet.

Now work from illustration, in close and open squares, 3 chains between each long in the latter, and finish with a round of double long stitches, and one of double crochet.



Little Boy.—Stand on my Head for a penny, Marm.
Old Lady.—No, Little Boy. Here is a Penny for keeping right End Upwards!



Young Lady.—If you think you're a-going out with me with that figure, you're very much mistook. Where's your Gloves?



Queen Blanche excludes Louis IX. from the chamber of his wife.

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NO. 2.

BLANCHE OF CASTILLE.

UPON the death of Louis VII. his only son, Phillippe Auguste, ascended the throne of France. His coronation and marriage occurred upon the same day; and was witnessed by his father, a few hours previous to his death. Phillippe was but fifteen years of age upon his ascension to the throne, and his father had appointed the Count of Flanders to be his guardian during his minority; but owing to the jealousy of the queen mother, and her brother, the Count of Champagne, the first years of his reign was disturbed by their quarrels and dissensions. They eventually resolved to submit their pretensions to the sword; and the rival claimants were only pacified by the intercession of the young king. From this period, his reign was distinguished for its prompt and efficient administration of justice. His wife, Isabelle of Hainault, having died, he united himself in marriage with Ingeborge, sister of the King of Denmark. There is some mystery connected with this marriage, which even time has failed to unravel. Upon the day succeeding the nuptials, while the young queen was being coronated, Phillippe, while looking upon her, suddenly grew pale and trembled, and his attendants could barely induce him to remain until the conclusion of the ceremony. Three months after this, he assembled a council of ecclesiastics, and desired to have the marriage annulled. The queen appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome, from the injustice of her husband and his instruments. The appeal made little progress, and the king becoming enamored of the beautiful Agnes de Merania, braved the menaces of the church, and married her. The Pope threatened to lay France under an interdict, unless he abandoned Agnes, and took the injured Ingeborge back to his throne. Phillippe defied the power of the Vatican, and he was excommunicated. The clergy were prohibited from performing the rites of the church in his dominions, and all places of worship were deserted and closed. The religious desolation was so great, and the pontifical power

was exerted to such an extent, that the king, having affianced his own son to the Princess Blanche of Castille, was compelled to take the young couple to Normandy, in order to celebrate their nuptials, as he could not have them performed in his own realm. This state of affairs could not be endured, and after struggling against the interdict for nearly two years, he finally submitted to a compromise. He rode to the prison of Ingeborge, placed her on the steed behind him, and arriving in Paris, had her proclaimed his lawful wife. Agnes only survived this cruel act for a few weeks, and died of a broken heart; but the interdict was annulled, and the people rejoiced throughout entire France.

Phillippe enjoyed a long and successful reign, and at his death, which occurred on the 14th of July, 1228, the crown descended to his son Prince Louis.

The new king, Louis VIII., surnamed by his flatterers, notwithstanding some equivocal demonstrations of weakness, which have been recorded, after the English hero, "Cœur de Lion" had reached the mature age of thirty-six, when he attained the sceptre of his ample dominions. On account of its short duration, says an acute writer, "this reign presents few incidents worthy of special notice, and may indeed be considered as little more than a supplement to the long and glorious rule of his father." Though without any peculiar distinctive marks, notwithstanding, it was not destitute of events. The moment after his coronation he entered upon a quarrel with Henry III. of England—who had refused to attend that ceremonial—concerning the fiefs which Phillippe II. had conquered from the imbecile King John. Instead of restoring these, as was demanded of him, Louis prepared, on receiving the message of the English sovereign, to wrest from his rival all that still remained to him of his continental dominions, and for that purpose speedily marched at the head of a large army, into Poitou, which in a brief space he

overrun, and before the autumn of 1224, the whole country north of the Garonne, was annexed to the possessions of the French crown. A few months more, it is probable, would have seen Henry stripped of every foot of land which his ancestors had held out of Britain; but that, just at the moment of success, the attention of Louis was diverted to other objects; and he therefore, on the mediation of the Pope, and the receipt of a large sum of money, consented to grant a truce for three years, during which he expired.

The matter which called Louis away from Guienne, was the renewal by Amaury de Montfort of his offer to cede to the king, all his so called dominions in the south, in exchange for the post of High Constable of France, whenever the next vacancy should occur. Young and ardent, full of ambition and self-confidence, Louis, unlike his father, at once closed with the proposal of the titular Count of Toulouse, and having collected an army of upwards of fifty thousand men at arms, besides infantry; he forthwith marched towards Aquitaine, to expel Raymond VII. (the old Count had died in the year 1222,) from his inheritance, under pretence of suppressing more effectually the detestable heresy of the Albigensis. For this expedition he had easily obtained the sanction of the Church, which, notwithstanding the entire submission of Raymond, and his solemn disavowal of the creed of the Albigenses, had never been reconciled to a prince who had once dared to brave her anathemas, and had successfully eluded her vengeance. Pope Honorius indeed was so eager to punish the disobedient Provençal, that besides excommunicating him, preparatory to the attack of Louis upon his territories, he granted to the invader, towards defraying the expense of the sacred enterprise, the tenth of all ecclesiastical revenues throughout France, for the long period of five years, or during the continuance of the war.

Avignon, a city considered to belong to the kingdom of Arles, a fief of the German Emperor, but virtually an independent State, governed by its own magistrates, and forming and breaking its alliances at pleasure, was the first important place beyond his own frontiers, which lay in the French king's line of march. The citizens had long maintained a friendly intercourse with the people of Toulouse, and were suspected of being tainted with the heresies of the Albigensis. Louis imperiously demanded a passage through the territory of this wealthy municipality; and the authorities, hopeless of offering effectual resistance to the approaching force, hastened to present themselves before the king, and to offer not only a free passage by their bridge across the Rhône, but a large stock of provisions and other

supplies, on condition that the advancing army would forbear from traversing their peaceful streets. The insolent monarch repelled this reasonable proposal with disdain, and informed the magistrates of his determination to pass, with drawn sword, followed by his soldiers in all military pomp, and accompanied by the legate of the Pope, through the very heart of their city. The answer, as might have been expected, aroused all the ire and indignation of the populace of Avignon, who immediately closed their gates and prepared for an energetic defence. The contest which ensued was an unequal one; but the burghers acquitted themselves well and manfully. They returned "unsparingly and in kind every weapon which the perverse skill of the times supplied for mutual destruction. They invented engines which counteracted the engines of their enemies; and they inflicted many deadly wounds upon the French." So long was the defence protracted, and so little either of honor or profit did the French nobles and knights acquire in the struggle, that all became discontented with the expedition; and Thibaut, Count of Champagne, urging that his suzerain had no claim upon his aid beyond the forty days to which feudal service in the field was limited, abandoned the camp and returned to his own estates. Louis, however, though his troops fell thick around him by disease, fatigue, scantiness of provisions and the sword, persevered; and after numerous assaults, a delay of three months, and the loss of about twenty thousand men, Avignon was obliged to open its gates by capitulation. The conquest, however, was barren. The season was too far advanced to permit the invaders to proceed against Toulouse; and the king, unable longer to endure the atmosphere, and the epidemics which it produced among his northern warriors, hastened to retreat to his own dominions, to await the spring, and procure reinforcements before opening a new campaign. His health and strength, however, had been already exhausted, and on reaching the mountains of Auvergne he sank beneath the fever which had seized him, and expired at Montpensier on the 29th of October, 1226. His death, by some, has been attributed to poison, administered by Thibaut of Champagne, who, being a devoted Troubadour, had in his lays expressed the most ardent passion for Queen Blanche, who is reported to have been by no means insensible to the attentions of her illustrious admirer. There is little doubt, however, that this charge is altogether a calumny, having its origin in after circumstances, and receiving a minute degree of color from the fervent outpourings of poetical adoration, which it was the fantastic custom of the age to approve without considering it derogatory to the reputation of the lady addressed,

notwithstanding her being married, and there being, between her and her *servants*, the greatest disparity of age and rank.

By his will, dated in June, 1225, the deceased king had settled the crown upon his eldest son, Louis. To Robert, his second child, he had given the county of Artois; to Alphonso, Anjou and Maine; and to Charles, Poitou and Auvergne. John, his fifth son, had been destined for the church, and was therefore left landless. Queen Blanche, a strong and masculine minded woman, was invested with the regency, and entrusted with the education of the young king, St. Louis, who had the misfortune to ascend the throne at the age of twelve years.

The very first days of the new reign were disturbed by dissensions, jealousies, and conspiracies. When invited to attend the coronation of Louis IX., at Rheims, a number of the turbulent barons and feudatories refused to do so, or to renew their homage, unless the prisoners who had been taken at Bouvines, and still lingered in captivity, should be first released, and the ancient customs of the realm, which, during the last two reigns, had been disregarded and set at nought, should be reestablished. Some, it is said, demanded restitution of all the estates, which, from the accession of Phillippe II., had been confiscated; and others openly proclaimed their disgust at being required to yield obedience to a woman and a Spaniard. Blanche, supported by her constitutional Castilian pride, proceeded to the inauguration of her son in the absence of the disaffected; and, the moment the ceremonial was over, she hastened to raise an army for the purpose of crushing the league which was too manifestly forming against her authority, if not her life. By this unexpected promptitude, she compelled her enemies to declare themselves before their purpose was ripe for action; and she then became aware that among her adversaries were numbered Phillippe Hurepel, Count of Boulogne, her husband's brother, who claimed for himself the regency as of right; Pierre de Dreux—whose hostility to the church had won for him the soubriquet of *Mauclerc* or *Mauvais-clerc*; Savary of Mauléon; Hugues de Lusignan, Count de la Marche, Thibaut of Champagne, who, because of his imprudent verses concerning his love for the Queen Mother, had been prohibited from attending the young king's coronation, while his countess—for he was married—had been rudely repulsed from the very doors of the cathedral of Rheims, where she had presented herself to bear the sword of state in right, and as the deputy of her husband. Enguerrand de Courcy, whose pretensions are stated to have fallen nothing short of the crown itself, was also among the malcontents; together with Hugues de St. Paul, Simon

de Ponthieu, and nearly all the nobles of Poitou, who regretted the busy and profitable days, when the English domination almost constantly afforded them pretexts for marauding excursions and warfare. Aquitaine, Normandy, Guienne—all the provinces which had been subjugated to the new and more haughty royalty of Phillippe Auguste, thought the moment favorable for reasserting the independence of which they had been deprived; and hoped once more to reduce the power of the king to the same narrow limits as when he was merely the seigneur of Laon, president of the *Cour plénière*, and general of the feudal armies, confederated for the defense and protection of the realm. All the labor of Phillippe seemed about to be destroyed at a blow; when Blanche, calling her charms,—and she is reported to have been exceedingly beautiful—to her aid, addressed herself to her revolted lover, Thibaut, and by holding out the prospect of a love intrigue—real or feigned—sought to defeat the designs of her numerous and powerful adversaries. "A woman of address and beauty," says Sir Walter Scott, "knows well how to recover the affections of an offended admirer; and, if he be of a romantic and poetical temperament, he is still more easily recalled to his allegiance. It cost the queen but an artful hint that she would be pleased to see Thibaut at court; and the faithful lover was at her feet and at her command." Instead of joining the rebels, as he had promised in Poitou, he hastened to make his submission to the regent at Tours, and by his disaffection so disconcerted the plans of the allies, that most of them, in turn, fearing treachery in each other, hastened after their comrade, and added their oaths of fidelity to his.

The reconciliation thus effected, it need hardly be said, was insincere and hollow. Nothing that had been complained of was altered or redressed, and the feelings of discontent which had been engendered among the rebellious chiefs, still smouldered on beneath the slender garb of loyalty, which had been assumed for momentary safety. A short time only had elapsed ere the Count of Boulogne, having sounded his friends, formed a new conspiracy, the chief object of which was to obtain possession of the young king's person. Accordingly, they formed one day an ambush at Etampes, when it was known that Louis was going from Paris to Orleans; and had it not again been for the love-lorn fears of Thibaut, the project would most likely have succeeded. Fearing the displeasure of his royal mistress, however, the poet hastened to inform her son of his danger, in time for him to take refuge in the castle of Montlhéry, and then proceeding to Paris, he acquainted the queen with all that had been done and meditated. Blanche, summoning the citizens, marched at once to the

rescue. Such a crowd accompanied the fair Castilian on this occasion, that "from the capital to Montlhéry the roads were full of people armed and without arms, marching in close file, side by side, crying with a loud voice upon the Lord to endow the king with a long life and prosperity." With this escort the king was brought back in triumph, without a single adversary daring to show his face.

But though still baffled, the conspirators were not sufficiently disheartened to induce them to relinquish their design. The Duke of Britany, in the ensuing year, having openly revolted, all the barons and feudatories were summoned to aid the crown, according to their fealty, to reduce the refractory vassal to submission. Each, as had been agreed among them, attended the rendezvous; but none brought with him more than two men at arms—a force totally inadequate, supposing it had been well affected, and disposed to act in behalf of the sovereign—to cope with the army which was arrayed against it. The devoted troubadour a third time proved the guardian of "the lady of his affections." While the queen was deliberating upon the course which it would be necessary for her to pursue, to ensure her own safety and that of her son, who was present, Thibaut suddenly made his appearance in the camp with three hundred cavaliers and their attendants, and so overawed the whole confederacy, that the Breton prince laid down his arms and sued for peace and pardon, and the rest of the conspirators were constrained once more to renew their worthless vows of obedience and fidelity. Thibaut now became the object of attack and fury to those whom his fantastic amour had so often exposed to danger and defeat. In a short time they mustered in strength, and marching to Champagne, carried fire and sword through that fertile province, and vowed not to rest till they had expelled the faithless count from his patrimony, and bestowed it upon Alice, Queen of Cyprus, the heiress of his elder brother. Fortunately for Thibaut, the Communes, of whom he was the friend and protector against the petty and tyrannical Castellans, were entirely devoted to his interests and wishes; and these made a brave and determined stand against the invaders. The bourgeois of Troyes, commanded by the father of Joinville, opposed so vigorous an opposition to the advance of the foe that, ere they could complete their work of desolation, sufficient time elapsed for the regent to send her son in person to the succor of her true and loyal knight. The confederates were defeated; but Blanche, as the price of her aid to her lover, compelled him to perform what she conceived to be an act of justice to his niece, the Queen of Cyprus, by paying in compensation of the claims of that lady, the sum of forty thousand livres in ready

cash, and to settle upon her as a pension two thousand livres per annum. The gallant count, it is added, being unable to raise so much money on the instant—his coffers having been emptied by the expenses of feasts and tournaments—the royal treasure was opened to him; but not until he had consented to assign to the king the valuable territories of Blois, Chartres, Sancerre, and Châteaudun. Thibaut is said to have murmured a little when required to yield so large a portion of his domains; but when the beautiful queen, with an angry look, reproached him for his disobedience, he shrugged his shoulders, heaved a sigh, and exclaimed, "By my faith, madam, my heart, body, life, and land are all yours, and at your absolute disposal."

This victory which, it was hoped, would restore peace, brought only a respite to the queen-mother and her son. The western provinces of France, as discontented as ever, incessantly intrigued for the purpose of obtaining a release from the yoke which they detested. Henry III., of England, constantly invoked for aid, at last determined on conducting an army to the long threatened invasion of the continent, and disembarked with a numerous and well organized host, at the festival of Easter, 1280, at St. Malo. The court of Peers, summoned for that purpose by Blanche, immediately attainted Pierre Mauclerc, of Britany, who had sworn fidelity to the foreigner, and a powerful army was gathered for the defence of the realm. So indisposed, however, were the French barons to support the regent in her exertions, that had Henry possessed ordinary talent or diligence, there is little doubt that he would soon have been enabled to recover all the estates which his father had lost; but he was indolent and voluptuous, and wasted the time and money that would have sufficed for the expedition in expensive pleasures and follies; and after exhibiting his imbecility for about three months, he hastened to recross the channel, covered with disgrace, and minus the whole amount of treasure which had been wrung from his English subjects for the purposes of his vain-glorious military parade. His unhappy ally, the Duke of Britany, was soon reduced to submission, when the hard condition imposed on him was, that he should appear at the foot of the throne of young Louis, with a rope round his neck, and crave pardon for his manifold revolts and treasons.

While this mockery of a war was proceeding, another attempt was made by the nobles whom he had so often deceived, to wrest from Count Thibaut his family possessions. They poured large predatory bands into Champagne, and ravaged the country in all directions; till wearied and desperate, the poet-warrior was glad to sue for peace and forgiveness, and finally to consent

to take the cross, and lead a specified number of retainers to the Holy Land to assist in the recovery of Jerusalem. Thibaut thenceforward seems to have abandoned his amours and intrigues; and sometime afterwards, on the death of Sancho VII., without issue, he ascended the throne of Navarre, in the right of his mother Blanche, the deceased King's sister. "His extravagant devotion to beauty and poetry," it has been said, "did not prevent his being held in those days a sagacious as well as accomplished sovereign."

About this time a termination was put to a quarrel, which, though originating in a tavern, had engaged the attention of the learned of Europe for two years. During the carnival of 1229, on a Sunday evening, a number of the students of Paris, distinguished as scholars of Picardy, having quarrelled with the vintner, had sought to redress their grievances by violence, when the inhabitants of the faubourg St. Marceau set upon them, and drove them with staves and stones back into the capital. Next day the students armed themselves, and with a large concourse of their friends and companions returned to the charge upon the tavern-keeper and his abettors. They then destroyed his bottles and drinking vessels, and threw his wine upon the floor; after which they sallied into the streets and furiously attacked all they met—beating and injuring a multitude of innocent men and women. Complaint was immediately made of this outrage to the queen regent, who at once dispatched the *Prévôt's* men (*routiers*) to the spot to secure the offenders; but these persons, instead of attacking the rioters, fell upon all who wore the garb of students that were found without the city walls—several of whom were killed in the affray that ensued. Among those who were thus slain were two young men of noble birth—a Fleming and a Norman. The whole University raised an outcry against the insult and wrong; and, unable to obtain redress from the queen's officers, they resolved to abandon the city, "that nurse of philosophy and wisdom," and to take the light of their learning to more favorable scenes. The schools of Angers, Toulouse, Rheims, Orléans, Spain, Italy, and England, were readily opened to both masters and pupils, who were everywhere received with a joyful welcome, as the victims of injustice and persecution, instead of being regarded in their true light of refractory and rebellious subjects. The dispersion, besides casting a stigma on Paris, was looked upon as a scandal to Christendom. Pope Gregory IX., without much enquiry, it may be presumed, into the merits of the case, warmly espoused the cause of the scholars. He wrote to the Bishop, to Queen Blanche, and to the young king, urging earnestly that reparation should be made to the University, in order that Paris might no longer be deprived of

its brightest ornament and hope; and at last, after much intercession, the burghers—over whom the clergy were always sure to be finally triumphant—were compelled to submit and make satisfaction, and the students were brought back to their abode, with the pride and presumption of conquerors.

A similar quarrel not long afterwards broke out at Orléans. Some of the young clerks, taking advantage of an occasion of rejoicing among the citizens, created a tumult, which, commencing in a mere brawl, ended in a massacre. Many of the scholars—and of the townsmen also—were stabbed in the streets, others were thrown into the Loire and drowned, and a great number were compelled to flee for concealment and security into the neighboring vineyards, and the caverns on the bank of the river. Among those who chanced to be slain in this encounter, were a nephew of the Count of Champagne, a nephew of the Count de la Marche, two near relatives of Pierre Mauclerc, of Brittany, and young Archambaud de Bourbon. The bishop, on hearing of the occurrence, immediately quitted the city, and launched against the bold burghers his prelatial interdict; upon which the friends of the slaughtered youths hastened to the devoted place, to avenge by force of arms, the blood which had been shed. The feud was only quelled by the interference, with all the might of the royal authority, of Queen Blanche and her son; and then only on the humiliation of the citizens.

Fortunately for the regent, and probably for the preservation of the kingly power also, the term of Louis's long minority was now near its close. In 1234 he attained his twentieth year, and having expressed an inclination to marry, his mother sought for him a bride among the Provençal race, which she hoped by that means to conciliate in such wise as to gain a footing in the south, and thus secure to the crown the provinces, for the acquisition of which so much blood and treasure had already been fruitlessly lavished. The consort of her choice was Margaret, eldest daughter of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence: but under the pretext of the young queen's tender age—she was little more than thirteen—Blanche established such regulations for the intercourse of the young couple as effectually prevented Margaret from obtaining much conjugal influence over her husband. During the day time, according to Joinville, who has minutely chronicled the events of this reign, the queen, who was treated rather as a little child than a bride, was carefully kept apart from her spouse. Louis was forbidden to remain in her room without witnesses; and even when on a journey he was not permitted to occupy the same apartment with her. During a brief residence at Pontoise, the king, discovering a private staircase, found means, it is added, of introducing

himself to his wife, but such was his fear of detection, that he instructed the servants of the household to whip the dogs about the adjoining apartment, should his mother approach, in order that he might have time to elude her observation and reproaches. One day, however, his precaution having been neglected, Blanche discovered her son and daughter alone together, the former concealed behind the chair of the latter. She took the king by the hand, and leading him from the chamber said, with a frown, "Go hence—here I alone am queen." Margaret, who was ill at the time, burst into tears, and replied, "You will not let me speak with my husband, whether living or dying."

The attainment of twenty-one, not long afterwards, released Louis from this domestic thralldom, and then a more masculine and determined character than could have been expected in him, began to be gradually developed. With much mildness and forbearance, he was found to unite firmness of purpose, indomitable courage and perseverance, and great vigor and wisdom. His arbitration was sought in 1240, to settle the dispute which had arisen between the Pope and the Emperor Frederic II.; and when the Pontiff, on a new quarrel with his antagonist, offered to Robert of Artois, the king's brother, the imperial crown, he had the good sense to decline a gift, which, instead of conferring dominion, would merely have entailed on his family the miseries of a fierce and bitter war.

In 1241, Louis started upon an expedition to instil his brother Alphonso in the fief of Poitou. This rich appanage had been previously bestowed by Henry III. upon the Earl of Cornwall; and the Poitevins, preferring the English alliance to that of France, were generally disposed to favor any movement that would free them from their subjection. They mustered in force at the inauguration of their new prince, and took the oath of allegiance and homage; but a few days afterwards, they suddenly reappeared with a large company of men, and after renouncing their fealty, declared war against Alphonso, in terms of contemptuous disdain and defiance. Louis hastened to Paris, collected an army, and dispelled the insurgents; but suffered in health from the pestiferous atmosphere of the marshes. Upon his return to Paris, he grew much worse, and his state was very critical. At one time, while laboring under a severe fever, life was supposed to be extinct; and upon returning to consciousness, he made a vow, that if it pleased heaven to restore him he would take the cross, and make the great pilgrimage in arms for the recovery of the Holy Land. Queen Blanche was transported with joy at her son's recovery; but when she saw him with the cross upon his bosom, and heard from his own lips of his vow and intention, she

went perfectly distracted with sorrow and grief. She endeavored to reason and remonstrate with him against leaving his kingdom, and even employed the eloquent and pious sophistry of the Bishop of Paris, from whom he had received his cross, to dissuade him from his purpose; but all her efforts were fruitless, and he forthwith prepared for the expedition. France was again placed under the regency of Queen Blanche, and she pursued the same policy which had characterized her former reign, with the greatest and most unlimited success. Endowed with a degree of firmness that was seldom bestowed upon her sex, and of a strong and unyielding disposition; age had only tended to mature her extraordinary attributes, and she based her policy upon her long, and well-tryed experience. She endeavored to rule more by kindness and persuasion, than the force of her authority; and the only discontent which occurred in her administration, was occasioned by an effervescence of loyalty. This was the celebrated "Crusade of Shepherds," and had its origin in the promise of a Hungarian renegade to the Sultan of Babylon, in which he promised to afford the Saracens an opportunity to invade France, during the absence of the king, who was now a prisoner. This man was imbued with the fanatical spirit which had animated Peter the Hermit; and pretending that a written paper, which he had, was the mandate of God, and given to him by the Virgin Mary, he announced that in it God had expressed his offence at the pomp and pride of chivalry, and that the deliverance of the Holy Land was reserved for the herdsman, and the shepherd. Blanche, hoping that this movement would lead to the release of her sons from captivity, at first favored and protected this daring impostor; but when she learned that the expedition was comprised of the worst and vilest characters in the realm, she ordered the Bishop of Orléans to issue an anathema against all who should join them, or attend their preachings. A tumult ensued; the library of Orléans was plundered, and the books burned; many priests were killed, and Blanche was compelled to resort to arms to quell the riot. This was the only disturbance which occurred during her second regency that required force to master; and it was speedily terminated by her promptness. She was now sixty-five years of age, and her health being shattered by the intelligence of her son's imprisonment, she entered upon a gradual decline, which resulted in her death. Being seized at Melan, with mortal sickness, and feeling that her dissolution was rapidly approaching, she was conveyed to Paris, and was invested with the veil of a Cistercian Nun, that she might die in the odor of sanctity. She survived the ceremony but a few days; and expired on the first day of December, 1253.

Her regency comprised the most eventful periods in the history of France; and through her firmness of character, strength of resolution, and indomitable energy, everything prospered in her reign. When it is considered, that with other qualities, she had all the softness and passionate ardor of her sunny clime, and that her person was endowed with the most ravishing and voluptuous

beauty, the mind can barely realize the firmness and decision of her achievements. After a long life of prosperity and success, she devoted her last thoughts towards making her peace with heaven, and cheerfully resigned her power upon earth to be an humble suppliant at the Throne of Grace. So ended the acts and life of the illustrious Blanche of Castille.

AUGUST.

BY WEST.

How sweetly now within the wood,
And 'mid the tall old trees
All dress'd in summer garmenture,
Comes the refreshing breeze,
Lulling the overtaxed brain
With dream-like ecstasies.

How the heart leaps to hear the brook
Go singing on its way,
Kissing with cool and balmy touch
The sultriness of day,
'Till all the air seems fragrant with
The rare perfumes of May.

Deep, deep within the shady dells
The flowers are sleeping now,
Curt'ning with leafy canopies
The sunbeams from their brow,
And glistening in their loveliness
Like dew-drops on the bough.

And far away beside some lake,
Upon whose placid breast
At evening's hour a thousand stars
Are pictured in its rest,
My heart would make its quiet home,
And be a summer guest.

I pine for solitude, and wish
To once again be free,
And drink the boundless freedom in
With unchecked revelry;
'Till soul, and sense, and heart shall thrill
With nature's poetry.

I long to hear the wild birds sing
Beneath my childhood's skies,
And feel, how as the heart grows old
We backward turn our eyes,
To greet each cherished scene that woke
Our earliest sympathies.

I dream amid the dust and heat
Of some clear mountain stream,
And fleecy vines that bend to meet
Their image in its beam,
As rustic maids, who blush to see
Their mirror'd beauties gleam.

Oh! for the hills! I'm stretching forth,
My arms to greet them now,
And fancy almost brings the breeze
Upon my burning brow,
As sighing through the pines it seems
As sweet as love's first vow.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The sun had departed, enveloped with gold,
And twilight descending, had taken day's throne;
The nightingale sang his sad tune as of old,
To the bright evening star as it sparkled alone.

The zephyr flew lightly, just touching the grove,
As sign of its presence before it had gone;
The rivulet murmured the cadence of love,
As slowly to ocean its waters passed on.

The evening was lovely, as pensive I strayed
To a small rustic seat 'neath a wide-branching
oak,
Where often in childhood its sheltering shade
Had screen'd from the sun while I slept by the
brook.

Oh! ye water-worn pebbles! how oft have ye brought
Sensations of pleasure in childhood's fair hour,

When day brought no care, and with night came no
thought

To sully a pleasure or wither a flower.

I sat beside Mary, and fervently pressed
The fair hand which fortune had placed in mine own;
And though the blood mantled with crimson her
breast,

Her eye told the tale—that she loved me alone.

I need not go further—I love that old tree,
Where Luna first witnessed that Mary was mine.
I love it! yes, Mary! I love it next thee—
The place where I bowed down to beauty divine.

Those days have gone by, yet to me that old tree
Possesses a vigor which time cannot move;
Its leaves are all treasures to my memory,
Whose rustling reminds of the tale of my love.

SIGNA.

A SCENE IN 1956.

BY BEN SCRIBBLER.

A VERY pretty, delicate, fashionably dressed young gentleman is seated in a drawing-room working desperately at some embroidery, and now and then heaving a gentle sigh. He is attired rather differently from the youths of the last century, for his hair is parted in the middle, and falls in clustering curls to the throat, which is ornamented with a splendid neck-lace; his coat (with tails reaching almost to the floor) is made low neck and short sleeves—shoes are the softest kid; and pants of fine silk.

A ring at the door. The servant announces Miss Fast. Mr. Manly rises from the sofa, blushes deeply, and casts down his eyes; not so the lady, who advances with a firm step—wishes the gentleman "Good Evening," and softly touches his delicate digits. After a little conversation the beauty takes up his fan, saying—"I saw you, Miss Fast, this morning, walking very rapidly past our house, and I thought something dreadful had occurred; at first I imagined our dwelling was in flames, and was so overcome (for my nerves are very weak,) that I gasped for breath and nearly fainted. Now please do tell me what was the matter with you, for I have hardly yet recovered from my fright."

"Ah, my dear Mr. Manly, I fancied you looked pale when I came in—I missed those beautiful roses on your cheeks, and can I forgive myself for being the cause (though innocently) of so much suffering?"

"Oh, no ma'am—pray don't distress yourself; I am quite well now. But," he added with a sweet smile and killing glance, "what made you walk so fast, and look so thoughtful?"

"Why, I was going to court," commenced the lady, pulling her cravat and looking professional, "as I had a cause to plead, and a strange one it was too. A man was such an outrageous fool as to disobey his wife, and insisted that he ought to carve and she pour out the tea; but when she informed him that no such thing would be allowed in her house, he threw over the tea-board and dashed from the room, leaving his wife and lawful protector petrified with astonishment. The lady followed him soon, however, and told the man she was grieved to see *her* husband act in such a manner, expressing the desire that the offence might not be repeated; but he behaved in a most unmanly way, said he had borne tyranny long enough, and *would* have the *same* rights men possessed in the last century! (Did you ever hear anything like it.) When he could not be pacified, his wife quietly turned the key

of his boudoir, and leaving orders with the servants at what hour to have dinner, went out to her business. On returning home, she discovered the miscreant had fled, and in a short time he actually applied for a divorce. Of course he could not gain it, there was not a shadow of chance."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaims Mr. Manly, I fear he is deranged; I hope he will not be allowed to remain at large; I shall not sleep a wink at night till I know he is confined. Oh, Miss Fast, will not you see he does not go about unless strictly guarded? I should die, I am certain, were I to meet him in the street."

"My sweet Mr. Manly," replies the lady, with a look of inexpressible tenderness. "Do not fear, I shall see that you are not troubled. Mrs. Rampant, the chief of the police, shall be informed of the matter. I am sure you can trust me."

"Yes ma'am, I will rely on you, as I have al—" here he checks himself, blushing deeply.

"What pleasure I receive in hearing you say so," says the lady, "and those beautiful down-cast eyes tell more I hope, than your rose-bud mouth can utter."

"Now, Miss Fast," cries the gentleman, tapping her with his fan, "you are beginning your flatteries. What a bad, naughty, hateful creature you are. I do protest," he adds, with an enchanting lisp, "that you are the most perfect flirt. I know how you trifle with us gentlemen."

"Trifle with you, Mr. Manly!" the lady bursts forth, going down on her knees. "Is not my whole life bound up in you—will you not smile on me with delight, when I confess that I adore you with all the power of a strong womanly nature, that I will protect you through life, and you shall desire no firmer arm to lean on and look to for support. Oh, say, my better angel, that you will be mine."

"Really, Miss Fast—I do not—spare me—I am not calm just now—some other time—I am very young—such preference—oh—ah—I am so startled—how my heart does palpitate—a glass of water"—and the gentleman sinks back on the sofa, nearly swooning. He recovers shortly, as the lady fans him most vigorously, and looking up in her face with swimming eyes, says, "Go ask my noble mother's consent, and then this poor worthless hand and heart you prize so much, will be thine forever," and a flood of tears from those soft, sweet orbs, rains upon the devoted lover, and extracts most all the starch from her Byron collar.

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

He who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to Henry I. by a lord of Colchester. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden-Hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave, or, as others say, by one of their domestics, in the manner described below. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud —

"If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the Luck of Eden-Hall!"

On Eden's wild romantic bowers,
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,
And tint with yellow light the towers—
The stately towers of Eden-Hall.

There, lonely in the deepening night,
A lady at her lattice sits,
And trims her taper's wavering light,
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute
Beguile the weary moments now;
And little seems the lay to suit
Her wistful eye and anxious brow.

For, as the cord her finger sweeps,
 Oft-times she checks her simple song,
To chide the forward chance that keeps
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long.

And listens as the wind sweeps by,
His steed's familiar step to hear—
Peace, beating heart! 'twas but the cry
And foot-fall of the distant deer.

In, lady, to thy bower; fast weep
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale;
Thy cherished hero lies asleep—
Asleep in distant Russendale!

The noon was sultry, long the chase—
And when the wild stag stood at bay,
BURBEX reflected from its face
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie—
Up many a hill his courser strain,
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,
His verdant bowers and halls again.

But twilight deepens—o'er the wolds
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,
And 'twixt the haunted forest holds
The wanderer in its bosky maze.

No ready vassal rides in sight;
He blows his bugle, but the call
Roused Echo mocks: farewell to-night,
The homefelt joys of Eden-Hall!

His steed he to an alder ties,
His limbs he on the greensward flings;
And, tired and languid, to his eyes
Wooes sorceress slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer—a sigh, in murmurs faint,
He whispers to the passing air;
The Ave to his patron saint—
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'Twas well that in that Elfin wood
He breathed the supplicating charm,
Which binds the Guardians of the good
To shield from all unearthly harm.

Scarce had the night's pale Lady staid
Her chariot o'er th' accustomed oak,
Than murmurs in the mystic shade
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread—
His crouching greyhound whined with fear;
And quaked the wild-fern round his head,
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale
On glade and hillock, flower and tree;
And sweet the gurgling nightingale
Poured forth her music, wild and free.

Sudden her notes fell hushed, and near
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring;
And, in gay cavalcade, appear
The Fairies round their Fairy King.

Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more
Were there in silk and steel arrayed;
And each a ruby helmet wore,
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,
And minstrels scarfed and laureled fair,
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,
On milk-white steeds, brought up their queen;
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,
Their kirtles all of Lincoln-green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,
A sapphire or a topaz crown;
And some a heron's or peacock's plume,
Which their own tercel-gents struck down:

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,
Some turbans rich, some ouches rare;
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade
Grew florid as they passed along,
And not a sound their bridles made
But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit—the knights advance,
And in quaint order, one by one,
Each leads his lady forth to dance,—
The timbrels sound—the charm's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,
A daisy or a blue-bell springs;
And not a dew-drop shines o'erhead,
But falls within their charmed rings.

"The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favorite tree;
If now one lady wears a frown,
A false and forward shrew is she!

"There's not a smile we Fays let fall
But swells the tide of human bliss;
And if good luck attends our call,
'Tis due on such sweet night as this.

"The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favorite tree;
If now even Oberon wears a frown,
A false and froward churl is he!"

Thus sung the Fays;—Lord Musgrave hears
Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes
The radiant show, despite the fears
That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft—the minstrelsy declines;
The morris ceases—sound the shafts!
And quick, whilst many a taper shines,
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand;
And underneath her green-wood bower,
Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,
Metheglin, nectar, fruit and flower.

"To banquet, ho!" the seneschals
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees
At sound of cymbals, to their calls
Consort beneath the leafy trees.

Titania by her king, each knight
Beside his lady love; the page
Behind his 'scutcheon'd lord,—a bright
Equipment on a brilliant stage!

The monarch sits;—all helms are doffed,
Plumes, scarfs, and mantels cast aside;
And, to the sound of music soft,
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,
Or livelier hyppocras they sip;
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With "nod, and beck, and wreathed smile,"
They heap their jeweled patines high;
Nor want there mirthful airs the while
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,
Lay on a mossy bank o'er which
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,
The violet spread its perfume rich;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee
Presented high the wassail-cup,
This lay the little bard with glee
From harp of ivory offered up:

"Health to our sovereign!—all, brave boy,
Yon glorious goblet to the brim!
There's joy—in every drop there's joy
That laughs within its charmed rim!

"'Twas wrought within a wizard's mould,
When signs and spells had happiest power;—
Health to our king by wood and wold!
Health to our queen in hall and bower!"

They rise—the myriads rise, and shrill
The wild-wood echoes to their brawl,—
"Health to our king by wold and rill!
Health to our queen in bower and hall!"

A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—
So help him all the Powers of Light,—
He rushes to the festal train,
And snatches up that goblet bright!

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,
The fourth, it seats him on his steed;
"Now, Courser! or thy lord is lost—
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed!"

'Tis uproar all around, behind,—
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay,
"The charmed cup is fairly tined,
Stretch to the strife,—away! away!"

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,
The green turf trembling as they passed;
But forward still good Musgrave kept,—
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained
Their shafts or ere he reached the shore;
But when the farther bank was gained,
This song the passing whirlwind bore:

"Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight!
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight!—
Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall!"

The forest cleared, he winds his horn,—
Rock, wood, and wave return the din;
And soon, as though by Echo borne,
His gallant squires come pricking in.

'Tis dusk of day;—in Eden's towers
A mother o'er her infant bends,
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,
The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,—
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,—
And charms away the lady's cares,
And bids the mother's heart rejoice.

"Sleep sweetly, babe!" 'twas heard to say;
"But if the goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fray!—
Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall!"

Though years on years have taken flight,
Good-fortune's still the Musgrave's thrall;
Hail to his vantage in the fight!
All hail the Luck of Eden-Hall!

MABEL GRAY.

BY CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

COLD autumn skies bent cheerlessly over the old brown house. The wind wailed through the call pines of the forest, dirge-like and dreary; and in the deserted cornfields the withered leaves crackled harshly against their stalks. Tall ragged sailors waved their long leaves and streamer-like blossoms on the blast, till they looked like hopeless spirits, God-forsaken and desolate, hovering cheerlessly together over the scene of departed joys.

By the old grey step-stone grew flaunting sun-flowers, now stripped of their gay circlets of petals, and bending their brown heads in unnoticed decay. The house itself was old and sadly dilapidated. The great square chimney leaned upon its base; the uncurtained windows were broken and stuffed with rags, and the shutters flapped desolately in the heavy autumn blast.

As the twilight shadows gathered, black-winged bats flew out from their hiding-places under the old shingles, and the far-projecting eaves; crows and hoot-owls screamed discordantly in the woods; and circling afar in shadowy skies, night hawks startled the air with their harsh cries, or, with a downward swoop, plunged into the depths of the forest, with a scream that wakened the mountain echoes.

A desolate scene it was. Survey the landscape as you might, there was not one cheerful feature in it. In all its details there was not one hopeful heart-awakening lineament. Stay; look closely in through that uncurtained, rag-stuffed window. In a little broken bowl stands a rose bush; a scraggly, untrimmed plant, grown amidst dreariness and desolation; yet it has thrown out one thrifty shoot, and on it now blushes a half-blown rose. How cheerful it looks. It tempts us to peep in through the dimly-lighted window, upon the room beyond. No need to describe the scene. It is all told in one word—a drunkard's home; want, wretchedness and misery. Yet as on that outward scene one rose-bud looks, so in this interior view, one angel-face beams through the otherwise unmitigated gloom.

Sweet Mabel Gray! More like a pale blue violet art thou, than a fresh-hearted rose. Hair, like the golden edge that paints itself upon a sunset cloud; eyes, deep and dark, like summer skies at night; complexion, fairer, purer, than the snowy clouds that cast their peaceful shadows over the summer noontide. A soul that veils itself behind that lovely face, a single pure drop from the infinite fountain of life. Sweet Mabel Gray!

Alone she sits by that lowly couch. Upon it lies the form of one, a poor shattered storm-tossed

waif of humanity, cast early by the heaving billows of life, upon the dim blissful shores of eternity.

"Mamma, mamma;" whispers the little one. "I think she sleeps. I'm glad, for when she wakes she'll feel better. I wonder why papa don't come home," she shuddered. "I wish he would come back once more, the same kind, good papa he used to be. But I'm afraid he never will. How can he treat mamma and meso badly? whom he used to love so much. Mamma says he is sick and crazed, and that the doctors can't cure him. I wonder why it is? Poor mamma, how peacefully she sleeps. It is long since she has slept so sweetly. I think she will be much stronger when she wakens up, and then, maybe, she'll be able to finish her work, and get some money, so we can have something to eat. That will be nice, for I'm so hungry. How cold it grows! I'll try and find something to wrap around me. I won't go to bed, for it might awaken mamma, but I'll draw this old shawl around me, and lay my head upon the pillow, and there, maybe, I shall go to sleep. How the wind howls to-night; so mournfully and sad; the shutters, too, make more noise than ever, it seems to me; and the rats are running in great troops all over the old house. I wonder if they find anything to eat? It must be nice to be able to run about so fast, and to get one's own food. I don't want to be a rat though," and she shuddered. "I wouldn't be a rat, even if I could have something to eat, there." The thin transparent eyelids fell over the violet eyes, and downy-winged sleep wove her softest, lightest veil over that pure spirit. It was well; for amid the noise of the uproarious elements, and the troopings of banded vermin, and the discordant shrieks of nightbirds, there sounded a step outside the house; and the flickering light of the tall flaming candle revealed, looking in at a broken window pane, a face, a beastly, bloated, scarce a human face. Yet there was a trace of human feeling in those blood-shot eyes, as they fell upon the faces of the sleepers.

"She is dead! my Mary, and I have killed her; beast that I am, worse than beast, fiend; yes, a fiend incarnate; I have killed her. I must—no, I cannot go to her. Death is too holy to be approached by such as I. I might wake the child, too, and she would be frightened at me; frightened at her own father! I could not bear that. Besides I might want to hold her in my arms; my own babe. Yes, if the memory of the old love came over me, I might press these polluted lips to hers, and that would be profanation. No, my child must never see her father again. It would only be a curse to her—the memory of it would

haunt her through life. I have killed one. I will not make the other my victim. No, no, the fiend within me has once dipped his hands in innocent blood, that shall suffice him. My child is safer alone in this old spirit-haunted, vermin-infested house, than she would be with me. Angels will watch over her. Would to God they might bear her away from this reeking and polluted world, to the spirit world—the world she strayed from. She has no friends here. I am no father. I am a fiend. Hell lies within me, and daily I feed its flames with rum. They call to me those writhing imps within, and I must go drink, and drown misery.”

The low-bowed face and the muttering voice, shrank away from the window, and appeared no more. And the winds wailed louder and the rain fell fast, but still sweet Mabel slept on. The sun rose gaily; and shed his cheering rays over all the valley; and that landscape, so dreary and desolate, but twelve hours ago, was cheery and smiling again. Each separate sunbeam had its mission of love. One rested on the bare, brown mountain, and lighted up his bald head with a glow; others dressed the crimson-dyed forests at its base in glory, and flew hither and thither among the branches, waking up the little birds and bidding them sing their sweetest morning songs. Others touched with their long pencils, the old brown house and made it look new and fresh in the sunshine, as if it had not breasted the snows and storms of an hundred years.

And one gentle golden ray, stole softly in and stood waiting at the gates of Mabel's violet eyes. And the sunbeams that lived in her heart felt their waiting sister outside, and they called to the sleeper, “Wake up, little Mabel, wake up, sweet child, the sunshine hath come again, and calleth for thee.” And so little Mabel raised up the curtaining lids and smiled, and as she smiled, the sunbeams in her heart, and the sunbeams outside met at the gates of her soul, and exchanged greetings.

“Good morning, little sunbeams,” said Mabel, “I'm very glad to see you. It is a long time that you've staid away. I've been very lonely without you. I wonder if you've wakened my mamma yet?” But the sunbeams grew paler as they fell on that still cold face. And Mabel felt uneasy and wondered that her mamma slept so long.

Still she sat there, waiting for the sleeper to waken, and weaving pleasant fancies with her busy brain until, by and by, she heard the little gate unclose, and jumping up, she said, “Papa has come, I guess. No, it's only Dame Goodman, who lives at the mill,” and she ran to the door. “Good morning, Dame Goodman,” she said, “come in softly, please, for my mamma hasn't woke up yet.”

“Poor child,” said the good dame, as she bent

over the low couch, “your mamma 'll never wake up again. She's dead, poor thing.”

CHAPTER II.

Years had passed away, and Mabel Gray was still an orphan. Her father had never come to claim her, and, after her mother's burial, she had been adopted by a good old widow lady, who lived in a quiet little cottage just out of the village. Here she had grown up, modest and unassuming as the violets of the meadow, and as unconsciously beautiful. When Mabel was but fifteen the good lady died, leaving the orphan again homeless, but this time the kind hearted landlady of the village inn offered to receive her as an inmate of her family, exacting, in return, only such services as a daughter might perform. And so Mabel, the pure, gentle, spiritual Mabel became the protégé of the good-natured, prosy, garrulous old landlady. Every body said the child had a good home, and, indeed, physically she was well cared for, but little happiness did her heart find in her lot.

One sunny summer afternoon, soon after Mabel went to the inn to live; a fine-looking gentleman reined up his horse in front of the Golden Lion, and called to the landlady to know if there were “hunting or fishing in the neighborhood, where a gentleman might amuse himself for a day or two, sporting?”

“Yes, indeed,” answered the old lady, “that there is. Down in yonder brook that you see flowing through the meadow, are the finest pick-erel in the country, and further up, among the rocks, are trout fit for an earl's dinner; and the woods are full of game.”

One must, of course, make allowance for a landlady's story; but the place seems pleasant, and the fields, and the pasture, and the woodlands will afford some amusement for a day or two, I presume; so you may show me a room, and cook me a supper as soon as you choose,” and he threw the reins to an hostler, and, crossing the little piazza, entered the neat sitting-room of the Golden Lion.

Early the next morning the stranger appeared on the piazza of the little hotel, dressed in sporting costume. He was a tall, handsome man, fully thirty, yet looking much younger, with an air that spoke him perfectly conversant with the ways of the world. There appeared nothing essentially evil about him; he was frank, manly, self-possessed, yet there lingered 'around his mouth, and in the corners of his dark eye, an expression that checked one's rising confidence. You would not trust him too far. Not that he was heartless; not that his present protestations of regard might not be safely received—at a slight discount; but you would not expect to find in him the long-tried, true, and constant friend.

Very pleasant and very affable he seemed, as with slender fishing-rod in hand, he strolled up to the window, near which sat Mrs. Warren, paring apples for her dinner's dessert, assisted by Mabel, who occupied a stool at her feet.

"So you think I shall not fail to find trout in yonder brook, Mrs. Warren," he exclaimed.

"No, indeed, if you are a good sportsman, and you have the look of one." The young man bowed, with a quizzical smile, at the compliment. "There's a rock on the edge of yonder wood, where my good man—rest his soul, he's been dead these ten years—sat one day and caught twenty of the finest trout you ever saw, without once stirring from his seat."

"That was rare sport, indeed; can you tell me where that rock is?"

"Yes, I know the place well. It is up the stream, a half-mile or so. It ain't likely anybody else would do as well there, for my poor husband was the best fisherman in all these parts; and, besides, fish ain't as plenty now as they was in them days; but, I suppose, a good dinner may be caught there any day."

"I must visit that rock, my good lady. Can you give me directions that will enable me to find it?"

"No, I'm afraid not. It's hard to find, unless you know it, for there's a great many rocks up there. You'll have to take John, sometime, I'm thinking, when he ain't busy."

"I must go this very morning. Can I not find a boy who will serve me as guide?"

"No, I think not, but if you're so very urgent, here's Mabel will go with you, if you like."

The young man's eyes brightened, but he answered respectfully. "Perhaps the young lady will object to so long a walk."

"Oh! she won't mind it. She often goes up that way for a walk. Don't blush and simper so, child, you needn't be afraid to go with the gentleman. I know who's who. And he ain't none of the villain sort, I'll be bound."

Mabel blushed, it is true, as she quietly tied on her sunbonnet, but it was only with embarrassment at being alone with a stranger. In her innocent, child-like mind, there was no thought of evil.

They crossed the road, passed over the stile into the meadow, and gaining the brook-side, kept on in the little foot-path that ran along its margin. It was a pleasant walk. Softly the sunshine fell down through the quivering branches and dallied with the coquetting wavelets of the brook. Bright-hued flowers shone out like fairy faces amid the thickets of alders, and the tufts of soft green grass, and birds flew hither and thither among the branches, filling the air with their music.

"So you often walk here, do you, little Ma-

bel," said the stranger. "You display good taste in choosing so charming a ramble."

"I like the path very much," was the quiet answer; "besides it leads to my old home, I mean the house where my mother died."

"Then your mother is dead, is she, Mabel?"

"Yes. I am an orphan; my name is Mabel Gray."

"A very sweet name, but you'll let me call you Mabel, won't you? You are too young and too beautiful to be formal, Miss Gray."

Mabel blushed, and said nothing. The stranger quickly continued, "My name is Leslie, Hunt Leslie, and now that we know each other, we shall be very good friends, shall we not?"

Mabel smiled, and said, "I hope so," in a low but cheery tone.

And so they chatted on, till when they reached the rocky glen, through which the little stream came leaping down, white with foam, and panting in the chase. They were no longer strangers.

"Are we near the rock?" asked Leslie.

"Yes, there it lies across the brook, in the shadow of that old chestnut tree. You cannot miss it now, so I will leave you here, for it is difficult crossing the stream."

"Is it?" said Leslie, gaily. "Then I shall want your assistance. You must not leave me in danger, for if I should fall into the stream and be drowned through your negligence, how badly you would feel."

"Oh! it is not so very difficult," said Mabel, laughing at his comically serious tone. "I'll stand here and see you safely across."

"No, no, my little fairy, that will never do;" and throwing one arm around her waist, and catching a low limb of the old chestnut in the other hand, he sprang to a stone in the middle of the stream, and then, with one bound, placed his light burden upon the rock on the other side.

Mabel uttered a slight scream, but the merry laugh of the stranger reassured her, and she said, "Now, how am I to get back again? for I must go home and help Mrs. Warren get dinner."

"Oh! she can dispense with your company far better than I can, sweet Mabel; only think how lonely I should be out here alone, with no one to speak to. You must stay with me, little one for company."

"Indeed, I cannot," replied Mabel, and she sprang from the rock. But a strong arm was around her and gently forced her to her seat. The arm was not withdrawn, for timid as a young fawn, her heart was beating wildly, and she would have flown from him. But he took her hand in his, and in a voice soft as a woman's, strove to soothe her agitation.

"Mabel, sweet Mabel, you are not afraid of me, are you? I only want you to sit by me a

little while, to talk to me. There is no harm in that."

Mabel trembled while she answered. "But Mrs. Warren will be displeased, I fear, if I stay. She expects me home."

"I will bear all the weight of her displeasure, Mabel, only sit by me while I bait my hook, and throw it into the stream. You will not run away, will you, if I take my arm away!"

She did not answer.

"Promise me, Mabel, or shall I have to sit here all day holding you, and so shall catch no fish; only think how sad that would be?"

Mabel laughed, and promised to sit still, for five minutes, but at the end of that time, he must surely let her go!

"Oh! yes," he said, but there was something in his tone and in the merry light that played around his eye, that made Mabel laugh again, and suspect he meant the time to be long in passing. Still he was so kind and gentle how could she be afraid of him.

The hook was baited and thrown into the stream, but the fisherman, less intent upon his aquatic sport than the fairer game that sat beside him, still chatted pleasantly with Mabel. Presently he took her hand in his, and twining the slender fingers among his own, almost as delicate, he said:

"Did no one ever tell you what a beautiful hand that is, Mabel?"

The maiden blushed and said nothing. The language of flattery was new to her, and very sweet its accents seemed.

"It is a pretty hand, and a beautifully rounded arm, too," and he laid his hand upon the smooth white wrist.

Mabel drew it quickly from his grasp, and said gayly.

"You will never catch any fish, Mr. Leslie, if you don't pay better attention to your sport."

He only answered with a merry meaning glance, as turning to his line, he drew up a beautiful trout, and laid it on the rock beside him.

"See what a false prophet you are, my little maiden. It is your presence that gives me such excellent luck. I'm very glad I didn't let you run away from me" and that same merry, roguish glance, stole its way under her sunbonnet again.

Mabel's heart was in a strange flutter. Womanly instinct that was just beginning to take the place of childish trust in her heart, warned her to beware of the fascinating stranger. But the voice of flattery was so new, so sweet; kind words came so seldom, and were consequently so clear. How could she repulse them? If there had been anything coarse or low in his attention; anything to offend the delicate sense of propriety, that like the rime of the hoar frost encrusted her pure nature, she would have shrunk from him with loathing, but to her inexperience he seemed

so purely affectionate, so like all her dreams of a brother, how could she distrust him? Still her cheek flushed, and her heart beat painfully fast, as again his arm stole around her waist. This time she shrank timidly from it.

"My Mabel, child, what harm in this arm lying carelessly around you. You mustn't be prudish, little puss; that would be very naughty. Have you any brothers Mabel?"

"No, nor sisters, I am all alone in the world."

"Neither have I any sisters. I am very lonely sometimes too. I wish you were my sister."

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I love you Mabel. I love to see the rich blood come and go in your cheek; to watch the light play in your dark eyes. You have beautiful eyes Mabel, and your soft hair is so pretty," and he laid his hand caressingly on her rich waving tresses.

Faster and faster beat Mabel's heart. "Was he really sincere? Could she trust him? How delightful it would be always to be so tenderly caressed, she to whom caresses had heretofore been like the golden fruit of the Hesperides, to be longed for, but never enjoyed. Yet still amid the tumult of her heart, came that "still small voice!" whose accents were so new that she knew not whether to trust them. "Beware, beware, trust him not, he is fooling thee."

"Tell me how you come to be staying at an inn, when your grace and beauty are so fitting a higher station?"

So Mabel told him, in her own sweet simple way, her little story. It moved his heart, and as she concluded, he murmured:

"Poor child, I wish you were my sister, that I might take care of you."

"I wish I had a brother, it would be so sweet to have some one to love."

He drew her head unresistingly to his shoulder, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

In an instant more Mabel roused herself. "See the sun is getting high," she said, "and I must go home," and she looked appealingly to her companion, as if upon his permission depended her action. So surely where a woman's love goes, does a woman's will follow.

"Yes, little Mabel, we will both go," and gathering up his fishing tackle, he bore her lightly across the stream again, and they strolled down the little path homeward.

CHAPTER III.

A week had passed, and still Hunt Leslie sojourned at the Inn. His mornings were spent in the fields; often he did not return until nightfall; but come when he would, Mabel was always waiting for him. Her heart had learned to listen for his footfall, and no music was so sweet as its approaching sound. Sometimes, it is true, he passed

her carelessly with scarce a look of recognition, but that was when he was weary. The next time he met her he was, perhaps, kinder than ever. When they were alone he called her such sweet, pet names. Sometimes it was "little sister," sometimes "little pearl," sometimes "birdie," seldom "simple Mabel." His refinement, his exquisite taste was so pleasing, so much more congenial than the rude courtesies of her village friends. Ah! Mabel, sweet Mabel, beware!

The morning of his departure came at last. She was coming down from her chamber, sad at heart, for was not her best friend about to leave her. She knew not for how long. As she passed the door of his room it opened suddenly.

"Ah! little one, I'm glad of this opportunity of meeting you alone. I'm going away this morning you know, and I wanted to say good-bye. Here is a little gift for you too;" and he fastened around her neck a finely wrought necklace of Berlin iron. "I saw it yesterday in a pedlar's pack and thought 'twould please you. You'll think of me sometimes, won't you?" And he smiled the old gay smile.

She looked up through tearful eyes, and strove to speak cheerfully, but the words died away upon her lips, and a tear fell on his hand. He stooped, pressed a kiss to her lips, and whispered:

"I shall come back to see you sometime, Mabel. So cheer up. I want you to look happy once more before I go. You'll soon find plenty of lovers, and then I suppose you'll quite forget me."

"Oh! no, never." She murmured earnestly. "Won't you? well, good-bye. God bless you." He smiled, kissed her again, and they parted.

A shadow fell upon the landscape, a blackness upon Mabel's heart as Leslie drove away. The house seemed dreary and desolate, unlighted by his presence. Even the sunshine was pale, and the birds sang mournfully. Her heart would not cease its weary yearnings. Would they ever be satisfied?

Weeks rolled around and the autumn brought her birth-day. The year of sweet sixteen had passed. It had left to Mabel, not new and genial outpourings of healthful affection and springing germs of strength and maturity, as is its wont, but only a blight, a burden. Hers was not a nature, strong and self-sufficient, but pliant and confiding. Mild discipline might have wrought in her traits more befitting an orphan's lot in life; but the fates had not so willed it. Her time of trial came too soon. She yielded to her destiny, and suffered the strong force of love to have dominion over her.

At first, hope was strong in her heart. He would come back. Had he not promised it? He would take her to be with him, his wife, sister, servant, anything that was honorable, so she might

live in his presence—might bask in his smile—nay, his frown was dearer to her than his absence. All through the long bright days of autumn she waited his coming, and when the snows of winter fell and hope grew faint within her, she clasped the necklace around her neck, and wore it night and day; just as she wore his mourning in her heart.

With summer, hope again revived; only again to suffer bitterest disappointment. Worn by her secret grief, Mabel was no longer the same gay blithesome being as of old. Still innocent, child-like and confiding, there was a fount of sadness in her eye; a dreariness and languor in her face, that made her still more touchingly beautiful. Lovers came, but she heeded them not; offers of marriage, but she could not leave the inn. He would come back and she must be there.

Another summer came. A long July day had passed. The sun was just setting and Mabel watched his departing beams, as one by one they sped over the hill-tops, in the train of their retreating lord, and she wished that she too might flee from the shadows that encompassed her, to the regions of eternal day. She thought of Leslie, "Why did he not come? He might be sick. Oh! fearful thought, he *might* be dead." She never thought of him as changed. Through all the long days of bitterest trial, her trust was still unflinching. If he were dead, oh! why could not she die!

Suddenly her eye fell on an approaching carriage. Her heart beat faster. It contained two gentlemen; and one *was* Leslie.

The carriage stopped. He sprang out, the other followed. Oh! joy, oh! rapture; oh! golden dawning of a night of gloom. Painfully fast beat Mabel's heart, but she could not move; she could not go to meet him, he would fly to her. Instinct would tell him where she was. Wildly and more wildly beat her heart, but still he came not. He would call for her, and she would go down to meet him; she heard his voice upon the stairs. How it thrilled upon her heart strings. He *was* coming. No—he only went into his room, the same he used to occupy. She heard him laughing gaily and her heart sickened. Would he not call for her! She stepped out upon the piazza that ran along by his window, and there unseen, she listened.

"A charming place this," said a strange voice. "Did you say you had been here before?"

"Yes, two summers ago," I spent a week here right pleasantly. There was a little girl here then, I wonder what has become of her? Her name was Mary—no—Mabel—Mabel Gray, a pretty little creature, shy and artless as a fawn, yet very loving withal. I remember she took quite a fancy to me, and I do believe shed a tear when I left. Married now, I suppose."

"Leslie, what a fellow you are among the girls.

I wouldn't have all your sins to answer for, for a fortune."

"Oh! no harm in this case, I assure you not the least in the world. I only amused myself with her for a day or two. I really liked her very well."

Mabel heard with eye distended, lips parted, bosom heaving wildly, yet she did not swoon. Every nerve in her frame quivered with the strong excitement. Insensibility was not for her. Was this the fond fruition of her hope? This the meeting to which she had looked forward with such bright anticipations? Oh! no, it was some strange wild dream, some horrible nightmare. A gay laugh floated through the window to mock her hopes.

She fled to her own room, and there hour after hour lay moaning in agony. Her brain grew wild. She scarce knew what she did, but rising, she clasped the cross that lay upon her bosom, his gift, and swiftly like a spectre glided down the stair-case. On she sped across the road, across the meadow, along the brookside, mingling like a moonbeam with the shadows of the century-old oaks. From rock to rock she sprang like a wild roe in the chase, till reaching the old chesnut, she sat down in the self-same spot where two years before, she had first sat by Leslie's side.

Hunt Leslie rose early the next morning, and with his companion, started out toward the old rock under the chesnut.

"Everything looks much as it used to when I was here before," said Leslie. "I should so much like to know what has become of that little Mabel. She was a sweet child; a girl of sixteen, I should suppose; but the most innocent, artless little creature you ever saw. If she isn't married yet, and is half as fresh and pretty as she used to be, I should really like to renew my acquaintance with her."

"It is a wonder you ever lost sight of her."

"I believe I had some notion at the time of doing something for her; she was an orphan and quite friendless, but when I got back to town a thousand things happened to put her out of my mind."

"You are a fickle-hearted creature, Leslie, I wonder what will become of you at last. Do you ever intend to marry?"

May-be one of these days—but what is that on yonder rock? 'Pon my soul, it looks like the ghost we saw flitting across the meadow last night on a moonbeam."

"It is no ghost," said he and. "It is a human being; a girl, young and pretty; and asleep, I should say. Shall I wake her?"

Leslie had sprung across the stream, and stood speechless before the rock.

There, in the quivering shadow of the old chesnut, with one hand pressing the cross of a necklace to her lips, and the other lying beside her, her heavy golden tresses wet with the night dews, still and pale as in death, lay Mabel Gray. For a moment he spoke not. Then stooping, he raised her in his arms, and softly pressing her delicate eyelids, he called to her.

"Mabel, dear Mabel! Wake up; open your eyes, little sister, and speak to me. I have come back to you, Mabel. Won't you speak to me?"

It was too late; the spirit had fled. He could only bear the beautiful clay back to the village, and their learn from Mrs. Warren that his own hand had wrought the ruin he beheld. No one accused him of it. They only said she had been melancholy for a year or two, and had at last gone crazy, they supposed, and wandered out to die. Of the cause of her melancholy they spoke not—he needed not to ask.

Hunt Leslie was, with all his faults, a man to be loved. He had been in youth possessed of an imaginative temperament, exquisite sensibilities, and warm outgushing affections. A mother's hand might have moulded his character into perfect symmetry, but unfortunately he was early left to the care of a widowed father—a worldling, a man of thoroughly artificial life, who only saw that his son was a fine lad, rather womanish in some things, but still spirited. Seeing a little of the world would make a man of him. And so he cast him out early upon life, to have his fine perceptions stunted, his ardent, impulsive feelings thrown back upon his heart, and finally to fall into the absurdity of believing all men hollow-hearted and artificial, when in his own heart he knew there thrilled a gushing fount of love. Ah! fatal error. Is not every heart an epitome of humanity? Swells there not in every soul some germ of pure affection, which needs only culture to beautify life with its blossomings, and to yield to its owner a rich harvest of true happiness.

But Mabel proved an evangel to him. The pure, sweet life folded in that lily cup breathed itself out in fragrance; but the perfume was not lost. It embalmed another heart; and long after the perishable clay was mouldering in the dust, the life of Mabel Gray was working out rich results in the heart of Hunt Leslie.

The love angel smiled upon him. A sweet little wife, quiet and unimpassioned in manner, but possessing a heart full of pure, earnest, deathless love, filled his home with joy. I think the spirit of Mabel Gray watched over that union, and blest it, for when his first-born looked upon him, it was through the mild eyes of the little orphan girl; and he stooped and kissed them, and called the child Mabel.

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"Charles, Charles, the ring is found. Here it is!"

THE OMEN.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

CHAPTER I. SUPERSTITION.

THE *petite*, inlaid clock on Charles Lindell's parlor mantel trilled its song of six, and went on—never hesitating for a thought, never resting to study what he had written—rapidly and confidently ticking notes for filling the measures of the next composition. The sun, which was looking inquisitively in at a western window, seemed satisfied. It left the busy hands, and the face where its gild sat like smiles on the human countenance, crept softly up the satin-papered walls, dazzled for a moment the large mirror opposite, then slowly withdrew through the upper panes, and was seen playfully scattering rays—a broken sheaf of harvest—high among the Jane-robed branches of elm trees that fronted and encrowned the cottage.

A double row of the same noble species held a green canopy over the pass from the highway, which, had it led to a chateau, would have been styled an avenue, but now was sufficiently honored as a lane; just as a covering for the female head, when it companies with Russian sable, Lyons velvet, and moire antique, is always a hat; and when with simple "highland," and quarter-dollar de laine, is never more than a bonnet; or, as the wearer of those same fashionable articles is a lady, while her sister in the humbler attire is a woman. Well, there is a Scriptural comparison which elects the "narrow way," and *woman* has been a hallowed name since the hour that Christ addressed by it his mother.

The stately tree boles measured shadows far eastward across a lawn plumed with grass, and spangled with buttercups—shadows which at midday gathered themselves close from the sun-heat, but at this hour lay at full length, enjoying the evening freshness.

Within the cottage yard, from beds describing many a geometrical figure, and all trimly bordered by box, sprang perennials and annuals; some in primal bloom, others charmless, save in remembrance; still others, and these the larger class, biding their time of triumph. The peony and *fleur de lis* rejoiced that they flourished in days of greater light and blessing than had the puritan moss-pinks and violets. The hollyhock, grim and kindless, gave no pennies of sweetness to the supplicating breeze, wooed to his protection no flighty butterfly, and proffered her sage counsel, nor ever lent aid to the bee in its honest striving; but hoarded and concentrated on self the sum of his treasures and energies, ambitious solely to look one future day in millionaire

grandeur over the heads of all his neighbors—over the white pickets forming the angle in which he stood. Ah! should a death-frost come suddenly out of the strange land and cut down the sordid, the proud, ere the coveted goal be attained, to mingle with the earth-mould whence he sprang.

Creepers had hastened up the white walls and began forming pleasant devices before the easements. A spray of rose reached in at an open sash a cluster of carmine buds, which at the next dewy dawn would make their joyous *debut*.

Upon the same sill, on a fair, round arm, a head massed in soft, brown, rippling hair, pillowed itself; lying heavily, as if burdened by some sorrow. The dainty clusters at intervals thrilled visibly upon their stem, as with wordless sympathy, and dappling the youthful cheek seemed caring to caress away its feverishness. There were, besides, tears to be wiped from the blue eyes, when at the stroke of the hour they slowly lifted and turned towards the timeteller; and the dimness of their pupils, and swelling of the lids told painfully that these drops were only lingerers of a plentiful shower.

Having in that glance assured herself how far the day had declined—she had been too deeply preoccupied to note the passing of time, or count musical strokes as they fell from seeming distance on her ear—the mistress of Dell Cottage rose, and simply throwing over her white robe a scarf of pink gauze, left the pretty parlor, passed through hall and yard, and down the shady lane. It was a way become familiar to her feet, for at each like fine sunseting her husband, returning from town, looked to catch through the daily densing foliage, the earliest glimpse of that snowy drapery and a gipsy straw, its graceful promenade associate.

But to-night Louisa did not, as usual, descend the steps with a sylphine bound. In vain, too, the flowers, that in eagerness leaned across the path from either side till almost meeting, clung modestly to the airy robe, and looked beseechingly up. She passed them by unheeding, accepting the offering of none, though her bosom wore only some drooping forget-me-nots from the field-slope, with a slip of sweet fern from the wood beyond. The little gate, accustomed to be burst open to afford her egress, and lightly swung after her as she ran on, uttered a creak of astonishment at feeling its latch staidly raised and as staidly replaced in its hold. Her heart was not the chorister of the birds, for whom every summer leaf seemed a music page. It

beat heavily, and was more pained than gladdened by their blithe melody.

Mrs. Lindell had taken but a few measured steps, when the person whom she had come forth to meet turned from the dusty highway towards his own delightful retreat. In his advancing tread was more than its wonted elasticity—elatedness, exultation. On seeing his wife, the young lawyer lifted his hat with a playfully formal reverence, such as might have become him at opening a plea before Deborah under the palm tree. Charles Lindell, however, had never yet been given occasion to stand professionally before any judge. Retaining his hat in hand, it was let fall at his side, while the fingers of the other hand tossed back the dark, moist locks; and to his bared brow were welcomed the shade and wakening breeze.

"Why, what has kept you, Louisa?" he called, "I was sure of meeting you half-way to town, the evening is so fine."

The wife made a sudden effort to cast off the mantle of gloom which must present her strange in the eyes dearest to her; notwithstanding, the quickened step, smile, and pleasant salutation but imperfectly concealed its heavy, clinging folds.

"What is the matter, love? What has happened?" inquired Charles, in surprise, now sufficiently near to read her expression.

"You do not seem prepared to sympathize in anybody's misfortunes," she murmured, putting her hand in that of her husband, and turning towards the cottage.

It was true that though the questioner's tone and mien had changed, it was only to increased tenderness—not to apprehension of evil.

"Don't I?" he rejoined, heartily. "Then it is because I feel so bravely able to snatch you from under your burden, in the twinkling of an eye, only let me understand its nature. Since bidding you good morning, Louisa, I have been transformed into an armed host to put troubles to rout, and a lion and twelve jackals to hunt down and devour. Speak! what is this—a wife's first grief?" Jenny has broken cage and forsaken her eggs, perhaps."

To this quizzing the other answered by raising a fair hand before her husband's face.

"What *bond-masonry* sign is that?" he cried, "I am not initiated."

"Do please be a little serious, Charley," plead his wife, her eyes again humid.

"I will, I will," responded he, with a caress, and subdued at once. "Forgive my jesting, dear. Now, shall I know the secret?"

"So, you miss nothing from that hand?"

"What? No—the ring!"

"Yes, Charles, *the ring*. I have lost it. Bell Harrington came for me this morning to go over

in the pasture beyond the grove, and see if the strawberries were not beginning to ripen. We were rambling about till near noon. When I came home and stood smoothing my hair, I saw in the glass the ring gone from my finger. Oh! I have felt so—"

"It is n't possible, is it, my love, that you have made yourself very unhappy over anything so trifling! Give it up; I'll buy you two such for each finger, if you like, when—when the case that I have undertaken is disposed of. For I have a client—yes, and one through whom I'm to win both money and reputation. It's clear as day, Louisa. I'll tell you all about it after tea. You once said you had a taste for the profession, and was going to be my student. I shall understand my case better for attempting to explain it to you."

With the closing sentences all Lindell's animation returned, as a flame will rise anew when the *jet d'eau* which checked, without quenching, is turned off. But Louisa's mood, like that water-spout, could not maintain an elevation, and tended speedily downward to the gulf of depression. The young couple, accustomed to walk spiritually side by side, and hand in hand through peaceful ways, were for once far separated. The one could no more than look down with an entreasy from his mountain of hope—the other could only glance upward, and that with gentle chiding, from her valley of dread.

"One would be apt to believe, Charles, that you place no estimate upon a wedding ring beyond its jeweler's value. If I took that view of the subject, I might be indifferent about the loss of this."

"The ring," consented Charles, "was valuable chiefly for its associations; yet, growing daily happier in each other, as we always will be, surely it is no great matter that we cannot look upon the seal of our vows."

"Oh! Charles, how is it that you so entirely misapprehend me? I anticipated being laughed at, but I did not anticipate this."

"Misapprehend? Laughed at, Louisa?"

"The omen, my husband—the omen!"

Mr. Lindell, however well his course hitherto justified his wife's suspicions of ridicule from him, did not smile, even never so faintly. He knelt very humbly on his summit, and bowed pitiingly towards her, only saying—

"Is then my little wife so superstitious?"

"There! that is nearer meeting my expectations. I can bear it better."

Both were silent as they entered the yard.

"Suppose, Charles," resumed the wife, with more visible emotion, "that we settle this only question upon which we could never agree."

"How is it to be done?"

"I will tell you. This instance, let it be the

test. If the omen is not presently fulfilled—"she shuddered, apprehensively—"I will cast away forever my faith, which you call superstition; and if it is fulfilled"—she spoke solemnly—"you are to doubt no more, nor with ridicule tempt judgments yet more terribly convincing."

"That is fair. I accept the terms, *abque ulla conditione*, and not at all guessing in what color or shape the evidence is to be looked for. I am not, you well know, read in weirdly science. I may have heard the nature of this omen expounded; it does not occur to my mind now."

"I can show it you in some little rhymes that grandmother herself composed."

"And who knows," thought Charles, "but that the dear old lady composed the omen also?"

Louisa repeated:—

"Vows at the altar spoken, fail with the ring that's broken;
The wedding circlet lost, Fortune and Fame are crost;
Who sells it from the finger, on earth will briefly linger."

It was curious that Charles, so utterly incredulous, should recoil from the special stroke. Had the application been of the first line or third, instead of the second, the effect would not have been so; in one case, even Louisa would scarce revered her dead grandmother's wisdom so far as to fear the prediction, and in the other—but that, obviously, needs not to be considered. As, therefore, it will not be supposed that "fortune and fame" were dearer to Charles Lindell than life and domestic happiness, it follows that his dismay was occasioned by seeing the former most pregnable to evil. The commander of an army boldly exposed his defensible troops, meanwhile caring anxiously for those divisions which include the weak and wounded.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

On the morning of the day I have mentioned, Lindell had but entered his office when its door opened to the hand of a stranger, who, after eyeing him sharply for a moment, turned and looked with impatient inquiry over the apartment.

"I want Mr. Lindell," he then said, uncereemoniously, and in a voice sadly wanting tune.

"I am that person," responded our friend.

"You! Are you a lawyer?" the other, as he spoke, stiffly approached; and, if his words and manner expressed surprise, his look went further, and expressed contempt.

"I profess to be one," was Lindell's undaunted reply, and he smiled and proffered his visitor a chair.

The latter remained considering him for full five minutes, and all the while there was an audible crumpling of paper in his right hand, from involuntary action of the muscles. Then

stretching forth the hand to the utmost length of the arm, he let fall from a height its contents upon the table; being smoothed, they proved to be a letter addressed, *C. Lindell, Esq.* The bearer sat down in silence to await its reading.

The communication was from Mr. Harlowe, a master-mind in the profession, and the same under whom Lindell had read his course. Though brief, its sense was not divivable at a glance; for, in addition to its being a lawyer's chirography, it was in pencil, illy able to bear the effacing process from which it had just emerged, and had been accomplished by a hand tortured in the flames of fever. It ran thus:

"DEAR LINDELL:—The bearer, Mr. Thomas Hapgood, has a suit, a contested land claim, pending the term at hand. I undertook its management, and had given the papers a partial examination, when illness compelled a suspension. Finally, at a time to which I looked for acquittal, I lie fully acquitted for a typhoid.

"I write this while my gaoler's back happens to be turned, and at the extreme hazard of incurring a penalty of solitary confinement.

"My client is thrown, by my misfortune, into an element native to fishes, not men; and of a temperature which would speedily fit the *pisces* for the table of the *Aomo*.

"The case cannot be put over, and I know no one better likely to grasp its intricacies and make ready to defend it in the limited time allowed, than yourself. Accordingly I have recommended you to my client, who is to call upon you at once.

"I need not ask you, as my representative, to do your best. Your fortune is made if you succeed.

HARLOWE."

The second that Lindell removed the letter from before his eyes, Mr. Hapgood, who during the three or four minutes occupied in its decyphering, had writhed in his seat from excitement and impatience, brought his chair by a sudden jerk nearer the lawyer's, and questioned:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Your suit? I am ignorant of everything beyond its bare nature."

"Of course." Mr. Hapgood drew from a breast pocket a package bound with red tape, and struck it down upon the table. He then hastened to give a succinct account, from which it appeared that the property in dispute was the bequest of an uncle, whose estate it was; and that another nephew of the deceased, wrathful at not being himself remembered in the will, had rested, on some pretended informality of the same, a claim which he was moving heaven and earth, or earth and inferno, to substantiate. It was not to be doubted, Mr. Hapgood said, that at the trial forged titles would be produced, and false witnesses brought to the stand; it would be fortunate, indeed, for the cause of right, which was

the same as saying for his own cause, if judge and jury proved themselves above bribery.

Quarrels born of consanguineous parents are always the greatest monsters, and the most difficult to tame, bind, or slay. What, in this instance, more utterly precluded the possibility of private adjustment was that the two branches had sprung on feudal sides of the trunk, and the favorite employment of both, since they took on their spelling-book leaves, had been to nest caterpillars to haunt the fruit of one another. Notwithstanding each had his yearly increase, not, it is true, of a character to be of much social benefit, it never won children's admiration, never refreshed a pilgrim weary on his journey, nor woke gaiety by the winter fireside of the cottager. No, but the apples of their bearing were hard, juiceless, yellow gnarls, to which the stems clung, and which clung to the stems, while October winds shed for use the wholesome store of their neighbors. So they heaped their gold, and people marvelled at the riches of the cousins Hapgood. Now had come the crisis of the mutual enmity; these off-shoots agreed to light a fire at their root, in order to test which would survive its antagonist.

"What do you think?" repeated Hapgood, at the end of his narrative.

"I should require time to examine the papers before forming any opinion," Lindell replied.

"How much time? remember there's none to be wasted."

"I think I understand—you are undecided whether to trust your suit to my management."

"Exactly: I want to hear you talk out, then I can judge of your quality."

"Call in an hour, sir, and I may be able to gratify you."

"Take your hour, then. As with me these arrangements must have precedence of all other business, I can as well remain."

With a martial tread, Mr. Hapgood removed to the other end of the apartment and sat down facing the wall. In desire, the attorney thrust him down stairs and locked the door against him. The man might keep dumb as the table, yet the knowledge that an ungenial "spirit was present," could not but be a trammel on the forced investigation. He wanted the momentous hour to himself, and knew he could have had it had his possible client but chosen to act upon a plain suggestion; for, in this division of the day, all those whose business eggs were successfully hatched, attended briskly to clucking and scratching, and the rest were patiently sitting out their term, perhaps on living ovoids, perhaps on chalk or wooden ones.

Lindell detected a trembling hand while undoing the package and arranging the papers in convenient order before him. He experienced a nervousness in fancying those severe, gray eyes

studying him; the heavy brows rising and sinking like the flapping wing of an owl before the mouth of a boar's den. Several times he bent a furtive look off the mortgages and warranties towards the point where the human had resolved himself into an automaton, each time his doubts were comforted—the transformation was complete. There was only in the distant seat the figure of a man, its back presented, having no more show of vitality than either of the two plaster busts standing in their respective corners to the right and left of this centre-piece.

Mr. Hapgood was, it may be, fifty years of age. The furrows and cross-furrows, which the digging for gold had traced upon his brow, signified him more; still the jet of his hair and whiskers was almost unintermingled, albeit, the brows and lashes of his eyes were perfectly gray, like their pupils. He was of medium stature, with a heavy, muscular frame, high shoulders, a darkly florid complexion, and flinty set, features. He had never married, though report said he was once engaged to a lady of taste, and considerable personal attractiveness; but, in consequence of her father's failure in business, precipitately withdrew, resolving the courtship annihilated. What had passed for an offered heart, proved solely a dried skin-pouch held out for being filled with coins and bank notes, of which the proposed father-in-law was believed to possess an abundance. He ventured no second negotiation of the kind. The lady had an escape which the wife of the other Hapgood, cousin of her intended, and, in character, his twin, well might, and most sincerely did, envy till the day of her early death.

At length, in the stillness of the lawyer's office, might have been marked a distinction between the busts and the full length figure in the midst. While the former maintained in their bearing the jewel of consistency, the latter raised gradually its right hand and drew forth a massive gold lever watch, upon which it dropped its regards and continued resting them devoutly. Precisely fifty-five of the sixty minutes stipulated for, had expired.

Three-quarters of an hour since the lawyer became utterly oblivious of the addition to his statues. For awhile after entering in earnest upon the investigation, he dwelt much on the word "intricacies," occurring in his master's letter, then even that was left behind. Lastly, a light like the blaze of noonday flashed to his brain; with a conqueror's shout he leaped from his labyrinth.

Strangely, the semblance by the opposite wall seemed for a second vibrating to the sound; one might almost have imagined its head about giving a turn; but the movement, if, indeed, it was real, ceased, and it again took up its passiveness.

The third, fourth, the last minute of the last

five of the hour flowed, and on the instant a miracle was reënacted; the man of iron returned to breathing clay, and sprang upright. With the march of a soldier, charging across furrows of the fallen, he advanced to the table for the third time, demanding:

"What do you think?"

Lindell was leaning back in his chair, his arms negligently folded, the key document poising itself on his knee, the *glacé* brow relaxed, the lips apart and smiling, the eyes looking within. The fever of application had passed, and a delicious convalescence succeeded. He became aware of a presence only when the familiar question struck his ear.

"I think," he replied, recovering himself with a slight start, "if you shall be pleased to constitute me your counsel, I will serve you to the utmost."

"Humph! who wouldn't? But can you do anything?—that's what I must know."

"Then, let me say, sir, for your assurance, I find one point which I believe must prevail against any and all which can be brought to oppose."

"You calculate I'm likely to win?"

"I do, decidedly."

"Very well," and Mr. Hapgood resumed his original seat, adding, "Now hear me."

The other gave attention. At the end of a minute's silence Mr. Hapgood proceeded:—

"I love money"—fixing upon the table a look of seeming power to lift from it, a double eagle, and transfer the same to his pocket—"but I love justice better. (His listener thought *revenge* might be the more correct term.) For me to lose the case would be something, for my enemy to gain it would be more. Now when Mr. Harlowe sent me here with an affair involving twenty thousand dollars in cash, and a hundred thousand in feeling, I did not expect to find a boy, a stripling without experience—a mere blank leaf out of Blackstone. Mr. Lindell, what are you worth? How much property have you?"

Charles' face had reddened during the last part of this speech, his lips opened for a reply which would have terminated the interview where it was; but his ambition was greater than his pride, so he bridged over the insult and answered frankly, though with very evident excitement, the abrupt and mysterious closing question.

"About one thousand dollars, sir, is all Dell Cottage and grounds."

"Very good. Pledge me your estate against an undivided half of mine in dispute, or, if it suits you better, an equal amount in cash—one thousand against ten—that you will win my cause, and I give it up to you."

"I accept the terms," cried the young attorney.

At the same time, fortunately or unfortunately,

a third man entered: a form of agreement hurriedly drawn up, the signatures of the parties, and the instrument lodged with this third person, sealed the compact. It seemed scarce five minutes that intervened from the making of the proposition to its sealing. The metal poured into its mould a liquid, thus quickly assumed unalterable shape.

Upon time for reflection being allowed, our friend on his part saw nothing to regret in the sudden step; on the contrary, the more he studied the case, the clearer and more conclusive did it appear that only careful management was needed to secure a verdict for the defendant, his client. Indeed, so sanguine, so ardent, so absorbed was he, as more than half to feel the struggle over, and his star already risen resplendent. For the instant, on meeting any acquaintance, he expected congratulation on his brilliant success. When that evening he turned his office key in its lock and set off for home, it was with the sober sentiment that the matter was sifted from beginning to end, and he quite ready for the court-room and the contest.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIAL.

IN the purchase of Dell Cottage, Charles and Louisa had united their interests, the former said, as in everything else. Five hundred dollars of the investment was the legacy of the grandparent to the fair orphan whom she had reared from her cradle; a like amount, when needed for so requisite a purpose, was spared Lindell from his father's not over full purse; and the newly-wedded pair entered upon life together with a transport of enjoyment and anticipation ten times greater than their lovely home was the total of their worldly possessions.

The grandmother, who had recently borne to the grave her weight of years, was well worthy the deep affection and reverence with which her foster daughter regarded her; yet she was not free from the moral infirmity common to our race; none of all Adam's posterity, has been able to climb quite out of the pit of his fall, upon the fair plain of innocence. With the many excellencies of which she moulded a character for her young charge, one unhappy adulteration was employed. The nature of that will have been understood from the torment Louisa gave herself on account of impending evil foreshadowed by the loss of a ring.

Notwithstanding, the dear old lady was never herself superstitious. Early left a widow, with a life-annuity which exempted her from every thought of exertion, she first turned to the sibylline art as a diversion in the cheerful seclusion to which she withdrew for life. And so it was, that during the long period of more than twoscore years she acquired all visionary lore; yet the mildew sank not at all into the texture

of her character. She could talk gravely about prognostics and apparitions, meanwhile accrediting their existence as little as the general reader accredits the authenticity of Gulliver's exploits or the marvels of the Arabian Nights.

She proved the serpent tamer who, though secure from danger himself, exposes others to be bitten. Her holiday mantle descended to her grand-daughter as a garment of every day wear. To the latter the dream-book was inspiration; veritable fortunes were traced in tea-grounds; she never knew a time when she would as lief see the new moon over her left shoulder as over her right.

Mrs. Lindell received the knowledge of her husband's contract with Mr. Hapgood as indubitable confirmation of all she was fearing. From the moment the particulars were imparted to her, the chaos of her apprehensions assumed tangibility. Dell Cottage was surely lost to them. She closed the eyes of her worship, disposed its cold limbs, and poured out her heart-break awaiting the moment when she should no longer behold it.

Charles' nursing the sick fancy of his wife, himself by love rendered morbidly sympathetic, ended only in his own mortal infection. Not that he came to believe the omen; no, he argued not decidedly; still, so far as the proof of its falsity depended on any capability of action, he might as well have believed. He suffered the direst self-condemnation on account of having risked Louisa's share of the estate; every tear and sigh of her's went to his heart a distinct reproach, and all the more poignant because unintentional. From the vale of that first night's anxious watching arose mists obscuring more and more the beams of hope in which he beheld the previous evening.

It was late when the lawyer entered his office the next day. He immediately relocked the door, determined to go vigilantly over the ground of yesterday, and try if there could not be gathered anew some of the treasures of confidence he had so suddenly lost. But his mind was not in condition; and everything, chameleon like, imbibed its dismal hue. The frenzy with which he seized upon those points which had seemed well able to support his weight, shattered them one and all, and left no means to him of rising above his calamity. He gave over the attempt at last, and called his courage not merely swooned, but quite dead—beyond power of resuscitation. He would have humbled himself to go to Mr. Hapgood and beg release from the bond, and to have the unfortunate suit given into other hands, only that he knew from the character of the man, such application would be rejected with sneers.

In answer to the first person seeking admittance, Charles flew to open the door, happy to be delivered from his miserable solitude.

Much the same passed the remaining three days preceding the final issue. Mrs. Lindell's excitement had settled into a Dead Sea melancholy, near which it was impossible for any existence to thrive. Her husband, if ever during the morning's absence, he somewhat overcame the effect of its malaria, the moment he breathed it again at the evening return was again brought low. When he would have comforted Louisa with the assurance that should the worst befall indeed, his father would find means to redeem their home, she only wept on, replying:—

"Remember, Charles, it says, 'fortune and fame.' If your reputation, for which we have both been so ambitious, is blasted, of what account is Dell Cottage!"

The case of Hapgood *vs.* Hapgood came duly before the court. Lindell took his place as counsel for the defence, with a mien best suited to the prisoner's dock. This was instantly remarked by the plaintiff's counsel—noted for one of the shrewdest and most unscrupulous specimens in the profession—who with secret exultation asked himself if having a milk-and-water antagonist, with whom argument could be cowed dumb, wasn't an excellent set off to being on the wrong side of a question.

In the progress of the trial, his overbearing demeanor affected Charles as it would not have done under different circumstances. The latter permitted his witnesses to be browbeaten; and those of the other side to escape from the stand honorably, when a pebble of cross-questioning cast at the proper moment would have crushed a testimony to atoms. Hapgood, the plaintiff, was in ecstasies; his relative, the defendant, in torture equalled by his wrath. A score of times he was on the point of springing up, declaring his counsel a fool, and himself another for employing him, and so rushing from the court-room. But he restrained his ire, only betraying it by the constant shuffling of his pair of heavy gray brows.

With the close of the morning session of the second day, all the testimony was in. The afternoon was set apart for the pleas, after which the case would be given to the jury.

The spacious court-room was thronged. The question was in itself of sufficient interest to draw together hundreds acquainted personally or by reputation with the parties. Added to these general spectators, each of the counsel attracted his particular followers; one, a class ever ready to huzza for *talent*—the same be it expended in the cause of the prince of darkness, as the prince of light,—the other, those by whom he was esteemed for private worth, or who were curious to listen to his maiden speech.

Lindell's bearing disappointed and mortified his friends. He was not ignominious of the prevailing sentiment, his ear having caught words here and

there let fall; and, besides, it was clearly enough legible in the regards he everywhere met. But it did not much affect him; he was astonished at his sudden apathy, and that astonishment bounded the sum of his available energies.

The plea for the prosecution opened with a strain of eloquence that fixed the universal attention; it proceeded with a system of logic as false as it was insidious. One after another, every point of testimony was strained, every circumstance in evidence warped ingeniously to favor this side. For a time the attorney's audacious cunning was palpable to judge and jury; the former while he listened turned uneasy glances towards the latter, and threaded the hair of his temples with his fingers—a manifestation which those accustomed to see him on the bench, well understood as the effluence of nervous excitement. But at length the other overpowered; even his honor succumbed to its influence, and ceased to struggle. All viewed the defendant's case utterly hopeless.

Not a syllable was lost upon Lindell, who yet, his best thoughts with the wife he had that morning left too ill to rise, heard as little moved as the most disinterested spectator. As his opponent closed and resumed his seat with an heir of conscious triumph, he, for the first time since the commencement of the trial gathered resolution to look full in the face of his client. This expression was a prayer for Dell Cottage. It was answered by one worthy of Shylock. Lindell well knew that the bond would be most mercilessly exacted.

There was wondering whether the counsel for the defence would not decline to respond—the case was so clearly the other's. Something of this had occurred to Charles himself, as to be preferred before an abortive attempt, when at the critical moment, the Sheriff brought a message from some person in the ante-room, urgently demanding to speak with him there. At Lindell's desire, the court stayed proceedings, and he obeyed the summons trembling for the news of his wife, which he never doubted, were to be communicated.

As he passed hastily into the apartment, it was Louisa herself who flew to meet him, exclaiming in a subdued and agitated voice:

"Charles, Charles, the ring is found—see, here it is upon my finger! I had put it carefully away before going out, and forgot it. I remember it all now very well."

Charles gazed at her without speaking. Louisa had recovered her natural and nobler form. The young wife yearned to cast herself into the arms of her husband, confess her error with repentant tears, implore forgiveness, and renounce the superstition which had so nearly betrayed them to ruin; indeed she knew not, nor durst ask, whether

upon their beautiful home the seal of doom were not already set; and if so, pity was due her husband alone—for herself, she would take with brave heart the wages of her folly. Deferring the demonstration in the first exercise of newly acquired self-discipline, she merely said:

"When the court adjourns, husband, will you come to me at Aunt Mary's?" and resolutely turning away, descended to the street.

Our friend sat down here to recollect himself till the few minutes granted him had nearly expired, when he rose and returned before the court. Every eye saw that in his brief absence he had been the subject of a notable miracle. He appeared Orion in his exaltation, with the strong robe upon him and the indomitable weapon in his grasp, Sirius following him, and the Pleiads flying before.

The sensation was intense when the disconcerted and apparently defeated lawyer stood manfully forth, and stamped with integrity of purpose, unsheathed his sword to battle. He swept together the straws of his opponent's argument, and brought down fire among them; presently was left of them only the fugitive cinders and the stench of their consuming. Thrice the clock struck while he went on; not a single auditor moved from his seat, not an eye wandered, and throughout the vast assembly reigned the hush of solitude.

Charles was far from realizing at the time the success of his effort; he only knew his shackles struck off, and acted as he was acted upon by innate power.

The Judge followed with the charge; it was comprised in a few plain words; the Jury bowed their heads consulting together, then, without leaving their seat, rendered a verdict for the defendant. Acclamations burst from every quarter of the court-room; handkerchiefs waved from the gallery; minutes elapsed before a call to order was attempted. Afterward it so far prevailed as to admit of the form of adjournment being gone through. And now became known a different cause of excitement—a lady in the gallery had fainted.

Lindell raised his eyes and was beckoned to, with a gesture of alarm, by their relative at whose house he had believed Louisa stopping. Comprehending it instantly, he broke through the congratulating throng to aid in conveying out his unconscious wife. It subsequently appeared that Mrs. Lindell on reaching her Aunt's, found that lady ready for departure to the court-room, in order, she said, to "hear Charlie's plea;" and rather than be to her the occasion of a confessed disappointment, she adopted the painful alternate of accompanying her thither. Entering shortly after Charles had risen, they listened, unknown to him, till the close of his brilliant appeal. The

revelation of Louisa's feelings when the result was announced, proved greater than her ability to endure.

Immediately on being borne from the heated room she began to revive, Charles had placed her in the carriage of their relative, and was entering to seat himself for her support, when some hand tightened with a vice-like grasp on his own. Turning he encountered his client, Mr. Hapgood.

"You did well, finally," the latter said, in his sententious style, but in his voice and manner was a wonderful relaxation from his habitual asperity.

When the hand was withdrawn a paper remained in that of the young barrister. A glance sufficed to confirm his intuition—it was a check for ten thousand dollars, the stipulated reward of his services.

A HOME IN THE WEST.

BY REV. P. ROBINSON.

Ho! Friends in the elder world hoary,
Reposing beyond the blue deep,
All covered with battle-fields gory,
Where Misery wakes but to weep;
Lorn exiles from realms of oppression,
And victims of Tyranny's might;
What'er be your name or profession,
We welcome you here with delight.

Away from those lands rendered dreary,
By ills that allow you no rest,
Of undeserved injuries weary,
Come, come to the beautiful West:
Oh! yes, while the war-clouds are looming,
Enveloping banner and crest,
And the thunders of battle are booming,
Escape to a home in the West!

Weep not, when those graves ye remember,
Where parents and cherished ones lie;
They fear not the chills of December,
Nor smile when the vernal winds sigh;
For sweeter, at last will ye slumber,
And softer your low couch shall be,
If, having been ranked with their number,
Ye rest with the brave and the free.

A thousand sweet motives impel you
To follow the track of the sun;
Nor can ye—*your own heart will tell you*—
Live happy till this shall be done.

Then come, rear your cot in the wild-wood,
That sighs for the sound of your blows,
And there, in the prattle of childhood,
And plenty and peace find repose.

Broad prairies with herbage are waving,
To tell you how rich is their soil;
Oh! speed the bright plough they are craving,
And take their warm thanks for your toil!
The bosom of earth holds a treasure
That ages would fail to impair;
In this, would ye share without measure?
Ye have but to delve for it *there*.

Here, show, by beneficent action,
A character fair as the light;
Unwarped by the phrenzy of faction,
And firm in maintaining the right.
Teach despots that, calmly submitting
To laws in which equity reigns,
Ye know how to do what is fitting,
Unaided by scourges or chains.

Then, when all those toils shall have ended,
That gladdened your own chosen hearth,
And ashes with ashes are blended,
And earth again mingled with earth,
Warm hearts your loved image shall treasure,
And halo the place of your rest,
While viewing, with soul-thrilling pleasure,
The homes that ye formed in the West.

AGRICOLA.

BY JOHN CARE MILLER.

WHEN slowly sinks the setting sun
Adown the rosy, redd'ning west,
The weary swain, his labor done,
His cottage seeks, and dreams of rest.

His prattling babes around him press—
A merry, mirthful, happy throng—
To claim the rustic's rough caress,
And listen to his rustic song.

His loving spouse, with beaming smile,
Breathes her fond welcome in his ear;
And trills a soothing air the while
Her hands prepare their evening cheer.

He looks around his peaceful home—
He smiles upon his girls and boys,

And wonders that mankind should roam,
Or seek abroad forbidden joys.

The placid current of his life
Flows on, a calm, unruffled stream,
As free from sorrow, care and strife,
As youthful Fancy's morning dream.

His wife and children—all his wealth,
He toils and cares alone for them;
His only badge the glow of health,
And love his only diadem.

As slowly sinks the setting sun
Adown the rosy, redd'ning west,
So, when the day of life is done,
Shall he, as calmly, sink to rest.

A LEGEND OF NOVAHEEVAH.

BY H. P. CANTWELL.

No period of our national history has proved more prolific of romantic incidents than those of the Revolution and the War of 1812. These important events called into full activity whatever of ambition, of passion, or of energy had before slumbered in the character of the people. The American novelist need go no further than those stirring times in search of ample and attractive themes. They are to be found in the confusion of the battles, where fought and bled the bravest sons of liberty; in the distant home where prayers for their safety and success went forth from matrons and from maids; in the recesses of the primeval forests; out upon the waste of waters, and amid the cultivated fields and busy seats of civilization.

Those familiar with the events of the second war with England, have doubtless more than once reflected with admiration on the remarkable career of Captain Porter, in the Pacific Ocean. The annals of the American Navy, glorious as they are, present nothing more striking, either in point of romantic interest, or of indomitable daring. On the 26th day of October, 1812, the *Essex* sailed from Boston, under orders to meet Commodore Bainbridge with the *Constitution* and *Hornet*, at Porto Praya, in St. Jago, or at Fernando de Noronha. The *Constitution* and *Hornet* being otherwise engaged, the contemplated rendezvous was not effected; and Captain Porter being left at his own disposal, resolved alone to direct his course towards the Pacific. His charts were imperfect, and his stores wholly insufficient for so long a cruise; but expecting to fall in with British fishermen, whom he knew to be generally well supplied with necessaries, he trusted to them to furnish what his ship might require. He passed through the storms of Cape Horn in safety, touched at Valparaiso, and about a year after he had left home, anchored among the Marquesas Islands, to refit and prepare for his return. During this period he had captured several vessels richly freighted, some of which he had sent home. With those that remained upon his hands he moored at the beautiful Island of Novaheevah, which he took possession of in behalf of the United States, and named after President Madison. The natives received the visitors with hospitality, and both women and men came off in large numbers to the vessels to greet them. It was here that the incidents occurred, which it now becomes our purpose to relate.

Attached to Captain Porter's expedition was a young gentleman, whom we shall call Raymond,

the son of a highly respectable family in New England, and an intimate friend of the commander himself. He went out in the *Essex* without any defined position or command among the officers, but simply in the character of a volunteer, thirsting for the excitement of naval life, and eager to aid his country in the important struggle through which she was then passing. He had barely attained the age of twenty-one years, and united to an unusually graceful person, possessed intellectual and moral endowments of a superior order. Carrying with him the best wishes of all who knew him, and confident of the honors he was to win, he contemplated with proud satisfaction the career that seemed to be opening before him. In the exploits which signalized the earlier part of the expedition, he was seen among the foremost, evincing by his cool intrepidity no ordinary capacity for the duties of his new sphere. The stern commander smiled approvingly on the enthusiasm of his youthful friend, and predicted that he would soon win and wear the highest dignities of his profession. Arrived at Novaheevah, the officers of the *Essex* were about to go on shore. A friendly message was brought to them with a certain degree of formality from Toneweoga, the prince of the tribe that dwelt upon the coast. This aboriginal potentate welcomed his white visitors to the island, and invited such of them as were disposed to go, to his own habitation. Thither, Captain Porter accordingly proceeded, attended by Lieut. Downes, his second in command, Raymond and one or two others from the ships. Toneweoga seemed hospitable in the extreme, and paraded before them the treasures of his wigwam with ludicrous ostentation. But the fairest object there, or in the whole of the sequestered vale, was Ayah, the daughter of the monarch and pride of the people. A savage though she was, and accustomed only to the rude usages of that benighted isle, she was still superior to all the women of her nation in beauty, grace, and female modesty. She had just finished her eighteenth summer, and her black hair, brilliant eyes and queenlike mien impressed upon the beholder a conviction of her fitness to occupy another and very different sphere of life. The gaze of the officers was fixed upon her with admiration, as she appeared in answer to her father's summons and immediately retired. The savage chief noticed their manner with evident pleasure, but plainly intimated that none of them must think of Ayah as his companion, as she was already pledged to

become the wife of a neighboring chief, between whom and himself he desired that amicable relations should subsist.

On their way back to the Essex, Captain Porter and Raymond discoursed together on the strange scene in which they found themselves actors. "There is much in all this," said the former, "from which any of us may profit. You saw that Indian girl, wholly untutored, and yet of majestic deportment. I really do not know a belle in Boston or New York, who would not envy her the possession of such hair and eyes."

"Nor I" replied Raymond; "she is indeed a native queen—one who would wear a crown becomingly in any land in the world."

Porter slightly smiled. "Your enthusiasm outruns mine," said he; "I was disposed to admire her sufficiently myself, but you quite surpass me, at least in the expression of what you feel. I had no idea before that you were so very susceptible."

"I never have supposed that I was particularly so," rejoined the young volunteer, laughing; "but such may be the case perhaps. At all events, I am free to confess that I have yet seen no beauty elsewhere equal to Ayah's."

"Suppose we carry her off with us a prize," suggested the captain.

The youth started. "You are not in earnest?" he asked. The expression of his companion's face at once satisfied him that he was not. It was an expression at once amused and satirical. Raymond began to fear he was quizzing him, and felt a little annoyed.

"But we must not forget," continued the captain in the same strain, that Ayah is promised to another. What a pleasant rival you would have in that son of the forest! I shudder to think of the hostile meeting that must ensue."

Raymond's good humor returned. "I am content to receive your jests," he answered; "but do not be apprehensive that I shall ever be tempted to break lance in the lists of love, even though the ungloved hand of yonder dusky island princess be the prize of successful valor."

Here, the friends having reached the beach, the conversation terminated. They entered a small boat that lay in waiting, and in a few minutes stepped on board their ship. Raymond was observed to be unusually meditative during the rest of the day, and when he retired to his berth, his thoughts, attempt to govern them as he might, would, in spite of him revert to Ayah.

Several days had elapsed since the arrival of the American vessels in the Bay of Novaheevah, and the captain had succeeded in erecting on the shore a small fort, and several temporary buildings to be occupied during the time necessarily

consumed in preparations for their homeward voyage. The natives continued to show the visitors all kindness, and Toneweoga solicited their interference in his behalf, in a war that was then raging between his own subjects and the Happaes, a hostile tribe dwelling in the neighboring mountains. Lieut. Downes was accordingly despatched with a small detachment of men to the scene of action. He was accompanied by Raymond as his second in command, on the occasion. The success of the little party was complete, and they returned to their quarters in triumph, followed by the delighted savages, who rent the air with their shouts of joy. Downes and Raymond thenceforward became the especial favorites of the chief, who took great pleasure in making them sensible of the obligations under which he rested to their promptitude and courage. Frequently at the royal residence, Raymond had more than one opportunity of seeing and conversing by signs with the lovely Ayah, whose eyes became accustomed to light up with pleasure at his approach. She was an apt pupil, and it was not long before the impulsive young sailor found himself teaching her various significant words in his own tongue. It was a dangerous lesson, as well for the teacher as for the pupil, for Toneweoga was a jealous father, and notwithstanding his apparent friendship for the strangers, would be easily provoked against them if he were to know that one of them was engaged in thwarting some of his most cherished designs. The savage when offended knows no reconciliation; and Raymond stood on the brink of a precipice, with his eyes closed to the danger that awaited him. Ayah evidently hated her betrothed lover, and many times besought the American to take her with him to his own land, where, she said, she would be his faithful servant forever. Innumerable were the questions which she asked him respecting the manners and customs of his country people; and expressed, as these enquiries were, in the most musical of all mixed jargons, it is not singular that they interested him, while it often puzzled him to comprehend their import. Raymond was no treacherous spirit, and would sooner have sacrificed his most ambitious projects, than have injured, knowingly, the peace of mind of the artless Indian girl; but his nature was ardent and the words that came from his lips were not always duly tempered with wisdom. He felt the irksomeness of the delay to which his companions and himself were subjected, and endeavored to pass it away in the most agreeable manner in his power; while at the same time his moral training was too high and honorable to permit him to trifle with the innocence of one, who had, from the first, regarded him as a being of a superior order. His position soon became em-

barrassing in the extreme, for it was evident that the beautiful savage loved him with all the passionate devotion which might have been anticipated under the circumstances. Added to this, Captain Porter had grown anxious on his friend's account, noticing his frequent fits of abstraction, and guessing at their cause, and had deemed it his duty to question him on the subject. This he did, but without eliciting anything to confirm his suspicions. He resolved, however, to hasten his departure, and accordingly hurried the men in their preparations.

Time moved on, and the day appointed for the sailing of the little fleet was, at length, near at hand, and Porter congratulated himself on being once more on the eve of an eventful cruise, when Toneweoga came to announce to them the immediate arrival of his intended son-in-law, Fedjee, the chief of the Typees, a fierce and strong people of the interior. A special messenger had just arrived to say that he proposed to carry off his bride on the following day. Great joy filled the hearts of Toneweoga and his tribe, in view of the powerful alliance that was promised them; and they manifested the exuberance of their feelings by the most extravagant gambols and dances. Toneweoga was in their midst, the gayest of the whole company. But poor Ayah kept away, and in the solitude of a forest glade, shed tears of bitterness at the fate that seemed to await her. Her conversations with Raymond had already elevated her mind above those barbarous scenes, and had inspired in her higher aspirations than those of the bride of an Indian warrior. Beneath a wide-spreading tree, seeking to hide her grief from the rude gaze of her people, Raymond found her. Her head was bowed in her hands, and she noticed not his presence until he addressed her. At the sound of his voice she started up, and wildly entreated him once more to save her, to take her with him. She would be anything—do anything, she said, for him; only let her be preserved from the dreaded embraces of Fedjee.

"Poor child," said the officer, much moved, "you know nothing of what you ask. How can I remove you from here? You owe obedience to your father, and your troth is even now pledged to Fedjee. Go with him. He is a brave warrior, and the ruler of a prosperous tribe. I am sure he will make Ayah happy and proud."

"Happy!" replied the maiden, in a tone of scorn, and in intermingled native and English tones, "happy! what happiness is there for Ayah? You are white, and know not the love or the hate of one of my race. Fedjee comes for me. He shall never take me with him. I will die first, and he may have me then."

She sobbed violently. Raymond was distressed beyond measure. His generous heart was not proof against her prayers. "Ayah," he cried,

"be comforted. I am not my own master. The ships that are here are not mine, but another's to command. But if it be possible to take you with us, it shall be done, and we will go this very night."

"Ah! you laugh at me," she said, "you do not want me with you. You do not love Ayah. She loves you. Well, you may go away without her in your ships, and she may die here. Fedjee shall return to his mountains without her."

"And your father, Ayah, remember your father," urged Raymond.

"Toneweoga loves not Ayah, but his own power. Once Ayah had a mother to love her, but she has none now. The white stranger loves her not. There is none to love her, and she will die without a friend. Fedjee shall go back alone."

"Listen, Ayah," said Raymond, "I will seek the commander of our vessels. I will ask him to take you away from Fedjee. He has a kind heart, and, if he consents, you will go with us to-night. Are you satisfied?"

The poor girl threw herself on the ground at his feet, clasping his knees with her arms, and bursting anew into tears, but this time they were tears of gratitude. Raymond raised her up, seated her again beneath the tree, and went in search of Porter. It is unnecessary to say that the gallant Captain displayed no slight degree of astonishment at the proposal of his friend. He had seen the growing attachment of Ayah, and had feared, notwithstanding the disclaimers of his friend, that the consequences of this singular intimacy might prove unpleasant. But he had never for a moment dreamed of the matter being brought to such a termination as this. "Carry a wild native girl with you to Boston!" he exclaimed, "why, Raymond, you must have grown mad since I saw you last. What in the world would you do with her after you got her there? Introduce her to your friends and family as your wife, or turn her away to shift for herself? Remember, moreover, that she is a pagan, and you are a Christian. Pray, how will you overcome that difficulty?"

These questions of his superior rather sobered Raymond, and rendered his late determination a little less positive. The case was a perplexing one, certainly, but he had given his word to Ayah, and that word must be fulfilled, notwithstanding her paganism, dusky complexion, and savage manners.

"I am with you, Captain Porter," he answered, "as your friend; and, in that character, I make this request, which will give you but little inconvenience to comply with, and will promote the happiness of an unfortunate girl, whose mind and heart are infinitely superior to the low station in which fate has cast her lot. As for myself, whatever responsibilities may be involved

I readily assume them, and fear neither the sneers of others nor the reproaches of my own conscience, since I am satisfied that my course is dictated by honor, and is consistent with propriety. We can easily and safely take Ayah with us, and place her in some situation in New England where her naturally high character may be cultivated and developed so as to fit her for some sphere of usefulness in society. As for making her my wife, of course, the idea is preposterous, and, I assure you, I have never entertained it for a moment. I only pity the poor girl, and desire, if possible, to avert her fate."

"Perhaps, after all, you are right," rejoined the Captain, "though I confess your disposition is rather more quixotic than mine. But, if I accede to your request, how is the plan to be executed?"

"Without difficulty," said Raymond, "let the Essex weigh anchor this very evening, instead of to-morrow as now proposed. Every thing is in readiness on board, the men are tired of staying in this lonely spot, and Ayah can be at once provided by us with such articles as she needs for her new position."

"That position will be a rather delicate one," observed Porter.

"Not for her," answered the other, "not for her, for her mind is not yet awakened to the arbitrary rules of our conventional etiquette. I constitute myself her protector until she can be safely transferred to one better fitted for the office. In the meantime, no one will do well to offer her either injury or insult."

The conversation was interrupted here by the approach of an under officer of the Essex. Captain Porter turned to give him some instructions, simply saying to his friend: "Well, if you will have it so, we must do the best we can in the matter; you may see to making the necessary arrangements, and we'll be off in an hour after sunset."

Captain Porter and Raymond had scarcely separated, when the latter received an intimation of circumstances which effected a serious change in their plans. Having immediately sought Ayah, to convey to her the result of his interview with his commander, she communicated to him the fact, which she had just learned by accident, that a secret movement was on foot between the Typees, her father's tribe—the object of which was to murder the American strangers in a body, and burn their vessels to the water's edge. This bloody scene was to be enacted that very night, the victims being surprised in their slumbers. Fedjee and his followers were already on their way to the village, and as soon as the murderous assault should be completed, the young chief was to be rewarded for his assistance by the person of Ayah. Ayah seemed to have recovered from

her late despondency, and to have assumed an entirely new character. Her step was now firm, her eye sparkled with a fierce fire. "I will kill him," she cried; "I will kill Fedjee, but he shall never make Ayah the mistress of his people. I have a trusty arrow in store for him."

"Be cautious, Ayah," said Raymond; "betray not the information you have obtained. Fedjee is not to be feared. We will protect both ourselves and you. Keep quiet, until I return to you."

On receiving this news, which he said was such as might have been expected, Captain Porter determined to postpone his departure for a short time, for the purpose of giving the treacherous Indians the chastisement they deserved, and of establishing more firmly the rights of his country to the soil he had taken possession of. Banding together and arming a part of his men, he ordered them to advance instantly with himself, to meet the approaching Typees on their way. Having again, and fortunately, without attracting the observation of Toneweoga, cautioned Ayah as to the necessity of silence and watchfulness during their absence, Raymond hastened to join his comrades. History narrates the adventures and success of this singular expedition. The little party, after an absence of several days, and after suffering incredible fatigues in the mountain fastnesses, succeeded in vanquishing the Typees, and burning their villages, and then returned in triumph to their vessels, which by this time were all in readiness to sail.

The savage character is proverbially suspicious, though it is also generally slow to form accurate ideas. Toneweoga was no exception to these rules. When he saw the unexpected departure of the sailors, in the direction of the Typee country, he divined that they had been informed of the proposed attack, and had resolved to avert it; but from whom the information had been obtained, he remained for a time, at a loss to conjecture. Suddenly, however, his thoughts were turned upon his daughter; when, quick as lightning, a host of apparently trifling circumstances rushed upon him to confirm the fear that she was the one by whose interference his deadly scheme had been prostrated. He remembered now, that the officers had been pleased to praise her beauty, and that Raymond, especially, had often sought her society. With this came wild curses on his own folly, and her treachery. He sought Ayah instantly, and seizing her by the hair, swung his long arm aloft, uttering the fiercest imprecations of his language upon her, and threatening her with death. "Faithless minion," he cried in his native tongue; "you have yielded to the white man's sorceries; you have become his slave, and the enemy of your own race. You deserve to die. Go;" and he

hurled her away from him with such violence that the poor girl staggered and fell upon the ground.

Ayah recovering her feet, drew herself proudly up. "I am no faithless minion," she said in the same dialect. "I have yielded to no sorceries. The white man saved my people, and my father's people, from the arrows and slings of the Hap-pah's, and I thank him for the deed. But my father is forgetful of kindness."

"Toneweoga forgets nothing," retorted the chief with savage malignity; "and never an injury. The white man has led his child astray and is, therefore, an enemy. How can Toneweoga love him? Fedjee is his friend, and Fedjee will help him drive the accursed strangers hence, or slay them here."

"Name not Fedjee—the murderer, the scourge of Novaheevah," said the maiden, "he is vile, and deserves not to live."

"Fedjee is the lover of Ayah, and will soon be her lord. Then will she start with gladness to meet him at his coming; then will she kiss the soles of his feet."

"Never," cried Ayah; "never, again, I say he is vile. Ayah will die before she consents to become the companion and slave of Fedjee."

"Minion," cried the enraged chief, again seizing her by the hair, and making the woods and shore resound with his yells; "thus, thus will you learn obedience and wisdom," and throwing her prostrate on the earth, he struck her violently again and again.

His yells and the cries of the wretched Ayah, brought around him many of the women and men of the tribe. Consigning her to the custody of two of the fiercest among the former, Toneweoga proceeded to summon his warriors to a council. It was speedily determined to follow the track of the American detachment, with the view of anticipating its probable retreat; and, if possible, rendering assistance to the Typees, whom it had gone to attack. Accordingly, a small number being left behind to watch the movements of the men in the ships, the savages started as noiselessly as they could upon their expedition; and though the sailors were far from lacking vigilance, the wily foe succeeded in eluding their observations under cover of the darkness.

We have said that Porter and his friends returned in triumph, though not without suffering extreme fatigue, and encountering many dangers. But the rude weapons of the allied tribes, had been by no means ineffective. Lieut. Downes was bodily injured in the leg by a sling, and Raymond had received the point of an arrow in his right shoulder. Toneweoga and his party, escaping from the Typee Valley before the burning of the villages, reached their own habitations in advance of the strangers, and with comparatively small loss. Among the Typees who were killed,

was Fedjee, their redoubtable chief, the proposed husband of Ayah, who fell by a rifle shot from the hands of his white rival.

Raymond's first step after his return, was to seek his Indian princess. Ayah had been released from durance, and was suffered to go abroad among the women of the tribe as usual; but the wrath of her father was enkindled against her, and he watched her with all the keenness of observation natural to his savage character. The young man found her seated on a mat in the interior of the palatial hut. Traces of sorrow were visible on her expressive countenance, which lighted up with sudden gladness as he entered the rude apartment. A very few words from her sufficed to inform him how matters stood, and with a heart swelling with indignation, he again promised her protection, and a speedy removal from her present home. "Toneweoga will live to repent of his cruelty," he said; "be assured, poor Ayah, that you shall suffer from it no more. You shall go with me to a land where these barbarian indignities are unknown, and where your sex is at all times regarded as an effectual safeguard against injury and insult."

As Raymond uttered those words, he knelt on the clay floor beside the young girl, and with his hand smoothed back upon her brow, her long and glossy tresses. As he did so, she reclined her head in affectionate attitude upon his shoulder. There was no indelicacy in the act, no coquetry. The artless child of nature knew no rule of conduct save her feelings, and to the guidance of those she was accustomed to yield herself without forethought or reason. This position of affairs was but of a moment's duration, however, for a deep growl of execration, heard immediately behind them, caused both to start. Raymond, with all the activity and strength for which he was distinguished, had barely time to arrest the descending hand of Toneweoga, which would have driven home to his heart the scalping-knife it grasped. Throwing himself with full force upon the enraged chief, he hurled him backwards upon the ground, bound him down and gagged him with his handkerchief, then taking Ayah by the hand, hastened noiselessly out of the hut, and in the direction of the Essex. The filial feelings of the maiden had been crushed by the brutality of her parent, and clinging to her protector, she abandoned the habitation of her infancy without a single sigh of regret.

The shades of evening were now rapidly closing around them, and the movements of the young sailor and his charge at first promised to escape the observation of the savages. Toneweoga was unable to give the alarm, and they hoped to reach the vessel before their flight could be discovered. But fortune did not favor the attempt. Arriving at the beach, no boat was to be found

to convey them on board, and Raymond did not dare to make a sign for fear of arousing the enemy. In this state of fearful suspense, he thought it prudent to seek some place of concealment, where they might rest in comparative security, until the arrival of some of the crew, who he knew were certain soon to come ashore for their usual evening's supply of fresh water and fuel. Ayah was familiar with every inch of the beach, and at once led her companion to a small cave in the side of a hill, whose mouth was almost entirely screened by heaps of dried fir-brushes which had been piled against it. The girl withdrew into this cave, and Raymond kept watch outside. In a moment after, a fierce yell was heard from the village. The condition of their chief was discovered, and the savages were now in full cry towards the shore. The fugitives hid themselves in the furthest corner, and awaited the issue. Almost simultaneously with the yell, a loud cheer arose from the deck of the *Essex*, and a boat was lowered full of armed men, with orders to land; for Porter knew that Raymond was not on board, and feared he might be in danger. The savages, meanwhile, came on with a terrific whoop, and run up and down the shore on both sides of the fort, in search of the fugitives. The eye of one of the party rested at length on the fir branches at the entrance of the little cave, when, as quick as thought, fire was applied to the withered leaves, and the blaze rose up bright and high, illuminating the darkness for a considerable distance around. The time had arrived for a new effort on the part of Raymond. In another moment it would have been too late, for a dense column of smoke was entering the retreat. Seizing Ayah once more, he darted with her resolutely through the flames, and made rapidly for the landing. By the firelight the sailors in the boat saw him, and his pursuers, who now yelled in exultation at their expected capture. The water was rough, and the boat was still some

distance from him, but those on board sent up again an answering shout, and plied their oars with renewed vigor. It was an instant of great peril. The Indians, Toneweoga among them, closed around Raymond and Ayah, and their scalping-knives gleamed frightfully in the light of the burning fire. The young American fought manfully, still keeping Ayah by his side; but the odds against him were overpowering, and the wound in his shoulder grew momentarily more painful. Raymond fought then rather for Ayah than for himself; but she was torn from him, and he saw the war-knife of her savage sire dripping with her heart's blood. At the same instant a stone from a sling prostrated the gallant young sailor himself, and the savages, believing their victims to be dead, turned from them and fled, just as the boat's crew, with cries of vengeance, leaped upon the sands. The unfortunate objects of the outrage were immediately carried on board, and an hour later the Valley of Novaheevah was a scene of conflagration, and the cowardly and cruel natives were driven forth for shelter to the mountains and caverns of the interior.

But succor had come too late. Ayah was already dead, and Raymond had received his death-blow. Before the next day's sun had shed his last lingering rays upon the vale, his spirit too had passed the bounds of time. His friends dug the graves of him and Ayah, within the walls of the little fort, erected there a simple tablet to their memory, consecrated the burial ground with a few tears of heartfelt sorrow; and then left the spot to pursue in sadness that homeward voyage, of whose events, marked by such rare harmony, and yet such rare misfortunes, the pen of history has left an imperishable record.*

* Mr. Headley, in his last work, "The Second War with England," presents us with a vivid picture of the incidents connected with the cruise of Capt. Porter in the *Pacific*—a cruise as remarkable as any which has yet enlisted the attention of the American novel historian.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

The western beams are fading now,
The golden-tinted clouds are gone;
The noble river seems to flow
More gently, in my fancy, on.
The deep repose so sweet and calm,
Which twilight's softening shades impart,
Might soothe, methinks, like Gilead's balm,
The weary or the wounded heart.
The sunset hour is dearer far
Than all the glare of noon;
I love to watch the first faint star,
And gaze upon the crescent moon.
Then thought flies high, and memory
Sleeps in the quiet of the scene,
'Till in the future far I see,
A desert isle forever green.

I know not why! but at this hour,
When sinks the glorious sun to rest,
I turn with strange, impelling power,
A searching glance within my breast;
And in the day's receding light,
The veil falls from my heart anew,
While all grows dim to human sight,
And but one eye its faults can view.
'Tis fancy, all! earth has no rest,
Life's busy throng, with restless air,
Press on, while hidden in each breast,
Lie eager hope and anxious care:
'Till worn with turbulent desires,
Which rise o'er disappointments past,
And spent with passion's fevered fires,
Life's sunset-hour is closed at last.

LUTHER R. ROGGS.

DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT.

BY MISS EMILY M. POSTON.

If there is a subject in which the interests of all are involved, as it regards their comfort, their pleasure, their happiness and profit, it is domestic management. The home is the seat of all happiness, and the fountain from which springs the sweetest—purest joys of life. The poet, from the gushings of his spirit, thus pours forth in song, the pleasures of a happy home:

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many a gem,
With his blue curling waves;
Yet not within her bosom dark,
Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equalling
A world of love at home.

True, sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied.
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A merry fireside.
I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If 'mid his splendor he hath not
A world of love at home.

Wealth, if honestly accumulated and properly used, is certainly a blessing, as it enables us to gratify all proper appetites and pleasures, to furnish ourselves with every personal comfort and luxury, and ennoble the mind, by improving and heightening its tastes. If the housewife properly understands and directs her household, combined with industry, it is the radius from which converges streams of profit. Few husbands will prosper in business, either upon the farm or elsewhere, if his wife is careless and extravagant, and if she does not stimulate him by feeling a proper interest in his affairs, and by industry, economy and kindness. It is true—men have a larger sphere of action, they can look about and discover means of accumulating wealth, and by speculations acquire large fortunes; but this is comparatively rare and accidental. But the good housewife, in a little sphere of her own, can, like the fairy who divested Cinderella, as if by magic, of her rags, and clothed her in silks and diamonds, produce comforts from an unseen world, and make a little home a paradise. It is a heartless, selfish and mean woman, that will depend upon her husband to provide every comfort, (as we consider meanness, idleness, and carelessness, synonymous terms,) and that will not bear a portion of the responsibility. She should be like the polar star, shining with usefulness, cheerfulness, and smiles, and leading him by a charmed influence, bright and radiant as this star, to prosperity, fame and happiness.

There is a star that brightly gleams,
On high in the sky above,
And throws o'er life its golden beams,
Of happiness and love—
A beacon pure, whose radiance bright
No lowering cloud confines,
But in affliction's stormy night,
With heavenly lustre shines.

There is a star, whose magic power
So firmly binds the soul,
That e'en in joy's most sunny hour,
Man feels its sweet control—
A glorious light, whose mystic spell
Life, hope, and joy imparts,
And calms the wild, tempestuous swell
Of earth's despairing hearts.

The star that from its glittering sheen,
Gilds life's declining slope,
And throws o'er youth's resplendent scene,
The rosy tints of hope.
The star that drives the clouds away,
Though dark they frown awhile,
And ever shines with peerless ray,
Is woman's angel smile.

Pliny, as history tells us, was one of the best husbands in the Roman Empire—his wife the kindest and most amiable of her sex. It may either have been his kindness and consideration for her, treating her as a friend and counsellor, and companion—or it may have been her kindness that won his esteem. Much depends upon either. In his letters to her when absent, he breathes the most tender and, at the same time, the most delicate affection. In his letters addressed to his aunt, he thus speaks of his wife, Calphurnia:—

"Her *ingenuity* is admirable; her *frugality* is extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection for me. You would smile, to see the concern she is in, when I have cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made; she feeds upon my applause; she sings my verses and accompanies them upon the lute, without any master except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on youth or person, which must gradually decay, but upon the immortal part, my glory and reputation."

And so we here see that even the wife of the great and immortal Pliny did not disdain to be an ingenious and frugal economist. Among the ancient Egyptians, the women were occupied in trade, merchandise, and agriculture. Even those of the first quality, were not ashamed to perform the office of washerwoman. In the heroic

ages of Greece wives and daughters were not brought up to idleness. Penelope, queen of the famous Ulysses, is often represented by Homer as being at her *loom*. Almost every one has heard the story of Penelope's web. The famous Helen, when Troy was besieged, employed herself on an extraordinary piece of embroidery, which represented most of the battles fought between the Greeks and Trojans. The wife of the illustrious Washington prided herself upon her domestic economy. Mrs. Madison, and many of our proud republic's truly and honorably proud statesmen's wives have boasted of their domestic management, industry, and economy.

We consider a woman thoroughly educated when she can preside with alike self-possession, with her linen apron on in the kitchen, seasoning and flavoring the meats, vegetables, and puddings; straining away nicely the milk, and packing the butter; knitting and darning her husband's stockings; and who can appear with accomplished grace in the drawing-room to entertain her guests with music, conversation, etc. etc. I do not know a more thorough lady than one whose home is always in order, and who is expert in every species of household affairs. A well-educated lady always makes the best housekeeper. If she is not a good housekeeper she does not deserve the name of lady, though she does know how to *dress* and *dance*.

I am far from thinking that every lady should make of herself a drudge—cook, wash, iron, etc.; but she should know the best manner it should be done, and, if necessarily the task at any time devolves upon her, to perform it with ease and cheerfulness. She should not consider herself in the least degraded by having handled a few pots and kettles; but should feel proud that she is able to perform it. And when she comes to understand the measure and quantity required for cooking and other things, it will save her many a trouble and loss, from being imposed upon by dishonest servants.

We often hear it said, "What industrious people those are," that wife and daughters. What fine wives those girls will make. It is far from being those who work most who accomplish most. It depends entirely upon whether the work is profitable or not. Whether it was done at the proper time, when most needed, and if something of more importance was not neglected.

We should work efficiently, economically and systematically. *Head-work* is more necessary to a good housewife than *hand-work*. It enables her to direct, regulate and dispose. In the first place, she considers what is necessary to be done, and then disposes of each piece of work in its proper season. It considers the best way it can be done with the least labor, trouble and time.

A good housewife has time to do every thing, has her house in fine order—a place for every thing, and every thing in its place. She arranges properly, and each task comes in at the time when needed. She has time for cooking, for washing, for ironing, for mending, for gardening, for storing away fruits, etc. etc.; for knitting and sewing, embroidery, reading and music; to visit, receive and entertain company. Her guests never find her in the least confusion, and she is never nonplused. When entertaining company, all feel at home and satisfied, as their presence does not stop work, and everything moves on in harmony, as though there was no one present. The eye of a mistress alone can so regulate an establishment that visitors may at all times be received, and although she should never make her household arrangements a subject of conversation, nothing that contributes to the comfort of her domestic circle is beneath her notice.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague observes that the most *minute details* of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment; and they are truly ennobled when we do them either from a sense of duty, or consideration for a parent, or love to a husband. "To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers; it is decorating a place where I am to meet a friend or lover. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshments for him whom I love. These necessary occupations viewed in this light, by a person capable of strong attachments, are so many pleasures, and affords her far more delight than the fancies and shows which constitute the amusements of the world."

A well-ordered house has been fitly compared to a watch, all the wheels and springs of which are out of sight, and it is only known that they exist, and are in order, by the regularity by which their results are brought about.

FLIRTING A FAN.

AMELIA wav'd her fan with glee,
And being in a playful mood,
She gave the airy toy to me,
And bade me flirt it, if I could.

The pleasing toil I quick began,
But jealous pangs my bosom hurt,
"Madam, I cannot *flirt* a fan,
But with your leave, I'll *fan* a *flirt*."



Burning of the Hospice of the Grimsel.

THE HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY WILLIAM A. KENTON.

On the 2d of November, 1852, a post-coach drove up before the post-office of the city of Berne. The travelers descended, and one of them—a man in the thirties—applied to a person who chanced to be passing, for directions to a near and good public house.

"Over there a piece to the left," answered the interrogated, "is the 'Distelzwang' public house."

"The 'Distelzwang?'" questioned the traveler, "'Distelzwang!' What does that mean? Do they swing thistles there?"

"It likewise means *Hotel des gentilshommes*," replied the Switzer. "Or would you prefer the 'Zimmerleuten,' or the 'Mohren?' They are a good bit further off."

"'Distelzwang!' 'Zimmerleuten!' 'Mohren!'" said the traveler. "A name seems always fuller of significance to travelers than to any one else; so I should incline to commit myself to the 'Distelzwang,' rather than fall into the hands of the Zimmerleuten, or the more unchristian Moors."

"Lords and earls put up at the 'Distelzwang,'" apprised the Switzer, "in fact, recently a princess and a king."

"That will do!" thought the traveler. "If I am not an earl, I am at least called so. Hearty thanks, kind sir!"

"The Distelzwang is indeed a house worth recommending," said a young man who had likewise descended from the coach; "and I think of stopping there too."

"Were you not my fellow-traveler?" questioned Earle, (*Graf*.)

"Yes indeed; I had my seat in the rotund, but saw you several times, at our stopping places by the way."

"I sat front, in the cabriolet," remarked Earle. "For a reason I had. Where have you come from?"

"In a round about way from Paris;" answered the young man.

"So have I," said Earle, with evident delight. "I lived there six years."

"I sixteen days only," replied the younger.

"That is nothing; a hasty dream. It must have left you unacquainted with the great city. Whither do you travel?"

"Back to Berlin, my home."

"It is mine, also, and the end of my journey. That hits very well. I am the musical artist and composer, Earle; and you?"

"The landscape painter, Prince."

"Odd! unique! Now, my Prince, let us hunt up the Distelzwang without delay. Shall we find

thistle heads there? or be plucked like thistle heads, ourselves?"

The painter was about answering, when a third traveler stepped in between the two, exclaiming with comic pathos: "I am"—allow me the privilege—"the third in your band!" I too, have been in Arcadia, as it is called—in Paris, and in that post-coach there; where late registry has somewhat oversteeped me in the belly of the great post-monster. I am likewise a Berlin city boy, and the poet-king, (*Furst*;) not perhaps the king of poets, like Wolfgang von Goethe. The good destiny which brought us together in the post-coach, may thus crown its work at the Distelzwang, and unite an Earle, a Prince, and a King, in one brotherly growing trefail. *Tres faciunt collegium*. Some writer or other says that a company of travelers ought never to be less than the number of the graces, nor more than the nine muses."

"Commend me to the Distelzwang;" said Earle, subsequently, when he had ascertained what obliging domestics, savory eatables, strong Burgundy, clean chambers and swelling beds, were provided in that house for entertaining guests. "How fortunate we did not run after Zimmerleuten or the Mohren!"

"Wherefore ever rambling further!" recited the poet from Goethe: "Behold! good lies so near!"

"Spoken after my own heart," exclaimed the painter; "why need we ramble any further towards Berlin, now that the Highlands of Berne lie so near? An excursion through the Oberhaslithal, up over the Handeck, the Grimsel, the Malenwand, the Rhonegletscher, the Furka, toward the Hospital, and the high road of St. Gotthard, would be a very good ending of our journey."

"Paul, thou art mad;" said King, derisively; the good Burgundy has set thee raving. A trip in the Berne Highlands, and to the Upper Alps at this time of the year, might be considered very much like imitating Captain Ross; offering yourself as food before a Polar bear, or some impending glacier.

"Never fear, oh! King," answered Prince. "This year, November has appeared milder than many a September. Such a late autumn has not been remembered these many years. We shall none of us regret the enterprise. You, sir King, will be spared a journey to Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla, and the readers of your verse, the

freezing of the blood in their veins. The composer, Earle, will repeat the genuine delight of nature, in his vivid Alpine picture of the journey, and I shall enrich my portfolio with winter sketches, in case I am not prevented by having my fingers benumbed. Besides this, we shall run no risk of being seated next to the pound-sufficing sons and daughters of Albion, at the hotel; or fallen upon by a host of shameless beggars, and importunate guides; nor of being plundered by expensive *tables d'hôte*. In short, we shall find the Swiss as they were originally, and will be yet again."

The painter poured the persuasive words like honey out from between his lips; so that he actually gained his point, and the detour to the Highlands was determined upon.

The next day was devoted to such objects as are worth visiting in Berne. "Bears, bears, nothing but bears, wherever one sets foot or merely turns his glance," grumbled Earle. "Alive in the moat, carved in stone over the gates, in iron about the Cathedral Court, and in porcelain, in earthen, in sugar and gingerbread, at the shops! But if Berne has to thank the bear for its name, why not write it with an A?"

The poet, for his part, discovered nothing about the new, yet unfinished house of the Confederacy, more remarkable than a tread-wheel, by which the condemned descendants of William Tell were compelled to bring up the building materials.

The painter revelled among the Alpine Highlands; the snowy tops of which could be seen, from the so-called fortifications of Berne, shining upon the far horizon.

As a contrast with this widely celebrated view, the painter in the evening, took his fellow-travelers into the great fruit hall of Berne; underneath which extends a vast and opulent wine-cellar.

The deadened sound of a mass of congregated human voices rose up out of the depth, as the three travelers descended the broad cellar stairway, brilliantly lighted with gas. They found the enormous cellar filled with jovial men; who, at two long tables, and beneath the splendor of many gas flames, were doing service for Bacchus, and making their full glasses ring. Behind the happy tipplers, against the black cellar walls, lay the monster fettered; looking down upon them jealous and silent, as though he would gladly precipitate himself upon them, were he not restrained by the iron bands which kept him in his place. And this monster is none other than the gigantic wine-vat; which, with its sections of different size, makes a border around the cellar walls.

As the triad passed along the broad middle space between the drinking-tables, the painter whispered to the poet: "Do you not observe, my King, how our Helvetians emulate their com-

placently boasting neighbors, the French? Whilst we Germans, in speaking of our wine-tubs, the Heidelberger and Konigsteiner, say plainly that they hold so and so many thousand buckets. The Helvetian writes yonder of his vats, in letters and cyphers a yard long, sixty thousand bottles, fifty-two thousand, etc. Yet saw you ever a higher or larger cellar?"

"Umph!" said the music master; "it is a mere kennel to the catacombs of Paris."

"Paris, and ever again Paris!" grumbled Prince to himself. "But what do I see?" he went on aloud: "is not this Peter Zybach, of the Grimsel Hospice?" With that he struck the shoulder of a man some sixty years of age, who was seated in company with a younger man and a beautiful Swiss girl, at one of the tables, drinking his sour Waadtlander.

"Peter Zybach am I still," answered the old fellow, extending his hand affably to the painter.

"Surely you have lodged with me once. Take a place beside us, gentlemen, if you can find it."

"Three times already, instead of once," replied the painter; "and we three here, think of spending one of the next nights in your four stakes."

"You jest, sir," replied Zybach, hastily. "You will have to let that fancy vanish. No man is for our Grimsel, in November. Visit it in July or August, and it will bid you welcome. September gives it only the after stragglers of those who traverse the Alps; and in October, sometimes a business traveler sweeps past, who wishes to get into Italy, or upon the high road of St. Gotthard. November, with its heavy snows, high as the house-tops, sets an impenetrable wall about my Hospice, of which little more than the roof is then visible. I and my family have already, fourteen days ago, left the Hospice, and taken our abode in the valley. At present there is no one there but my servants, who are doing what they can to hinder the effects of the storms and snow, and with the first bad weather will come down. Think you to find something of a pleasure when the icy Fohn rushes against you; taking you up and whirling you into the chasm, or plunging you down into the Aar, as it rages at your side? Or when a thick driving snow will not permit you to see out of your eyes, and every vestige of the track is lost; so that even we, who come down hither into the valley, dare not undertake the like?"

"You forget, Herr Zybach," resumed the painter, laughing, "that the late autumn of this year is unusually mild, and that, consequently, your nicely-drawn sketch is much too darkly colored."

"One of the master painters who visits my Hospice," replied the landlord of the Grimsel, "once related to me how a great painter, with only three strokes of his pencil, had been able to

change a laughing countenance into a weeping one. Just so is it possible for our good Lord, in the space of a quarter of an hour, to convert the mildest autumn into the roughest winter. Should this happen the same night you were lodging at the Grimsel Hospice, you would be compelled, deprived of every thing, and paying the bitterest scarcity prices, to remain shut up there till spring finally came, provided hunger and cold did not previously put an end to your suffering. Living at the Hospice is no farce, not even in the summer. Surrounded by high, steep, and bare walls of stone, the Hospice lies in an awful rock castle. No green tree, nor shrub, no flower, not a single blade of grass meets the eye with its refreshing hue. On the contrary, nothing but the storm howling around us so frequently, when we get, in the first place, the tempest, with its thunder-claps and lightning, making us tremble for our lives at every flash."

"What tempest and storm can do," the music master here put in his word, "I have experienced this last summer, in Paris. Such a mass of fallen chimneys and roof-tiles as covered the streets and boulevards was frightful."

While the painter was significantly smiling to the poet, Peter Zybach commenced again: "At the same time I have persevered through a long row of years upon the Grimsel already, and propose to do the same much further; so long as our good Lord and the Oberhasli Land Company shall permit. Before I took a lease of the Hospice, I was a wood-carver and gentian engraver. The Hospice had only twelve beds then; which I, by God's help, have now brought to be about fifty. In the course of the year many travelers seek and obtain lodgings of me, who are not in a condition to make any return. Yet, I receive them as kindly as though they were the richest lords; trusting that our good Lord will bless me for it, in other ways. Even during the winter, I take these poor travelers and traverse the neighboring districts, collecting little donations for them. How would it be, my lords," Zybach's tone grew more and more pathetic, "if you should sacrifice some few of the francs which your proposed visit to the Highlands will cost, for the poor Grimsel wanderers? Surely our good Lord will bless you for it a thousand fold."

"In this way this hypocritical old fellow will chase you through the windpipe, here, there and everywhere," murmured the music master in French, to his two companions.

The painter said nothing, but laughed as he glanced at the landlord of the Hospice, who stood waiting for an answer, with his hands folded before his breast, and his eyes turned to the ground.

The poet, on the other hand, carried on as though terrified; glancing along the cellar wall and exclaiming nervously:

"Was not that a hoop cracked? Ha! there goes another, and still another! What do I see? All the hoops are bursting! In giant surges they vomit forth their contents upon us. How they roar, lashing the air before them and giving out a strong smell! Alas! the gas flames are going out! Dense, awful obscurity around! Already my feet stand in the cold deluge of wine. It rises with giant strides. Run, run! Ha! what a frantic, desperate rushing for the stairs! What wrestling, struggling, complaining, weeping, shrieking, choking! Where are you, my friends? Woe, woe to us all! Cold, clammy death is embracing us!"

Peter Zybach was so terrified as to leap up from his seat. He did not observe that he had overturned his half-filled pint mug, but stared with wide splitting eyes along the range of vats; which still kept their old place, unaltered. The Swiss girl tittered, and her father drew his legs back to shun the contents of Zybach's mug. The music master, Earle, filled with terror by his first involuntary belief in the poet's fancy picture, had turned pale. The painter, on the contrary, said jokingly: "If this sour Wasdtlander were sweet, strong mul voisier, I would not find the submersion so very severe, in such a numerous and agreeable company. It would indeed be very much better than the English King Edward IV. drowning his own brother in a butt of that wine."

"The thick damp air of the cellar must have inspired my fancy," said the poet. "I will not endure it down here any longer. Farewell, Herr Zybach!"

"I have given you fair warning, gentlemen," called out the last named, to the departing, "and therefore wash my hands in innocence." The music master had scrupulously noted Zybach's words, and was inclined to recall the promise he had previously made; especially since the poet, also, thought the landlord of the Hospice must be much better acquainted with the weather than a stranger. The painter alone was obstinate, and settled in the belief, that the present year they might get back, if the weather did indeed change.

The mild, clear morning, which greeted the travelers upon their way towards Thun, entirely dissipated their gloomy apprehensions concerning the weather. Earle and King applauded yet more the firmness of the painter, when they came to pass over the charming Thunsee, in the steamboat. As the conductors of the steamboat on the Brienzsee, had quit sometime previously, the travelers set forth from Interlaken on foot, and late in the evening of the same day arrived at Meyringen, where they lodged.

The morning of the fifth of November, was as delightful as the preceding day had been. With freshly invigorated limbs, and with the clearest

minde, the three Germans recommenced their mountain walk. The pure fresh air of the hills, the uniquely beautiful Oberhaslithal with its heaven-high range of summits upon either hand, and the wild Aar, rushing along down over its rocky precipices, with its snow caverns, abysses, cataracts, needle-leaved trees, scattered villages, huts and hamlets, made the ever more difficult upward way seem easier and shorter than it actually is. In this manner they proceeded without impediment, till they reached the village Guttanen, where they breakfasted, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and furnished themselves with provisions for the remainder of the journey. From this on, nature became more wild, and the track of the frequently passing men servants more indistinguishable. The climbing over rocks had no end, and vigor was in great demand.

Again it was the music master whose mouth poured out complaints. "In Paris," said he, "I have daily wandered far and wide in the streets, but my legs were never so weary as here upon this path, which is too bad even for beasts."

"But, for that reason, the Grimsel is no *Mentemarte*," answered Prince. The poet, on the other hand, said: "The height must always be purchased at a high price."

"The Aarfall, at the Handeck, to which we shall soon come," encouraged Prince, "will richly indemnify you for the exertion; and in after times you will refer to your courage and perseverance with pride."

Not long after the travelers stood on the light bridge of wood, built over the restless stream, close before the deep Aarfall. How the swift, thundering, whizzing, roaring waves, plunge into the precipitous gulf, dashing upon the rocks! How they strive to outbid each other, to overreach one another, and to get ahead! The insatiable, bottomless pit swallows the ever and ever renewing mass of water! How it boils and foams, in the deep cauldron! And in the uprushing column of steam, the seven-hued rainbow—reflection, out from the blue heavens, of the bright flashing eye of the universe—spans with a second arch the black gulf of rocks!

The poet neglected his note-book and the painter his pencil, to draw near. Even the master of tones grew dumb before this natural music. He forgot at once the fountains at Versailles, and found no resemblance between Paris and this wondrous work of nature.

At last the painter brought his mouth to the ear of the music master, and screamed into it: "Not true, here is greater than Paris, Versailles and—the Wilhelmshole at Cassel?"

Earle nodded assent, and then went into the public house of the Handeck, to get his name burned into his alp-staff. As the landlady, however, besides the usual tax for this trouble, de-

manded a remuneration for the use of the wooden bridge, he began to denounce the selfishness of mankind, which hangs upon the heels of travelers, like a worrying swarm of flies, and spares not even the most sacred places.

"The bridge over the Aarfall," said the painter, soothingly, "was my test stone, whether or no you and our King, would proceed any further with me in our mountain tour. Had you or the King complained of giddiness upon the bridge, you could neither have taken any but the return route with confidence, for our way now leads several times close by deep chasms, in which the Aar rages along, and at every obstruction becomes so violent as to make the giddy totter. But the many thousand foreigners who have traveled through Switzerland, these long years, have done nothing to make the mountain path any easier, surer or freer from danger. Consequently the stranger is necessitated to avail himself of the expensive guides and pack-horses. Besides this, self-interest would very soon destroy whatever finger-posts were set up, or balustrades for protection along the edge of the precipices. As the Israelites became degenerated through the Egyptian servitude, and the Greek through the Turkish, so has the honest old Swiss character, in many instances, been lost beneath the pernicious influence of numerous strangers; particularly the proud Englishman's"

"That is an unconsoling prospect for my poor legs, and money purse," said Earle. "My Prince, I shall be dizzy. The consequences of the cataracts are an after thought with me; I must think of the return route."

"Your stratagem will not avail you now," laughed Prince. "Forward, if we wish to be at the Grimsel Hospice before it is dark!"

The stoney obstructions of the path commenced anew, and worse than ever. The sun descended lower and lower in the heavens, and at last entirely vanished. The scenery became monotonous and terrible; ever more riotous and seemingly dangerous raged the Aar, in its precipitous rocky bed; more and more uncertain wound the narrow mountain path upward, over the fragments of rocks, and even beneath the overhanging cliffs.

"Will not this infernal path come to an end, pretty soon?" murmured Earle. "We have been upwards of three hours already climbing up hill from the Handeck. I am shivering, from this uninterrupted roaring of the Aar. It seems as though the Aar sprite would drag me down to her by force, beating my head to pap against those countless blocks of stone."

"Patience for only a little longer," exhorted Prince! "We shall soon be at the goal. There! already I discern the stone bridge down yonder; which will take us over to the other side, and up to the Hospice."

"We shall find the Hospice deserted and locked up," said Earle; "then we shall have nothing to do but leap into the arms of the cold, wet Aar, and suffer ourselves to be floated back upon her to Meyringen."

A shudder ran over the poet at this idea, and even the painter, thought he could not add anything to the picture by colors.

Now the rocky path led precipitously down, and then high up again on the further side.

"An excellent bridge!" said the music master, derisively. "None too wide for a single passenger, and without a balustrade! No one would dare to drink a glass of strong wine, who wished to pass over this bridge without falling into the Aar."

"Hurrah!" shouted the painter, just then. "Land! land! See there, the guest-welcoming, safe walls of the Grimsel Hospice!"

"Umph!" exclaimed the poet, shaking his head; "neither guest-welcoming nor hospitable seem those walls to me! I see not a solitary window in the whole house; except the naked square openings, by which the wind has an unobstructed passage-way through the entire building. If the door was not open, I should verily believe the Hospice deserted, and that our Earle's apprehension had some ground."

The painter suddenly lost his spirits. The Hospice appeared rather like an uninhabited ruin, than a house of entertainment. It made upon the beholder, with its dark gray stone walls, its shingle roof and its blank windows, a very unfavorable impression; which was yet more portentously increased by sad surroundings. The rather long building, stood in a hollow cove, with one of its gable ends facing the Grimsel; the southerly front being toward the Grimselsee, and the northerly toward the Aar Glacier; beneath which last the river came rushing forth. One of the smaller side buildings, which served at once for a shed and a stable, lay detached from the Hospice, sidewise and at a little distance. The Hospice, in its rocky cavity and in the midst of inanimate scenery, resembled Noah's Ark upon the great waste of waters at the deluge.

With rapid strides the alarmed triad hastened towards the house. The interior faithfully corresponded with the exterior. Every apartment was deserted and empty; stripped of its furniture, stoves, windows, doors and beds. Even the wooden wainscot had been broken down and carried off. Gloomily and cold rushed the wind through the forsaken rooms, shiveringly fanning the terrified travelers.

"Ho! ho! holla! nobody here!" shouted the painter, Prince.

Echo mournfully gave back the sound, and the leaves of our trefoil began to droop. Suddenly clattering steps are heard over the heads of the

travelers, and the next minute stamping down the staircases.

"God be eternally thanked!" sighed Earle, from the fullness of his heart; "we are not the only unfortunates here."

"But how," answered Prince, whose love of a joke had returned with the revival of his courage—"supposing it was a robber who had come to plunder the Hospice!"

The three men, however, who were now fast approaching, were no robbers, but only the stout, strong servants of Peter Zybach, landlord of the Hospice. That they were little delighted by this unexpected visit, was evident from their gloomy appearance, from their almost angry looks, and from their harsh manner of speaking.

"What do you want?" asked the first, sullenly.

"To lodge here; eat, drink and sleep; answered the painter, with equanimity.

"That is impossible," rejoined the servant, firmly; "the season of entertainment was long since past; no landlord here any more, nor any provisions, and not a single bed."

"Live you then upon air?" inquired King; "and sleep you upon the hard, cold floor? Give us such as you have yourselves and we will be content."

"Everything is eaten up clean, and every room cleared out," said the second servant. "To-morrow morning early, we leave the Hospice; and have, therefore, put all in security that might go to ruin, during the long winter."

"At any rate, you cannot remain here," affirmed the third servant.

"Where else then?" rejoined the painter, flaming into a rage. Are we dogs that any one dare turn us astray? Must we yet, in the darkness, and after walking nine hours, return to the Haudeck? or climb up until we come to the Furka?"

"We would gladly compensate you for the trouble," said the poet, drawing out his full purse. "Give us a chamber with glass windows, a stove and wood for it, mattresses and coverlits. If we can have some water to make tea with, we shall thank you the more."

"All that is absolutely impossible;" replied the first servant. "We must insist upon your going back to the Haudeck. You can reach there in less than three hours; for the going down is accomplished much easier than the coming up."

"I will not go another step this night," said Earle, boldly, "and will see who is going to drive me away from here by force. Is that Swiss manners, eh? In Paris, they would not serve the poorest beggar so."

"We spoke beforehand with your master, Peter Zybach, day before yesterday, in Berne," said Prince; "and he told us to say to you explicitly that you should receive and entertain us

the best you could; for we are old acquaintances of his. In short we will not retreat from this place; and if you do not provide a warm room and sufficient bedding, we will even take this labor upon ourselves, if we have to rummage the whole house."

"In the meantime, here is a five-franc piece for you," said King, laying the coin in the first servant's broad palm.

The decision of the painter and the music master had more effect however, than the present. The travelers were conducted to a small room, which, until then, had been occupied by the servants; and in which they found yet a window, a door and a little heating stove. Subsequently the travelers obtained water for steeping tea, and beds prepared upon the floor of their apartment, consisting of three horse-hair mattresses with pillows and blankets. At last the more willing appearing servants, shared their little stock of bread and red bacon with the travelers. These latter remained undisturbed by the servants in their warm, quiet little room; the acceptableness of which, they now doubly appreciated, since they had been in danger of being obliged to pass that cold November night without a shelter.

"Shall you go on further in the morning, or return to the Oberhasliithi?" inquired the first servant, when he came to bid good night.

"We think of going over the Maienwand and the Furka, to the high road of St. Gotthard," answered Prince.

"Without a guide!" exclaimed the servant in amazement; "and at such a dangerous season of the year?"

"I know the way," replied Prince; "and the weather could not be any better."

"It might be changed in one night, yea, in one hour," said the servant. "Should it be misty, you would not be able to see three steps before you, nor to discover the right path. Two years ago, it happened so to three travelers, who likewise lodged here, and wished to go on toward Italy the next morning. They were two brothers from Paris, and a physician from Frankfort."

"From Paris?" questioned Earle, with eagerness. "Who were they? and what were their names?"

"Their names are in our travelers entry book," replied the servant; "but without referring to that, I cannot say. They likewise cast our well-meant warning to the winds. They thought themselves fortunate in having an Italian pedlar in their company, who was acquainted with the road. But they were soon enveloped in such a thick mist, that even the Italian did not know where he was. So they wandered about on the Upper Alps for several hours, till finally the Italian importuned them to return with him and seek the nearest inn. But they would not, and

the Italian came back alone. He reached the first inn quite exhausted; but of the three strangers not a trace has ever been found. They undoubtedly perished in some deep cleft of a glacier."

"Oh, misery!" cried Earle. "One bird of ill omen prophecies that above this, we shall be buried in snow, and another that we shall fall into fogs and fissures in the ice! Oh, that I was once again safe in the valley! There the snow and the icebergs are taken to be most beautiful; but a fool is he, who at the risk of his health, perhaps his life, comes up here."

"My Earle, you are insinuating," said the painter, with dissembled earnestness; "and shall give us satisfaction for your expressions as soon as we are safe in your pleasant valley."

"Oh, that I was only there now!" sighed Earle.

"Be pretty careful in going about with your lamp," enjoined the servant at parting. "The draught of air might easily blow up a fallen spark into a bright flame."

"That would be still worse for us," sighed Earle.

With his breast full of anxiety, the latter laid himself down to repose. Repose however, did not visit him for a long while, although his companions slept soundly. Subsequently he was visited by severely frightful dreams. He saw the Hospice buried up to the eaves in snow; every door and window barricaded by a solid wall, and nothing but a disconsolate view from the chimney, permitted to the indwellers. The three travelers, reduced to living skeletons by hunger and cold, contended with the three servants for the last morsel of food, and finally agreed to let it be decided by lot which of them should be killed and eaten first. As the dreamer feared, so did it happen. He drew the death-lot, and the servants fell upon him like hungry tigers, for the purpose of carrying him out. During the struggle of self-defence, the music master awoke. Darkness and deep silence encompassed him, broken only by the breathing of his companions. Occasionally he heard the whistling of the wind through the open window of the adjoining room. Earle made his watch repeat, and it announced two quarters after twelve. Listening again, he fancied that the wind now and then drove snow flakes against the window panes of his room. Terrible thought! In his anxiety he sprang from his couch, approached the window and looked through, with straining eyes, into the black chaos without. He did not perceive anything however. Hereupon he endeavored to open a slide of the window; which, after some exertion, he succeeded in doing. A cold stream of air waved in upon him; which, however, did not prevent him from putting out his head to look around. Before him, at his feet, reposed the deep Grimselsee; and over beyond it rose a long

rock wall, like a near threatening wave. The night air chased about the vapors that arose from the sleeping earth, in a wild and whirling dance.

"I cannot make it out exactly," murmured Earle, and stretched his arm far out like a guide board. A sleepy voice now called out behind him indignantly, saying:

"What's this? How cold! Is the window open there?"

The music master quickly shut it again.

"Who is here? and what has happened?" asked the painter apprehensively.

"I am," answered Earle, consolingly; "I only wished to assure myself whether it was snowing.

"Nonsense!" grumbled Prince; "you will make yourself and us all cold. Lie down and have your sleep out contentedly."

Earle did the first; but there was no such thing as having the sleep out. In dreams he saw himself upon the summit of the Alps, enveloped in an impenetrable mist. Only as it were deadened and from a great distance could he hear the calls of his companions, who had become separated from him. Ever more anxious and despairingly sounded those calls. Suddenly he saw the head of the poet and that of the painter protrude from an ice crevice, and himself upon an illimitable field of ice, the surface of which resembled high but frozen billows. And whichever way the terrified music master turned his eyes, he saw ice fissures upon ice fissures, and out of them, looking, all the long since perished travelers of the Alps, with their upturned sunken eyes, and faces deathly pale. The sight of these now stiffened and distorted eyes was so frightful that Earle broke out with a shriek, and was again awakened.

"Horrible night," murmured he, as his watch struck one; "how slowly you creep along to your predecessors! What folly to spend a long November night like a traveler! But what is that? Is my watch wrong? It is light out of doors. Is that the moon, or the beautiful break of day? Great God! what means this crackling, rattling, rustling? Fire! fire! fire!"

The belching forth of this last yelling call quickly brought the two other sleepers upon their feet, and into their clothes. At this, the painter, with a contented mind, said: "How fortunate it seems, from this point of view, when upon a distant journey one has boots to draw on that have been worn a considerable time; and when he has put his traveling case in order before going to sleep! Not even a hair brush of mine, will the flames find to consume."

The generally very circumspect and backward music master, became changed by this imminent danger into the liveliest lad. He was the first

one ready to seek a place of refuge; the first who pushed back the slipping night bolt and wished to leave the room. But the door, which was fastened upon the outer side, would not yield, however hard the perplexed Earle pressed against it. It did not even give way, when the three men applied their combined powers.

"This is treason," shrieked Prince; "we shall be burned here intentionally." Rushing to the little cylinder stove, he called to his companions: "Lay hold! let us pound the door into splinters with this battering ram."

"No indeed!" checked King. "Let us not waste the precious moments. The carpenter has left us a hole here for safety."

He advanced to the window, both slides of which in the next instant were already removed. No sooner had his eye examined the location of surrounding objects than he prepared the plan for escape. The chamber of the travelers opened upon the Grimselsee, and was upon the ground floor; which had there an elevation of some four or five yards. Between the building and the lake a narrow strip of land afforded one who leaped from the window sufficient space to guard against plunging into the deep water.

To make the leap upon the rocky ground without accident, the travelers now imitated the mariner, who, to save his vessel from sinking, throws overboard the most expensive freight. First went the mattresses, then the woollen coverlets, one upon the other, after which their late proprietors followed.

When the exasperated Bohemians, on the 18th of May, 1618, were throwing the imperial counsellors out of the window of the palace at Prague, and thus laying the egg from which sprang the Thirty Years' War, it happened that a poor, innocent clerk was obliged to make the same *salto mortale* with the others. The chance was that he came alap down upon the back of his strict master, who had previously escaped; on which account the little man, more terrified by that than by the being thrown out, had nothing quicker to do, after the sudden rising of his lordship, than to remain *en loco*, humbly begging pardon.

Something similar to this happened at the Grimsel Hospice; where the tone-artist followed so precipitately after the just leaping painter, that the Earle, in no gentle manner, caramboled with the underlying Prince, as in a game at billiards. He begged no pardon of him, however; whence it may be inferred that a writer sometimes has more good manners than an Earle.

The three blades of the trefoil had fortunately escaped injury by fire; but in so doing they had not avoided every danger. Must they not dread to undertake a struggle for life and death with

the servants, as soon as these perceived the escape of the victims they had dedicated to destruction? In fact the travelers could not conceive what could be the motive of this black treachery; since neither revenge nor avarice could have prompted the incendiarism. If it had been caused by the money of the travelers, that also, would have been consumed with them.

Had the condition and situation of the triad (close to the burning edifice) been less critical, the eyes of the travelers would certainly have revelled in the peculiarly frightful picture which the flames of the Hospice held uprolled before them. The solid rock walls of the cavity in which the Hospice laid, like the kernel of a nut, were overspread with the bright red tints of the fire; the raging Aar, changed to a glowing, hissing stream of lava, was darting down with arrowy swiftness; the Hospice became a crater with its glowing fire, its clouds of smoke, and its rain of sparks and shingles—found a perfect image of itself in the quiet Grimselsee. Even the distant snowy peaks of the Alps, the Siedlhorn, the Silverhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, shone in the obscurity of night, like the wax candles of heaven. Besides this, the monotonous roaring of the Aar, the waving of the wind and the crackling of the devouring flames prevailed over the stillness; as if, instead of the human voices which are wont to shout so loud at other conflagrations.

What ought the travelers undertake to do? To maintain their present dubious position, menaced by falling timbers, stones and firebrands, was impossible. It was not prudent to set forth secretly, either to return or to advance, amid the darkness of night. Yet, less advisable was it to undertake to conceal themselves in some rocky recess and remain there freezing till daybreak. To seek help of the treacherous servants, amounted to running right into the embrace of danger. To be sure, it was three against three; but the robust Swiss servants excelled the three German travelers in physical strength; and this might also be favored by the addition of shooting or other weapons, against which the travelers Alp-staves would not suffice.

But some resolution must be made. The painter hastened the matter by that alight step, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Turning to the music master and seizing him by the shoulder, he put the inquiry to him: "Hey, my lord Earle, what would they do in your Paris, in such a case as ours?"

"I have lived through the rising of the people of Paris in 1848," answered the other, "and have thus proved that it is much easier to be an active combatant than a suffering looker on."

"Spoken from my soul," added the poet. "So forward, happen as it will! Perhaps the

fortune is ours to surprise the servants and singly put them down."

Earle hummed the Moer's march in Oberon, as he, with his companions proceeded around the Hospice, and came to the shed, which remained unharmed. Neither upon their way, nor in the shed itself, did they come upon their enemies, who were either still in the burning building, or already on their way to safety. The fighting zeal of the travelers now abated as rashly as it had arisen. They groped their way into the dark shed and discovered by the feeble glimmering from the fire, which forced itself in at the open door, a tolerable stock of hay, that promised them not only concealment, but also, a most welcome shelter from the cold. Each of them quickly found a place and prudently arranged himself as well as might be, for such a bundling in hay.

"But, what if the shed takes fire?" suddenly was heard, in the voice of Earle, deadened under the hay.

"Better smothered than frozen," answered King, with resignation, making himself as comfortable as possible.

"There is no danger of that," comforted Prince. "The night air drives the flames down towards the Grimselsee, and thus insures our hiding-place."

"Hist!" whispered the poet, in admonition.

The reason of this, was, that two of the servants, who were laden with something heavy, came into the shed and approached the heap of hay. One of them came near seizing the leg of the painter, while they were concealing their burden. Prince held his breath and did not stir, although the least endangered music master kept his teeth chattering all the while.

"It is high time now, Velten," said one of the servants to his comrade, that you take away the wood piled against the travelers' door, and wake them up. Else, they will be burned in their sins, and I will have no part in that."

"The fire must get a little nearer the fur, first," returned Velten, "so that they may credit our accusation, that they themselves neglected their fire. This is absolutely necessary for our own security."

"If it is only not too late," warned the first servant, as they went off.

"Up!" exclaimed Earle, now breathing more freely. "So, it is not on our account that the fellows have set the Hospice on fire. That alters the case in reference to our situation. Revenge against their master must have instigated the slaves. Therefore, we can venture to give up our horse-hay lodgings, and shew ourselves to them for their own satisfaction."

"You forget, my lord Earle," objected the painter, "that although the servants may at first

have had a good intention for bringing us off, we have since, assuredly, obtained precise knowledge of their crime, and might make a disclosure of the same."

"Ah! indeed, I did not think of that," replied Earle. "Horse hay, then, will be our portion for some time longer. But how if the incendiaries complete their work, and set fire to our retreat before they leave?"

"That cannot happen without our knowledge," consoled Prince, "and then we will suddenly slip out of the hay, and like raving devils, fall upon the terrified churls, who must think we were long since burned to ashes."

A shrieking call without, interrupted the conversation. After a while the servants reëntered the shed, quarrelling with one another.

"I told you so, and warned you, Velten," said one. "Their blood will not come upon my head."

"What could I do to help it?" returned the other, "when the fellows locked themselves in, and slept as though they were dead, and the roof fell in upon them, while I was endeavoring to burst open their door. Who asked them to lodge with us, against our will? Did I not repeatedly go to call them? Had they escaped too early, it would have happened so to us."

"Horror!" exclaimed the third, with agitation. "It seems to me as though I heard the miserable shrieks of the travelers, out of the midst of the flames. I will not remain here another minute. If you stay, I will go down alone with the lantern."

"I will go with you," said the first.

"And I will not stay behind alone," growled the second, "although there is no such thing as shrieks. They were suffocated long ago. What would they do, if they had fallen into a glacier crack, and were slowly perishing?"

After the slaves were gone, Earle said, something malevolently: "I will not envy you this remorse in the meanwhile, previous to our bringing you before the court, and consigning you to the penitentiary."

As the travelers assured themselves, by repeated examinations, there was no danger of their asylum being set on fire. After the roof of the Hospice was consumed, the flames went down and became confined within the walls. If the delivered ones did not get any sleep, they still had repose beneath their warm covering of hay; and when, at last, the ardently desired day broke, the travelers, after mature deliberation, set forth toward the high road of St. Gotthard. They delayed not, lest—being denounced by the servants, as those who had carelessly set the Hospice on fire—they might get into a very disagreeable situation, into a protracted investigation, and even into imprisonment, if they

followed the former to the Oberhaslithal, and were there recognized as the Grimsel wanderers, pretended to be burned. They decided, rather to let their information of the true state of the case reach the Swiss government from their own country, and through their own magistrates.

Without accident or opposition, they completed the remaining portion of their mountain wanderings. They were equally fortunate in reaching their native city, where they immediately made their deposition before the proper officers. But previous to this the crime was already thoroughly brought to light by the Swiss authorities.

Upon some rashly divulged information of Zybach's servants, concerning the firing of the Hospice, the association to which the establishment belonged repaired to the ruins the very next day, in company with official persons, and the tenant Zybach, to ascertain the condition of things, and, especially, to satisfy themselves respecting the three travelers, who, it was declared, had perished in the flames. By thorough searching of the place and its environs, the investigating committee discovered every thing but the sad remains of the burned men. Under the stook of hay in the shed, under horse manure, in clefts of rocks and other places, they found all the beds, mattresses, windows, doors and stoves, together with the wooden wainscoat of the burned Hospice; also, the house and kitchen utensils, wash stands—in short, every valuable of the tenant Zybach, which had been insured against fire at a very high figure.

This unexpected discovery, led a member of the committee to break forth with the exclamation: "Zybach, you are a lost man!"

Wupp! plunged Peter Zybach into the deep Grimselsee.

He was luckily fished out again, however, and restored from his icy-cold plunge-bath to his former condition. Hereupon the old sinner, who, until now had all along worn the mask of hypocritical piety with success, made an open and rueful acknowledgement.

He himself had urged the servants to the incendiarism, and had made the credulous lads believe that he only wished to burn the Hospice for the best of purposes. The time of Zybach's lease ended with the year 1858, and the association of the Oberhaslithi had declared they would not renew the lease with the present tenant, but intended to let it over again, to the highest bidder. To prevent this, and to compel the association by grateful obligations to continue him as tenant, Zybach wished to lay the Hospice in ashes, and then, with his own means, rebuild it handsomer and larger. To make the loss less considerable, he caused his highly insured inventory of the Hospice to be secured, preparatory to the burning—had retired with

his family into the valley, and given his servants instructions about imputing the conflagration to the carelessness of guests, who lodged there. By this Zybach reckoned, that on account of the extremely deep snows usually falling at this season of the year, all search on the part of those of whom he held the lease, would be rendered impracticable, and in the spring the new building would already be commenced. The unusual mildness of the season, however, had spoiled his calculation.

Not without severe struggles with himself and his conscience, had Zybach carried his criminal design into execution. His wife, made known during the trial, that her husband, some months previous, came before her bed one night, weeping and trembling, and conjured her in a mournful voice, to aid him in repelling the attack of seducers, but without enlightening her any further concerning the nature of the enticement.

The strict laws of Switzerland, condemned Peter Zybach to death. This severe sentence, however, was mercifully changed to twenty years' imprisonment, and Zybach's servants were also apportioned several years in the penitentiary. The reproach of having likewise, burned three men alive, in the Hospice, was removed

from the consciences of the incendiaries, by the legal deposition of our three travelers.

During the summer of 1853, travelers in Switzerland met, on their way to or from the Grimsel, low-stooping men and women, who, with grievous burdens upon their backs, of shingles, boards, timbers and other materials for rebuilding the Hospice, were laboriously climbing up their three-hours'-long way to the summit. A portion of the edifice was already restored and put in readiness for travelers. These could only get into the house through the window, for the doors were to be in the main structure, which was not yet erected. But this defect was gladly overlooked, in consequence of the friendly reception accorded to the wanderer by the new tenant-household, who were neat and honest people from Berne.

Earle, Prince and King, through their common danger, became right good friends, who celebrate the 6th of November as a feast day, and have resolved to visit the Grimsel Hospice, once more together; not in the winter time indeed, but during the short night days of summer. Whoever, among our readers, desires to follow their example, should not forget to bring with him stout boots and stout bones, for the way is still the same old—villainous one.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

JUDGING from the ease and expedition with which daguerreotypes are now executed, it would be impossible to conceive of the variety of processes which were requisite to perfect this astonishing discovery. It is the invention of M. Daguerre, an ingenious French artist, from whom it derives its name; and it is unquestionably the most wonderful discovery of the present age. When we take into consideration the variety of processes, and the complicated means, which were requisite to attain such a result, we can barely credit that either accident or design could have perfected it. It is strictly a philosophical art, and is independent of all former photography, except the camera obscura. A description of the different manipulations, which are necessary to take a likeness, may prove interesting to our readers; and we will endeavor to make them so explicit, that persons may not only understand them, but also that they may be able to distinguish between a good and a bad impression.

The plates are made, by plating thin sheets of silver on copper. For some unknown cause, a better impression is made on these plates, than if it was taken upon entire silver. The sheets of silver are only sufficiently thick to prevent

being worn through in the process of scouring and polishing. There is considerable art in polishing these plates; and simple as it may appear, it is considered as one of the most important and difficult manipulations in the entire process. Many volumes have been written in describing the various methods that are employed for this purpose, and experiments are still made to bring it to greater perfection. The plate is first scoured with *emery*; then it is rubbed with powdered *pumice* and alcohol, and after undergoing several other operations, it is finished by being highly polished with a velvet cushion covered with *rouge*. Extreme care is taken to free it from any oily matter, or particle of dust, as they make specks and otherwise deface the plate, after the impression. This is a very important stage of the operation, as the plate must neither be exposed to the light or air, nor touched in any manner with the hands. It is then carefully set on a frame, with the face down, and placed over a box containing *iodine*. This is the most critical part of the process, and requires both caution and experience to be successfully accomplished. The vapor from the iodine forms the *iodide of silver* upon the metal, and covers it with a yellowish tinge, which is

sensible to the light of the camera, by which the likeness is formed. The operator, or amateur can only learn the proper tinge by experiment; for, if the film is too thick, the impression will be deep and dark, and if too thin, it will be light and imperfect. As the plate at this stage can be re-polished, persons having daguerreotypes taken should not accept one, unless they are perfectly satisfied. A good operator takes a pride in his art, and he would much prefer having a person to be pleased with his work, than to accept of it for fear of troubling him, and afterwards be dissatisfied. It is both his duty and interest to give entire satisfaction.

After the plate is polished and exposed to the vapor of the *iodine*, the impression could be taken, but it would require several minutes in the operation, and as the sitter must remain perfectly motionless, it would be so great a tax upon the nerves, that but few could control themselves, and it would be almost impossible to take good likenesses of nervous persons and children. To remedy this, and to perfect the art, they employ a very volatile and poisonous substance, called *bromine*, and by exposing the plate to its vapor, the time of sitting is greatly diminished. This is called the *accelerating* process, and a perfect picture can be taken in less than a minute. The plate is now placed in the camera, and the operator is prepared to take the impression. The sitter must remain quiet and motionless, with the exception of *winking*. Persons should be careful to arrange their limbs, so as to sit easy and natural, for the least constraint, or straining after *effect*, invariably mars the beauty of the picture. Assume some natural position, or attitude, and let the supports be put to your body, instead of straining to reach them. It is generally best to leave these arrangements to the operator, as he will endeavor to adapt the figure to the size of the plate, to the best advantage. Either a savage or smiling expression should be avoided, as both are generally overdone, and have quite a contrary appearance to what was anticipated. An easy, natural position, and a tranquil, pleasant countenance, invariably make a better picture than those which are "got up" expressly for the occasion.

After the sitting, and the plate is taken from the camera, there is no visible alteration whatever in its appearance. The closest scrutiny cannot detect anything but the plain surface of the plate. But the likeness is there, and to draw it out, it is exposed to the fumes of *mercury*. This operation also requires care and experience, for if it remains too long, the impression is obliterated; and if removed too soon, it is faint and indistinct. It requires a quickness and nicety of sight, to be properly executed, which can only be acquired by experiments and attention. The *iodine* is then removed from the plate by a compound, called *hyposulphate of soda*, which is prepared expressly for this purpose. The plate may now be exposed to the light for the first time, without injury. It is then washed with pure water, and dried over an alcohol lamp. The picture is now shown to the sitter, and as it can be removed by polishing, and the plate restored to its first state without injury, persons should give their opinions of its merits or demerits without any apprehension as to the cost or trouble to the operator.

Should the likeness prove satisfactory, a solution of the *chloride of gold* is poured on the plate, and every part is heated over an alcohol lamp. This is called the *gilding* or *fixing* process, as it makes the impression permanent. The last operation is the coloring, which completes the picture. This is done by laying the colors on with a soft camel-hair brush, and burning them in with the lamp. The plate is then put in a case covered with glass, and is perfectly completed in every respect.

These are the proper manipulations of the art, but almost every artist has some private arrangement, by which he adds to the general *tone* of the impression. Photographs, ambrotypes, and several improvements have been made upon daguerreotypes; but the old style, when well taken, is preferable to them, as they have been tested as regards durability, coloring and strength, and have proved satisfactory. Such additions as convex lenses, etc., are optional with the sitter. All in all, it is one of the most curious and ingenious inventions of the age.

THE LILY.

SHOULD the rude wind too roughly blow,
Then would you gem of living snow
Droop o'er its parent bed!
And though the mildest breeze should play,
Nor evening's dew, nor morning's ray,
Could raise its drooping head.

Ah! thus by dark suspicion's breath
The rose of love was chilled to death,
Never to blossom more!
In vain did hope contend with fears,
Nor sweetest smiles, nor softest tears,
Could e're that rose restore.

MORNING WALKS; OR, LOVE-CURE AND WATER-CURE.

BY MARY SPENSER PHASE.

It was at the celebrated Graefenberg that the young and beautiful Lady Emilie Blank had chosen her retreat, for the purpose of being cured of — what?

One year and a-half before she had given her affectionate, loving heart to a young German nobleman. Six months of soul-rapture transpired, and she was left to mourn in sorrow and in tears the loss of the beloved one.

Not that he, this beloved, was dead. Oh, no! far worse than that. He had married another! But then he was a duke, and if a duke have not the privilege of changing his mind, and of wedding where he pleases, who shall? Especially in this instance, as the wedded one was a princess and heir apparent to the throne; whereas, the forsaken one was only a simple baron's daughter. Surely, a duke may do as he liketh best, else where is the use in being a duke?

The baron's daughter was most young and beautiful, while the princess was most old and ugly. But then, a throne crowned with ugliness, *versus* beauty crowned with love, weighed in the world's scales, would balance thus: The throne and its accompaniments would swiftly sink to the earth, (of which it is made,) while the rapid rebound would send beautiful love off up into the air, to where Mother Goose's "Old Woman" was tossed "seventeen times as high as the moon."

The throne would preponderate. But after all a throne is not to be sneezed at, and a heart or two lying upon the steps of this proud eminence can, with a firm tread, be easily crushed, and the enviable height gained by the courageous foot.

It certainly *does* require courage to break a heart. But "noble blood," according to its degree of nobility, is acknowledged the most brave. A duke being so near to the top of the "spiral column," capped by royalty, must necessarily have his veins overflowing with liquid courage.

The heart was broken, and eleven weary months had done but little toward mending it.

Alone in her chamber the little lady pined and waned, until she grew as white as the spotless muslin she wore; for, oh! she loved him.

It was certainly very foolish and unmaidenly to let her thoughts thus still dwell on one who had forgotten her. Where was her pride? Alas! she loved him. What has pride to do with love? So there lay her little cold, white hand, listlessly among the crimson cushions of her couch, un-

heeded, with no strong clasping hand to warm it into life.

Thus mourned she those long, wintry, cheerless months—like Rachel refusing to be comforted—seeing no one but her favorite and loving maid, Letty, her beloved father, and the men of medicine that her father crowded around her, in his alarm for her safety. The learned consultation, after much discussion, agreed in pronouncing her to be in a decline. In like manner have other young hearts declined life, from losing all that made life worth living for.

God help the breaking hearts upon this beautiful earth! and God speed the time approaching when the inward and outward shall be in harmony—when Love and Nature, like gentle children of the same divine parent, shall walk hand in hand in holy fellowship—when the dull-eyed world, who so long and reverently have doffed beavers, and also *coats*, as well as hearts, to the "King Log," Gold—upheld in his wicked reign by those two stubborn facts, custom and society—shall, with the broad-rimmed spectacles of faith, see and acknowledge the rightful, absolute heir to the throne, in the all-beautiful, embodied in truth, which is Love.

With the fullest trust in the sure approach of the millennium, we will go on to relate in what manner the broken heart was made whole, and good as new.

Ways and means without end, devised the Lady Emilie's indefatigable and kind-hearted maid, Letty, to interest her young mistress in something—anything. Flowers of rarest perfume, books of rarest merit, birds of rarest beauty, fruits of rarest flavor were all alike unheeded.

"These, surely," said the anxious Letty to herself—glancing at the same time, with a smile, at the several papers she held in her hand—"these surely will call my dear lady's sweet eyes from the vacancy that drinks all their light's life. Dear lady, Lady Emilie! will you not raise your precious head for one moment, and feast your eyes upon these master-sketches?"

She who was ever so alive to works of art, who had ever cherished the beautiful so profoundly in her heart, did not even deign to lift her sad eyes from the weary past, on which, day and night, night and day, she gazed. But with moveless lips, and almost voiceless words, said, "Not now; do not disturb me now, dear Letty, I pray thee."

"Always her answer, alas! alas!" The sym-

pathising Letty wrung her hands a few times, by way of accompaniment to her anxious thoughts. Suddenly her face brightened. She selected one from the drawings, and placed it where, if her mistress ever did look up, she could not fail to see it, and she went over by a window, patiently to await the result.

As Lady Emilie could not always sit in the same position, however obstinate her grief, she at length, with a deep drawn sigh, raised her drooping head, and with it her beautiful tear-laden eyes. They dwelt for a moment on the drawing, and were about to turn listlessly away, when of a sudden, her attention was arrested; she took the sketch in her hand and studied it, a smile gathering slowly, and brighter and brighter upon her face, until at last the smile broke into a laugh. The ghost of a laugh to be sure, but still a laugh, the first that had parted her lips for—ever since the merry bells pealed the wedding morning of the false duke.

And how could the daring sketch have failed to make her laugh? In the most gold and satin grandeur, perched high upon the throne, in regal robes and crown, sat Grimalkin. But the very most ludicrously homely tabby-cat that pencil could devise, and the most striking likeness bore the tabby-cat to the ugly princess—the Lady Emilie's rival. At the feet of the feline fair one knelt, in extravagant posture, a magnificent ape, bearing the features of the ambitious duke. The effect of the whole was irresistibly comic, executed, as such things may be done by a skillful hand, by one who has an eye for the grotesque.

"Whose pencil produced this foolish thing?" asked the still smiling Emilie.

"Leonard Vincent's my dear lady," replied the joyful Letty. "He is an artist of rare merit, as you can see by this slight painting—this colored skeleton rather. He was a very intimate friend of my Lord Duke's." Letty trembled at the conclusion of her speech. But she was charmed to note with what becoming fortitude her dear young lady bore the allusion to the false loved one.

"Leonard Vincent did you say? Was his friend, and is no longer so?"

"Oh, no! dear Lady, the beautiful artist is too good a friend of yours, to regard any longer one so faithless as my Lord Duke."

"No doubt, my Lord Duke feels sorely the loss of Mr. Leonard Vincent's friendship."

"And well he may," replied Letty, without noticing the curl of her mistress' pretty lips. "And well he may, for the friendship of the painter ennobled the nobleman. For the artist, Vincent, is the true nobleman, stamped with God's own seal, and sent into the world with a patent to teach, through his art, the benighted ones, such as my Lord Duke—who has nothing to boast of but a poor gaudy title, that will count him

less than nothing in the next life." Again Letty feared the effect of her speech. But said was said; and as her warmth subsided, she was happy to note in Lady Emilie's wide open eyes, a no more fearful expression than surprise.

"You say this wonderful artist is a friend of mine?"

"He would die to serve you, dear Lady."

"How can that be? I do not even know him."

"You were too much engrossed with another to heed him. He was much with the Duke, and often here. Since you have been ill he has come every day to enquire for you."

"Indeed! Pray, dear Letty, have you any more of his sketches?"

"More in plenty," and Letty produced a portfolio, and soon her mistress was absorbed in its contents. Some were in colors, and others in crayon. With them in her hand, and making them her own, she was a child reading a story book. By turns she wept and laughed, as one, for its exquisite beauty and tenderness, touched her heart, and another, for its grotesque humor, moved her mirth. For does not the true poet, whether he writes his poem in words, or in sculpture, or painting, or in the melody of sweet sounds of music, hover ever, like eternal youth, between the two verges of the tragic and comic? A step plunges him into one deep or the other; and *sometimes*, sitting astride the boundary, the poet gives you a blending of both extremes, the tragic and comic, (the happy meeting of two parallel lines,) at which, while you are forced to weep, you must also laugh.

The well-entertained Lady Emilie, among others, came to a head of herself. It was her best self, and finished with a delicacy and feeling that charmed her. Then followed a head of the Duke—but so idealized, so what he *should* have been, that the scales at once fell from her eyes, and she saw him as he was—proud and selfish. The angel with which she had enshrined him being one of her own imagining.

Lastly followed a head she at once recognized, wondering why its original had never before struck her as most beautiful. A Raphael head, a face:

"What throbbing verse can fitly render
That face—so pure, so trembling-tender?
Benison glimmers through its rest;
It speaks unmenaced by words,
As full of motion as a nest,
That palpitates with unfledged birds;
'Tis likeliest to Bethesda's stream,
Forewarned through all its thrilling springs;
White with the angel's coming gleam,
And rippled with his fanning wings."

Had the young German girl been acquainted with the verse of our inspired American poet, she would fervently have uttered the above. But she contented herself with gazing upon the beautiful face, absorbed, and utterly unconscious that tears, like summer rain, were stealing down her pale cheeks. Letty rejoiced in her heart

at this, thinking the genial shower would refresh her parched and sorrow-worn spirit.

Coming the next day into her young lady's room, Letty found her standing by the mirror attentively regarding herself.

"How pale and wasted I have grown, dear Letty!"

"Alas! yes, dearest Lady."

"I look ill and so much older."

"Alas! my dear Lady, the doctors all say that unless you have a change of air and scene, you will surely die."

"Do they? Well, and what matters it? what have I to live for?"

"For the world—for yourself—for the one who—for good, you are too young and lovely to die."

"Of what avail are youth and loveliness without hope?"

"Let those of ninety talk of departed hope—not those of nineteen. But, dearest Lady! see, what I have brought you."

"Ah! another painting from the pencil of that same gifted young artist. What is this, dear Letty?"

"It is a view of the grounds of a wonderful magician, who has arisen in this nineteenth century, to instruct the world and purify it, physically and spiritually. Not one of those wicked conjurers of old, who delighted in sorcery, but one, God-sent, who teaches and enforces the divine mandate, 'Wash and be healed.' One who has actually discovered the philosopher's stone."

"The philosopher's stone! You speak in enigmas."

"He found it where it has for so many centuries lain hidden at the bottom of a pure spring of water. It had been for so long covered over with poisonous drugs of one kind or other, that only those God-directed eyes of this inspired magician could discover it. With patience untiring, he set himself to work, removing all that poisonous rubbish, and there, upon the pebbly bottom of that clear spring, white and shining it lay—the philosopher's stone, and there any one can find it, who will seek it with faith and purpose."

"The philosopher's stone!" again exclaimed the Lady Emilie. "Pray read me your riddle."

"Is not health—moral and physical health—the truest wealth we can possess? Can we be morally healthy unless we are physically so? And is not the turning ourselves into gold—pure, unalloyed gold—our bodies, our hearts, our souls, is not this power far greater than that so long and vainly aimed at, that of converting the base metals only, into the precious golden one?"

"Go on Letty, you interest me."

"Through this enchanted region, the waters of this magic spring continually flow. Here the liberated Undine's have full sway, and the plashing of their white feet echoes in music through-

out this enchanter's realm. Here water-jets and water-brooks leap and dance without restraint, and forever."

The Lady Emilie shuddered slightly at the sound of so much water, but Letty seeing her listening, proceeded. "Each glass filled from that sparkling spring, by a touch of the magician's fingers, is, without alembic or crucible, so mesmerised, that in the bottom of the glass, white and clear, lies the much sought pebble, that all the past Hermetic Art combined, could never accomplish."

"The philosopher's stone again! Bless my soul, Letty, is this wonderful place to be got at by mortals?"

"Yes, and it is here I wish you to go. It is here you will find the roses that have faded and fallen from your cheeks. It is here you will meet the lost flowers, born again in new freshness and beauty."

"But, Letty dear, I am, alas! too much of an invalid to think of going any where. I expect soon to die. Sir James and the rest, you know, say my lungs are affected, that my liver is torpid, that my heart is enlarging, that my nerves are altogether unstrung, that—"

"Heaven bless you! my dear young lady, but I would not give that—for their learned opinion. Believe me it is all humbug, and I vouchsafe to say that if you will follow my advice, you will think as I do, before this time twelve-month."

"Well, dear Letty, we shall see, but leave me now, for I am weary, and would rest. I will hear what more you have to say, on the morrow."

The morrow came, and with it came Letty to her mistress, armed with another drawing, fresh from the artist's easel, representing a view of another part of the grounds of that wonderful magician, Priessnitz. The place was actually terrific in its weird wildness. The touches of the pencil were bold and spirited, and at the same time, possessing in skillful execution, all the effect of delicacy and finish.

Those paintings seemed to have the same power upon the lady, as beautiful soul-music, stilling her pulses like an opiate. There she sat, gazing upon the splendid work of art, with rapt spirit, and with eyes that grew every moment more hazy and dreamy. She seemed to be looking out of herself into some beautiful place within. The faint rose upon her cheek deepened into a glowing crimson. Her breath came and went each aspiration, quicker. How lovely she looked—but bless my soul! that sheet of canvas must have been bewitched, for the Lady Emilie was certainly in a trance, or in a mesmeric sleep; for she was, or seemed to be unconscious to all around her, utterly unheeding Letty's kind, anxious inquiries.

Letty did not alarm the house, feeling in her heart, that while her mistress looked so beautifully happy she had best not be disturbed. As, however, several hours passed, and the Lady Emilie still sat in the same immovable position, notwithstanding her radiant color, and the ecstatic expression of her face, Letty was about to call in advice when, slowly unclenching her heavenly eyes, the Lady Emilie came once more back to her own true self.

"This is very beautiful," said she, in her own natural voice. She was still holding the drawing in her hand, and was looking at it as though she had but just taken it. Where the Lady Emilie had been, or what she had seen there, to Letty, long, anxious hours, Letty could not divine. She seemed the same as before, except that her voice and manner was more subdued and tender.

"Yes, my dear Lady, it is beautiful, and it is to this spot I wish you to go. Let me beseech you to try, if only for a short time, these celebrated waters. I had this morning a conversation with Sir James, and he assured me that nothing in medicine could any longer benefit you. I spoke to him of Graefenberg and the water-curing Priessnitz; he replied that you had best, by all means, go there, that unless these miraculous waters cured you, you might resign all hope." This said Letty, but she did not speak of the scornful smile that played upon Sir James' mouth as he spoke of those curing-waters, and of the "quack" Priessnitz.

"Did Sir James say this, dear Letty?" "Yes, my Lady, and he also said that the change of scene and air, would of itself be of immense benefit to you."

"Ah! they all consider me past hope."

"While there is life there is hope, darling Lady, so up, never despair!"

"Do with me as you will, Letty, I will not resist you. You have inspired me with a wish—if not for life—at least to look upon new scenes. I would feast my eyes once more upon such wilds in nature as those this Vincent can represent. So, get me as soon as you choose out of this dismal chamber."

Letty, in her heart overjoyed, did not wait a second bidding. Her arrangements went on with the celerity and noiseless regularity of a time-piece. And marvellously soon all was ready.

When the pale and feeble Lady Emilie descended into the court-yard, assisted by the faithful Letty, she saw not those heaven-blue eyes, that earnestly regarded her pallid, lovely countenance.

The comfortably padded and easy moving carriage received its precious burthen, and was off. And those mysterious eyes that followed it until it was out of sight, were also off with their owner, though in an opposite direction.

A month had passed. The delicate and fastidious Lady Emilie was at home in the Enchanter's Palace. A rather rude palace for such a dainty spirit, but novelty is everything, and so far, the lady was delighted.

What with short drives, shorter walks, and the almost innumerable baths prescribed by the magician, her time was almost completely filled, and herself diverted from—herself. There was the wet sheet rubbing-off bath, (the *abreibung*) in the early morning—the invigorating walk after it, long before the thirsty sun had drank up the glistening dew-drops. There were damp-sheet packs, (the *leintuch*), and sitz-baths—there was the magic wet-girdle (*umschlag*), and—and above and beyond all, there was the young painter, the veritable Leonard Vincent; always ready to drive with her, or for her; always ready to accompany her in her pedestrian rambles to the ends of the earth; could she have walked so far. He would have been willing, and only too glad, to have lain down his hands one by one, step by step, for her delicate feet to tread upon, that they might not be wetted by the dews, and that the rude flints might not press them too roughly. Ah! what would he not have done for her? His life he would have thrown away as worthless for her, had he not felt that he could please her better by preserving it.

It was perfectly astonishing how well and strong the Lady Emilie grew, and with her increased strength, the length of those morning rambles and the noon drives increased, until at last she almost lived in the open air. Letty's prediction was verified, for upon the summit of some one of those almost inaccessible mountain-hills, or in the depths of some of those wild gorges the twin-roses were found and permanently wedded to the soft cheeks of the Lady Emilie.

And somehow—it can be hardly told how it was brought about—but the painter, Vincent, fresh and glowing from the "*douche*," his eyes large and lustrous with—with either the exercise of climbing that steep leading up into the natural rocky arbor, so deliciously shaded by wild honey-suckle and jasmine—either the exercise, or the soul, full of love that lay back of those eyes, ready to pour out in rich, burning floods of incense upon the altar inscribed "to the most fair." It was either one or the other—or both—for the painter looked and spoke—the lady listened, and said yes. How could she help it, he was so beautiful and so bewitching, and she was so alive to beauty and so bewitched by it, or by him?

And now, for the first time in her life, the Lady Emilie had to acknowledge to herself that she loved, with her heart's whole soul, with her soul's whole strength; and that her first love was a mere fancy of the brain, and deserved not so holy a name as that of love. She now felt that it

would take a life time—an eternity to reveal the fullness of love she felt for this best and last found, swelling her heart to overflowing.

Every one seemed to have a different opinion. The learned physicians, who had given her up to death, pronouncing her incurable, were decidedly of the opinion that the change of air and scene alone had worked the miraculous restoration of her health. Some inveterate walkers, who had walked twice around the globe, were sure that exercise of itself had wrought the revolution. Some sentimental ones ascribed it all to the Lady Emilie's falling in love. A party of the new lights imputed it to the mesmerised pictures. While some were infatuated enough to

attribute it all to the *water-cure*. Others, again, are still in doubt.

Having had some experience in these several modes of healing, I can safely recommend two of them, viz: the love-cure, and the water-cure, especially the last-named, as being the least dangerous of the two.

Be it all as it may, the lady who was once so ill, is now well. She has no nerves, or liver, and the dangerous "enlargement" has so far decreased that none—no heart is left, for she has given it all to him. The last I heard from her she, with her soul's husband, with her faithful Letty, and her indulgent father, had sailed for this country. When they arrive you will most probably see them.

THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

BY SALLIE C. LEVERING.

Nor in bright, sunny Spain
Rests proud De Soto's head:
He sleeps not 'neath the sculptured stone,
With all the honored dead.

In our own smiling West
Slumbers the stately brave—
And Mississippi's dark-blue tide
Rolls o'er his silent grave.

When every star of heaven
Looked down with burning eye,
And sweetly slept the glittering stream
Beneath the midnight sky:

When all around was still,
And beautiful, and bright;
When on the soft air gently trod
The spirits of the night,

A bark shot o'er the wave,
Bearing a stranger-band,
With the pale corpse of him who died
Far from his own bright land.

Then—midway in the stream
It rested—calm and still;
And well might every Spanish heart
With wild emotion thrill.

Robed for the burial rite,
Arose a priestly sire;
While Spain's red cross gleamed far above
His aged head, like fire.

The funeral mass was said—
The funeral anthem sung,
And o'er the pale, unconscious clay
The smoking censor swung.

And then—each looked his last
On that familiar brow,

That kept its dauntless bearing still,
Though death had paled it now.

Alas! that one so brave,
Had years thus vainly spent,
In wandering through those Indian wilds,
On gold and conquest bent.

A life he sacrificed,
For fancied wealth and power;
And what had proud De Soto won,
To crown his burial hour?

What had he left to those,
Who stood all silent there,
Gazing upon his shrouded corpse,
By the red torch's glare?

He had but won—a grave!
And only left—a name!
He, who had sought a realm to rule,
And mines of treasure claim.

And now, they held his form
A moment o'er the stream;
While light upon the death-robe glowed,
E'en like a spirit-gleam.

And then—they loosed their hold—
A plash fell on the ear;
And the bright waters hid the form
Of Spain's brave cavalier.

Sad was that burial scene—
Yet beautiful and grand—
Beheld but by the midnight stars,
And that small stranger band.

And still, with all that's wild,
And solemn, and sublime;
'Twill live upon our history's page,
And in our loftiest rhyme.

THE MINER'S STORY.

A VERY interesting work has just been issued from the press of Harper and Brothers, New York, called "Vagabond Life in Mexico," which we omitted to notice in our reviews last month, in order that we might present our readers with the following extract from it as a fair specimen of its spirit:—

"You are perhaps aware," said the miner, "that in passing from San Miguel el Grande to Dolores, the traveler is obliged to cross the Rio Atotonilco. In the rainy season the passage of this river cannot be made by any but those who know the principal fords. The stream is about sixty yards wide at the place where the road to San Miguel meets it. The impetuosity of its waters, and the heavy, imposing noise of its yellow waves, produce an involuntary terror in any one who requires to cross it at this place. On the opposite bank, a few cabins, formed of branches, shelter a few wretched families, who make a scanty living by piloting the passengers across by the fords, with which they are acquainted. Often, when the traveler on the other side sees the poor half-clad people wandering upon the bank, and throwing themselves into the water, he hesitates, turns his bridle, and gallops off. A sad event proved that too little confidence can not be placed in men who will not be contented with the scanty living they pick up at this dangerous employment. Some years ago, an old miner of Zacatecas, who had rendered himself obnoxious to justice, and had quitted that province, came and established himself among the passers of the Rio Atotonilco. This man, whose strength and prowess rendered him formidable, was marked as having a singularly unlucky hand. Once or twice, the travelers whom he had engaged to convey across had been engulfed by the waters of the river. One stormy night, believing himself alone, and seeing a traveler on the opposite bank, the passer crossed the ford to tender his services. He was observed by one of his comrades who had followed him, but who had hid himself among a thick clump of osiers on the brink of the river for the purpose of watching all that passed. The passer, having crossed the river, soon reappeared, followed by the cavalier, whose horse he led by the bridle. When half way across he mounted behind, and, a few seconds after, the splash of some one falling into the water was heard. One only of the horsemen remained in the saddle. This man reached the opposite bank at a considerable distance from the hamlet, and was soon lost in the darkness. The witness to the crime was a young man whom the passer had, a few

days before, brutally ill used, and he was now seeking an opportunity for revenge. Thinking he had found it, he threw himself into the water, swam after the sinking body, and soon succeeded in dragging the unhappy man to the other bank, whom, by his tonsure and dress, he guessed to be a priest. Overcome with fatigue, the youth fainted. When he recovered his senses it was broad daylight, and the body of the priest was gone—carried off, doubtless, by some charitably-disposed persons who had been passing. That circumstance did not check the young man's eagerness to make his deposition before the alcalde of the nearest village; but, though a pursuit was set on foot, it was unsuccessful."

My guide checked himself at this moment. As if we had arrived in the region of clouds, a mist enveloped us, which gradually converted itself into a fine and almost impalpable, but soaking rain. The torch sputtered, and gave forth a very feeble glimmer. The water ran off the bronzed body of the miner in streams. The machine again stopped, and I felt a new sinking of heart, similar to the feeling one has on the deck of a laboring ship, when he thinks that every moment he is going to the bottom. A short and terrible apprehension increased the fear of immediate danger which had come over me. I fancied that the strap which bound me to the cable had slipped, and I was sliding downward. I gave a convulsive shudder.

"Has the strap got loose?" cried the miner; then, looking downward, and seeing me always at the same distance from him, he continued, with imperturbable calmness: "A short time after the disappearance of the passer, about whom the strangest stories were noised abroad, a new miner came to work at Rayas, which is about a dozen leagues from Rio Atotonilco. He said he had served his apprenticeship in the neighboring state of Cinaloa, and by his good-humor and liberality (for he appeared to have other resources besides his daily pay) soon gained the friendship of all his fellow-workmen. My son Felipe was the one he attached himself to more than any of the others. There was, however, between him and Osorio (that was the new miner's name) a complete dissimilarity in age and disposition. Felipe was a rough, unpolished workman, jealous of the reputation he had acquired, and haughty as a miner ought to be; for we have no need of ancient privileges to distinguish us from the vulgar, our profession ennobling the right that is granted us. Osorio, on the other hand, who was twice the age of

Felipe, seemed to look upon labor as a burden, and passed his time in thrumming a guitar and preaching insubordination to the *mandones* (overseers). However, their friendship might have been of a lasting nature had they not both fallen in love with the same woman. This was the first time that they ever had a sentiment in common, in spite of their intimacy, and this was what produced the first quarrel. They continued, however, in spite of these differences, to pay their attentions to the fair damsel; for, though she preferred Felipe, she could not give up Osorio's music and merry good-humor. The frequent absence of the latter gave a great advantage to Felipe. During one of Osorio's times of absence, a report spread abroad that the Cathedral of Guanajuato had been burglariously entered, and that a monstrosity of massy gold, adorned with precious stones, had disappeared from the place in which it was usually put. This sacrilegious theft struck the clergymen of the town with horror; but all their exertions to discover the daring robber were in vain. In the absence of Osorio, Felipe had succeeded in gaining the first place in the affections of the maiden to whom both had been paying their addresses. Her parents resolved to marry her to him, as it would tend to cut short the incessant quarrels that were ever taking place between them. The wedding was to take place in a short time, and all the friends of both families assembled at the young woman's house to celebrate their betrothal. Brandy and *pulque* flowed profusely, and music enlivened the feast, when an unexpected occurrence brought everything to a stand-still. A man stood in the midst of the guests; that man was Osorio. Every one knew his violent disposition, and his sudden appearance caused all to tremble. Felipe alone remained cool, and waited, knife in hand, the attack of his rival; but he, without putting his hand to his belt, advanced into the circle, and apologized for having come without an invitation; then, taking a guitar from one of the musicians, he seated himself on a barrel of *pulque*, and began to improvise a bolero. This unexpected event caused a general surprise, and the merriment was redoubled. The party, interrupted for a moment, became more boisterous, and it broke up to assemble again on the eighth day afterward."

Here the narrator paused. We were gradually approaching the mouth of the tiro, as I could discover by the light shining through the fog which still enveloped us; besides, the higher we got, the gulf below appeared more frightful.

"Do you know what distance we are from the bottom of the mine?" cried the guide. "Five and a-half times the height of the towers of the Cathedral of Mexico."

To confirm this assertion, the miner drew from his belt a bundle of tow steeped in pitch, which he lighted at his torch. My strained eye could scarcely follow it as it slowly descended the pit like a globe of fire, till it gradually became small as one of those pale stars whose light scarcely reaches our earth. The voice of the miner, who again began his recital, turned my mind away from this reflection.

"From that night on which Osorio showed himself at the betrothal, Felipe was annoyed in a thousand ways by some unknown hand. On the very next day a blast was fired close to him, and covered him with fragments of rock; another time, when he was at a considerable height in one of the galleries, the rope to which he was suspended broke suddenly. These attempts being unsuccessful, vague assertions began to be bruited abroad, accusing poor Felipe as the thief who had stolen the monstrosity. The brave young man was unwilling to recognize in Osorio the author of these foul calumnies. His eyes could hardly have been opened to the evidence that he was his calumniator, had not a young miner, who constantly watched Osorio, and who had lately entered the mine, apprised Felipe of the snares that were laid for him. Felipe resolved to seek his revenge. On the evening of the day on which the marriage was to take place (for all this had passed in less than a week,) Osorio and Felipe met in the subterranean galleries of the mine. Felipe reproached Osorio with his treachery; Osorio replied by recounting the injuries he had suffered; the two then drew their knives. They were alone and almost naked; their *frazadas* were their only shields. Osorio was the stronger, Felipe the more agile; the issue of the combat was therefore uncertain. All at once the young miner of whom I have spoken threw himself between the two combatants. 'Allow me,' said he, to Felipe, 'to punish this sacrilegious robber; my claim is anterior to yours.' Osorio gnashed his teeth and threw himself on the young miner, who stood grimly on his defence. The two then began to fight by the light of Felipe's torch, who had now become a spectator instead of an actor. With their *frazadas* wound round their left arms to hide their lungs, they commenced the combat. Perhaps the struggle would have been a long-protracted one had not the young miner adopted the following stratagem: he took such a position as allowed the covering on his arm to sweep the ground; then, behind the veil which masked his movements, he slipped his knife into his other hand, and gave his adversary a mortal wound. Osorio fell. He was drawn up by the grand shaft in a *costal*.* By chance a *padre* happened to be passing the mine at that moment.

*A kind of basket formed from the filaments of the aloes.

They besought him to come and confess the wounded man; but scarcely had the dying man and the padre looked at one another than a cry of horror broke from the priest. The holy father had recognized in the wounded man the passer of the Rio Atotonilco. Osorio discovered in the priest the man he thought he had drowned, but who had escaped as if by a miracle from almost certain death. After that, by the investigations of justice, many mysteries were cleared up. The passer of the Rio Atotonilco, the sacrilegious robber, the miner of Zacatecas, and also of Rayas, were one and the same person. The garrote did justice to the crimes of this wretch, and it was his hand you saw nailed to the wall in the grand square of Cuernavaca. I must now tell you what became of Felipe. The providential recognition of the victim and his assassin was soon noised abroad, and a few hours afterward a band of alguazils appeared to arrest the miner who had stabbed Osorio. Unluckily, on that day Felipe had quitted his work sooner than ordinary. I do not know by what fatal mistake he had been pointed out as the murderer of Osorio; perhaps it was an additional token of good-heartedness on that caitiff's part—at any rate, the alguazils came to seize him. The victorious combatant had escaped, and I need not tell you that this mortal enemy of Osorio's was no other than the young man whom he had ill used, and who was a witness of the crime he had committed on the Rio Atotonilco. Had Felipe remained under ground, the alguazils would not have ventured into the inner workings of the mine, for the miners would not have suffered any injury to be inflicted on a comrade in their *fueros*. The alguazils perceived the young man in one of the courts of the mine buildings, and immediately set off in pursuit. Felipe saw he was lost; but he resolved to die a miner's death, and not suffer himself to be dishonored by the touch of the bailiffs. Having arrived at the brink of this very shaft quite out of breath, 'I will not be insulted as if I were a vile lépero,' he cried; 'a miner is more than man; he is the instrument whom God delights to employ!' Then, with pale face and gleaming eyes, he leaped over the balustrade surrounding the shaft, and disappeared in the black gulf which now yawns beneath your feet."

The miner paused, and the light of his torch grew dim. High above our heads, at the mouth of the shaft, appeared the first gleam of daylight, like the pale blushes of early morning. The impression which the miner's story had made upon me was so great that I could not help trembling in every limb.

"It was very nearly ten years ago," said the miner, in a hollow voice, "since Felipe threw himself down this abyss, and I have never as-

cended the shaft since, and that has been often, without having a strong desire to cut the cable."

And the madman brandished a large knife, as if he were preparing to carry it really into effect. I would have called aloud for assistance, but as in a frightful dream, my tongue refused to perform its office. My hands even refused to grasp the rope. Besides, what good would it do me? the cable was going to be cut right above my head. I threw a mournful look at the pale light which was tinging the green walls of the shaft, and listened to the indefinite noises which told me we were slowly approaching the haunts of men—the dusky daylight appeared so beautiful—the confused noises above seemed such delightful harmony. At this moment a peal of subterranean thunder burst up under my feet, and the mine roared through its many mouths like a growling volcano. The compressed air being inclosed in this enormous siphon, a powerful blast, equal to that of a strong whirlwind—shook the cable like a silk thread, and we received several severe bruises against the rocks. The torch was blown out; but, luckily, the terrible knife slipped from the miner's hands, and went whirling down the shaft.

"*Cascaras!* a new knife gone, worth two piastres," cried a voice, which I immediately recognized as that of Fuentes. I had scarcely pronounced his name ere a great shout of laughter burst forth right above me. It was Fuentes indeed, who had come down to serve me as a guide, and play the part of the old miner. The extreme eagerness I had shown to get rid of him prompted him to this kind of revenge.

"Do you know, *Senor Cavalier*," he remarked, "that you are not easily frightened? In a situation such as would have tried the nerves of the bravest man, you did not even condescend to shout for help."

"Certainly not," I replied, with an impudence which surpassed his own; "you see you have only made yourself ridiculous by trying to frighten me."

The malacate now stopped; we had finished our ascent. Desiderio was first unloosed, and I waited my turn in feverish anxiety. When the strap which bound me to the cable had been untied, I could scarcely keep myself from fainting outright. I soon recovered my senses, however. I pressed the earth with a kind of rapture. Never had Nature seemed so beautiful, so resplendent, as on that day.

In the interval that passed while our horses were getting ready, Fuentes, who had resumed his gaudy dress, stood silently by, and I took care not to be the first to speak. My foot was already in the stirrup when an old man came up to me. I could scarcely recognize, in the person whose dress vied in richness with that of Fuentes,

tes, the old miner whom I had seen a few hours before kneeling at the altar.

"You will pardon me for having broken my word," said he to me; "but my work detained me longer than I expected. You must have heard the explosion in the mine: it took place not half an hour ago."

"True," I replied. "I have been also told a touching and very mournful story."

"My boy behaved nobly," replied the old man, raising his head proudly; "and you can tell in your own country that the miners are a race by themselves, and that they know how to prefer death to dishonor."

I have seen the gold-seekers in the state of Sonora, and could not help admiring the kind

of grandeur which characterizes their physiognomy, for every thing in the desert takes the largest proportions; but in the towns the type of the miner was far from exercising upon me a like fascination. The whimsical and capricious character of Fuentes, and the immorality of Planillas, had brought about this disenchantment. The story I had heard, while it helped to make up my mind partly about the class, proved that the miner had not quite degenerated: the vices of Planillas, and the oddities of Fuentes, like the dark shades in a picture, disappeared before the austere figure of that old stoic who had bidden me farewell with such haughty expressions, and I forgot Osorio only when I called Felipe to remembrance.

OUR FAST AGE.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

LIKE most popular phrases, this contains more than meets the ear. The adjective *fast* not only daguerreotypes this age, but accounts for its contrasting habits, far better than any theories of the advance of civilization, or diffusion of knowledge. The world moves like a falling body, and it has got going pretty fast now. It went slow enough at first. It took nearly a century then, to bring out what there was in a man. Now, twenty years is all sufficient, as Young America will tell you. And, even when the Flood had washed the Earth clear from the debris of creation, her goings were rather slow—favorable to vigor and endurance, however. "Soon ripe, soon rotten," may be a vulgar proverb, but it is a true one. Imagine the shrinking of a scion of the 19th century, from Jacob's seven years' service for his bride, yet, "they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." The architects of the Pyramids, calmly laid out work for hundreds of years. Ah! old Egypt was a right regal land! In these days of mushroom magnificence and tinsel show, we can form but little idea of the solid splendor and dazzling pomp, over which old Nilus shed crocodile tears. Utter the name of Cleopatra—what are the instant surroundings your mind throws after it? Gorgeous banquets, boundless luxury, bewitching beauty—general terms, but a modern must go to the Arabian Knights for particular ones. The picture of her going forth to meet Mark Antony, is set in a world-lasting frame. Envy the peasant on the banks of the Cydnus that day! The breath of haut-boys and flutes, and the delicious odors wafted through the terebinth trees, have called him from his winnowing-floor, and now he gazes on the gold-flaming galley, with its silken sails and silver oars, the

Nereids and Graces surrounding their Venus, Cleopatra herself. Imagine this masquerade going up the Hudson, past Yonkers and Dobb's Ferry—or the Thames. You smile. Why should it not? Because we have no time for such things. We are too *fast*. How long do you think it took to "get up" such a pageant?

See, how long Solomon was building the Temple—look at the magnitude of his preparatory works; his two hundred thousand workmen; the many cities and kingdoms laid under tribute. And oh! the glorious result! We couldn't wait for the like. Run up our man-traps rather quicker.

Everybody has read of the games and festivals, and races of the Greeks, but do they ever stop to imagine whole cities giving up weeks to these and their preparations? We have no such things now. Why? We are in too great a hurry.

The Romans decreed triumphs to their heroes—expended millions on their accessories—raising arches, some of which remain to this day—preparing chariots, blazing with gold and gems, drawn by steeds from a far distant land, whose housings were cloth of gold, preceded by captives and spoils. We subscribe for a sword, or a service of plate. It takes less time.

In medieval Europe, what a stately brilliance the chivalric pageants lent to life!—the tournaments, the jousts, the graceful galliard. "We've got beyond all that now, my good sir," says a South street merchant, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, "we've got beyond that; those things don't pay." Exactly, and we have no time for what don't 'pay.' We are truly an economical set of gnomes. We have too many objects of interest to spend much money on any

one. That is, we live *fast*. What was formerly spread over two or three lifetimes, is now compressed into one. This strain on vitality and energy is making insanity fearfully common, they say. There are more than ten thousand lunatics in England and Wales alone.

The Gobelin Tapestry is almost our only prodigality of time and labor. The mode of its manufacture is kept secret, the workmen work at the back of separate pieces, never seeing the other side till all are joined, and their eyes fall an inevitable sacrifice. Does that sound like the Nineteenth Century?

In the olden days, there was a full development of feeling. Our life is too crowded for any one passion to be acted out. Then, if it was desire of fame, the man put the torch to the Temple of Diana, or threw himself into *Ætna*—if ambition, Alexander weeps beneath the ramparts of the last city for another world to conquer. Is it friendship? Pythias appears to die in his friend's place. Is it destruction? The Roman Senate inscribes upon its records, the sentence, "Carthage is no longer," and thereafter its very language is obliterated—only one word remaining to us. Cruelty? Nero goes into all its ramifications and refinements, even to satiety. I read the other day, a story of a monster who equalled Nero in barbarity and directness of purpose. It was the Sultan, to whom a French painter was exhibiting his picture of the decollation of John the Baptist. He admired it, but said it was incorrect, surgically—the tendons and muscles should shrink where divided. Drawing his scimitar, he struck off the head of one of his slaves who stood near, and gave the horror-struck artist a lesson in practical anatomy.

In the waysidings of life there was fullness. Do you want an example of hospitality? Shut your eyes and bring before you Abraham sitting in his tent door in the heat of the day. Three strange men are coming over the plain. Instantly he rises and goes to meet them, bowing himself toward the ground. "Pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree, and comfort ye your hearts. After that, ye shall pass on." And then he orders the best he has to be made ready, and attends to his guests, with the polished empressment that he is receiving, rather than bestowing a favor. Make all the allowance you please for difference of customs and climate, and compare this, with our thin, frozen way—the nonchalant, "Come and see me—Tuesdays, you know;" or the tinted pasteboard, *Mrs. Froth will receive on Saturday evening*. And Abraham was a leader of society, as well as Mrs. Froth—no obscure person, and "very rich in cattle, and silver and gold."

How the generosity of these old fogies did expand itself! Look through ancient history, for yourself—you will find a thousand instances. Paris has just been treated to an example of the old school, by an importation from the far East, where they live much closer to the primitive standard. Prince Maharajah Mussender-Sing-Mahindu-Bahadour of Pultatiah, whose letter of credit on Paris, is twelve million francs, landed at Bourdeaux on a rainy day, and immediately bought up all the umbrellas of the place and presented them to the street-goers. In the capital, he stationed himself opposite the large carriage-stand on the Boulevards, and begged every young-lady pedestrian to take a drive at his expense. He drove through the streets one day, followed by a load of cloaks and over-coats, stopping to present one to every ill or plainly-olad person. He bargained for the hire of a whole theatre and performance, to stand himself at the door and beg the passers-by to go in free. Now that is liberality, "something like," as a school-boy says.

To come at once to the *two things* which constitute man's life—all others being but relative to them—joy and grief. Is it not our *fast* ways which make the difference in these?—their manifestation, I mean; the heart is much the same in all ages. Take our first account of mourning for the dead. Jacob, we are told, was a plain man, and yet no modern obsequies, however high, so recognize the right of death to change long and entirely the ordinary current of affairs.

Indeed, I saw a recommendation of a cemetery that the arrangement of the rail-trains, gave a great saving of time—people might pay the last offices to their friends, and not be absent from their business more than an hour. Even nobles and kings don't think of detaining the public but a short time with their mourning. But the Egyptians mourned seventy days, and then Joseph took the remains and went up to Canaan to lay them in the family burial-place. The most of the royal court went with him and all the nobility; all Pharaoh's servants, all his own, those of his brothers, and of the deceased. It was truly, "a very great company," taking up its march with a stately escort, "both chariots and horsemen." "And they came to the threshing floor of Atad, and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation, and he made a mourning for his father seven days." The Canaanites looked in each other's faces and said, "This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians." Fancy the premier of England burying his father thus!

The last example we have of a nation uniting itself to mourn was, when the body of Napoleon was brought back from St. Helena, and truly, both sad and sublime were those excited shores,

as the ship hove in sight. The banners of France were heavy with crape, the knell of cannon and a yearning crowd were all along the banks of the Seine as the ship sailed up the river. The hero was buried with all "the pomp and circumstance of war," amid the wailing of martial music, and the sobs of his old comrades. But after all, look back to the Syrian threshing-floor, to the "great and sore lamentation" of those bronze men, made into mummies long since. Now-a-days, we can't afford so much time for one act in the Drama of Life. The actors have to perform in the ballet presently, and must retire to change their costumes. So—presto—shift the scene!

My sketch is growing too long, I perceive, so I will leave you yourself, my good reader, to make the comparison between the past and present of the bright half of life's tide—between our rejoicings, and those of which the pean has long ago died away. In these, as well as in the sackcloth and ashes, the difference is made by the impossibility of finding expanding room, not by the progress in civilization. Indeed, it is a question whether there has been this vaunted progress. The fine arts are the flower of cultivation, and the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus di Medici, the exhumed sculptures of Nineveh and Central America still gaze on us from unreachd heights. Apelles, or to go no further back than the sixteenth century, Raphael would smile at our best daubs. The Parthenon looks peerless across the blue Egean. Demosthenes is our model of eloquence. The blind minstrel of Scio—Oh! I forget Homer has been called a mere man of straw, (and Miss Bacon has undertaken to mythify Shakspeare also. Now, isn't that an ultra *fast* step, a real excelsis bound? trying to sublimate their memory before the time.) In fiction, what fables have taken the place of *Æsop's*? In rhetoric, Quintilian is still a standard-bearer. In landscape-gardening, the hanging-gardens of Babylon will hang ever beyond our climbing, I am afraid. Language is considered the most perfect gauge of civilization, and what modern one equals the Greek?

In the sciences it is doubtful whether we are superior. Astronomy was well studied in the transparent nights of Assyria—the Tower of Babel was a good observatory. The ancient astronomical tables of the Hindoos, beginning to be understood, show knowledge which we—have only just reached. The magicians of the East perform their miracles by means of chemical principles studied there from time immemorial, but new to us—many of them unknown. Psychology, one of our latest attainings, is a familiar thing to them. In botany and natural history, you remember the royal professor, who "spoke of all plants from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of

the wall, of beasts, and fowls, and creeping things, and of fishes." In law, I might instance the Pandects of Justinian. And our school-boys anathematize the same Euclid that Cicero thumbed.

There lies an unfinished or broken obelisk in one of the quarries of Egypt, which no mechanical power known to us can raise. There were arts used in the building and decoration of Solomon's Temple, which are utterly lost now; as well as the manufacture of the Tyrian purple and the Damascus blades. We have nothing to equal the intaglios, and mosaics, and tessellated pavements of old. There is a piece of unfinished Egyptian darning in the British Museum, of which any of us ladies might be proud, and the embroidery of the Middle Ages—we sigh in despair! Printing and the compass were familiar to the Chinese many centuries ago. The idea of a locomotive is in the writings of Archimedes, (never carried out—it was too *fast*.) And the first ship was the best. A vessel with the proportions of Noah's Ark, would be a model for strength and swiftness, so ship-wrights say.

The primevals had an unenviable, but certain preëminence in evil. There probably never was anything like the wickedness of the antediluvian world.

Ancient mind and ancient body took time and room to develop. Aristotle is said by high authority to have been the greatest mind the world ever produced. The prediction to Solomon was, "There was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee."

Then learning, like libraries, was massive. Cleopatra was a beauty and a pleasure-seeker, and yet she conversed with the ambassadors of seven different nations, each in his own language. What must have been the acquirements of "the wise men?"

The physical education of both men and women was skillful and thorough to a degree we have not attained. What gymnasts like the Olympians! What muscle and symmetry like that which stood radiant before the graver of Phidias? for the delusion is exploded that the forms of Grecian art, were imitations of some beau-ideal, not the reflex of nature. Ay! the human body, the crown of God's creations, then shone in its Apollonzenith.

What is our term to express the excess of luxury? Sybarite—derived from Sybaris, a city of ancient Greece. It was studied there, with aids from earth, air and sea.

We are in the habit of looking no farther back than the old Normans, and comparing their dainty and glittering boards, and the rich-robed guests, with the rushes on the floor, filled with dirt and vermin; noting the wooden skewers with which delicate dames fastened their broideries—the

many incongruous lackings, and congratulating ourselves on the advance of civilization and the diffusion of knowledge. Was there no diffusion of knowledge in an age when Athenian market-women could correct accent and false quantities?

This is not an original idea of mine, that we do not excel the ancients. I have seen it pro-

pounded by one of the best minds of America. But whether it be true or not, the principal reason of the change in our modes of thinking, feeling and acting, is that we live *fast*. At any rate, "them's my sentiments." "Move on, good people, move on; keep moving," as the policemen say.

LOVER'S RESOLVES.

A HOT July day in the city is a thing to be borne with patience; in the country it is a thing to be loved. The breeze, though warm, comes over green fields and flower-banks, and the sky is radiantly blue, and the clouds are snowy and bright, fringed with silver and gold, and shadowed by violet tints. The distant hills sleep beneath a soft mist; the birds sing; the bees hum; butterflies are on the wing; the trees cast long and broad shadows, cool as the valleys of Hæmus. Then you lie down and disport yourself on the lawn; you glance at the ever-varying sky, and weave from its grotesque forms dreams which partake of the softness and redolency of the day; you drink in the glories of nature, and become impressed with divine thoughts. What delight to look upwards upon the branches of the ash-trees and elms which tremble over you; to mark the manner in which the leaves, almost transparent, chequer the sky; and to watch the slow and stumberous waving of the boughs; to follow with your eyes the clouds slowly traveling onwards, till they blend with those piled upon the horizon in burnished mountains; then to turn idly round, glancing at the weeds (what a perverted name!) that grow prodigally by the stream near you, its sound mingling with other summer noises. All these things did not exist *merely* in the imagination, as some ill-judging people might suppose. They were real, and make an excellent vignette to my story.

For it was on such a day that three ladies were together in a room opening upon a lawn, bordered by trees—ashes, elms and oaks, all towering and venerable. No end of flower-beds studded it; a stream, too, brawled on at some distance. It was a lovely summer's day.

The room was cool and dim, fitted with the adornments which a woman prizes. There were vases of flowers upon the various tables; there were books strewn about, books both outwardly and inwardly beautiful; there were soft and voluptuous ottomans, and embroidered sofas; a harp, a guitar, and a piano; pictures chosen with the eye and taste of an artist; but the most beautiful things in the room were the three ladies, whom it behoveth me specially to describe, merely inserting parenthetically ere I do so, and in order

that my readers may have clear ideas on all matters concerning them, that there seemed to be a singular coincidence of fate in their past history, for they were three cousins; all named differently; all orphans; yet all living beneath the same roof; all wealthy, but wealthier in heart than in fortune; and they were under the protection of an elderly maiden lady, who looked upon them as daughters, loving them all equally. But the ladies themselves—

One of them, Eugenie Vere, is painting very industriously on a large picture of a ruined Grecian temple, and though one may see that she is working under the stimulus of some pre-determined purpose, it is also very plain that her thoughts are by no means centered in her brush; she is a handsome girl most decidedly, with rich glossy chestnut hair, and eyes to match; but her lovely face, besides its air of purpose, has a cast of melancholy; in short she looks as though she had made up her mind to some sad, sad fate, over which she was even now pondering.

The second was seated in a richly embroidered chair near the open window, which reached to the floor; a sweet-looking young girl with a mass of golden curls resting on the most beautiful shoulders in the world; a pencil and paper lay on a small stand beside her, for she had been writing; but at present the large blue eyes of Jessica Everton were fixed in pensive abstraction on the sky: it, i. e. the sky, was very beautiful no doubt, with its piles of fleecy clouds moving majestically over it, but, as the truth must be told, Jessica did not see them—her thoughts were not looking through her eyes.

Blanche Aubrey, the third, was walking up and down the room, restlessly, pausing at intervals of five minutes each, before one of the handsome flower vases, to rearrange their contents: but no! it would not do; there was a latent fire in her fine dark eyes, bespeaking the presence of some internal spirit, which seemed to impel the piquant little beauty into a perpetual unrest. At length, she took the guitar and played a wild air, then threw the instrument down, and walked forth upon the lawn, then returned, her anger becoming greater and greater, and finally exclaimed, "What a world this is!" Now there had been

a dead silence over the company for the last hour or more, and these were the first words which broke in upon it.

Each had been entirely preoccupied, *absorbed* in her own thoughts, therefore it was no wonder that Eugenie and Jessica started ere they said "yes!"

"Full of disasters," continued Blanche, "and heartlessness and hypocrisy; a world of broken vows, bitter affections—autumnal hopes merging into winter—a mean, pitiful, shabby world!"

"It is not to be denied," said Eugenie, reflectively.

"So it is," sighed Jessica, quietly.

"I wish I were dead—that is, if I did not wish to live for revenge," said Blanche.

"What ails you, dear Blanche?" asked Eugenie, and the question was echoed by Jessica.

"I have irrevocably discarded the man I once loved," said Blanche, impetuously.

"So have I," observed Eugenie, sadly, and with a shade of gentle firmness.

"And I, too," added Jessica, tears settling upon the long lashes of her eyes.

"What! are we all three betrayed?" rejoined Blanche. "Oh! what a thing is man—so infinite in folly, so miserably furnished in mind, so vile in taste, so defective in every thing that bears nobility with it—things fit for nothing but to be despised—as I despise them! Will you believe that he yesterday said I had a bad temper? Now, although I plead guilty to a certain hastiness, I am not ill-tempered. Am I ill-tempered?"

"No! not by any means."

"He said I had an ill-temper, a thing I dislike beyond everything—the wretch! I have treated him with infinite kindness—a younger son too—I have condescended to be kind to him: I have even loved him; and he requites me by saying that I have a bad temper. Oh! that I should have lived to hear such language addressed to me by a man who calls himself my lover."

"Nothing could have been in worse taste," said Eugenie.

"It was very wrong of him," added Jessica, with a sigh.

"Taste! Wrong! I have discarded him," went on Blanche; rejected him; told him I would have nothing more to say to him—that I had never loved him—that—that—that I would never see him again: and now I must hold my tongue, or I shall say more than I should. Oh, what a man!"

"Yes! Certainly."

"Everybody knows that I have a disposition of milk—nothing ruffles me. I have been always accustomed to put up with this horrible world—and to be told now—but mark me, girls, be gen-

tle and tender to a man—let him believe that you love him—show him all possible consideration—and if he can, he will trample on you! No! I'll never marry.

"Nor I."

"I am sure I shall not."

"I would rather throw myself into the river, or do any other dreadful action. But why should we continue talking of these creatures?"

"Why, indeed!"

"I see no reason for it."

"There is none. I will never talk of them again, but to speak of their imperfections—though that is a theme quite inexhaustible. Thus are we beguiled, and led on to sorrow by these Polichinellos. We twine our own garlands of flowers, and these wretches wither them. We dream of a paradise, and these gentlemen prove to us our folly. I am weary of existence—why cannot we be truly and constantly loved? I wish I were dead."

"So do I."

"And I also."

"He was every way unworthy," said Blanche.

"Yes," said Eugenie, "of an obscure family."

"And," added Jessica, "excessively poor."

Blanche said not another word, but began sobbing very piteously.

Ah! what an enchanting, graceful, beautiful being was Blanche! More girlish and less gentle than her cousins; as wayward as a spoiled child, and inexhaustible in her caprices. As an admirer of her's once said, "Her moods of gentleness resembled the varied and brilliant colors upon the butterfly's wing, which the least breath will destroy, so delicate are they;" a comparison in my mind by no means perfect, for it must be owned that she retrieved herself, and the showers passed, and it was beautiful weather with her. But in the present case, the cause of her excitement seemed to have deep root. Poor thing.

There was a long pause, and each fell back into her former train of reverie. This time it was Eugenie's turn to break silence.

"I sincerely wish that not any of us had gone to that dreadful dinner-party yesterday; we should not then have been so wretched to-day."

"I am very glad we went," said Blanche, hurriedly, "for I now know his character."

"To be sure," resumed Eugenie, "that can be said in favor of our having gone, for we now, all know the beings whom we were silly enough to like, to be very different persons from what we expected—very different. After all, it would be very unwise to marry; for if we lived in the city, there are those horrible clubs, and in the country there is hunting and shooting by day, and drinking by night. These associations make men naturally grow coarse and unfeeling in their ideas."

"That is very true," sighed Jessica, "I am beginning to have a very poor idea of the world. Isn't it shocking? Well, I am thankful that one cannot live forever with a broken heart."

"My dear Jessica!" exclaimed Blanche, energetically, "I—but what is this you have been writing?—poetry, eh?"

Jessica took up the paper languidly and read very musically, but very pensively:

"Ah! me, that the heart when 'tis heavy with sorrow
Might pass like a summer-cloud gently away,
For 'tis cold, ah! too cold it is even to borrow
Bright warmth from the sunlight with which to be gay.
It can never again taste of pleasure and gladness,
For hope too, has vanished from out of its sky,
But folding around it the mantle of sadness,
Oh! would it could mournfully lay down and die."

"Well!" exclaimed Blanche, "I shall never break my heart for any man, living or dead. Die of a broken heart! I should as soon think of dying of the gout. Jessica, dearest, you must burn that to cinders and never repeat it: why it is just such gentle hearts as yours that have ruined the men and made them the savages that they are. Take my word for it, it is as boastful a feat with them to have broken a woman's heart as it is to have bagged fifty brace of partridges in one day—broken heart indeed!"

"Yet, one does hear of such things," said Jessica, expostulatingly, "and I declare that I never felt half so wretched as I do at present."

"Oh! I was so angry," began Eugenie, "last evening when Malvern came up to me—and you know how I have both loved and admired Malvern—and commenced before Esther Plasham a dissertation on woman's weaknesses—saying that when they had either a great joy or a great sorrow on hand, they gave themselves entirely up to it, and that they had not *purpose* enough in their character to lay it aside *at times*, and go rigidly on with any mere duty."

"The wretch!" broke in Blanche, "would he have women to be as cold and calculating as lawyers."

"Now," resumed Eugenie, "you have both seen how determinedly I have worked on at this painting, while my heart has been as heavy as lead. Lawyer, as Malvern is, I am sure he never so unflinchingly sacrificed his own feelings to duty."

"And what did you say Eugenie?" said Jessica.

"I was very angry, and told him that I could never expect a man who had not that nobility of soul which only can know and appreciate woman rightly—and then I—in short, I dismissed him."

Then came another long pause, and the trio became sadder than ever.

"And what are your griefs, Jessica!" at length, said Blanche.

"I scarcely know, excepting that Roseburn said a great many bitter things to me, and flirted

with Florence Gracemere, and promised to write a sonnet on the death of her canary—and you know what beautiful poetry he can write—and—I discovered that he did not love me, and I told him we had better part forever—so we did, and we shall never meet again, for he declared, that this morning he should sail for Europe."

Then followed the longest pause of all.

Thus you see, all three had quarrelled with their lovers and discarded them—had, in fact made a ruin of their own hopes; all their former affectionate impulses gone for nothing. As far as love was concerned, they were as they had been before they knew it; and this is not a little provoking, for having, like Peris, once caught a glimpse of Paradise, they sighed at its gates, and repentingly thought of former days. But the affair was settled. Their love, and all its hopes, fears, joys, anxieties, had, like a castle built up of cards, suddenly given way. By a kind of inverted alchemy, they had made lead from gold, (a very common process in this world of ours.)

Shall I explain the matter more particularly to you? The joys of love are made up of a certain quantity of dreams. Thus a woman says to herself; item, I shall keep a coach and four; item, a phalanx of footmen; item, a little page, item, a box at the opera; item, a diamond necklace at my wedding; item, two lap-dogs; item, a husband. Now combine all these essentials to felicity, and, like the mathematician, you will find that a few elements will make a great number of combinations. Ah! how many bright visions may be woven from these. They are the foundations of an immense mystic superstructure, to which the palace of Armida is nought. And when that foundation gives way, the mind, a glorious garden with a thousand fruits and flowers, at once become a mere desolate moor. Ask the poets if it be not so; and they never say anything but they have a warranty in nature for it. Now these things explain why the three lovely cousins were so distressed. Don't for a moment suppose that it is only in physical matters that we form habits, such as smoking a cigar before retiring to bed in the case of a bachelor, or going to sleep by the fire in the case of a husband, or making up a book of accounts in the case of a wife; habits, which with others of the same kind, at length endear home, although they be simple and trifling, and which foregone cause a sad blank, but there are mental habits, those which have reference merely to modes of thought. Thus, suppose a man devotes half an hour every evening to thinking what a capital little black horse he has—how splendidly it leaps, and what a tremendous quantity of corn it eats; if, at the appointed half-hour he is disturbed by other avocations, he

becomes fretful and peevish; he cannot go to bed in peace without having thought half an hour of his little black horse. If you know anything of human nature, you will not dispute the fact.

To apply these tremendous philosophical principles to our three ladies—beautiful exceedingly—let us only think of the delicious habits of love. Ah! what long-linked dreams—these going on to the end of the day, and likewise trespassing upon the night. Each one has a pet corner of loving meditations. Could we but penetrate into the rosy boudoir of a woman's heart when she loves, what a throng of joys should we see revelling and dancing? What a revelation would there be! Yet some have betrayed the secrets of their sex. One confidently assures me that when thinking of her intended, who, by the by, is a little withered lawyer, her imagination always puts a cocked hat upon his head. Had you but seen the man? Others would not dare to dupe us as we dupe ourselves. Another says, that in her thoughts her lover wears always a crown, and is clad in robes of ermine. One young fellow declares that he can never think of his beloved, but she is in the costume of a Grecian girl, with long plaited tresses, and a golden-fretted head-dress. Who can say how much the tender passion clings to these fantasies? This only can I affirm, that our three damsels, like others similarly smitten, had formed, each for herself, a phantasmagoric realm of pre-visionary expectations; and in it they used to wander from dewy morn till glowing eventide. I do not know whether they were in the habit of putting shadowy cocked hats upon their lovers' heads; but something of the sort they did. And when they had given up their right to dream, they fell naturally enough into a state of intense despondency. Blanche's sobs became less and less frequent, and tears seemed to come no longer into the hazel eyes of Eugenie. Jessica's pensive melancholy too had changed. All were more tranquilized; but their sorrows had gone inwards, and, like hypocrites, were the calmer without for the turbulence within. Something, too, of sadness was gathered from the glory of the day. How mournfully did our three ladies listen to the rustling of the leaves, and the sighing of the stream. The winds solemnly rocked the boughs to and fro, and the shadows waved slowly upon the lawns. For the beauty of nature, as it appears to us, is a beauty half reflected from our own moods of mind. The same scene will change like the chameleon to our eyes. The sun's gorgeousness is at one moment full of gladness—the next it be to us little better than a funeral pageant. The breezes impressing the nodding corn-fields will bear to us the most buoyant of thoughts, or

the most monotonous and gloomy. Yes! the inward mirrors of our hearts and minds must be serene and spotless, otherwise we shall distort the most bright and transcendent of blessings.

The calm was not destined to last long. For Blanche raised herself from her melancholy reclining attitude, stood for a moment like a Pythoness, and then said:

"Dear cousins, what an odd thing it would be for us to live and die old maids!"

"I should rather like being an old maid," observed Eugenie, "if it were only out of spite."

"Yes," said Jessica, "if we could only get somebody to be kind to us."

"We must be kind to ourselves," answered Blanche, "that is the best principle of life. I will never be in love again, no, never! Not if all the dukes, baronets and commoners, were dying for my sake."

"Yes," rejoined Eugenie, "it would be very silly to be so."

"Yes," sighed Jessica.

"And the state of an old maid is a blessed one," went on Blanche, enthusiastically, "what liberty she has—what food for disdain, in looking upon those mincing male monsters. She has nobody to say to her—'this you must do, and that you must not do!' Nobody to tyrannize over her in the matter of lace and ribbons, and the shape of her bonnet. She can go out and come in when she pleases. She has every one to esteem her."

"Everybody," echoed Eugenie,

"And nobody to protect her," said Jessica, timidly.

"Yes," exclaimed Blanche, "I will be an old maid."

"So will I," said Eugenie.

"So must I," ejaculated Jessica.

"I will live in seclusion," continued Blanche; never go into the world again—avoid mankind as I would the plague. I will learn to despise everything; and have the prettiest curricles in the world."

"Your plan is a very good one, Blanche."

"Yes; it is necessary."

"Come," said Blanche, energetically, "we will all three be old maids."

"We will."

"We will."

"Nothing must disturb our resolution."

"Nothing shall."

"Nothing can."

"Love is not the only road to happiness. We shall be happier by our new method."

"I know we shall."

"I hope so."

At length, being all three wrought up into a state of excitement, they all exclaimed standing up, "we will all irrevocably live and die the oldest of old maids."

After this they sat down, half exhausted by their emotions.

The pause was broken by an awful double knock at the door; then a tremendous pull at the bell.

"Yes, the most happy of old maids."

"The most reflective."

"The most wretched."

The door was thrown open and three *distingue* men were ushered in; on looking at them one could easily distinguish the proud, noble-looking face of the "younger son;" the manly, handsome and slightly humorous lawyer; and the fiery, generous, and beautiful young poet; at present, all three had an aspect of extreme contrition. But what was their surprise when the three ladies got up, slightly curtsied, and, turning round, walked deliberately through the open window into the garden, and then shut it. It was horribly rude; and the hearts of the three gentlemen sank. There was no remedy, but by opening the window and following. Two hours passed

before the ladies returned—two long hours. Nothing was to be seen of them. What a beautiful afternoon it was! The breeze had become cooler and cooler. The sun, too, had got entangled in a procession of clouds, and shadow after shadow fled merrily across the fields. The scene was again changed, for every hour has its own lights and shadows, which the next alters and destroys. Two long hours! After they had expired, the three ladies were again in the room. They had again fallen into a dreadful silence, but the expression of their features was different from what it had been.

They looked at each other and attempted to appear very sad—then they looked again; there was positively a smile upon each of their faces—then they looked again. There was nothing to laugh at—still they all began laughing.

"Ah!" said Blanche, "let us—fools that we are—make the best of the short time that we are to remain old maids!"

THE FUGITIVES.

BY J. G. ALLAN.

At the time of the famous expulsion all Acadia was agitated. The peaceful inhabitants, until this time, devoted only to the simple arts of the husbandman, and spending their time in harmlessly tilling the ground, could scarcely believe that so heavy a blow was about to fall upon them. Yet their innocent lives and simple natures could not protect them from the despot's arm, nor shield them from the oppression of a tyrannical government.

The village of Grand Pré had been made desolate, and the homes of the simple Acadians, had been burned to the ground. Thousands had been carried cruelly away into exile, and a desert remained, where lately had been a garden. Yet all had not departed. Some remained to lament like ghosts, the scene of their former happiness, and others, taking to their boats, had fled far away.

It was on the morning of a lovely day at this time, that a large fishing boat sailed up the river Petitcodiac. The swift tide of this wonderful river bore them on more quickly than even the wind, which blew favorably upon them. The boat was one of those large vessels used by the Acadians to fish in the Basin of Minas. It contained about twenty persons. There were eight men, and the rest were women and children. Furniture, and bundles of wearing apparel, boxes and baskets, thrown promiscuously together; axes and other tools lying about, spoke of haste and terror, and showed how sudden had been their flight.

"We should be safe now at any rate," said one of the men, as he looked earnestly around him. "Surely they will not pursue us."

"Do not be too sanguine, I implore you, Benthon," said one, who by his dress seemed to be a priest. "I saw a boat put off in pursuit of us when we were not far from the Stormy Cape, at the Strait of Minas. Heaven grant that they be not our pursuers."

"Heaven grant it," murmured all.

The banks of the river were covered with green trees, and the soil seemed fertile. It was a strange, a fearful river, along whose unknown waters they so blandly sailed. Was it indeed, a river which ran up its stream so furiously? Perchance it was a strait, leading away to some unknown sea.

"We will build up a new Acadia upon the banks of this river," said Benthon, with enthusiasm.

"We must not be too near the banks. We must hide ourselves from the eyes of our enemies," said the more cautious priest. "Still, as we glide up this friendly stream, let us implore heaven to favor us."

A sudden cry of terror startled all. Every one, with a common impulse, turned to look down the river. There, ten or twelve miles away, just rounding a point appeared a sail.

"It is the one which pursued us from Minas!" cried the priest.

A general cry of fear sounded from the women who heard those hoarse words. The children

clung in terror to their mothers. The men turned pale.

"Tremble not," cried Benthon, fiercely. "We have our trusty axes, and we can use them against our enemies. Let us die rather than yield."

"Alas, what can we do against soldiers armed with guns—what use are our axes," said all.

"Give more sail then. We may yet escape."

More sail was crowded on, and the swift boat flew onward over the water. Far ahead of them they now could see a point of land jutting out into the stream, whose thick growth of forest trees offered a friendly shelter to the fugitives.

"When we reach that point let us disembark," said Benthon.

"'Tis best to do so. We may hide or escape on the land among those shadowy trees. On the water we may not." Thus said the priest.

Still, on went the fishing boat, nearer and nearer it drew to that place on which now rested all their hopes. But a new appearance now attracted their attention.

For some time the tide had ceased to run so furiously. It had afforded no assistance to the boat. At last, it seemed to be a hindrance to their progress.

"It is an extraordinary stream," cried Benthon, "the current has turned in some strange way and is now absolutely driving against us."

"So it is," said the priest. "The tide of the sea affects this place. It is beginning to run down. It is as furious as those tremendous tides of Minas Basin."

"Ah, Pere Sumis. If we but reach that point. Out with the oars *mes freres*. Let us row—for life depends upon our exertions."

The point was but half a mile away. Pulling vigorously, the stout Acadians caused the boat to go onward more swiftly. Wind and oar helped them now. At length the shore overhung them—the boat struck, and out leaped Benthon with a rope. Short time sufficed for all to disembark.

They hurried out the women and children—they tumbled all the baggage upon the beach. The tide was running down with astonishing velocity. In half an hour the boat was high and dry.

"It will keep our pursuers back," said the priest. "Let us convey these things to yonder clear space. We can rest here for a time."

They carried the baggage to a space further up, where a grassy spot appeared invitingly to them, sheltered by surrounding trees. Here they sat, while two men started away to search out a spot where they might betake themselves in flight.

"The boat of our pursuers," said Benthon, "cannot possibly come up to take us. This furious tide will drive them out to sea."

"But they can seek the shore," said the priest.

"They surely would not pursue us so closely. They have not such reason to hate us."

"True, but here their shame would make them follow. How could they go back foiled by a party of peasants?"

"Oh! then we must fly far away, back into the wilderness."

"In four hours more this river will be empty, I believe," said the priest. "But two hours have elapsed since turn of tide, and look! heavens! how the water has poured out!"

"It is half empty. It is more wonderful than the streams of Grand Pré, because it is so much larger."

"See, here comes the two who went off to explore. Well, Adolphe, what news?"

"It is a thick and impenetrable forest. Bears prowled around us as we went along."

"A thick forest with wild beasts, Oh! heaven!" cried Benthon, "what a home for us! Shall we fly? I say no! Here are eight men armed with axes. We may get on the summit of yonder rocks, behind trees, and of what avail would guns be. We could fight them hand to hand."

"No, Benthon, no, we must fly. Hard would it be for these poor women to be left without protectors, or carried back by those conquering ruffians. We must fly."

These words were hastily spoken.

"Listen," said Benthon, "we cannot escape without leaving tracks behind us. We will have to go slowly with these tender women and children. If they follow us thus far, surely they would scour these forests far and near to find us."

The priest did not answer.

"Here we are brought to bay. Here let us fight. Rocks can afford us shelter from their guns. Here, then, we must resist them. What better place is there than this?"

A low murmur of assent came from all. The priest seemed convinced.

"Then, my children, I will say no more," said he. "But I, too, will bear my part, and help you as far as I am able with my own arm."

"Blessings, blessings, on good Father Sumis!" Still the waters sped along, flowing out toward the sea. Furiously they rolled, boiling in the muddy channel as they left it behind.

"In two hours more it will be—"

He was interrupted by a cry which sent a thrill through every heart.

"*Les ennemis!*"

Far down the river, on the other bank, a file of soldiers were seen. It was many miles away. Yet by their glittering arms and bright red coats they were plainly discernible.

"Surely, they have come," said Pere Sumis. "Then take your axes, my children, and seek a

strong rock of shelter. And fight, Oh! fight for life and liberty."

The soldiers had evidently landed, and were marching up the river after the fugitives. Fortunately they had landed on the other side. The river rolled between, but those waters were fast departing. Soon the bed of the river would be empty. The Acadians knew this, for they were acquainted with the furious tides of the Bay of Fundy.

"Let them come on, they cannot cross here," said Benthon. The soldiers marched along the shore, now sinking deeply into the mud, now clambering over a promontory. Such a march was laborious in the extreme, and a long time was consumed in performing it. At last, when more than two hours had elapsed, they stood upon the opposite side. Here they saw the Acadian boat and stopped.

The bed of the river lay between. Except a small stream in the very centre it was entirely empty. This is the nature of the extraordinary River Petitcodiac. But the bottom of that river, full of soft mud and quicksands, presented an almost impassable barrier. So thought the pursuers at first, but after a short parley they advanced.

"By Heaven!" cried Benthon, "they are mad; they are venturing over towards us. God have mercy! they cannot cross."

"Let them come. Let them come," cried the priest, "thus Pharaoh once ventured over the Red Sea, and was overwhelmed by its billows. Hark! hear you not far away the roar of the first returning wave. The tide is rolling up. It is on the flood. Now, behold the discomfiture of our enemies. Children let us seek the help of Heaven."

They stood and prayed. The little band encircled the priest as, like Moses, he lifted up his hands to Heaven. The British soldiers marched onward. Slow and difficult was their progress, for at every step they sank deep into the soft mud. It was fearful ground to tread upon. Yet they advanced quickly. To rest for one moment was to sink and die. They heeded not that roar from afar which sounded in the ears of others.

But a long line of white foam extending across the channel might now be seen. As the soldiers reached the small stream in the centre, a boom of rolling surf struck upon their ears. The leader sprang madly backward. To stand was to die. To advance was death. To fly was impossible. Impossible—for now a long rolling flood of boiling, writhing, seething billows came overwhelmingly onward; a high wall of water sped on before innumerable advancing waves. The tide had turned. The awful "bore" was upon them, and none could resist its fury. On came the irresistible billow—on—it leaped in its furious exultation; it ploughed the quicksands of the channel. One struggle—one wild shriek—and all was over. The successive, following waves tossed scornfully from their path the lifeless bodies of the pursuers.

"God be praised! *To deum laudamus!*" cried the priest; and all united in chanting that psalm of gratitude.

All was over. They were saved. But they dared not linger here. Forming hasty hand-barrows for baggage, the fugitives left these shores and wandered northward. There, upon the borders of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they found countrymen and friends, among whom they could again enjoy the lost happiness of Acadia.

"HE HATH MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN HIS SEASON."

Thanks be to God for His bounty
To this earthly home of ours!
He hath made so fair and lovely,
The waving grain and flowers;
The joyous, singing river,
And the merry, sparkling fount;
The smiling, bright-green valleys,
And the snow-crowned, hoary mount.

Thanks be to God for His bounty!
For the tall, majestic trees;
For the shadows and the sunshine,
The dews, the rains, the breeze;
For the rainbow—His own signet—
The moon and her gentle light;
For the stars in their wondrous splendor,
The glory of the night!

Thanks be to God for His bounty!
E'en the rocks have a beauty high,
And the deserts, hot and arid,
Have an oasis ever nigh—

And the great, broad, solemn ocean
In its silence and its storms,
Hath a fearful, mighty beauty,
That the gazer's spirit warms.

Thanks be to God for His bounty!
E'en the cavern's chambers dark,
Are in gorgeousness arrayed,
And illumed by the diamond's spark;
And gems of untold richness,
And silver and gold abound,
Where the foot of man hath stopped not,
Nor his busy fingers found.

Thanks be to God for His bounty
To this earthly home of ours!
For filled unto overflowing
With beauty glide on the hours;
And we know it is all an emblem—
But a type, in its best array,
Of our glorious home, eternal,
In the kingdom of perfect day!

ALICE.

CYMBELINE.

THE incidents upon which Shakspeare based this romantic and thrilling play, occurred during the reign of Augustus Cæsar. England, at this time, was ruled by a king named Cymbeline, whose first wife died, and left her three young children (two sons and a daughter) under his protection. Imogen, the eldest of these children, was brought up in her father's court; but by a strange chance the two sons of Cymbeline were stolen out of their nursery, when the eldest was but three years of age, and the youngest quite an infant; and Cymbeline could never discover what become of them, or by whom they were conveyed away.

Cymbeline was twice married: his second wife was a wicked, plotting woman, and a cruel step-mother to Imogen, Cymbeline's daughter by his first wife. The queen, though she hated Imogen, yet wished her to marry a son of her own by a former husband (she also having been twice married:) for by this means she hoped, upon the death of Cymbeline, to place the crown of Britain upon the head of her son Cloten; for she knew that, if the king's sons were not found, the princess Imogen must be the king's heir. But this design was prevented by Imogen herself, who married without the consent or even knowledge of her father or the queen.

Posthumus, (for that was the name of Imogen's husband) was the best scholar and most accomplished gentleman of that age. His father died fighting in the wars for Cymbeline, and soon after his birth his mother died also for grief at the loss of her husband. Cymbeline, pitying the helpless state of this orphan, took Posthumus (Cymbeline having given him that name, because he was born after his father's death,) and educated him in his own court. Imogen and Posthumus were both taught by the same masters, and were play-fellows from their infancy: they loved each other tenderly when they were children, and their affection continuing to increase with their years, when they grew up they privately married. The disappointed queen soon learnt this secret, for she kept spies constantly in watch upon the actions of her daughter-in-law, and she immediately told the king of the marriage of Imogen with Posthumus. Nothing could exceed the wrath of Cymbeline, when he heard that his daughter had been so forgetful of her high dignity as to marry a subject. He commanded Posthumus to leave Britain, and banished him from his native country forever. The queen, who pretended to pity Imogen for the grief she suffered at losing her husband, offered to procure them a private meeting before

Posthumus set out on his journey to Rome, which place he had chosen for his residence in his banishment: this seeming kindness she showed, the better to succeed in her future designs in regard to her son Cloten; for she meant to persuade Imogen, when her husband was gone, that her marriage was not lawful, being contracted without the consent of the king.

Imogen and Posthumus took a most affectionate leave of each other. Imogen gave her husband a diamond ring which had been her mother's, and Posthumus promised never to part with the ring; and he fastened a bracelet on the arm of his wife, which he begged she would preserve with great care, as a token of his love: they then bid each other farewell, with many vows of everlasting love and fidelity. Imogen remained a solitary and dejected lady in her father's court, and Posthumus arrived at Rome, the place he had chosen for his banishment. Posthumus fell into company at Rome with some gay young men of different nations, who were talking freely of ladies: each one praising the ladies of his own country, and his own mistress. Posthumus, who had ever his own dear lady in his mind, affirmed that his wife, the fair Imogen, was the most virtuous, wise, and constant lady in the world. One of these gentlemen, whose name was Iachimo, being offended that a lady of Britain should be so praised above the Roman ladies, his countrywomen, provoked Posthumus by seeming to doubt the constancy of his so highly-praised wife; and at length, after much altercation, Posthumus consented to a proposal of Iachimo's, that he (Iachimo) should go to Britain, and endeavor to gain the love of the married Imogen. They then laid a wager, that if Iachimo did not succeed in this wicked design, he was to forfeit a large sum of money; but if he could win Imogen's favor, and prevail upon her to give him the bracelet which Posthumus had so earnestly desired she would keep as a token of his love, then the wager was to terminate with Posthumus giving to Iachimo the ring, which was Imogen's love-present when she parted with her husband. Such firm faith had Posthumus in the fidelity of Imogen, that he thought he ran no hazard in this trial of her honor.

Iachimo, on his arrival in Britain, gained admittance, and a courteous welcome from Imogen, as a friend of her husband; but when he began to make professions of love to her, she repulsed him with disdain, and he soon found that he could have no hope of succeeding in his dishonorable design. The desire Iachimo had, to win the wager, made him now have recourse to a

stratagem to impose upon Posthumus, and for this purpose he bribed some of Imogen's attendants, and was by them conveyed into her bed-chamber, concealed in a large trunk, where he remained shut up till Imogen was retired to rest, and had fallen asleep; and then getting out of the trunk, he examined the chamber with great attention, and wrote down everything he saw there, and particularly noticed a mole which he observed upon Imogen's neck, and then softly unloosing the bracelet from her arm, which Posthumus had given to her, he retired into the chest again; and the next day he set off for Rome with great expedition, and boasted to Posthumus that Imogen had given him the bracelet, and likewise permitted him to pass a night in her chamber: and in this manner Iachimo told his false tale. "Her bedchamber," said he, "was hung with tapestry of silk and silver, the story was the proud *Cleopatra* when she met her *Antiochy*, a piece of work most bravely wrought."

"This is true," said Posthumus; "but this you might have heard spoken of without seeing."

"Then the chimney," said Iachimo, "is south of the chamber, and the chimney-piece is *Diana bathing*; never saw I figures livelier expressed."

"This is a thing you might have likewise heard, said Posthumus; "for it is much talked of."

Iachimo as accurately described the roof of the chamber, and added, "I had almost forgot her andirons, they were two *winking Cupids* made of silver, each on one foot standing." He then took out the bracelet, and said, "know you this jewel, sir? She gave me this. She took it from her arm. I see her yet; her pretty action did outsell her gift, and yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said, *she prized it once*." He last of all described the mole he had observed upon her neck. Posthumus, who had heard the whole of this artful recital in an agony of doubt, now broke out into the most passionate exclamations against Imogen. He delivered up the diamond ring to Iachimo, which he had agreed to forfeit to him, if he obtained the bracelet from Imogen. Posthumus, then in a jealous rage wrote to Pisanio, a gentleman of Britain, who was one of Imogen's attendants, and had long been a faithful friend to Posthumus; and after telling him what proof he had of his wife's disloyalty, he desired Pisanio would take Imogen to Milford-Haven, a sea-port of Wales, and there kill her. And at the same time he wrote a deceitful letter to Imogen, desiring her to go with Pisanio, for that finding he could live no longer without seeing her, though he was forbidden upon pain of death to return to Britain, he would come to Milford-Haven, at which place he begged she would meet him. She, good, unsuspecting lady, who loved her husband above all things, and

desired more than her life to see him, hastened her departure with Pisanio, and the same night she received the letter she set out. When their journey was nearly at an end, Pisanio, who, though faithful to Posthumus, was not faithful to serve him in an evil deed, disclosed to Imogen the cruel order he had received.

Imogen, who, instead of meeting a loving and beloved husband, found herself doomed by that husband to suffer death, was afflicted beyond measure. Pisanio persuaded her to take comfort, and wait with patient fortitude for the time when Posthumus should see and repent his injustice: in the mean time, as she refused in her distress to return to her father's court, he advised her to dress herself in boy's clothes for more security in traveling; to which advice she agreed, and thought in that disguise she would go over to Rome, and see her husband, whom, though he had used her so barbarously, she could not forget to love. When Pisanio had provided her with her new apparel, he left her to her uncertain fortune, being obliged to return to court; but before he departed he gave her a phial of cordial, which he said the queen had given him as a sovereign remedy in all disorders. The queen, who hated Pisanio because he was a friend to Imogen and Posthumus, gave him this phial, which she supposed contained poison, she having ordered her physician to give her some poison, to try its effects (as she said) upon animals: but the physician, knowing her malicious disposition, would not trust her with real poison, but gave her a drug which would do no other mischief than causing a person to sleep with every appearance of death for a few hours. This mixture, which Pisanio thought a choice cordial, he gave to Imogen, desiring her, if she found herself ill upon the road, to take it; and so, with blessings and prayers for her safety and happy deliverance from her undeserved troubles, he left her.

Providence strangely directed Imogen's steps to the dwelling of her two brothers, who had been stolen away in their infancy. Bellarius, who stole them away, was a lord in the court of Cymbeline, and having been falsely accused to the king, of treason, and banished from the court, in revenge he stole away the two sons of Cymbeline, and brought them up in a forest, where he lived concealed in a cave. He stole them through revenge, but he soon loved them as tenderly as if they had been his own children, educated them carefully, and they grew up fine youths, their princely spirits leading them to bold and daring actions; and as they subsisted by hunting, they were active and hardy, and were always pressing their supposed father to let them seek their fortune in the wars.

At the cave, where these youths dwelt, it was

Imogen's fortune to arrive. She had lost her way in a large forest, through which her road lay to Milford-Haven, (from whence she meant to embark for Rome :) and being unable to find any place where she could purchase food, she was, with weariness and hunger almost dying; for it is not merely putting on a man's apparel that will enable a young lady, tenderly brought up, to bear the fatigue of wandering about lonely forests like a man. Seeing this cave, she entered, hoping to find some one within of whom she could procure food. She found the cave empty, but looking about she discovered some cold meat, and her hunger was so pressing, that she could not wait for an invitation, but sat down, and began to eat. "Ah!" said she, talking to herself, "I see a man's life is a tedious one: how tired am I for two nights together I have made the ground my bed: my resolution helps me, or I should be sick. When Pisanio showed me Milford-Haven from the mountain-top, how near it seemed!" Then the thoughts of her husband and his cruel mandate came across her, and she said, "My dear Posthumus, thou art a false one!"

The two brothers of Imogen, who had been hunting with their reputed father Bellarius, were by this time returned home. Bellarius had given them the names of Polidore and Cadwal, and they knew no better, but supposed that Bellarius was their father: but the real names of these princes were Guiderius and Arviragus. Bellarius entered the cave first, and seeing Imogen, stopped them, saying, "Come not in yet; it eats our victuals, or I should think that it was a fairy."

"What is the matter, sir?" said the young men. "By Jupiter," said Bellarius again, "there is an angel in the cave, or if not, an earthly paragon." So beautiful did Imogen look in her boy's apparel.

She, hearing the sound of voices, came forth from the cave, and addressed them in these words: "Good masters, do not harm me; before I entered your cave, I had thought to have begged or bought what I have eaten. Indeed I have stolen nothing, nor would I, though I had found gold strewed on the floor. Here is money for my meat, which I would have left on the board when I had made my meal, and parted with prayers for the provider." They refused her money with great earnestness. "I see you are angry with me," said the timid Imogen: "but, sirs, if you kill me for my fault, know that I should have died if I had not made it."

"Whither are you bound?" asked Bellarius, "and what is your name?"

"Fidele is my name," answered Imogen. "I have a kinsman, who is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford-Haven, to whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am fallen into this offence."

"Prithee, fair youth," said old Bellarius, "do not think us churls, nor measure our good minds by this rude place we live in. You are well encountered; it is almost night. You shall have better cheer before you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it. Boys, bid him welcome." The gentle youths, her brothers, then welcomed Imogen to their cave with many kind expressions, saying they would love her (or, as they said, *him*) as a brother; and they entered the cave, where (they having killed venison when they were hunting,) Imogen delighted them with her neat housewifery, assisting them in preparing their supper; for though it is not the custom now for young women of high birth to understand cookery, it was then, and Imogen excelled in this useful art; and as her brothers prettily expressed it, Fidele cut their roots in characters, and sauced their broth, as if Juno had been sick, and Fidele were her dieter. "And then," said Polidore to his brother, "how angel-like he sings!" They also remarked to each other, that though Fidele smiled so sweetly, yet so sad a melancholy did overcloud his lovely face, as if grief and patience had together taken possession of him. For these, her gentle qualities, (or perhaps it was their near relationship, though they knew it not,) Imogen (or as the boys called her, *Fidele*,) became the doting-piece of her brothers, and she scarcely less loved them, thinking that but for the memory of her dear Posthumus, she could live and die in the cave with these wild forest youths; and she gladly consented to stay with them, till she was enough rested from the fatigue of traveling to pursue her way to Milford-Haven. When the venison they had taken was all eaten, and they were going out to hunt for more, Fidele could not accompany them, because she was unwell. Sorrow, no doubt, for her husband's cruel usage, as well as the fatigue of wandering in the forest, was the cause of her illness.

They then bid her farewell, and went to their hunt, praising all the way the noble parts and graceful demeanor of the youth Fidele.

Imogen was no sooner left alone than she recollected the cordial Pisanio had given her, and drank it off, and presently fell into a sound and death-like sleep.

When Bellarius and her brothers returned from hunting, Polidore went first into the cave, and supposing her asleep, pulled off his heavy shoes, that he might tread softly and not awake her; so did true gentleness spring up in the minds of these princely foresters; but he soon discovered that she could not be awakened by any noise, and concluded her to be dead, and Polidore lamented over her with dear and brotherly regret, as if they had never from their infancy been parted. Bellarius also proposed to carry her out into the forest, and there celebrate her funeral with songs,

and solemn dirge, as was then the custom. Imogen's two brothers then carried her to a shady covert, and there laying her gently on the grass, they sang repose to her departed spirit, and covering her over with leaves and flowers, Polidore said, "while summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, I will daily strew thy sad grave. The pale primrose, that flower most like thy face; the blue-bell, like thy clear veins; and the leaf egiantine, which is not sweeter than was thy breath; all these I will strew over thee. Yea, and the furred moss in winter, when there are no flowers to cover thy sweet corse." When they had finished her funeral obsequies, they departed very sorrowful.

Imogen had not been long left alone, when the effect of the sleepy drug going off, she awakened, and easily shaking off the slight covering of leaves and flowers they had thrown over her, she arose, and imagining she had been dreaming, she said, "I thought I was a cave-keeper, and cook to honest creatures; how came I here, covered with flowers?" Not being able to find her way back to the cave, and seeing nothing of her new companions, she concluded it was certainly all a dream; and once more Imogen set out on her weary pilgrimage, hoping at last she should find her way to Milford-Haven, and thence get a passage in some ship bound for Italy; for all her thoughts were still with her husband Posthumus, who she intended to seek in the disguise of a page.

But great events were happening at this time, of which Imogen knew nothing; for a war had suddenly broken out between the Roman Emperor Augustus Cæsar, and Cymbeline the King of Britain: and a Roman army had landed to invade Britain, and was advanced into the very forest over which Imogen was journeying. With this army came Posthumus. Though he came over to Britain with the Roman army, he did not mean to fight on their side against his own countrymen, but intended to join the army of Britain, and fight in the cause of his king who had banished him.

He still believed Imogen false to him; yet the death of her he had so fondly loved, and by his own orders, too, (Pisanio having written him a letter to say he had obeyed his command, and that Imogen was dead,) sat heavy on his heart, and therefore he returned to Britain, desiring either to be slain in battle, or to be put to death by Cymbeline for returning home from banishment.

Imogen, before she reached Milford-Haven, fell into the hands of the Roman army; and her presence and deportment recommending her, she was made a page to Lucius, the Roman General.

Cymbeline's army now advanced to meet the enemy, and when they entered this forest, Poli-

dore and Cadwal joined the king's army. The young men were eager to engage in acts of valor, though they little thought they were going to fight for their own royal father: and old Bellarius went with them to the battle. He had long since repented of the injury he had done to Cymbeline in carrying away his sons; and having been a warrior in his youth, he gladly joined the army to fight for the king he had so injured.

And now a great battle commenced between the two armies, and the Britons would have been defeated, and Cymbeline himself killed, but for the extraordinary valor of Posthumus, and Bellarius, and the two sons of Cymbeline. They rescued the king, and saved his life, and so entirely turned the fortune of the day, that the Britons gained the victory. When the battle was over, Posthumus, who had not found the death he sought for, surrendered himself up to one of the officers of Cymbeline, willing to suffer the death which was to be his punishment if he returned from banishment.

Imogen and the master she served were taken prisoners, and brought before Cymbeline, as was also her old enemy Iachimo, who was an officer in the Roman army; and when these prisoners were before the king, Posthumus was brought in to receive his sentence of death, and at this strange juncture of time, Bellarius with Polidore and Cadwal were also brought before Cymbeline, to receive the rewards due to the great services they had by their valor done for the king. Pisanio, being one of the king's attendants, was likewise present.

Therefore there were now standing in the king's presence (but with very different hopes and fears) Posthumus and Imogen, with her new master, the Roman general; the faithful servant Pisanio, and the false friend Iachimo; and likewise the two lost sons of Cymbeline, with Bellarius, who had stolen them away. The Roman general was the first who spoke; the rest stood silent before the king, though there was many a beating heart, among them.

Imogen saw Posthumus and knew him, though he was in the disguise of a peasant; but he did not know her in her male attire; and she knew Iachimo, and she saw a ring on his finger which she perceived to be her own, but she did not know him as yet to have been the author of all her troubles: and she stood before her own father a prisoner of war. Pisanio knew Imogen, for it was he who had dressed her in the garb of a boy. "It is my mistress," thought he; "since she is living, let the time run on to good or bad." Bellarius knew her too, and softly said to Cadwal, "Is not this boy revived from death?" "One sand," replied Cadwal, "does not more resemble another than the sweet rosy lad is like the dead Fidele. "The same dead thing alive," said Po-

lidore. "Peace, peace," said Bellarius; "if it were he, I am sure he would have spoken to us." "But we saw him dead," again whispered Polidore. "Be silent," replied Bellarius.

Posthumus waited in silence to hear the welcome sentence of his own death; and he resolved not to disclose to the king that he had saved his life in the battle, lest that should move Cymbeline to pardon him.

Lucius, the Roman general, who had taken Imogen under his protection as his page, was the first (as has been before said,) who spoke to the king. He was a man of high courage and noble dignity, and this was his speech to the king:

"I hear you take no ransom for your prisoners, but doom them all to death. I am a Roman, and with a Roman heart will suffer death. But there is one thing for which I would entreat." Then bringing Imogen before the king, he said, "This boy is a Briton born. Let him be ransomed. He is my page. Never master had a page so kind, so duteous, so diligent on all occasions, so true, so nurselike. He hath done no Briton wrong, though he had served a Roman. Save him, if you spare me one beside."

Cymbeline looked earnestly on his daughter, Imogen. He knew her not in that disguise; but it seemed that all-powerful nature spake in his heart, for he said, "I have surely seen him, his face appears familiar to me. I know not why or wherefore I say, live, boy: but I give you your life, and ask of me what boon you will, and I will grant it you. Yea, even though it be the life of the noblest prisoner I have."

"I humbly thank your highness," said Imogen.

What was then called granting a boon was the same as a promise to give any one thing, whatever it might be, that the person on whom that favor was conferred chose to ask for. They all were attentive to hear what thing the page would ask for; and Lucius, her master, said to her, "I do not beg my life, good lad, but I know that is what you will ask for." "No, no, alas!" said Imogen, "I have other work in hand, good master; your life I cannot ask for." This seeming want of gratitude in the boy astonished the Roman general.

Imogen then, fixing her eye on Iachimo, demanded no other boon than this, that Iachimo should be made to confess whence he had the ring he wore on his finger.

Cymbeline granted her this boon, and threatened Iachimo with the torture if he did not con-

fess how he came by the diamond ring on his finger. Iachimo then made a full acknowledgment of all his villany, telling, as has been before related, the whole story of his wager with Posthumus, and how he had succeeded in imposing upon his credulity.

What Posthumus felt at hearing this proof of the innocence of his lady, cannot be expressed. He instantly came forward, and confessed to Cymbeline the cruel sentence which he had enjoined Pisanio to execute upon the princess; exclaiming wildly, "O Imogen, my queen, my life, my wife!"

Imogen could not see her beloved husband in this distress without discovering herself, to the unutterable joy of Posthumus, who was thus relieved from a weight of guilt and woe, and restored to the good graces of the dear lady he had so cruelly treated.

Cymbeline, almost as much overwhelmed as he with joy, at finding his lost daughter so strangely recovered, received her to her former place in his fatherly affection, and not only gave her husband, Posthumus, his life, but consented to acknowledge him for his son-in-law.

Bellarius chose this time of joy and reconciliation to make his confession. He presented Polidore and Cadwal to the king, telling him they were his two lost sons Guiderius and Arviragus.

Cymbeline forgave old Bellarius; for who could think of punishments at a season of such universal happiness? To find his daughter living, and his lost sons in the persons of his young deliverers, that he had seen so bravely fight in his defense, was unlooked-for joy indeed!

Imogen was now at leisure to perform good services for her late master, the Roman General Lucius, whose life, the king her father readily granted at her request; and by the mediation of the same Lucius, a peace was concluded between the Romans and the Britons, which was kept inviolate many years.

How Cymbeline's wicked queen, through despair of bringing her projects to pass, and touched with remorse of conscience, sickened and died, having first lived to see her foolish son, Cloten, slain in a quarrel which he had provoked, are events too tragical to interrupt this happy conclusion by more than merely touching upon. It is sufficient that all were made happy, who were deserving; and even the treacherous Iachimo, in consideration of his villany having missed its final aim, was dismissed without punishment.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BENEATH this stone, in sweet repose,
Is laid a mother's dearest pride;
A flower that scarce had waked to life,
And light, and beauty, ere it died.

God in his wisdom has recalled
The precious boon his love had given;
And though the casket moulders here,
THE GEM IS SPARKLING NOW IN HEAVEN.

Literary Novelties.

ADVENTURES OF GERARD, THE LION KILLER. A History of his Ten Years' Campaign among the Wild Animals of Northern Africa. New York: Derby & Jackson, Philadelphia: C. G. Henderson.

This work is translated from the French, by Charles E. Whitehead, and retains all that force of style, and fierceness of expression, which is so characteristic and necessary for works of this description. It abounds in thrilling scenes, and portrays with startling energy the habits and prowess of the lion. The hair-breadth escapes and cool courage of Gerard, excite continual interest; and for a work of its kind, fulfills every purpose of the author. We extract one, from the many thrilling sketches with which it abounds:

A LION THAT DEVOURED THE FACULTY OF A COLLEGE.

I had hardly arrived at Guelma, before I had complaints preferred by my friends in the Mahouna country against a great red lion that had pitched his tent in their neighborhood, and mocked at all the incantations of their sages, and the reputation of their warriors.

The fever was still lingering about my system, but I longed for the fresh winds of the mountain, and believing the best medicine would be some lion's blood, started for a hunt about the first of August.

Among those who had paid tribute to his mightiness, none had been taxed heavier than one Lakdar, who had been assessed twenty-nine beeves, forty-five sheep, besides mules and jackasses. This was partly owing to the poor devil's farm being situated in so pleasing a contiguity to the mountains. Indeed his rugged field seemed more adapted for the abode of lions than men. Fancy to yourself a little clearing of land on the slope of the hills, cut up by deep ravines and surrounded by woods, where the sun only shone at intervals on the savage picture of tents and rocks, and you will have an idea of the spot where Lakdar had reared his penates.

To counterbalance these hardships of nature, there were a few fields that the settler had reduced to cultivation, an orchard laden with fruit, a garden odorous with flowers, and a clear spring that leaped from the earth and murmured down the hills. These were delights that in this sultry climate were worth the wealth of sultans, and gave Lakdar a fortitude perfectly stoical under the attacks of his enemy.

I found the little camp surrounded by a hedge six feet high and three feet thick, which the lion was accustomed to jump over, and selecting his dinner, carry it off to the woods with the same ease that a fox would seize and carry off a duck from the quacking brood. The first night or two was spent in the park awaiting the coming of the lion, and the day in hunting up all his haunts, but without any success; he was nowhere to be found.

"You see," said Lakdar, "you have nothing to do but to come here and the lion runs away, and as soon as you go he will return, and then the rest of my

cattle, and my wife and children will all follow the road that the first of my poor oxen have taken."

"You must take a wife and stay among us," said Lakdar's spouse, "we will show you the prettiest girls in the mountains; you can choose two or three for wives, our tribe will build you a house, and give you a herd of cattle, and then we will have peace in the land."

Without receiving Madame Lakdar's opinion as perfectly true, yet I will give the history of an occurrence that shows with what fatal determination a lion adheres to his predilection for some favorite camp or herd. There was once a mosque on the old road from Constantine to Batna that went by the name of Jema-el-Bechiva, and its ruined minarets exist to this day.

The holy men who inhabited this retreat had raised a young lion that was brought in by the Arabs, but after it had nearly attained its growth, the ungrateful scholar finding the path of religion a thorny road suddenly disappeared.

In a little while after, the dowers that were located in the neighborhood of the mosque became the prey of his heretical appetite.

One evening the head of the holy fathers of Jema-el-Bechiva was missing from prayers.

The next evening one of his assistants was found absent from his supper, a thing very unusual with a good Musliman.

So on for forty days, one by one the number of these wise men diminished gradually, the responses became fainter at prayers and the platters fewer at table. The lion lay in ambush by the brook, and when they came down to make their daily ablutions, they found their way into his infidel maw.

It was not until the fortieth professor had disappeared (a whole faculty devoured by a lion,) that the ten of the faithful who remained took the better part of valor, and emigrated to a safer country, and the mosque was deserted.

Then the lion not having his stomach toned for the coarser fare of horse or beef, descended to the laity, and taking his post on the road, seized on every traveler that passed, until he had placed a perfect embargo on the route, and there was not an Arab, brave as he might be, that dare go over that road even in the daytime.

At last the lion growing melancholy in the perfect isolation that his predatory habits had imposed on himself, left the country probably in search of another mosque, and thenceforth the El-Bechiva road was traveled by every one in perfect security.

Since my arrival in the Mahouna country, I had seen great herds of wild hogs feeding in the forest, a sure sign that the lion was not in the neighborhood. Yet still I had not become a convert to Lakdar's opinion, that he had fled my presence, but on the contrary I quietly waited for his return from what I supposed would be a short visit of pleasure or business.

One evening while seated in the garden, watching an old boar that was gradually rooting along the intervening distance, between the edge of the forest and fair rifle shot, Lakdar came running to tell me that the old black bull, the monarch of all the herd, had not come in at sunset with the rest of the cattle, which was strong evidence of the lion's having returned to his old haunt. Lakdar said that he would go out at early light the next day to see what had become of him. The next morning, after a long night's rest, such as comes to the light heart after a day's chase among the mountains, I opened my eyes and saw my host seated cross-legged before my bed, with his face radiant with pleasure.

"Come," he said, "I have found him."

In a quarter of an hour more we were standing contemplating the dead bull that lay in the middle of a tangled wood. The thigh and the breast had been eaten, and the rest was still untouched, except by the destroyer's teeth, that had left a semicircle of marks on the black neck.

I sent Lakdar for some cakes and a flagon of water, and after he had brought them, I gave him leave of absence until the next morning, and took my post at the foot of a wild olive tree within three steps of the carcass. The woods were so thick that I could not see six steps ahead of me, but I carefully picked out the tracks the lion had made when leaving the place, so that I should know which way he would return. I then took off my turban and rolled it up out of the way, that I might hear more distinctly, and sat myself down to the banquet of bull's meat that I all uninvited had come to share with the lion.

With the setting sun came forth to the world all the animal life that peoples the night, hare, and lynx, and jackal, and the hundreds of little harlequins of the forest court, all unknown even by name to self-proud men, sported each after his manner, in the faint light of the crescent moon. There was creaking in the trees, stirring amid the leaves and whispering of voices in that great family of nature, until the mind was wrought up to the most intense anxiety to decide what might be the laugh of a servant in the hall, or what the tread of the lordly host coming to his feast. It needed quick senses, or signs for life and death would be neglected; it needed a cool brain, or the strong and rapidly changing emotions that racked the mind and stilled the heart, would make one mad. At about eight in the evening, while a few slant rays of the moon came athwart the leaves, I heard the sharp crack of a stick in the distance.

There was no doubt in regard to this, nothing but the weight of a lion could have made that noise.

In a little while after a hollow, guttural roar grated on my ear, and then terminated in a full blast that made the darkness vibrate under the close thicket. Presently I could hear his slow heavy steps, as the animal walked leisurely along according to his custom when quitting his lair.

I waited with my elbow on my knee, and my rifle to my shoulder, until he should appear.

I did not see him until he was at the side of the carcass of the bull, slowly licking it with his huge tongue, and keeping his eyes fixed on me. I aimed

for his forehead, as well as I could in the obscurity, and fired. The lion fell to the earth, and then with a roar he reared up on his hind legs like a horse.

I was on my feet at the same instant, and taking a step in advance, put my rifle to his head, and fired the second barrel.

This time he fell heavily without attempting to rise. I stepped back a few paces to reload my rifle, then seeing the animal was still living, I walked up to him with my poniard, intending to finish him with a blow.

At this instant he raised his enormous head, and made a sweep with his paw. I sprang back in time to avoid the blow, and fired the death shot that laid him out motionless on the sod.

My first ball had entered an inch below the left eye, and gone out at the back of the head, and yet had not killed him.

While I was examining the grand beast, and meditating on his fate, a moment before the greatest lord in all Algeria, and now a moveless clod, I heard a great noise and shouting behind me. It was Lakdar running through the woods like a wild boar.

"It is I, Lakdar," he cried, all breathless with the exertion of pushing through the tangled bushes. "I was here—close by—listening—I heard all; he is dead—the infidel! the ogre! he is dead—the scourge! the devil!"

Then he laughed, and then talked to himself as he tugged through the underbrush, now scolding a thorn tree that caught his burnous, now denouncing the lion that had thinned his herds. Then he called his brother and his wife. "Come quick—bring the dogs and the children—he is dead—the slave!—he is dead!"

To give an idea of the size of this animal, I will mention that the strongest man in the squadron attempted to carry the head and skin on his shoulders into the presence of General Bedeau, who desired to see it, but the moment that the load was placed on his back, he sunk under the burden, and we were obliged to have it transported in a hand cart.

GREY-BAY MARE, and other Humorous Sketches. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is unquestionably the most interesting and humorous work of the season. It fairly sparkles with wit and humor, and abounds with such quaint and original ideas, that the mind is held captive during the entire perusal. It is a *dear* for the usual literature of the day, and should be taken sparingly, as the reader could not stand the full course. We cannot better express its merits, than by letting it speak for itself; so we copy one of its numerous sketches as a sample. It is entitled

"WINNING A WIDOW—WITH A 'SPRING' HAT."

After riding twenty miles I reached Donaldsonville, La., just at dark. The Natchez packet sometimes arrived about ten o'clock at night, and as I was bound up the Mississippi, and did not want to miss her, determined to wait in the wharf-office. Shortened the time by paying a few visits to a coffee-house and billiard-room in the town. During one of these, noticed the arrival of a party of French

creoles, who talked and swore over a dozen "mallard ducks," loud enough to have made you believe they'd been on the war-trail after Camanches, and brought in as many scalps. At last walked over to the wharf-office, settled down and found comfort in a cigar, and as much of a newspaper as the rather misty light of a bull-eyed lantern would give me. The fire in the stove roared bravely and sent out plenty of warmth. I had dropped the paper and only held on to the cigar, when I suddenly woke up on hearing the door open, and a couple of men enter. They found chairs, and drawing up to the stove continued a conversation, evidently just commenced as they entered.

"And so Buffer is going to be married?"

"Wal he is! and a good match he's made of it. I tell you what, she's a rearer. If he don't have to put a kicking breech on her afore he's married a week, you may call me a fool. She's got eyes like a panther; an' if he only lets her get the bit atween her teeth—just for once—she'll carry him further nor he wants to go!"

"What makes him want to marry her then?"

"Niggers, mules, and as neat a plantation as thar is on the Bayou. Two hundred and fifty hogheads clean sugar last crop, an' if they'd only out the cane airlier, fifty more atop of it. She had a new steam engine put up last season, and tho' that cussed *bagaasse* burner's a rousing humbug, yet I reckon it's all paid for; an' all Buffer's got to do, is step in, hang up his hat, an' sot right down to live like a fighting-cock."

"Why didn't you go in there? The last time I came down the river I heard you were bucking up to the widow?"

"Wal now, Jim, to be honest, I did think afore that Buffer stepped in, that I just had all my own way, and that I was goin' to get her—sure! As these here French say, 'I made eyes at her'—savage! But, somehow or 'nother, she always went dead agin old Massesipp. A man from our State had no kind of a show, and though I put the 'tentions to her like an uncle, it didn't seem to be no use tryin'. 'Bout one time she did kind o' lean my way. You see 'nare 'bout the end of grinding season old Farabole giv' a dance down in his sugar-house, and 'vited me and the widder, and a raft more; an' down we went, and the widder kind a felt her oats and we reeled it off in the airy part of the evening fit to kill; but by'm by that Buffer he came on an' just knocked me cold!"

"Ye see he'd been down to the city (New Orleans,) and only 'rived on the Bayou that night, an' hearin' that thar was goin's on down to Old Farabole's sugar-house, down he cum. Wal, sir, he was drest to death in the handsumest kind of store-cloths, an' the women war right up on an end soon as he cum in."

"I see the widder a fixin' her panther eyes on him, and I jest said to myself—'Dick Tarout, you mout as well clear; that 'ere Buffer's too much for you in the close line! I felt it at once. Wal, sir, in about a minnit up comes Buffer, smiles at the widder in a fashinatin' manner, an' enlists on dancin' with her. Sez she, 'Yes! Mister Buffer, it will

'ford me the gratest pleshure!' Gratest pleshure! wal, the way he squeezed her, when they danced, I rather think it did. I kept an eye on Buffer. Now, you see, he'd been stayin' at the *Saint Charles*, an' puttin' it through like forty, an' he'd larnt all the last agonies in the way of bowin' and scrapin' an' sayin' leeks nothin's; and, sir, *he carried his hat round in his hand* all over the sugar-house, down among the bilers, and up round back of the engine—whar the licker was—every whar he toted that ar' hat."

"Now the widder didn't jist exactly know what to make of it—cos it was a new wrinkle—so 'twicest she said to him he'd better let Big Jake, one of the house niggers, hold it for him; but 'twant no use, he held on to 't tight as a wrench: at last, jest as they war in the middle of a dance, sez Buffer, with sech a smile, ses he—'Mrs. Noiryieux, for yure sake I'll do most ennything!' An' he actilly held that ar' hat in one hand, an' hit it a lick with t'other, and fetched top and rim right-into a pancake; knocked it right down flat."

"I tell you wot, when the widder see him do that, she was jest ready to drap—she was so come over with his intentions. Sacryfising a bran new hat, and all to gratify her little whim! I see at once how he was goin' it, an' I determined, sir, to head him off. So I stepped up round back of the engine—whar the licker was—an' I took a most a rousin' big horn of old Farabole's rum, and huntin' round found my hat. It was a right new one—none of your Kosshoot or wool-hats, but a reg'lar beaver, stiff as a stove-pipe, and shone like a pair of new blacked boots; so I lays hold of that are hat, an' goes round back of the engine an' takes another swingin' big pull at the rum—an' then I felt jist ready for action. The dance was through, and as cheers was scarce, the women were all seated on a few seats in front of the bilers, an' Buffer was a pilin' on the soft things, an' the widder was a lookin' tickled to pieces—when I made my appairance on the stage!"

"I works up to'rds the widder, and when I'd got atween her and Buffer, sez I, 'A-low me the pleshure of your hand for the next set!"

"'Oh,' sez she, with a leetle sigh, 'I am so come over that I hardly feel abul to dance agin!"

"'Now,' sez I to myself, 'old feller, spread yourself or die!' and I jest swings my hat round for'ard, and as I said—'You had better say "Yes!" you'll get over it a dancin', I held that ar' hat in one hand (jest as Buffer did his,) and with t'other hand I druv the crown down with sech another lick, that the linin' jumped right through, and bust the eend clean out."

"'Rady,' said she, you skeered me!" an' I think I mout have done it. Thar was my hat all knocked into infernal pieces no bigger than bits, the rim all hanging loose, the sides smashed in, the lining running out, and the top off. 'Bout that time I turned my eye, and thar stood Buffer a holdin' his hat—jest as good as new, and all in shape, sir! I looked at it twice—no mistake, it was *whole*."

"Sez he, 'You ought t' get a Spring Hat—a *Skappok Mechanic*, as the French call 'em. I've one here!" An' then he ups an' shows the whole

insides of it, an' how it works, an' the hull lot of women looked at him, like if he'd had a stove-pipe chock full of diamonds; the widder 'specially patternized him, tuck him under her wing, an' giv' me the cold shoulder—straight. Buffer's got her. I'm tired of La Fooshe, an' am goin' back to the hills, whar thar ar' no more widders that fellers can cotton down to with *Spring Haze*."

POEMS: by Richard Chenevix Trench. New York: Published by J. S. Redfield. Philadelphia: W. B. Zieber.

The author of these poems is distinguished both as a poet and a divine; he is a profound theological scholar, an admirer of polite literature, and stands among the first of the "Religious Poets of the day." Like a true artist, he strives to perfect the minutest details of his verse; and everything which flows from his gifted pen is teeming with beauty and expression. The following piece of descriptive poetry abounds in the most beautiful and impressive sentiments:

RECOLLECTIONS OF BURGOS.

Most like some aged king it seemed to me,
Who had survived his old regality,
Poor and deposed, but keeping still his state,
In all he had before of truly great;
With no vain wishes and no vain regret,
But his enforced leisure soothing yet
With meditation calm, and books, and prayer,
For all was sober and majestic there—
The old Castilian, with close finger-tips
Pressing his folded mantle to his lips;
The dim cathedral's cross-surmounted pile,
With carved recess, and cool and shadowy aisle;
The walks of poplar by the river's side,
That wound by many a straggling channel wide;
And seats of stone, where one might sit and weave
Visions, till well-nigh tempted to believe
That life had few things better to be done,
And many worse, than sitting in the sun
To lose the hours, and willfully to dim
Our half-shut eyes, and veil them till might swim
The pageant by us, smoothly as the stream
And unremembered pageant of a dream.

A castle crowned a neighboring hillock's crest,
But now the most was level with the rest;
And all was fallen of this place of power,
All heaped with formless stone, save one round tower,
And here and there a gateway low and old,
Figured with antique shape of warrior bold.
And then behind this eminence the sun
Would drop serenely, long ere day was done;
And one who climbed that height might see again
A second setting o'er the fertile plain
Beyond the town, and, glittering in his beam,
Wind far away that poplar-skirted stream.

'THE TANGLETOWN LETTERS: being the Reminiscences, Observations, and Opinions of Timotheus Trap, Esq. Buffalo: Published by Wanser, McKim & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, Chestnut St.

This work is edited by the author of the "Records of Bubbletown Parish." It is splay and humorous, and highly illustrated. The lovers of fun and amusement will find it interesting.

MEMOIR OF FRANCES E. H. McLELLAN, with a Selection from her Letters. By her Cousin, R. M. Haskell. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd. Philadelphia: Smith and English.

After a neat little apology, in the preface, for affording all the admirers of that easy flowing, persuasive style, which delights every one, so much pleasure, follows a most touching tribute to the memory of a departed friend. Every young person should read it. It is a small volume, neatly bound, and should be placed upon every family table. We make a short extract. It is only one of the many beautiful similes with which it abounds.

"Such spirits seem like beauteous flowers, sent out to bloom awhile upon the dreary waste of human life, to light the darkened pathway, and cheer the drooping hearts of some of earth's stricken ones, 'to love and be loved,' and when most prized to pass away from earth, leaving the places known by them most desolate indeed."

LINDA: OR THE YOUNG PILOT OF THE BELLE CREOLE. By Mrs. Caroline Lea Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut street.

The death of this distinguished authoress has caused a void in the ranks of literature, which will be long vacant for a proper advocate. The best testimony to the excellence of a work, is the name of its author, and the long established reputation of Mrs. Hentz, precludes the necessity of any further remarks. It is a Southern tale, teeming with interest and variety, and the characters are clothed in that high standard of morality, in which the late authoress delighted to beguile the hearts of her readers, and to add instruction to interest. The work in its typography, paper and binding is executed in the best and most finished style.

YAN-GO-RUA, AN HISTORICAL DRAMA. In prose. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut street.

This work will be a great addition to the libraries of those who admire the delineation of Indian character. It is based upon historical facts, and is written in the same strain as *Hiawatha*. We suppose the two were being compiled at the same time. It is strictly American literature, and gives a faithful portraiture of the customs, habits and superstitions of the American aborigines.

NEW AGE OF GOLD; or the Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine. Written by himself. Boston: Published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co. Philadelphia: Smith & English.

This autobiography is written in a pleasant, genial style, which creates an interest in the reader from the beginning; and the many startling incidents and situations of the adventurer, both on land and sea, excite all our sympathy and commiseration. The horrors of shipwreck are fearfully expressed, and their life upon the lonely island, and ultimate escape from its desolation, serve to make the entire work agreeable and interesting.

VASSALL MORTON; A Novel. By Francis Parkman. Boston: Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philadelphia: Smith & English.

To lovers of light literature this work will prove a great relief. The plot is excellent, characters well sustained, and description, so far as possible, avoid-

ed. Many authors excite the interest and sympathy of their readers, in their heroes; and then leave them in some painful situation, to describe a variety of scenes, places, etc. It is bad taste, and persons usually skip the intervening dress, and take up what should have been the connection. This has been carefully avoided in the present work, and that alone would make it readable.

THE EARNEST MAN. A Sketch of the Character and Labors of Adoniram Judson, First Missionary to Burmah. By Mrs. H. C. Conant. Boston: Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philadelphia: Smith & English.

This is the second biography of this distinguished and estimable man. The work was planned by Mrs. Judson, but her delicate health did not permit her to undertake the arduous task of compiling it. At her earnest request, and by her entire concurrence and approbation, it was placed under the charge of the talented authoress who has so nobly acquitted her task. It embraces his entire life, with all the toil, labor, prosecutions and sufferings of his remarkable career.

THE CAMEL: His Organization, Habits and Uses, considered with reference to his Introduction into the United States. By George P. Marsh. Boston: Published by Gould & Lincoln. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

The practicability of introducing camels into the United States has been mooted and discussed for some time; and to those interested, this will prove a valuable work. All the information which it contains may be relied upon, as the author has traveled through Egypt, Nubia, Arabia and Syria, and speaks from personal observation. He appears thoroughly conversant with his subject.

FLURI-BUSTAE, A Song that's-by-no-Author. Perpetrated by Q. K. Phillander Doasticks, P. B. New York: Published by Livermore & Reed. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 162 Chestnut street.

This is one of the best humorous works of the season. It abounds in wit, humor, and spicy caricatures, which cannot fail to divert and amuse almost every reader. To those who can enjoy a good laugh we heartily recommend it.

GABRIEL VANE, his Fortune and his Friends. By Jeremy Loud, Author of *Dovecote*. New York: Published by Derby & Jackson. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

This story is, as the author truly says in his preface, a simple rehearsal of the histories of every day characters, in town and country, describing the passions, trials and triumphs of common life. If this is considered any merit in a novel, Jeremy Loud may be considered to have hit the mark. For ourselves, we must confess to a different taste. Everyday incidents and characters must be described by a very skilful hand indeed to make them interesting. Gabriel Vane is very well written, nicely put together, and capital to fall asleep over. In that respect, however, it is not a whit worse than the novels of Fredericka Bremer, Ellen Plekering, *et id omne genus*.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE REV. SIDNEY SMITH, being Selections from his Writings, and Passages of his Letters and Table-talk, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes. By Evert A. Duyckinck. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York: Sold by Zeller & Co., Philadelphia.

This volume includes passages from the Edinburgh Review, from Smith's Sermons, from Peter Plymley's Letters, Reform Speeches, Sketches of Moral Philosophy, etc. Few of our readers can be ignorant of the peculiar character of Smith's writings and conversation. That he was a wit of the first water, there can be no question. But he had seen so much of hardship and misfortune in the course of his career before his writings rendered him famous, that there was a dash of bitterness in all he said or wrote. His battle with the world was a rough one, but it brought out all his talent and made him a thorough original. He seemed to take a pleasure in being odd, and thus his wit ran into the extreme of severity and harshness. The volume of miscellanies before us will afford an excellent insight into the character of the man. Whether he was in the right or wrong he could not be dull, and even when saying things which grate harshly on our feelings, we must acknowledge his power of interesting.

THE HALLIG; OR, THE SHEEPFOLD IN THE WATERS. A Tale of Humble Life on the Coast of Schleswig. Translated from the German of Biernatzki, by Mrs. George P. Marsh, with a biographical sketch of the author. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. Sold by Smith & English, Philadelphia.

Hallig is a German word, signifying one of the smaller islands on the western coast of Schleswig, of which there are many. The largest of them are less than half a German square mile in extent, while the smaller ones, often inhabited only by a single family, are barely a couple of thousand feet in length and breadth. These islets are flat, scarcely two or three feet higher than the level of ordinary tides, and, being unprotected by dykes, are often overflowed. Biernatzki was pastor of a church on one of these halligs, his congregation being composed of only fifty souls, all very poor people. During his charge a great inundation happened which caused very general destruction of property. He has described it in one of the chapters of this book, which altogether is a sort of religious novel, descriptive of the peculiar region alluded to, the manners and customs of the people, etc.

THE HUGUENOT EXILES, OR THE TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH. An Historical Novel. Harper & Brothers, New York, Publishers.

The writer of this book does not give his name. He merely says that his pen is not an unpracticed one, and that he is a descendant of a Huguenot refugee, yet educated in the influence of the Catholic Church. The early influence thus exerted over him, however, has been completely dissipated by his investigation of the persecution of the Protestants, and the present work, as it covers the whole ground of the Romish persecutions preceding the revocation of the edict of Nantes, is necessarily Anti-Catholic. The writer says that he found it necessary to soften the actual atrocities committed, but what right he had to do this we are unable to perceive.

SIN AND REDEMPTION. A Series of Sermons, to which is added an Oration on Moral Freedom: by D. N. Sheldon, D. D. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

These sermons, though purely speculative and doctrinal, are very able and interesting. We rejoice to find American divines of acknowledged reputation giving their sermons publicity in book form, adapted to the popular use. The American mind is so fresh and vigorous, and our Christianity so earnest and lofty, that the sermons of our preachers are remarkable for their boldness of thought.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS; An Imaginary Biography. Founded on Fact. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: W. B. Zieber.

This is a condensed treatise upon the history, manners, religion, literature, arts, and social condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other ancient nations, in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. It is founded upon historical facts, and a perusal would prove both interesting and instructive.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By F. D. Huntington, D. D. Preacher to the University and Plummer Professor of Morals in the College at Cambridge. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co., Publishers. Sold by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

These sermons are written in a very interesting style, in a great measure free from the taint of sectarian, and so universal in their application, spirit and tendency as to be worthy the attention of those not given usually to the reading of sermons. They are not mere theological essays, but moral writings for the benefit of the people.

HOME STRIDES; by Rebecca A. Upton. Boston: Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

This is a "universal scrap-book," and contains specifics, remedies, and receipts for all manner of wounds, aches, pains, and cookeries. It will be very valuable to housekeepers.

CALDERON; his Life and Genius, with specimens of his Plays, by R. C. Trench, New York: Published by J. S. Redfield. Philadelphia: W. B. Zieber.

Owing to the severity and purity of Mr. Trench's style, he is eminently qualified to accomplish works of this description. His translations may be relied upon for their strength and correctness, as well as their elaborate finish.

THE MODERN STORY TELLER. The Best Stories of the Best Authors: now first collected. New York: Published by George P. Putnam.

These stories are not original, but selected from the best English writers. Many are amusing, none are dull or second rate, and some are of the highest order of excellence.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN; or, a Sketch of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. By the Rev. Thomas Binney. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co., Publishers.

This is a sort of running sketch of the life of one of the most distinguished modern philanthropists of England, a young Quaker who raised himself from humble fortune to wealth, a seat in Parliament, and universal respect.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon. 11 volumes. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia.

These volumes comprise the period from the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852; during which time Europe enjoyed upwards of thirty-seven years of national peace. The work is divided into different periods, and the distinguished author has vividly portrayed the important events which followed so rapidly upon each other, during the time embraced. The literature, manners, arts, and social changes in the principal European States, are treated of at considerable length; and thereby relieves the mind, and interests the reader, from the weightier matters of political action and change. It is an important and instructive work, and fills a large blank in history.

DUODECIMO DICKENS. T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut st.

This well-known publisher, has in press, and will shortly issue a duodecimo edition of the complete works of Charles Dickens, "Box," in ten different styles, at various prices, to suit all tastes and all pockets, and as he has already published an octavo edition, in ten different styles and prices, this will make twenty different editions issued by Peterson. The new set will contain all the original illustrations by Cruikshank, Crowquill, Phis, etc., from the London editions. Those who have not a complete series of the novels of Dickens should embrace this opportunity of securing one.

COLTON'S ATLAS, with Business Cards of the prominent Houses in Philadelphia. New York: Published by J. H. Colton & Co., 172 William street.

This atlas illustrates the physical and political geography of North and South America, and the West India Islands, and contains statistical and historical descriptions, by R. S. Fisher, M. D. It is splendidly bound, embellished and illustrated, and fully answers every purpose of its design.

LEARNING TO READ—consisting of easy and entertaining lessons, designed to interest and assist young children in studying the forms of the letters and in beginning to read. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with one hundred and sixty Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

The title of this book sufficiently indicates its character. The latter part of it is very well done and will prove useful, but the beginning is absurd and ridiculous.

HASWELL'S MECHANICS' TABLE, containing Areas and Circumferences of Circles, Sides of Equal Squares, Circumferences of Angled Hoops, Cutting of Boiler Plates, Covering of Solids, etc. By Charles H. Haswell, Marine Engineer. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is a book of reference which no scientific mechanic should be without.

BOOKS.—As we frequently receive letters from our subscribers requesting us to purchase works for them, we have made arrangements by which we can fill their orders. Persons will please enclose a postage stamp with their instructions, to pay return answer; and upon remittance of the money, we will forward the order by mail. Any information in our power will be cheerfully given.

Ornamental Gardening.

IN the revolution of taste which took place in the course of the last century, a new theory of laying out pleasure-grounds was invented, which, under the name of "Landscape Gardening," for the first time professed to apply the principles of painting to heighten the beauties of nature. It is, in fact, the art of producing a picture with the natural materials, and has reasonably adopted the word "picturesque" to designate the elements and combinations best suited to its purpose. On its first appearance, it engrossed a large share of the public attention; and it is singular that at the present time, when the taste for gardening is so widely diffused and cultivated, that so few attempts are made to illustrate the theory of the art which all are practising. The controversies of the last age do not supply us with any fixed principles for future guidance; and although the works to which they gave rise contain tasteful remarks and useful suggestions, they are founded upon a false hypothesis of the nature and character of the picturesque, which only serve to perplex our judgment and vitiate our practice. The notion that the picturesque consisted in a "certain roughness and unstudied negligence," had the double ill-effect of not only introducing a great deal of elaborate affectation, which was intended to pass for unstudied negligence, but also of excluding all effort to produce a result such as would satisfy the painter's eye, where negligence, studied or unstudied, can have no place. The principle of the picturesque, properly understood, should be applied to the arrangement of the most formal garden, not less than to the treatment of the most romantic scenery.

The first practical question which presses on every improver for his decision is the laying out of the garden. In the last century it was the fashion to be "sick of magnificence, and to sigh for nature." But the arguments derived from the superiority of art to nature, which our predecessors adduced to disparage the formal garden, might just as logically have been applied to justify a preference of caves for houses. They did not even pause to consider whether the nature they sighed for was within their reach—whether the new ideal of a garden, with its meandering walks and its protuberant borders, was not as unlike the freedom of nature as balustrades and geometrical parterres. The "improvers" were called in, and forthwith the garden was made as natural as clumps of every size and curves of every form could make it. They had taste enough to perceive that a garden of this kind did not harmonize with a building of architectural pretensions, or even of any considerable size; and the flower garden was accordingly banished from the house to some remote spot, where it could be planted out as a thing unfit to be seen. But they did not discover that a handsome mansion set down in a bare field contrasts disagreeably with the wildness around it, and that a certain amount of formal garden near the house is as necessary to set it off as the frame to a

picture, as the setting to a jewel, or the pedestal to a statue. Nor did they see that the banishment of the garden from the spot where its dry walks, its fragrance, and its brilliancy were most needed and could be most enjoyed, was, in fact, a practical refutation of their system. Yet they felt the loss of the terrace and parterre so strongly that they seemed half inclined to sacrifice "taste" to sense, and they hint that the owner will scarcely be reconciled to compliance with the new fashion, except on days when they are called on to show their place to visitors and to hear their taste applauded.

In the most formal days the gardener always displayed a lurking fondness for nature, though it was not more judicious in its manifestations than the indiscriminate nature-worship. Pliny, in the midst of his parterres, boasts of a tiny bit of wilderness. Bacon encloses a waste in his formal garden. At Versailles the Jardin Anglais was masked by rectilinear avenues. The solution of the problem is so simple that it seems incredible our grandfathers did not hit on it. Instead of destroying the architectural garden, how much more agreeable to good sense and good taste does it seem to surround it with grounds of a more natural though still highly dressed character, and to permit these again to melt gradually into the bolder and wilder scenery of the wood or park!

Such is the disposition now generally adopted, and it seems so agreeable to good sense that we may hope it will be lasting. From some portion in this allotment we cannot hope to banish altogether "rockeries," "stumperies," "rustic," Swiss, Chinese, or other fantastic decorations; but we admit them reluctantly, and on two conditions,—first, that these flimsy creations shall not appear in juxtaposition with handsome architecture; and secondly, that they shall not intrude themselves into romantic or even pretty scenery. Yet, even in these faulty embellishments there is a better and a worse. They can scarcely be so managed as to deserve in the lowest sense the praise of "picturesque," yet by attending to the principles of the picturesque in the massing of the component parts, a more pleasing effect may be produced.

In designing the architectural garden, we must derive instruction from the warning of the past. It must not be so vast as to lose the effect of unity of design and to cause satiety. Every part should manifestly have its use. Balustrades should be employed only where some fence is intended or some protection needed. A balustrade drawn across a plane surface, whose inutilty is further marked by the absence of gates where it is intersected by the walks, is an offence against common sense. On the other hand, we remember to have seen the portion of a balustrade removed from a position where it was indispensably needed to prevent the careless visitor from falling into the water, and this merely on the ground that it obstructed the view from the

windows. No addition of beauty can justify an absurdity. The contrivances for coolness and for warmth, for shelter and for shade, should be exactly suited to the requirements of the climate and the circumstances of the site. In the grouping the masses of the architecture and arranging the lines of the composition, the laws of the picturesque, that is to say, the laws by which the painter regulates his design, will be found the only true guides.

To secure the best effect, a due proportion between the house and the garden should be observed. If the garden greatly exceeds the house in taste and in style, it only furnishes a standard whereby to measure the deficiencies of the object to which it should be subservient. If it greatly falls short of the house in massive grandeur and richness of effect, it suggests a painful idea of disproportion and perhaps, too, of declining taste and diminished means. When the formal garden is added or restored to some stately mansion, it seems to be thought enough that the design should be regular and the decorations architectural. It often appears to have been forgotten that the house is to be seen from the garden, and that the garden should not be inferior in boldness and massiveness of design in order that it may form a fitting base on which the house may rest. Even when the general plan and the architectural decorations are all that can be wished, it not unfrequently happens that the details are disfigured with prettinesses greatly below the general conception. When a magnificent platform is to be filled with flower-beds, the patterns should be large, and the masses of flowers sufficiently important to aid with the richness of their color the grandeur of the forms. Intricate scrolls and fantastical flourishes (however beautiful on paper) are meagre and confused in such a position, and the multitude of little columnar shrubs with which it is the fashion to stud the surface, are mean and shabby if they grow ill, and, if they grow well, in a few years they produce the effect of crowd and confusion: they obstruct the view and throw a shade of gloom where, above all things, the character of lightness and brilliancy is demanded.

Whether the kitchen garden should be placed in the immediate neighborhood of the flower garden is a question which must be decided in each case by the site and character of the buildings, and, above all, by convenience. The chief beauty of which it is susceptible is trimness, but by the admixture of flowers, great gaiety and brilliancy of effect may be obtained, and architectural embellishments may be introduced to any extent which the circumstances render desirable. The various frames, stoves and hot-houses of all descriptions, though all such glass-houses must be ugly in themselves, from the magnificent conservatory down to the glass hovel which the market gardener builds for himself, may yet in their general arrangement be so grouped together as to produce a not unpleasing effect.

It shows an improvement in public taste that modern projectors are more ready to avail themselves of the advantages which the site offers than to force on it a character which nature has denied. The notion that every fine place must have water,

led to many absurdities in the last century. Rivers carried horizontally along declivities looked like ill-constructed canals. Lakes, whose margin was as artificial as if it was rectilinear, and a great deal less picturesque, spread damp and gloom over the dwelling house, and even now we occasionally see sheets of water so placed that they look as if they might burst their banks and flood the gardens and house.

The care which many of the writers of the day bestow in considering the proper positions, outlines, and terminations of plantations, might be imitated with advantage by the modern improver. The notion is too prevalent that every tree planted is a discharge of the debt we owe to our ancestors by an obligation conferred on our posterity; and that a tree is so beautiful an object, that in no place where there is room for it to grow, can it be stationed amiss. The owner is apt to fancy that the lawns and glades which so advantageously diversify his park "look bare," and, by the annual process of planting, he not only destroys all picturesque beauty, but also all variety, and with variety all the effect of space and extent.

But so much was done in the way of planting in the last century, that, in most cases, the more urgent need is thinning. In this operation the first point to be studied is the comfort and convenience of the house; nor let it be supposed that in so doing the picturesque is sacrificed. True picturesqueness, like true beauty, cannot result from the discordant association of damp and gloom, with the dwelling of opulence and comfort. Trees should be left where they afford a shelter—where they exclude light and air they should be removed, and if the owner persists in leaving them where they block out a fine view, he is sacrificing the greater beauty to the less. There is nothing that the eye resents more than an elaborate effort, when detected, to please it by combinations that are meant to look natural. A formal avenue which is terminated by some distant tower or spire professes to be nothing more than it is, and the "vista" gives pleasure. A straight cutting in a natural wood to let in a view of the same object is disagreeable, and it becomes necessary to thin the trees on each side of the cutting, and dexterously to imitate the irregularity of nature. Many an old place is bounded on one side by a ridge more or less distant, covered with a mass of dense foliage, indenting the sky line with its magnificent undulations. Perhaps the proprietor longs for a "more cheerful look out." Tasteful friends, in the name of the picturesque, in many such instances taken in vain, wish to "break the line." In most such cases it would be well to consider first and foremost, whether the defects complained of can be obviated by anything short of removing the house to another site. But where this remedy is out of the question, and the proprietor's restlessness is not to be appeased, we sometimes see that a vast gap is made with the axe in the noble wood, which does indeed break the line, but with much the same effect that would attend an attempt to give expression to a meaningless mouth by drawing two of the front teeth. The bank has lost its own peculiar beauty and has gained none other. When a mistake of this kind has been com-

mitted there are but two remedies. The first, an alarming one, is to continue the havoc for a certain space, and to give the bank the air of a capriciously wooded ridge; the other involves a great exertion of moral courage, it is nothing else than to plant up the opening with all convenient speed, and in such a manner as soonest to conceal what has been done. As far as a general rule can be given, the first expedient may be adopted where the thinning has really let in a view; where it has not, it will generally be advisable to recur to the second.

We have already adverted to the extravagant use, or rather abuse, of buildings of all sorts which characterized the gardening of our predecessors, but no one can doubt how much these accessories, judiciously introduced, may heighten the beauty of natural scenery. Wherever the habitation and works of man are brought into contact with fine or romantic scenery, the picturesque will be best consulted by giving them a character of reality and solidity. If solidity is too expensive let the most unpretending simplicity be substituted for it. Nothing is more destructive to picturesque beauty than the tortuous abominations which were once called "rustic," together with all the trumpery of ornamental garden architecture. If a bridge is to be thrown over a romantic ravine or a brawling brook, let it be a solid bridge of stone, more or less dressed, according to the nature of the scene. If this cannot be done, the simplest planks and posts are the least objectionable. Rustic, trellis, or Chinese work, are especially to be avoided. They betray the wish to be ornamental, and the inability to be grand.

There is much diversity of practice, as well as confusion of thought, as to the amount of "dressing" which nature requires or admits in the grounds of a country seat. No strict rules can be laid down. The degree of roughness and wildness that may be tolerated must be regulated by the nearness to the house and the general character of the scenery; but, above all, the error (not an uncommon one) should be avoided of placing the prettinesses of the flower garden in combination with the bolder features of nature. Geranium beds encased in rustic basket-work should not be found straggling into wild woods, nor reposing at the foot of romantic rocks. The most difficult problem which the landscape gardener has to solve, is how to reconcile the wildness of nature and the smoothness of cultivation and habitation? The only principle which can be laid down is not to force nature into forms not her own, to leave her bolder and grander features uninjured, and to remove petty roughnesses which remind us only of her own decay or man's neglect.

If on the banks of an ornamental piece of water a tree should gradually sink, or rudely be blown by the wind into the stream, it should instantly be removed. Let no friend armed with a sketchbook persuade us that it is "picturesque." Even granting that *in itself* it is so (which in most such cases may boldly be denied,) the windfall carries with it the sentiment of desolation and neglect, and is directly at variance with the associations which ought to belong to the place. For a similar reason, withered trees should generally be removed. Decayed

oaks may be so majestic and so venerable, that even in their ruin it may be advisable to retain them, or dead trees may occasionally stand in some position so striking that it may be right to let them keep their place.

Having said so much of the arbitrary and accidental associations which are common to all, it may not be quite superfluous to caution the improver against those which may be peculiar to himself—such as the unreasonable dislike or liking for particular objects and combinations—certain assumptions which he has never examined, but has always acted on, such as that oaks must be preferred to all other trees—that yews and cedars are sacred—that thorn trees and fruit trees cannot be cut down. It would surprise those who have no practical acquaintance with the difficulties of this kind, which a professional man has incessantly to encounter in his intercourse with his clients, by how very trivial and frivolous motives the most important changes in the most important designs have been made, and we may add, the most expensive undertakings have been marred.

It would have led us too far, and into a different branch of our subject, if we had attempted to discuss the rules of picturesque composition. We have assumed them as granted—and in truth it is rather as to their application than their principles that there exists any difference of opinion. They have been derived, like the rules of literary criticism, from observation of the practice of the greatest masters. The amateur landscape gardener would do well to study them. If they do not serve to guide him, they will be a stumbling-block to perplex him. When he once comprehends them he need have no misgiving in applying them, with this only caution, that while the painter has to produce a single composition, he has to produce a gallery—a series—each one of which must harmonize with its predecessor.

SUPERB FLOWER PLANTS.

Of all that numerous and beautiful class of flowers known as orchids, the *Cattleya Moerhousii*—an English variety—unites in itself every admirable quality that can grace a flower. The flowers are considerably the largest of any known orchideous plant, being sometimes more than eight inches across and twenty-four in circumference; they possess a powerful fragrance, and their texture and coloring are the most delicate and rich that can be conceived. All the upper divisions of the flower are of a pale but brilliant purple, of the greatest purity, and the lower lip and throat are charmingly variegated with tints of crimson, purple, and deep yellow. The foliage of this superb plant is also very fine. Another variety is the *Calogyne Wallikiana*, a very beautiful orchid, and extremely curious in its appearance and mode of growth—the flowers springing abruptly from the side of the bulb, and not coming out till after its one solitary leaf has decayed and disappeared. The bulbs themselves are as singular as the flowers are beautiful—growing on the surface of the ground, dark-green in color, and covered with a loose net-work of fibres. The tints of the flower are purplish-pink, yellow, and white, the lip being also dashed sparingly with red spots.

MOSS ROSES.

The moss rose is one of the most charmingly exquisite of all flowers. To see it in perfection, the petals should be thick, broad, and smooth at the edges; the flower should be highly perfumed, or fragrant—double to the centre, high on the crown, round in the outline, and regular in the disposition of the petals; the quantity of moss, the length of the spines, or prickles, which form it, and its thickness or closeness, on the stems, leaves, and calyx, cannot be too great; the length of the divisions of the calyx, and the ramifications at the end, cannot be too strong, for as the entire beauty is in the undeveloped bud, the more the calyx projects beyond the opening flower, or rather the more space it covers, the better. The plant should be bushy, the foliage strong, the flowers abundant and not crowded, and the bloom well out of the foliage; the color should be bright or dense, as the case may be, and the same at the back as the front of the petals. In order to perfect them in their growth, four things are essential—a rich and deep soil, judicious pruning, freedom from insects, and watering when requisite. If any of these be wrong, the success will in some degree be incomplete. Soil is the first consideration; what is termed a sound loam they all delight in, and the soil should be adapted to the stock rather than the scion, or kind worked on it; depth of soil is of great importance to all kinds—it is the deeper series of fibres, situated in a proper medium, that sustains a good succession of flowers.

GROWING CURRANTS.

In setting currants, the soil, in the first place should be well prepared by ploughing or digging, and reduced to a very fine tilth, and should then be stimulated by warming and invigorating manure. A porous, or not too retentive sub-soil is desirable, with a small per centage of clayey matter in the soil; when the latter is deficient it may be well to supply it. Into soil thus prepared, the cuttings from old plants, the fresh, vigorous wood of the previous year's growth, may be set with an almost certain assurance of success. These should be cut off near the surface, and inserted in the lines or beds to the depth of six or seven inches, and the soil well compressed about them; the surface should then be covered with old, well-rotted chip manure, hay, leaves, or straw, so as to keep the ground at all times moist. It is also thought to be a good plan to scatter a little lime or ashes on the surface before mulching.

BOX AND OTHER EDGINGS.

Young box, says the Country Gentleman, stands the winter much better than that planted several years; besides which it looks slovenly to see a too stout edging and takes away the beauty of small dwarf growing plants next to it. Many persons ruin their box edging by allowing the flowers in summer to overrun it rather than cut them in. This keeps the shoots from ripening properly, and frost destroys it when winter comes. Many other plants look neat for edgings, as thyme, thrift, pinks, or a dwarf growing Iris. In the absence of any of these, many of the annuals do well, especially by selecting such as continue a long time in flower. Of these may be

mentioned, *mignonette*, *phlox*, *drummondii*, *partalacca*, etc. Another, and what is obtainable by all at trifling cost, is turf. This, when laid down level, from six inches to a foot wide, and kept closely sheared down, forms one of the most pleasing borders of any; but unless it is cut at least once a fortnight it completely loses its beauty.

FORMING A LAWN.

The formation of a lawn by sowing requires some careful attention, but, with due precaution, and an appropriate choice of the species of grass, success is easy. All the preparation the soil requires is to dig it even, a spade deep, provided the sub-soil is open, and to have all large stones removed from the surface; then reduce the surface to perfect uniformity by repeated rollings, and filling up the hollows when necessary. The surface, being then loosened by raking, is ready for the seed or sods. If very dry, hot weather ensues, so as to occasion the sods to shrink and open at the joints, a good watering is of much advantage. In dry weather, all lawns should be watered.

WATERING HOUSE PLANTS

Requires considerable caution. Care should be taken not to fall into the extremes of "too much or too little." Fear of spoiling the carpet, forgetfulness, and sometimes fear of injuring the plant, are the chief causes of an under supply of water. On the other hand, many have a notion that such plants should be watered every day, or at stated periods, without enquiring whether it be necessary or not. Saucers or pans are often placed under flower pots to prevent the water which escapes from soiling the apartment; but in these cases the saucers should be partially filled with gravel, to prevent the roots from being soaked with water, or else the water which lodges in the saucer should be removed.

SMALL FLOWER GARDENS

Should be so arranged as to have a proper variety for the season. It is recommended that, after laying out the plan according to one's taste, the planting—whether in beds or borders—be attended to in such a manner that the height and color of each particular plant may have the beauty of their effect heightened by contrast. The smaller plants should be disposed in clusters near the edge of the bed or border, and those of increasing size placed behind, in succession, till the tall ones reach the centre of the bed, or the back of the border. In narrow borders, which will not admit of more than one or two rows of plants, either singly or in groups, those of different heights may be grown alternately, taking care that they do not hide or overshadow the smaller. The variety of tints, heights of plants, and their time of blowing, are points to be considered; otherwise they will produce anything but a pleasing effect, when they come to maturity.

ROSES IN BEDS OR GROUPS.

No flower-garden is complete without abundance of monthly roses, as well as other sorts; they are the hardiest, most delicate looking, and greenest-leaved of garden productions, giving no trouble, and speedily forming a nice screen against any unsightly object.

Editorial Chat-Chat.

CAUSES OF THE DECAY OF NATIONAL HEALTH.

—It is generally conceded that American women are not so healthy as European; and that the present generation are not as healthy and vigorous as former ones. This cannot be owing to the *climate*, as our countrywomen were formerly as strong and healthy as either the English, Scotch, or Irish; and we must look to some other cause to account for the change. It is but too evident, that this growing affliction is owing to the *changes in the domestic habits and customs, and the modes of education*, during the present century. They have induced a universal debility of constitution, and a general decay of the national health. In hopes of remedying these evils, we will enumerate several of the principal causes.

Nothing so certainly deteriorates and undermines the body as habitually breathing impure air. The *open fire-places* in kitchens, parlors, bed-rooms and workshops secured to our ancestors *pure and cool air*. But at the present day close stoves and close sleeping-rooms, with no proper ventilation, are debilitating perhaps nine-tenths of the people, while children are crowded into schools heated with stoves and almost never properly ventilated.

Four-fifths of all the food and drink taken are thrown off through the lungs and skin. Every pair of lungs vitiate one pint of air at every expiration. That is equal to one hoghead of air each hour for every pair of lungs.

No room, then, can be properly ventilated that does not receive from without at least one *hoghead of air for every pair of lungs*. This is always secured by open fire-places, but by a stove almost never.

A second cause of debility is the want of vigorous exercise, especially to the muscles of the arms and trunk. And where exercise is demanded, a walk of a mile or two is deemed sufficient, while the exercise of the muscles most important to health is entirely neglected. Thus both sexes, but especially that on whom depends the constitution of the children, are every year becoming more delicate and sickly.

The third cause of national debility is a change from a simple to a stimulating and luxurious diet. Stimulating food provokes an unnatural appetite. A great variety tempts to excess. Both combine to overload the organs of nutrition, and the whole organism is strained and overworked to throw off the excess.

The more food we eat and the richer it is, the more exercise is needed. Meat is the most stimulating food there is, and there is no other nation on earth, where all classes devour such quantities of meat, fat, butter, sugar, molasses, hot cakes, and hot tea and coffee. And no nation on earth have such bad teeth, and every other indication of a debilitated constitution.

A fourth cause of national debility is *excess in*

stimulating the brain, unbalanced by exercise and recreations. There is now fifty times as much intellectual stimulus of the brain in childhood as was ever known in former generations. Then the cares, business and excitements of all kinds, for both men and women, have increased at an equal ratio. *Every thing* is going on at high steam-pressure. Now the more the brain is thus stimulated, the greater the need for pure air, exercise, and seasons of relaxation. But contrary to this, the more the brains of children and adults are stimulated, the less pure air and exercise are secured. And so the nervous system is exhausted, and the whole organism becomes delicate or diseased.

Another cause of general debility is the *fashions of female dress*. The thin covering for the upper portion of the spine and the vital organs in cold weather, the accumulation of clothing on the lower portion, the pressure of tight dresses around the waist, the pressure of whalebones in pointed waists, and the *weight* as well as the *heat* of the enormous mass of clothing resting on the hips—all these combining with delicate constitutions have produced, and are increasingly producing, terrific results that are but little known or understood.

WORLDLY PROSPECTS OF YOUNG MEN.—When young men arrive at an age, which makes it almost imperative, that they should seek some mode of supporting themselves; they are too apt to rely more on the influence of their relatives and friends, than upon their own exertions. Many become discouraged at the slightest rebuff, and foolishly yield to despondency, when their next effort might meet with the most unexpected success. Some bitterly complain of the chances of prosperity without capital, and consider that it would be useless to make any exertions, without such assistance. While others are so choice and fastidious in their tastes, that it is almost impossible to please them. These views of life and business are all wrong, and emanate more from an idle disposition, and a species of false modesty, than any actual cause. Instead of harboring such thoughts, and yielding to their gloomy influence, how much better it would be, to form a resolution to succeed, and to carry it out by your actions and exertions. Energy, perseverance, and a strict attention to business, will accomplish almost any thing; and success and prosperity are as certain to follow, as they are practised. There is not a community, but what has an example of this kind; and the wealthiest men of our nation, started penniless and unknown. It was by their industry and perseverance alone, that they were able to accumulate their immense wealth. Girard's life is replete with reverses, but they only stimulated him to renewed efforts; and at his death, he was worth millions. Astor had nothing but his exertions and an indomitable will to depend upon, and they proved his best

capital. In a word, the history of all the millionaires in the United States, may be given in "Industry, Economy, and Perseverance." The sons of rich men who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such monied individuals either fail outright, or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career. And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with high notions of personal importance, they will not, as they phrase it, "stoop" to hard work. Is it astonishing, therefore, that they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital, originally, but more energy, thrift and industry? For these virtues, after all, are worth more than money. They make money, in fact. Nay, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which most rich men pronounce to be more difficult than the making. The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by part of his income, is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of economy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him, which would be quite insufficient for a more extravagant person. It is really what we save, even more than what we make, which leads us to fortune. He who enlarges his expenses as fast as his earnings increase, must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.

SOME transatlantic correspondent of a Canadian paper, after descanting upon what he styles "our strenuous efforts to provoke a quarrel with England, and our affairs in Kansas," continues in the following more amusing than complimentary strain:

"The American Eagle is a half-breed between a carlin vulture and a dunghill rooster. He lacks the courage necessary for fair combat, and he crows the loudest when furthest from the enemy. The men of the Revolution are dead, their inferior children of 1812 are in their dotage; the present generation, raised on hot cakes and sweet fixins, and stimulated with tobacco juice, is all talk and no cider, as destitute of the stamina on which courage is founded as its mothers are of flesh. Look at the women; charming at sixteen, faded at twenty, toothless at twenty-five, hideous at thirty, dividing their time between their rocking-chairs and their beds, incapable of exertion, incompetent to exercise, ever-sailing, listless, lazy, straight up and down, like an old-fashioned clothes pin, making up the deficiency of their developments with whalebone, cotton and bran—are these the things to suckle heroes? The race has deteriorated, and is dwindling away; and but for the constant introduction of new and healthy blood from immigration, would disappear in a century."

He gathers virulence as he proceeds, and after propounding the startling question, "Will there be war in Kansas?" he considerably replies with, "No, not a bit of it! all talk; tall and superlative talk, but still, *vox ex preterea nihil*."

And he might have added, *O tempora! O mores!* for the principal ingredient of his stricture is so covered with slang, and self-evident misconstructions, that none could fail to see the motive and opprobrium of his useless efforts. Have these boasting English scribblers so soon forgot the history of the Revolution, that the plains of Mexico must re-echo to their ears the deeds and valor of our arms? or do they await some future occasion to prove the folly and weakness of their assertions. We are ever prepared to sustain our rights, and to govern our territories without foreign intercession, especially when it comes in such "questionable shapes." His *pseudo* dissertations upon American women are, probably, owing to the perverted inclinations of his *refined* taste; and no one will dispute the right to follow his own inclinations, provided he does not assail the grace, beauty and loveliness of our countrywomen. It argues a common mind to exalt an inferior article at the expense of a better and superior one. As regards the deterioration of our race; our country is our answer. *Quantum sufficit!*

BARNUM, "the prince of humbugs," and "professed countenancer" of impositions in all its varieties, as he publicly expressed in his book, which has, at least, served the purpose of exposing his mountebank tricks upon a too credulous public, has eventually met the reward of the principles which he strove to instill into the minds of the rising generation, and has become bankrupt. It should serve as a lesson to all who pursue such a course, and shows that honesty, even in intention, is the best policy. After accumulating an immense amount of money, which would have entitled him to occupy a respectable and prominent position in society, he became so elated with the success and prosperity of his impositions, that he could not resist the temptation of explaining the process, and in doing so, exposed himself to the odium of all honest and upright minds. With all his ingenuity he forgot that a community would submit to being "gulled," or occasionally "humbugged," if only for variety; but that they would not countenance the boasts of the impostor. It was a cool piece of thoughtless impudence, and will exert an injurious influence upon many minds. The "professed humbugger" has been professionally humbugged, and his hard-earned laurels (cash) stript from his victorious brow. And now, as he states, he is daily called upon to swear that he is not "a swindler and a scoundrel;" opinions probably inculcated from his untimely effusions. He still retains his playful wit and humor, with which he was wont to cater for the public; and at one of his late examinations, the attorney, who had the pleasure of taking Barnum's affidavits upon several similar occasions, somewhat to relieve the monotony, asks him, "What business are you now in?" Barnum quizzically replies, "that he is *tending bar*." The astonished attorney thinking that he sought this occupation for a support, hastily asks him "how long he has been in that business;" when Barnum coolly replies, "ever since the lawyers have been pulling me up to the bars of the different courts."

CHILDREN AT HOME.—We are not going to recommend education to parents as the most valuable gift, which it is in their power to bestow on their children, nor to suggest that they should make a point of setting aside a portion of their incomes, let them be ever so small, for this purpose, nor that they should take care to send their children to the best school. All these things we take for granted they are ready and willing to do, and we will only endeavor to point out how much may be done for children, by their parents. They educate their children to a certain extent, whether they will or not. The mind of every child is influenced, more or less, by the grown people around them, and after teaching never destroys or effaces these early impressions. How important, then, that they should be good ones. A child may be taught to do some things wrong, and they may be easily set to rights; but a bad habit acquired in early childhood, or a bad feeling got into the mind, is not so easily got rid of. It will cling to the child till it grows into youth, will stay by the youth till he becomes a man, and may be the source not only of the greatest unhappiness and misery in this world, but of the most awful unfitness for the next. How careful, then, should this make a mother in the training of her child! How anxious to awaken its mind to good principles, and to quicken and nourish the good feelings within its heart.

It is beautiful to see the love which mothers have for their young babies. How carefully and tenderly they watch over them, and how lovingly they caress them. But as they grow older, this feeling is too often changed, and we find harshness substituted for kindness. Parents complain of how naughty and troublesome their children are, and frequently punish them for acts which are only natural. Children will run about, play in the dirt, and stick their fingers in the preserve jars, in spite of all that may be said; and threats are only an expenditure of words. They become very knowing about mother's words. A slap or a box on the ears after they have done the thing they like, is the most they ever get in spite of those oft-repeated threats. They have never once been whipped or sent to bed. The slap, and the box on the ear are not pleasant to be sure, and make their backs tingle and eyes twinkle, but it is soon over, and mother's back will be soon turned, too, and they can then go back to puddle and preserves again, which latter, after all, has never been put quite out of their reach. In such continued warfare with her children does many a mother live; all because she has not accustomed her children to obey her word. Her own voice has become harsh as she speaks to them at all times, and their ears are hardened to the tone of reproof. No scolding, however loud, would now startle them so much as a few words of gentle affection, but these they never have, and she has become to them an object of fear. She, in her turn, tells her neighbors that the children are "the very plague of her life." But all this may be very easily prevented. Let a mother, from the first, accustom her children to listen to her words, and to mind them. They must be gently, yet firmly spoken, and above all, *spoken but once*. All temptations to disobey should be carefully put out of

the way of very young children, and mothers should avoid making threats which they do not intend to perform. Hours and days of scolding may be escaped by a mother who has the courage to put a child to bed in the day time, or deny it some little indulgence in consequence of an act of disobedience. And no rebellious feeling rises up in the mind of a child, whose father and mother have firmly inflicted a punishment which they had threatened for disobedience—provided always, that it be not greatly disproportioned to the offence. A respect for their parent's regard for truth is felt in the midst of their sorrow; nor does the punishment interfere with the love felt by the child toward his parents. He sees that they are obeying a hidden law in their own hearts. He has prepared himself for the future recognition of and obedience to that law. But while we speak of punishments we would be understood to advocate no corporeal ones, such as slapping or beating. Nothing is so hardening in its effects on a child's mind as this mode of treatment. He feels it to be the mere expression of his parent's anger and vexation; it banishes all self-reproach for his own misdeed, and it raises up a feeling of angry resentment in return. Let fathers and mothers guard nothing so jealously as their children's love towards themselves, and let them endeavor to inflict even chastisement upon them in such a manner that their own love shall never be lost sight of. And then will spring up—not the obedience of fear, which is but a cowardly and slavish subjection, but the *obedience of love*, which is in harmony with the best affections of a child's heart, and prepares him for the yet higher obedience to the laws and word of God.

THE world is indebted to the Russian Empire for one event of great importance. Religious toleration is proclaimed throughout the Turkish Empire, and equal civil rights accorded to the Christians and the Mohammedans. To those informed as to the manner in which these twelve millions "Christian dogs" have been treated in that empire for centuries, the importance of the event will be seen. It emancipates and elevates many millions of the best part of the population of Turkey in Europe and Asia; and it gives a death-blow to the supremacy of Islamism in those countries. The Greek Christians form the largest portion of the population, and with the right to be elected to and hold office, the right to acquire real property, and the rights of equal citizens in all respects, they must become the dominant race.

For this the world is indebted to Russia. That empire demanded these concessions to the Christians of Turkey. The western nations have been compelled to receive them before the treaty of peace was signed. It is in view of this fact that the Emperor of Russia proclaims to his people that these objects of the war have been obtained. The Greek and Christian population of Turkey will doubtlessly feel gratified to Russia for the boon they have obtained at her demand.

But this event goes further in its consequences. It is a clear recognition by all of the great powers of Europe of the right of religious toleration to all

men. Will the Catholic and Protestant governments now carry out the principle in their several States? Will England remove Catholic disabilities, and Jewish also? Will Rome accord free Protestant worship in the Eternal City, and Spain, France and Russia follow the lead? They have forced the principle upon Turkey, and the example cannot fail to produce a strong sentiment in favor of the freedom of religion in all nations. Such is the tendency of the times all over the world, and this Eastern War has done much to hasten the era of universal religious freedom.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.—All should take precautions to preserve their health during this warm and sultry season. Heat is constantly generating in the body, from the combustion of food, chemical disorganization, and over exertion, and care should be taken to maintain a healthy state of perspiration. The internal heat is conveyed from the system by millions of pores, which should be kept constantly open, as they otherwise generate fever. This is the surest method of preserving health, and it keeps the skin moist and pleasant. Checking the perspiration causes much sickness, and frequently results in death. Extreme care should be taken not to stop the perspiration too suddenly; and in bathing to wait until the body gets perfectly cool, before entering the water. Even in bathing the face, it is much healthier, more refreshing, and preserves the beauty and color of the complexion. Plunging into cold water, when the body is heated, often produces fatal results. Exposure to the oppressive heat of noon must be avoided, and the head covered to avoid the fatal effects of "*coup de soleil*." Any putrid or vegetable matter, still water, and other substances which generate miasma, should be immediately removed, as they fill the air with a sickly effluvia, which is carried into the system by respiration, and produces the most fatal results. The common custom of drinking ice-water, when the system is heated, should be entirely abandoned; it checks the perspiration, cramps the organs, and often results in death. By observing these simple but important precautions, not only the health, but the comfort of our readers may be preserved.

We are approaching a great epoch in our political destiny. Four candidates are in the field for the presidency, and we may expect one of the greatest political struggles that has occurred since the formation of our government. Factions are subdividing into parties, and are striving to embody their principles into a common cause; politicians are calculating their interests; editors their policy, and all are more or less involved in the result. This excitement and interest in the coming contest is not confined to our own government, but is participated in by the whole civilized world. The great success and prosperity of our institutions, and our principles as a free government, have created a feeling of envy, as well as admiration among the European powers; and we are watched with feelings of jealousy and distrust. Our rapid advancement, unpremeditated success, and immense acquisition of territory have

added to this impression, and exerted an influence which has spread through all nations. We witness its result in our ceaseless flow of immigration, and the continual profferings of foreign intercession. The coming struggle will be for the supremacy of party platform, and every effort will be exerted, and all means employed by each party to gain the contest. It is customary for the ladies to participate in the general excitement, and many of them are staunch supporters and general advocates for their favorite nominees. Such canvassers are hard to resist, and it requires a considerable degree of resolution or firm principle, to guard against their blandishments.

It is a remarkable fact, that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another one for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of our God, and called him Hannibal—died at last by poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet, where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world called *great*; those four who, each in turn, made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile. How are the mighty fallen!

THE CHARACTER of Frederick the Great is not appreciated in the United States. His extraordinary energy, indomitable perseverance, and astonishing military and practical qualifications, are universally acknowledged; but his social and moral qualities are comparatively unknown. He is considered as a

malicious, revengeful, tyrannical, incarnate fiend, without fear, faith or mercy; who delighted in wickedness for self-pleasure and gratification. Such an opinion is rash and unfounded, as will be seen from his habits at home:

After his marriage, Frederick received from his father the Palace of Rheinsberg, which he converted into a regular palace of pleasure. It was here that he lived before he assumed the reins of government. To all outward appearance, life in that secluded spot was a continual round of festivities. The gay ladies and gentlemen, who had been invited to the establishment, did nothing but pic-nic in the neighboring forests, sail on the lake, and attend concerts, balls and theatricals. Frederick had his share in these. If we were admitted to the concerts, we should see our prince-royal playing on the flute, and we should pronounce his *adagio* undoubtedly a wonderful performance, especially for an amateur. Or, if we could manage to procure an invitation to the ball, we should find our prince there again, dressed in a green coat and silver-embroidered vest, tripping it gaily with his lady, who, not having been taught dancing properly when a child, had received very careful instructions, before she could marry such an expert dancer as Fritz. Or, if we were privileged to witness the theatricals, we should meet with our prince there again, acting some important part in the play of Voltaire, which was being performed.

ROLLING HOOPS was one of the amusements of the boys when we—alas!—were juvenile, but now it is the universal pastime of the women—ladies, we mean, for of course, all the women are ladies, though some of them insist that all the ladies are not women. A lady is a sort of terrestrial angel—an earthified sky-lark—an ethereality without wings. They wear bonnets which are not bonnets, for heads which they do not touch, and dresses which are not gowns nor frocks, (only women wear such things) but hooped balloons. They remind us sometimes, of the way the dear little girls used to amuse themselves when we were boys, by spinning around a half dozen times, until their dresses puffed out with the motion and the wind: then squatting down suddenly to keep them so. We must confess to a weakness in favor of the fashions, no matter what they may be. They are worn by so many pretty ladies, and sit so gracefully on exquisite forms, that though we love to laugh at them, as we do at almost anything which affords the smallest chance for cachinnation, we like them too. Even those little coquettish looking bonnets, or rather bonnetings, not much bigger than three cents worth of soap, sit with a mighty cunning air on many a splendid head and neck. And as for the hoops, there is a decided advantage in them for summer wear. They are so cool and comfortable, and they look so stately and queenlike! We shall never get tired of seeing the ladies rolling these hoops along Chestnut street; at least not until they go out of fashion, and then we suppose we shall get tired of them fast enough. Why can't the men get up something funny, or ridiculous, or outlandish, in the way of their wearables. A pointed hat or knee breeches, or silver shoe buckles, or a cocked chapeau,

or silk tights, or something unique, no matter what. A soft felt hat, a bold originality in its way, has apparently become the universal rage. We see the young men with them exuberantly, romantically, tragically, ridiculously, picturesquely, negligently crushed up, smashed in, stove in, knocked into what George Lippard was fond of calling a "shapeless mass." The brown felt, the black felt, the white felt, the drab felt, and we had almost said the green felt—for we saw one in a hatter's window—the soft felt, the many colored felt, the rainbow felt, as we may say, the young America felt, is the only refreshing effort at novelty in male costume. We hear that it is seriously *felt* by the hatters, because it does not wear out so soon. The other night we saw a whole theatre parquette full of these soft felt hats, and we do not think there were two of them of the same shape, and certainly not one that was of the shape the hatter made it. Some had sat upon their hats; others had the rims twisted a dozen ways for Sunday, while the barrel of some of the hats looked as though a dab with the fist had been given to induce a romantic appearance.

We do not feel like mounting stilts to talk with our friends in such sweltering weather as this. Consequently we shall "put off our coat and roll up our sleeves," for literary labor is a hard road to travel on a hot day. We were about to say that we would don our morning gown and slippers, but fair, the gown is too warm and the slippers are worn out. When we were in our bachelorhood this never could have happened, for the ladies, bless their hearts, always kept us well supplied with slippers. But now we have only one to work slippers, and we are very careless and forgetful. We throw the slippers indignantly, of a night, at the musical cats which insist upon making night hideous in our garden. We lock one up in the wardrobe and leave the other in the bathroom—and so our better half gets tired of making slippers for such a graceless scamp. It has been sometimes said, that if our head were loose we should forget to carry it with us. But then, such a head as ours! it would be no great loss if it were left behind.

It is a melancholy truth that we are writing nothing but nonsense. But we can't help it. Dignity is "well enough in its sphere," but by no means among the most respectable comforters in the sultry days of midsummer. We defy any man to be dignified with his shirt collar all wet and wilted down like a dirty rag. Somehow we never could feel dignified without being supported on either chap by a fine, well-starched, treble-thickness shirt-collar, and when that sinks under the perspiration we feel very common and plebeian. Henry Clay had a weakness of the shirt-collar. He never could keep it from being crumpled and broken, and as he paid more attention to statesmanship than to shirt-collars it is not to be wondered at. But he went and dressed himself up bran new once, with a splendid shirt-collar, to have his daguerrotype likeness taken. The artist was the best in the country, and the likeness looked admirable in every other respect except the collar. His friends all agreed that that was un-

naturally spruce. There are, unfortunately, some persons like gallant old Harry, whose minds are too busy on other matters to permit of their looking as though they had "just come out of a band box." And, alack! we are among the number. The girls used to have great fun about our going to a party one evening in an old brown coat, with both elbows out. We never heard the last of that coat. But somehow they liked us in spite of the uncouth habiliments. Ahem! how vain these men are, says some fair reader.

Who do you vote for? Col. Smashpipe, or Master Jeamos Yellowplush, or My Lord Fullmire? What office? oh! it's of no consequence what. You must go for somebody for something. These are the times when everybody must have a party and a candidate. Time was, when there were only two parties, when any one with a little tact could straddle the fence and look both ways. We have been trying hard to manage it in the present case, but how can any man who has only two legs straddle a partition which has three sides, much less look three ways at once with only two eyes. We give up, and unless we can have a platform made that will cover the angles of the three fences, and support us while we turn round at our leisure, we must come down from our non-committalism. But then on which side shall we get down? That is a worse quandary than to stay up.

Now we propose to raise a new party, of the friends of Graham's Magazine and of American Literature, and as it is customary to open the campaign with a speech we will begin. All you who wish a first class literary monthly, take Graham's Magazine. It will be the light of your household, the joy of your children, the comfort of your leisure moments, the valuable help for your family. You will find in its pages the most interesting stories, the neatest fashions, the finest engravings, and altogether, the best contents to be had for the money. Are you fond of good poetry? Here you will find capital effusions by our own contributors. Are you fond of travels? We give a sketch of that kind in every number. Go then to the polls—we mean post-office, and deposit your ballot—we mean letter containing cash—duly superscribed, and you will have the pleasure of electing a favorite Magazine to the chief place at your centre table. And as clubs are the order of the day, why not get up Graham clubs? Look at the inducements we offer to such.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, the present Emperor of the French, was born on the 20th of April, 1808, at the Tuilleries. His mother was Hortense, Queen of Holland, the wife of Napoleon's brother Louis, to whom that kingdom had been assigned. The marriage of Hortense and Louis was most unfortunate; they did nothing but quarrel, and in September, 1807, they finally separated at Amsterdam, and Hortense returned to her mother, in Paris. There the present emperor was born, and it is remarkable that he and the King of Rome were the only two persons of the family of Napoleon whose

births were received with military honors, and the homage of the people.

There is one circumstance connected with the fate of this family which historians have not as yet observed, but which is well worth mention. Napoleon the Great set aside his own best friend and counselor, to obtain an heir to the throne of France. He married a Princess of Austria, and by her he had a son. That birth was the culminating point of his power and his dignity. From thence he did nothing but descend. He died in exile—his son, also. Who succeeded to his name, his fame, his power? The child of Hortense, who was the child of Josephine! In the person of the Emperor of the French, we find not the offspring of Napoleon the Great, but the offspring of his discarded wife. What an illustration of the truth of the adage, "That it is man who proposes, but God who disposes!"

PIC-NICS.—What could possibly be more delightful upon these warm, sultry days, than to choose a party of select friends, and seek some shadowy nook in the cool, refreshing shade of the dear, old woods? The hours glide past so smoothly and happily; the pure, fresh air, laden with its sweets, steals so gently along, and the shadowy trees afford so enchanting a screen from the sun's piercing rays, that the mind and senses are filled with the purest delight and enjoyment. The gentle slope of some grassy knoll, with a purling, babbling brook to murmur at its feet, and a stray glimpse of the azure sky, when enjoyed with those we love, are the haven of our imaginary ecstasy. And then the charming collation of home-made refreshments; the little cry of horror, at the intrusion of some *ant-i* guest, and the novelty of rural repast, add a zest and spirit to the occasion, which can only be appreciated by practice. It is charming! And then the glorious opportunity for courtship—when the mind grows free and pure as the boundless breeze; when the strict formalities of fashionable life are lost in the joyous happiness of the occasion, and the mind is filled with the pure delights of its enchantment, how easy to make an impression. The barriers are removed, and the gurgling waters may be caught, as they flow from the sealed fountains of the heart.

GAMBLING, of all vices, is the worst that a person can inculcate. Its fascination leads to every species of crime, and invariably ends in misery and disappointment. This is only one of the innumerable results which follow its practice. A gentleman by the name of Stibbert, lately died in Paris; his story is short, but one of the most remarkable instances of the infatuation for play ever known. He was the son of General Stibbert, deformed from his birth, inherited a fortune of £80,000, and till the age of forty-five was a man of regular habits, a cultivated mind, and much respected in England among the friends with whom he lived. Unfortunately, after the peace, eighteen years ago, he determined to visit Italy, and arrived in Paris with the intention of passing a few weeks. One night he was induced to go to the saloon, then kept in the Rue Grange Batelière, and frequented by the best society of all nations, under the

superintendence of the old Marquis de Livry. He sat down to play for the first time, lost a small sum of money, returned to win it back, continued to lose, and in the same hopeless enterprise prolonged his stay for several years, till he absolutely lost every shilling of his large property. For years he was dependent upon his brother for a support; and upon obtaining a few francs, he would hover around some gaming table, hoping that fortune might turn in his favor and enable him to regain his losses. His mild manners, his settled melancholy, and, as he said himself, that infatuation which he felt quite unable to resist, rendered him a constant object of remark to the various English who have visited Paris for many years past.

THERE is so much factitious love poetry in the world that "it is (as the penny-a-liners say) with sincere satisfaction that we are able to announce" the discovery of a real, unsophisticated warble, fresh from the heart. It is a woman's production, and feminine in every sentence. We honestly think it worth preservation, for its thorough genuineness. "Conquest" is no doubt used in the sense of triumph in the title of the following verses:—

THE CONQUEST.

Ah! with what delight,
On a winter's night,
Before a blazing fire,
I watch'd my chance,
In the festive dance,
Of choosing my heart's desire.

The music was good,
And well understood
By all the moving train;
Many a heart beat light
On that mystic night,
For I beheld my swain.

As firm as an oak,
Yes, his works bespoke,
He came of ancient race;
In the brave old style,
Truly free from guile,
He show'd an English face.

With no great moustache,
Nor no trinkets flash,
But a kind and manly air;
He pleased me much,
His converse was such,
For he did not vow and swear.

Now I could boast long,
And lengthen my song,
And prove that no heart there,
On that joyful night,
In the dazzling light,
With mine was fit to compare.—MARY.

Even when a woman loves you most, you do not often get more than a glimpse into her heart of hearts; but nothing can be more sweetly unsophisticated than the information here given to everybody how a girl "watched her chance" of "choosing her heart's desire." Then the poetess is so deliciously

illogical, and so unaccountable in her selection of words. Why was the night "mystic?" And what are we to understand by

*Many a heart beat light
On that mystic night,*

Ah! for I beheld my swain.

From the second and third verses, we should infer that a female friend had been crowing over the lady, on account of the superior splendour of her own sweetheart, who had, presumably, a "great moustache," and wore "trinkets flash." Possibly, also, he was accustomed to "vow and swear." This inference is strengthened by the tone and sentiment of the last verse.

Happy Richard! (your name must be Richard) if this should meet your eye, you will know that the frank ecstasies of your Mary have found an echo more than she reckoned upon. We wonder how you get on, you blissful pair! Write and say if the ring is bought, and where and when it is to come off, and we will try and be present.

THE FASHIONABLE CLUBS OF PARIS have been thrown into some excitement by the publication in the morning papers, of the names of the most popular dandies of Paris, with their debts, which are to be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. It looked at first like a sort of "black list," and nothing was talked of but horsewhipping the impertinent scoundrels who asked for money which was owing to them! But it soon appeared that this publication was a matter of form consequent on the dissolution of a partnership, all the unpaid bills being sold at auction. It created a great deal of astonishment that such names should be found with such bills; for men reputed to have large fortunes were found to have bills of seven and eight years standing unpaid! There are some strange secrets in rich men's lives! Some time ago it was discovered that a fashionable nobleman in England had not paid his butcher's bill for twenty-five years; another wealthy man had paid his servants no wages for twelve years; and we have here seen young men of fortune, with fine turnouts—unpaid for; admirable horses—unpaid for; fine furniture—unpaid for; fine clothes—unpaid for! Time flies by with its accustomed speed; bulks increase new items and interest; settling day comes; the young man finds his patrimony exhausted; he spends his last Napoleon in a fine dinner at the Cafe de Paris, and quietly leaps, after midnight, from the Point Neuf, or blows out his brains in a secluded lane of the Bois de Boulogne. That's life in Paris!

It is a great thing to be a bank president—provided you understand the business. Occasionally, however, some good-natured but short-sighted individual gets into such a position and becomes victimized. We knew a person of that sort, once upon a time, a very clever old gentleman in many ways, but rather doudy about financial matters. One day a person came and told him that his bank had broke, "What," cried he, in amazement, "broke! oh! no that can't be. How can the bank break when I've signed notes enough to set up a dozen banks?"

Balm for Melancholy.

"BIDDY, here's some ice cream for you," said a city lady to her Irish servant girl. "Och, thank you, ma'am," replied Biddy, and she took the saucer of ice cream and stood it carefully away in a closet, for sure she had'n't time to eat it just then. Half an hour afterwards Biddy went to get her ice cream, and was amazed to find that the heaped up cream had melted, leaving a saucer full of mush and a quantity on the shelf. "What quare stuff," said Biddy. The same lady got a young Dutch emigrant girl, just from shipboard, to do her housework, and of course, she knew not a word of English. At length, by dint of teaching, the blue eyed Rhinelander picked up a word here and there, and then her mistress flattered herself that she might let her gather the rest herself. One day she told her to take a wet cloth and wipe off the stove hearth. Next morning she found the whole front of the stove covered with rust, and on asking about it, found that the girl had wiped off the whole stove with a wet rag, supposing that to be what she was told. Another lady took a bog-trotter who had never seen a stove before coming to America. On being told to build a fire in the stove, this useful help built it on the stove hearth.

POOR LITTLE ragged urchins! how they tumble about the streets and paddle in the mud, and wax fat and hearty in spite of the neglect and dirt. The other day we saw such a one shouting out "Ledger, Times, Graham's Magazine." His shirt bosom was all open, so that the whole body down to the waist was exposed. His feet were bare, and his head very nearly so. A kind old gentleman stopped him in the overflowing of his benevolence, and began to pity his forlorn condition. "My poor little boy," said he, "have you no better clothes than these to wear." The youngster bristling up, replied, "who the thunder are you talkin' to, you old rip. If you don't like my clothes, go buy me a new suit."

A MODEL DUN.—We have heard a great many editors express their "phelings" to delinquent subscribers; but this, from the Georgetown Gazette, is the most "touching and desperate" appeal that has come under our notice:

"All persons indebted to this office are requested to walk up, ride up, roll up, send up, or any way so they get up, and settle immediately, if not sooner. We are still prepared to furnish our paper to all who want it. We would prefer bank notes, gold dollars, and silver quarters in exchange, but in the desperate language of a poverty-stricken and head-over-heels-in-debt cotemporary, will take grind-stones, wooden nutmegs, patent wheelbarrows, shanghai chickens, hoop dresses, boot-jacks, broomcorn, lasses candy, 'some pumpkins,' baby-jumpers, (for a friend,) fishing-tackle, hoop poles, patent medicines, dye-stuffs, cork-screws, old bacon, young 'niggers,' sucking pigs, rags, boxes and barrels, old clothes,

sausage meat, (extract of bark preferred,) post stamps, lager beer, (used in printing,) grubbing hoes, pick axes, Colt's pistols, (warranted not to kick,) tooth brushes, tenpenny nails, pins, needles, ginger cakes, circus tickets, or any other articles usually found in a country retail store. Walk up, but don't all come at once."

PETE carries the wood and water for the students at Hamilton College, and is as odd a specimen of the *genus* Hibernian as ever toddled in a brogan. One of the students having occasion to reprove him one morning for delinquency, asked where he expected to go when he died.

"Expect to go to the hot place," said Pete, grave as an owl.

"And what do you suppose will be your portion there?" asked the Soph., solemnly.

"Oh!" growled the old fellow, as he brushed his ear lazily with his coat tail, "bring wood and water for you boys!"

HEADACHES are very prevalent at this season of the year, among the ladies. They may be divided into the "nervous" and "sick." The nervous is irritable, and cannot bear being spoken to; the sick is despondent or sulky, and bursts into tears at the least contradiction. When a lady cannot have her own way, a headache is the painful consequence. An unpopular visitor, brought home accidentally to dinner, will produce an alarming attack of headache, and the symptoms that successively follow, are instant loss of appetite, deafness, peevishness, hysteria, and finally a precipitate retreat from the room. These unfortunate headaches are very frequent about that time of the year when every one is, or is supposed to be out of town, and do not cease until the patient has been carried to the sea-side for change of air. The milder forms will vanish upon the application of a piece of jewelry; or if the forehead is wrapped up in a new shawl, it is astonishing with what rapidity the pain disappears. Sometimes a shifting of the scene is requisite, and a box at the theatre or opera has been known to effect an instantaneous cure.

AUNT MARY, whilst going along the street the other day, saw over a tailor's door, a sign bearing the inscription, the "Fountain of Fashion." "Ah!" exclaimed she, "that must be the place where *equirts* come from," at the same time casting a malignant squint at a couple of young men with incipient whiskers and standing collars. A woman of great perception is our Aunt Mary.

A GENTLEMAN remarking that a wife should be like roasted lamb—tender, and nicely dressed; a wag wickedly added, "and without sauce."

A GERMAN only wants three things to make him happy—lager beer, sausages, and a clarionet.

POST OFFICE MYSTERIES.—When Amos Kendall was Postmaster General, he took a tour to the South and West, partly on private business, and partly to get the film off of his official optics, and see how postal matters were conducted. Of course he did not make himself known on every occasion, but he always looked on at every turn in his post route, and sometimes he learned something. At one place in Mississippi, he stopped, while traveling in the stage-coach, at a rather insignificant village, but where there was a "distributing office" of some importance. No one knew that he was the Postmaster General. The postmaster of the place was away from home, as he had been for some months, and the business of overhauling, sorting and distributing Uncle Sam's mails was in the hands of a "sub," in the shape of an old negro woman. The post office was kept in a pretty good sized room, and on one side of it there was a heterogeneous mass that appeared something like a huge pile of mail-matter; and it looked, too, somewhat like a small tea-garden. There were papers, letters, large and small packages of books, &c., "in huge confusion piled around." The old black woman very deliberately unlocked the bags and emptied their contents out on the floor. Amos looked on, and like satan marshaling his legions in Pandemonium he "admired." The darkey, after emptying the contents of the bags in the "pile," commenced putting back, and in every pouch replaced a "miscellaneous assortment." The Postmaster General had his eyes opened "some," and it occurred to him to ask "Aunty" if she could read. "Oh! no," said she; "but I puts back jest about as much as master used to! As the critter said of Macready, when he asked the Danish courtier to play on the pipe, and the courtier took him at his word, and played Yankee Doodle!—"Phancy Ham-link's feelinks!" Fancy old Amos! But his observations were not completed. There was an enormous pile of mail-matter that had been accumulating for months under the postal supervision of the sable 'sub.' It was after 'M. C.'s' had learned the art of franking, and when their 'beloved constituents' were in the habit of applying for seeds and other products at the agricultural bureau of the Patent Office. The cucumber seeds of those days were not *all* 'basswood,' as Kendall can testify. The seeds in the moist, warm climate of Mississippi, had germinated extensively, throughout this immense mass of 'mail-matter;' cabbages, beets, carrots, cauliflowers, were there; potatoes had sprouted; while cucumber, pumpkin, and squash-vines had extended out of the heap, and run nearly across the room! It is supposed that the warmth of the political documents, stimulated by the fiery nature of politicians, had added to rather than subtracted from the fertile nature of the postal compost!

PRACTICAL JOKES are too often followed by serious results, to be habitually practised; but when they can be executed without doing any personal injury, they are exceedingly diverting and amusing. We give a few specimens of some, which only created a smile.

A scientific lecturer, whose popular discourses on

medicine, and the various sciences therewith connected, had given offence to some of the "old school" doctors in the place, received a visit one day, from a couple of embryo M. D.'s, who resolved to test the medical skill of the lecturer. One of them, a fine, healthy young man, complained of certain pains in the chest, a cough, night sweats, etc. The lecturer heard his story, asked a number of questions, and, after a long diagnosis, declared him to be in a deep consumption. This was just what was wanted, and the young doctors could hardly control their mirth. The prescription was written, sealed in an envelope, and directed to one of the first chemists in the town, and as the doctor gave it to the young man he received his fee and bowed them out. To the chemist they rushed to enjoy their pent-up laugh. He opened the envelope, and read the following prescription:—

"This young man is suffering from *cerebral hernia* in the region marked 'self-esteem,' by phrenologists; pray, therefore, give him common sense, ii. grains; wit, i. drachm; horsewhip, *ad libitum*."

The feelings and blank amazement of the would be M. D.'s, can be better imagined than described.

We give another of Curran, the great Irish Barrister. His eloquence, combined as it was with wit and drollery, was irresistible, and his occasional daring style of oratory very singularly contrasted with his extremely undignified person, that, accompanied as it was with his mean apparel, often occasioned him to be taken for a man of the lowest grade. He would, however, glory in the contumely with which he was treated, and once, when taken for the waiter of an inn, he brushed a traveler's coat, as he was authoritatively bidden to do, by the owner, and then traveled inside the coach with him, enjoying the man's amazement when he saw him saluted with awe, at a town whereat the vehicle stopped, by a whole municipal body that was waiting his arrival at the sessions.

Judge Bates is distinguished for his wit and drollery, and never loses an opportunity of displaying his witticisms. The Judge had lately become a strict advocate of temperance, and one evening he went to the village store with the intention of buying a mackerel. His acquaintances, who were loafing around, undertook to quiz him, and the store-keeper joining in, asked him, "What will you have, Judge?" The wag looked around as if in doubt what to choose, and replied as he took out a fine one, "*I believe I will take a mackerel*," and gravely walked out. It was his last invitation.

THE following epigram was perpetrated upon a Mr. Day, a remarkably tall man, who married Miss Night, who was rather short:—

"This match to me appears but right,
Though long the Day, yet short the Night."

MISS FITZROY SOMERSET, daughter of the late Lord Raglan, has the pony upon which he rode before Sebastopol, brought up the steps every morning. She embraces his neck and speaks to him in the most endearing terms. Quite a crowd assemble to witness the novelty of the sight.

THE following incident we had from a friend who knew the party: Deacon Comstock, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose, in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the Deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the bag seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The Deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed round before, but no such effects as these had he ever witnessed. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted for a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question the plaster had dropped off, and the Deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead, one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read:—"Warranted to hold out two hundred yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of even a puritan congregation.

"Ah, Miss Wilden, you must really excuse me," exclaimed the exquisite Button, "when I have a cold in my head, I am always dull and stupid." The fair Ophelia raised her melting eyes, and said, "Oh! how much you are to be pitied." "Ah,—oh, how do you mean?" "Oh," was naively replied, "you must always have a cold." Button sloped.

A STORY is related of a Turk who married; his wife, when unveiled, proved to be very ugly. A few days after the nuptials, she said to him, "My life, as you have many relations, I wish you to inform me before which of them I may unveil." "My soul," said the husband, "if thou wilt but conceal thy face from me, I care not to whom thou showest it."

TWO Dutchmen, traveling together, took up camp at night. Being much wearied by the fatigue of the day, they soon fell asleep. After they had slept for some time, one of them was awakened by a thunder storm. He got up in a fright and called upon his companion to arise, as the day of Judgment had come. "Lie town! lie town, you fool!" says the other; "do you tink the day of shudgment would come in de night!"

ONE of the most extraordinary instances of gambling lately occurred in Straffordshire, England. A lady, who was very fond of play, and, at the same time, very covetous, fell sick during a visit to the country and sent for a clergyman. She induced him to play, and after she had won all his money, proposed playing for the burial fees at her death. They played, and he lost. She obliged him to give his note for the amount as interments stood, and, dying several days after, he redeemed his note by officiating at the burial.

THE reckless Rochester was once taken very ill and sent for a confessor. When the holy man arrived, he expressed an earnest desire that God would spare his life until he could pay his creditors. The confessor was astonished and delighted at the reformation, and, as the motive was good, prayed that his wish might be granted. Rochester turned to a friend, and said, "If God would grant me this mercy—I should never die!"

ONE of our most distinguished chemists, after devoting upwards of a year to the arduous undertaking, has finally succeeded in completing the analysis of a "fast young man." He found it to consist of the following ingredients:

Broken constitution,.....	1
Character, reputation, and occupation,.....	0
Paid bills, and benefit to society,.....	0
	100

IN New Zealand when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is customary to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together, previous to the union:

In Christian lands it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride,
To loggerheads but seldom go,
Until the knot is tied.

AN Italian prince, whose territories were very small, having taken offence at a Frenchman who resided at his court, sent him an order to leave his State within three days. "I am much obliged to his highness," said the Frenchman, "for giving me three days to do what may easily be done in three-quarters of an hour."

ONE of our Secretaries was lately asked, why he did not promote merit; to which, he pertinently answered, "Why! because merit did not promote me."

A CITY conveyancer in drawing a deed, inserted the words, "There are thirty acres of land around the house intended to be built." He is against *Know-Nothingism*.

"LITTLE boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a *fashionably* dressed lady. "P'raps so, a load of hay went through this morning," was the horrid reply.

WE are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, because we never met with a lady's foot yet whose shoe was not, to say the very least, "a mile too big for her."

MRS. SMITH hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant, if he snored in his sleep. "I don't know, marm, I never lays awake long enough to find out," was innocently responded.

MRS. HARRIS says if she should ever be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "bay of biscuits," so that she should have something to live on. Sensible old lady, that.

A WAG, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business just *scooted* him.

FREDDY DOFF is seated on the piazza of a fashionable shed, commonly called a hotel, at Cape May, quietly smoking, and perusing a morning paper, after the terrible exertion of eating breakfast. Servant presents an ominous looking paper. Freddy knocks the ashes from his cigar, glances at the paper, mumbles "all right," and goes on reading. Landlord coming from behind the hall door: "But it is not all right, sir!" "Oh, yes it is—board twenty-five, wine forty, bar fourteen —" "I mean the bill, sir." "Well, I say the bill." "But I allude to the payment, for this is the third bill that you have returned with simply saying, 'all right;' and now I wish a settlement. Our bills are payable weekly," exclaimed the landlord, excited. "And my payments are weakly, sir," coolly replied Freddy. "There must be some mistake, sir, excuse me—are you Mr. F. Doff?" "That is my name, sir." "Well, then, none of your accounts are paid, sir." "Oh, pardon me. I did not say that my—ah—what-do-you-call-em's were settled. I said that my payments were weakly, *lame*—you know?" "Yes, I do know, and if you cannot pay your bill immediately, I shall have you arrested for swindling; and you must leave, sir. Do you suppose that I can board you for nothing, sir?" "Well, if you can't, why don't you sell out to some one who can? Do you expect to be patronized by gentlemen, sir?"

I REMEMBER making a joke after the meeting of the clergy, in Yorkshire, where the Rev. Mr. Buckle was, who never spoke when I gave his health, saying that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved and sunk in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me, exclaiming:

"I see now what you meant, Mr. Smith; you meant a joke."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I believe I did."

Upon which he began laughing so heartily that I thought he would choke, and was compelled to pat him on the back.

AN athletic specimen of a man from the Emerald Isle, called in the counting room of one of our river merchants. He took off his hat to make his best bow.

"The top of the morning to ye, Mither Perot, I've been told ye're in want o' help."

"I've but little to do," replied Mr. Perot, with mercantile gravity.

"I'm the boy for yees. It's but little I care about doin'—sure it's the money that I'm after."

A PEDAGOGUE in teaching the young idea how to shoot found it difficult to impress the letter "G" upon the memory of an urchin of some four years. He finally asked, by way of illustration—"What does your father say to the horses when he wants them to go to the right?"

The youthful prodigy answered with animation—"Hep, go 'long, 2.40."

Here is another that occurred at the same school

during an examination of a class, where the teacher had been explaining the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front towards the north.

"Now, what's before you, John?"

"The north, sir."

"And what behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse at it.

THE same class of "bright ones" were going through their spelling exercises one day, when the teacher accosted one of the little urchins by asking him what G-I-L-A-S-S spelled, repeating every letter in the word separately. The youngster seemed puzzled for a while, when the teacher, by way of illustration, asked him what his mother had in her windows. The youth brightened up like a full moon as he exclaimed—"Now I have it—*old hat*."

THE Duke of Guise was noted for his profusion and liberality; once, when his Steward handed him a list of superfluous attendants to be discharged, he read it, and said, "It is true, I can do without all these people; but have you asked them if *they can do without me*?"

RABELIAS was a great wag, and even the fear of death could not rob him of this propensity. His last speech was a jest; he had just received extreme unction, and being asked if he was prepared for the next world, he exclaimed, "Yes, yes,—I am ready for the journey now—they have just *greased* my boots!"

IN a chancery suit one of the counsel, describing the boundaries of his client's land, said, in showing the plan of it, "we lie on this side, my lord." The opposite counsel then said, "and we lie on that side." The chancellor, with a good-humored grin, observed, "If you lie on both sides, whom will ye have me believe?"

SMITHERS says he always travels with a "sulkey," that is, he always goes with his wife, who contrives to be obstinate and out of humor from the time they leave home till they get where they are going to. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he broke his ankle.

IN MARRIAGE the bride is only given away, while the bridegroom is *sold*, and if he is filled with joy, she is more *fawcy*.

A THIMBLE is defined to be a "diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations."

YOUNG ladies are more powerful than magnets, they not only *draw*, but many cannot resist the attraction.

"I'M GLAD that this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder, at breakfast. "Why?" said Smith. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

It is said that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as that in the pan of a musket—assists her to go off.

BROWN imagines that "the natural diet of an infant being milk, accounts for its *s-(cream!)*"

Oddities.

THE FIRST OYSTER TASTER is thought to have been a bold man. This is said in ignorance of the legend, which assigns the first act of eating oysters to a very natural cause; and few are aware that we are indebted to one of our most singular habits for this great luxury.

It is related that a man walking one day by the sea-shore, picked up one of these savory bivalves just as he was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shell, he inserted his fingers between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them to their mouths, but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's essay having burnt his finger, first tasted cracklin. The savor was delicious—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banquetted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion. And unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.

THE MODERNS may boast of their extraordinary achievements and discoveries, but what are they to compare with the works of the ancients. Ninevah was fifteen miles long, and forty round, with walls one hundred feet high: and thick enough for three chariots. Babylon was sixty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick, and three hundred high, with one hundred and sixty brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was four hundred and twenty feet high. The largest of the pyramids is four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and seven hundred and ninety-three on the sides, its base covers thirteen acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and six; one hundred thousand men were employed in its erection. About the fifteen hundred and ninetieth part of the Great Pyramid of Egypt is occupied by chambers and passages; all the rest is solid masonry. The Labyrinth of Egypt contains three thousand chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty seven miles round. It has one hundred gates. Carthage was twenty-five miles round. Athens was twenty-five miles round, and contained twenty-five thousand citizens and four hundred thousand slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was once plundered of £100,000,000, sterling; and Nero carried from it five hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles in extent, and four hundred and eighty feet in height. In literature and art they surpassed us still more. Their works serve as our models, and though centuries have elapsed, they stand unequalled and unimproved—the admiration and envy of a world.

PRAIRIE-DOG TOWNS.—A distinguished traveler, speaking of these remarkable animals, says:—

"In passing through their villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers sitting upright at the mouths of their domicils, presenting much the appearance of stamps of small trees; and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's self surrounded by the busy hum of a city. The immense number of animals in some of these towns, or warrens, may be conjectured from the large space they sometimes cover. The one at this place is about twenty-five miles in the direction through which we have passed it. Supposing its dimensions in other directions to be the same, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and ninety-six thousand acres. Estimating the holes to be at the usual distances of about twenty yards apart, and each burrow occupied by a family of four or five dogs, the aggregate population would be greater than any other city in the universe."

NAPOLEON'S LAST WILL.—A Paris correspondent tells the following strange story, the truth of which, he says, may be relied on:—"The Abbe Viguani, Confessor to the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, carried about with him, sewn up in his garments, the last will and testament of the fallen monarch, in which he declared excluded from the succession to his throne the two sons of the King of Holland, as a punishment for their father's treason. This will, which has for a long time remained hushed in grim repose, has at last fallen into the hands of Jerome, who threatened to give it publicity, and demanded from his nephew a high price for his discretion. He has, it is said, sold it to the Emperor, by whom it was destroyed. Had it, however, been made public, it would have fallen still-born upon the world. We are now wandering in the dominions of fact, and this tardy protestation of the great Napoleon would have exercised little or no influence on his successor."

BUTTER FROM A TREE.—In Africa, on the banks of the Niger, is a tree called the Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The tree resembles our oak, and the fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled, and the butter thus obtained is whiter, finer, and of a richer flavor than that which is obtained from the cow, besides keeping sweet a year without salt. The growth and preparation of this article is one of the leading objects of African industry, and constitutes the main article of their industry and commerce.

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow, hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow!

AN ODD FISH, the name of which is not known, has just been found at St. Mary, Lake Superior, in a hollow log brought to a saw mill. It is about seven feet long, thirty-one inches in girth, and like the gar in its tushes and coat of mail, but with other resemblances to the alligator and shark. In his stomach were found twenty-nine copper and silver coins, a good sized bowie knife and scabbard, and a revolving pistol with five barrels, all loaded and capped. He appeared as ferocious as a tiger, biting and snapping at everything within his reach, and such was the power of his jaws, and his triple rows of teeth, that he bit the end off from a plank two inches thick by four wide. The person who furnishes the account of the fish suggests that he belongs to the genus *filibuster*.

AN ICE MANUFACTORY is in full operation at Cleveland, Ohio, where this article is produced in large quantities by purely artificial means. Ether is driven, by means of a steam engine and condensers, from a large retort, between a double range of iron plates, through which the water is pumped. The action of the ether converts the water into ice. In this manner ice can be manufactured with the thermometer at 60, at a cost of half a cent per pound.

NEW COMPOSITION FOR PICTURE FRAMES, etc.—Among the latest inventions, a patent has been taken out by E. Gibbs, London, for manufacturing moulded articles from a composition made of the asphaltum of tar and fine brick dust. This asphaltum is the residue left in the retorts in distilling gas tar to obtain naphtha. It is kneaded with one part of brick dust, and then moulded into the proper form for picture frames, or any other article desired. From such cheap materials, it appears to us that a composition may be made which can be vulcanized, and from which many articles like canes and combs might be manufactured.

LEATHER FROM PORPOISE SKINS.—At a recent industrial exhibition of one of the London Societies, among other novelties was some curried leather from the skin of the white porpoise. A report says:—"It seems to possess the essential requisites of toughness and softness, and has been considered superior to the skins of land animals; the price is the same as that of the best calf skin; and a sample pair of boots shown is stated to have worn out seven soles."

A CHEAP HOT-BED.—We commend the following plan of starting plants for early use to the attention of all farmers who are not provided with a hot-bed. It is an excellent plan for starting cucumber and melon vines, whether late or early. It is from a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker.

"After levelling down the top of a heap of horse stable manure, where it was heated, and covered it with pieces of rich turf taken from the edge of the barn yard, cut into squares of five or six inches, and placed grass side down. I planted my seeds in these pieces of turf so that each piece would make a hill; then when it was time to transplant, I just removed each piece of turf to a place prepared for it in the garden, without disturbing the plants the least. I never saw plants grow so fast before, and not one

of them was injured by the bugs, while some planted in the usual way were destroyed by them. For the convenience or transplanting, I should think that turf would be better than loose earth to put on any hot-bed."

CHURCHES IN ROME.—A recent estimate of the value of the churches in the Eternal City has been made, by which it would seem that the outside world has hardly yet formed any approximate judgment of the immense amount of treasures collected within the walls of these temples of Christian worship. St. Peter's, independently of its invaluable treasures of art, cost over \$50,000,000, and the annual expense of repairs is some \$31,000! There are also other churches in Rome equally magnificent in the style and splendor of their decorations, and some two or three of which would buy all the churches in Boston and New York. Thus in the basilica of St. John Lateran, which is the parish church of Rome, is to be found among many chapels a famous one, the Corsini by name, which alone cost \$2,000,000! These prices, it should be remembered, are intended to represent merely the cost of construction and furniture, and do not include the gold and silver gems, and the *chef's d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture, which abound profusely in these magnificent structures.

POISONOUS FLOWERS.—Many persons who cultivate flowers, are not aware that they often get into their collections some plants that are very poisonous. Among the showy flowering plants found in many gardens, is the monkshood, (*Aconite*.) We have heard of children who have been poisoned by chewing the leaves of this plant, while at play in the garden, and it should prove a caution to florists not to have such deleterious plants in the way. The Larkspur and the Foxglove are among the poisonous plants often cultivated for their beauty.

WALLACE'S OAK.—Wallace's Oak, which has stood for centuries as a landmark at Ellerslie, was uprooted by a gale, which recently swept over Scotland. This venerable tree has of late years been dwindling away from natural decay. It measured about four or five feet in diameter. Its fall removes one of the most ancient memorials of the great Sir William Wallace. It stood within a short distance of the mansion-house in which tradition says he was born. This famous tree has often been robbed of its branches, for the purpose of manufacturing snuff-boxes and other fancy articles.

While excavating recently for the cellar of a new building, in Burlington, Iowa, the workmen broke into an arched vault, six feet deep and ten feet square, in which they found eight human skeletons, each of which was a little over eight feet long. The walls of the vault were about 14 inches thick, well laid up with cement or indestructible mortar.

For ventilation, open your windows both at the top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way while the foul air makes its exit at the other. This is simply letting in your friend and expelling your enemy.

Curious and Ingenious Recipes.

.....OUR FAIR READERS will doubtless thank us for the following useful suggestions on the preservation of the wardrobe:—Ladies should bear in mind that silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime, used in bleaching the paper, will probably impair the color of the silk; the brown or blue paper is better, and the yellowish, smooth India paper is best of all. Silks intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before they are made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability, by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened and stiffened by gum. Thread-lace veils are easily out. Dresses of velvet should not be laid by with any weight upon them; if the nap of a thin velvet is laid down, it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs and handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk, with some toilet pins, around the selvages on a mattress or feather-bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible; when dry all the wrinkles have disappeared. It is a nice matter to dress light colored silk, and few should try it. Some silk articles should be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out by a hot flat-iron on the wrong side.

.....ALL good housewives delight in the appearance of their linen, and many will be pleased with the following receipt to *make glossy shirt bosoms*:—Take two ounces of white gum Arabic; powder in a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning filter it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch, made the usual way, will give to either white or printed shirts a look of newness that nothing else can restore to them after washing.

.....THE purity of the breath being of so much consequence, and many being afflicted with impurity without any neglect upon their part, we take pleasure in writing this receipt, as it is certain to afford temporary, if not permanent relief: To a half-tumbler of lemonade, add ten drops of hydrochloric acid, and sweeten to taste. It is a pleasant, refrigerant, and tonic draught, and should be taken several times a day, for a month or six weeks.

.....As so many deaths occur from accidental poisoning, we enclose an immediate and simple remedy which is contained in almost every cottage. It is nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drank immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where required. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow-creature from an untimely end.

.....LADIES with beautiful transparent complexions are so nervous with apprehension during the warm weather, lest they should be sun-burnt or freckled, that we give a French receipt, which is said to be very efficacious: Dissolve an ounce of alum in an ounce of lemon juice, and a pint of rose water. By bathing the face with this preparation freckles are almost instantly removed.

.....ALL who have a *penchant* for white and delicate hands should use the following preparation:—Blanched almonds four ounces; white of one egg; spirit of wine and rose-water enough to make a paste. Beat the almonds to a smooth paste in the mortar, then add the white of egg and rose-water, mixed with half its weight of spirit of wine, to give the proper consistence.

.....A VERY simple, yet certain mode of removing stains from mourning dresses is, to take a good handful of fig leaves, and boil them in two quarts of water until they are reduced to a pint, then squeeze the leaves and bottle the liquor for use. It may be applied to crape, cloth, bombazine, etc., with a sponge, and the effect will be instantaneous.

.....To prevent the colors from running in washing muslin dresses,—take out all the gathers at the top of the sleeves and waist, quickly wash it in warm, *not hot*, water, rinse it immediately, then roll it in a dry sheet, and let it remain till just damp enough to iron.

.....MANY persons, imitating Byron, adopt the practice of washing their hair every morning in cold water, and allow it to dry in coarse curls over the head. This is exceedingly injurious, as it increases the scurf, makes the hair coarse, and emits an offensive odor. After washing, the hair should be rubbed perfectly dry, and then well brushed.

.....THE most simple and efficient methods of extracting grease spots from cloth, silk, etc., is to mix two ounces of the essence of lemon, and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Dip a linen rag into the mixture and rub until the spots disappear.

.....A DELIGHTFUL wash for the complexion is made by putting two ounces of rose water, a teaspoonful of the oil of almonds, and twelve drops of the oil of tartar into a bottle, and shaking them until well mixed.

.....THE simplest process of making rose water is to put the roses into water, and add *one or two drops*, not more, of vitriolic acid. The water assumes the color, and becomes impregnated with the aroma of the flowers.

.....As furs have now been packed away for some length of time, it is a good and necessary precaution to overlook them. Snuff, tobacco, spice, or camphor, are good preventatives against moths.

.....ONE of the safest and best compositions for cleaning the teeth, is a mixture of two parts of cuttle fish bone, and one of Peruvian bark, it both cleans the teeth and strengthens the gums.

Items for the Ladies.

THIS BEING leap year, we suppose the ladies will avail themselves of its privileges by getting married, and rendering themselves and all the modest young men happy. For such occurrences, we furnish a variety of hints and considerations :

PRELIMINARY MATTERS.

A well-informed writer on this interesting matter lays down the following rules to be observed :—

Where a wedding is celebrated in the usual forms, cards of invitation are issued at least a week beforehand. The hour selected is usually eight o'clock, P.M. Wedding cake, wines, and other refreshments are prepared by the bride and her friends for the occasion. The bride is usually dressed in pure white; she wears a white veil, and her head is crowned with a wreath of white flowers, usually artificial; and orange blossoms are preferred. She should wear no ornaments but such as her intended husband or father may present her for the occasion; certainly no gift, if any such are retained, of any former suitor.

The bridesmaids are generally younger than the bride, and should be dressed in white, but more simply than the bride. The bridegroom must be in full dress; that is, he must wear a black or blue dress coat, a white vest, black pantaloons, and dress boots or pumps with silk stockings, white kid gloves and a white cravat.

BRIDESMAIDS AND GROOMSMEN.

The bridegroom is attended by one or two groomsmen, who should be dressed in a similar manner. It is the duty of the bridesmaids to assist in dressing the bride, and making the necessary preparations for the guests. The chief groomsmen engages the clergyman, and upon his arrival introduces him to the bride and bridegroom, and the friends of the parties.

GUESTS.

The invited guests, upon their arrival, are received as at other parties, and after visiting the dressing-rooms and arranging their toilets, they proceed to the room where the ceremony is to be performed. In some cases the marriage ceremony is performed before the arrival of the guests.

THE CEREMONY.

When the hour for the ceremony has arrived, and all things are ready, the wedding party, consisting of the bride and bridegroom, with the bridesmaids and groomsmen, walk into the room, arm in arm; the groomsmen attending the bridesmaids, preceeding the bride and bridegroom, and take their position at the head of the room, which is usually the end furthest from the entrance; the bride standing facing the assembly on the right of the bridegroom, the bridesmaids taking their position at her right, and the groomsmen at the left of the bridegroom.

The principal groomsmen now formally introduces the clergyman or magistrate to the bride and bridegroom, and he proceeds to perform the marriage

ceremony; if a ring is to be used, the bridegroom procures a plain gold one of the proper size.

CONGRATULATIONS.

As soon as the ceremony is over, and the bridegroom has kissed the bride, the clergyman or magistrate shakes hands with the bride, saluting her by her newly-acquired name, as Mrs. —, and wishes them joy, prosperity and happiness; the groomsmen and bridesmaids then do the same; then the principal groomsmen brings to them the other persons in the room, commencing with the parents and relatives of the parties, the bride's relations having precedence, and ladies being accompanied by gentlemen. In this manner all present are expected to make their salutations and congratulations to the newly-married couple, and then to their parents and friends. If the wedding ceremony has taken place before the arrival of the guests, they are received near the door, having, of course, first visited the dressing-rooms; they are then introduced in the same manner. The groomsmen takes occasion, before the clergyman leaves, to privately thank him for his attendance, at the same time placing in his hand the marriage fee, which is wrapped up nicely in an envelope.

CARDS.

When a wedding takes place in a family, the cards of the newly-married pair are sent round to all their acquaintances to apprise them of the event. The cards are sent out by the bridegroom to his acquaintances, and by the parents of the bride to theirs. In some instances, the cards have been united by silken or silver cords; but this mode has not been adopted by people of fashion. To those who leave cards at the residence of the newly-married couple during their absence in the "honeymoon," cards are sent to inform them of their return.

When cards are left for married people who reside with their parents or relatives, their names should be written on the cards left for them, to preclude mistakes. If persons marry whose parents are deceased, they should send cards to their acquaintances.

POLITE, EASY AND GRACEFUL DEPORTMENT.

If you intend to sing or play, do so at once when requested, without requiring to be pressed, or making a fuss. On the other hand, let your performance be brief; or, if ever so good, it will be very tiresome. When a lady sits down to the piano-forte, some gentleman should attend her, arrange the music-stool, and turn over the leaves. Ladies should accept introductions only from relatives and intimate friends. Ladies bow instead of courtesying. A lady should never seem to understand an indelicate expression, much less use one. In ascending staircases with ladies, gentlemen should go at their side or before them.

A lady offers a chair to a gentleman, but asks a lady to sit on the sofa. In winter the places of honor are the corners of the fire-place.

Familiar Talk

WITH CORRESPONDENTS, READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, ETC.

OUR FRIENDS have no doubt noticed that we have made a change in our Fashion department. This has been in accordance with numerous suggestions and requests to popularize the style of our Fashion articles, use less French terms, etc. The ladies are not all French scholars, especially in the remote interior, afar from cities and towns; and even those who are, do not always care to have their knowledge tasked. It is one thing to have a smattering of French, and another to understand all the French terms used in these Fashion articles, many of which are purely technical. Moreover, it is a rule laid down by some of the most distinguished rhetoricians, that foreign terms should be used as little as possible, since the purpose of every good writer should be to be clearly understood, and erudition is in no country so general as to permit the mass of readers to appreciate quotations from foreign languages. It is a very vicious habit that many of our recent English and American writers have fallen into, of constantly using expressions from the French, German, Latin, Spanish and Italian languages. It is a trick of the trade, and is often used to make a show of learning and sense, where there is very little of either to illustrate or elucidate an idea.

"DO YOU MEAN TO ENCOURAGE AMERICAN LITERATURE?" writes one of our literary friends. Certainly we do, as far as we can afford it. But we distinctly wish it to be understood that we do not publish this magazine for the mere gratification of American writers. If the public, for whose taste we cater, desire us to minister to the growth of native literature, it should furnish us with the means of doing so. Hence those who talk so loudly about our duty to take the productions of this or that professional author, should exert themselves to extend the circulation of this magazine.

Of one thing we can assure some of the persons who have written to us on this subject, that we mean to give as much variety as possible to the contents of this periodical. We cannot do this by employing the same set of writers every month, for, as each of them generally writes pretty much in the same strain, and has some special vein of literature to which he or she is devoted, one number of Graham would be a specimen for a year or two. We, therefore, feel it our duty to change the writers as frequently as possible, and, however it may offend some of our old friends, we can, under such circumstances, employ no contributors from whom we shall be obliged to take whatever they write, at so much per page. If this offend certain writers we cannot help it, and are prepared to survive their anger. Some of the best articles we publish are from writers who do not give their names. A few professional authors have fallen into the error of supposing that because no names are given, these articles are not original. But even if they were not, we should be far from considering that an objection to any article. We would much rather give good selected matter than original trash. We mean to make *Graham's Magazine* the organ of

American talent. But in order to do so we do not feel it necessary to consign it to the entire possession of professional mediocrity. Every man or woman in our midst, who follows the business of authorship is not necessarily possessed of a talent for writing, or deserving of encouragement. Thousands have an itch for that sort of thing, but precious few have the divine faculty. It has been the general complaint among the reading public, that the magazine writers of our country were all of a kind, all wrote alike, and had no variety in their styles, specialities, etc. It is to this dissatisfaction that the success of *Harper's Magazine* has been attributed.

EDITORIAL BRILLIANCY.—Many persons think it the especial requisite of editorial articles that they should glitter, no matter whether with the meretricious sheen of tinsel, or with the better polish of pure gold. Common sense, depth, reason, elegance, taste, reflection, are at a discount in this age of show. No matter how good the editorial articles of a newspaper or periodical may be, it is demanded that they should be flippant, slipshod, abusive, vulgar, outré, extravagant, or they do not suit the appreciation of the *blazé* people, to whom everything is insipid which is not extraordinary. Now we admit the impeachment in our own case. We do not aspire to please the determinedly fastidious. To those who have worn themselves out by a life of licentious indulgence, we do not feel bound to cater. For their particular gratification we might be "brilliant," by engaging the editorial services of some literary woman of tainted name, whose style would savor of the badinage of a familiar epistle. Or by engaging some bad-hearted or restless literary man, who would make our pages the vehicle for his personal spleen. The Magazine would then be brilliant with his attacks upon every body. We might easily get up a reputation for brilliancy in this way, by rendering ourselves notorious. But it would be the lustre of a stinking fish on a dark night. We prefer addressing our pages to ladies and gentlemen of refinement, delicacy and good sense.

L. S. G. It is actually refreshing to receive your complaints (?), and we almost regret that the perfection of our future arrangements will not furnish you with an opportunity to renew them. Few are aware of the immense care and labor which are necessary to issue a single number of "*Graham*;" and when we inform you that we had three numbers to prepare in the space that is usually allotted to one, we know that you will pardon us.

N. O. R. Please accept our thanks for your extreme kindness in so politely furnishing us with a specimen of your chirography and poetical taste. You overpower us; but as we have the *latest* edition of the work, we most respectfully beg leave to make our own selections. Permit us, also, to differ with you as regards the title; we consider the original better adapted to the subject than the one you name.

Fashion Gossip.

OUR FASHION PLATE is so highly finished and elaborately designed in style, finish, and coloring, that none can fail to perceive the least change or modification in the prevailing mode. Elegance, ease, and comfort are so gracefully blended, and the style is so perfectly adapted to the season, that all our lady readers will be delighted with the pattern. Light gossamer fabrics or silks are necessarily worn for comfort, and laces, mantillas, capes, etc., are made to correspond. Much taste may be displayed in the choice of colors, as regards complexion, height, etc., and we give a few hints as adapted to the different varieties:

Fancy colors are most becoming to persons of a sanguine temperament and florid complexion.

For ladies with light complexions, fair hair and rosy cheeks, the various shades of blue are quite becoming; where the countenance is quite pale, buff or white should be preferred.

Brown colors are becoming to persons of sandy complexion. Generally, however, these colors are more worn by elderly persons, and those of mature age.

Large plaids are becoming on tall persons; the same may be said of flounced dresses. The effect of stripes is to increase the height of the person.

A plain dress is always becoming, and she who dresses plainly will never dress unfashionably. Next to plainness, is neatness of dress, and taste in the selection of color.

THE FASHIONS

For this month, though somewhat similar to those of last year, are exceedingly elegant and *recherche*. Light gossamer fabrics have entirely superseded silk and *moire-antique*; and the new materials present the greatest variety of style and color. Fashion has fled from the cities, and we find it resuscitated in its greatest magnificence, at the springs and watering places.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

Organdie Robes with three and five flounces, are elegant morning costumes. Double skirts are very fashionable and much worn, especially at summer resorts. Grenadines, with flounced and plain skirts, and Bareges flounced, are best adapted to the season, and make a charming appearance.

EVENING DRESS.

Tulle robes embroidered with cheneille and crape, and white silk illusion, with double skirts, are the most fashionable modes. We have seen some magnificent patterns of the above styles at the extensive establishment of T. W. Evans & Co., Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

BONNETS.

The most fashionable are of the Pamela form, those of rice straw are beautiful. The curtains are wider than ever, and hang down on the neck like the points of fanchons. Sky blue or pink silk, or

crape mixed with white crape, forms a pretty bonnet. At the edge of the front we frequently see a broad ribbon turned over, the narrower part inside, and the wider covering nearly the whole of the front outside; the curtain is ornamented in the same style. The sloping shape is more worn than the round or flat crowns. Flowers and feathers are worn in great profusion on dress bonnets.

The above is a plain and concise statement of the latest styles for the month. In the preceding, we present full particulars and descriptions for elegant and fashionable toilettes, as worn by the *elite* of London and Paris.

The costume worn by her Majesty, the Queen of England, on the celebration of her birth-day, consisted of a train of light blue silk, embroidered all over with a palm pattern in gold, silver and red, trimmed with silver blonde, and bunches of orchidean flowers; the petticoat of white satin had a bouffant of white tulle, and bunches of flowers to correspond to the train. The diadem was of diamonds and opals. The Princess Royal wore a train of rich pink glace silk, trimmed with Newport lace and ribbons; the dress of Newport lace, over a pink glace silk skirt, trimmed with ribbons and lillies of the valley. The head dress consisted of feathers, lappets and lilies of the valley.

All the novelties in dress for the present month are adapted to the style of toilette to be worn at the seaside and the watering places. The richest articles and the most elaborate compositions are employed for the summer.

FOR BREAKFAST WRAPPERS

The preference is given to the *Tissue de chine*, a new silk material, the prettiest of which has a dove colored ground. They are open made in front, displaying a richly embroidered underdress of white cambric. The habit shirt of this costume is made of muslin, with embroidered muslin insertions, through which are run narrow white taffetas ribbons; the trimming is a vandyked edged valenciennes lace, a little gathered. The front of the body forming a breast piece, is composed, as well as the body of the habit shirt, of two rows of embroidered insertions, alternating with rows of bouillonnes. The same frill trims the edge.

FOR MORNING DISHABILLE

At the watering places or in the country, nothing is fresher and prettier than a cavaco of pique, with a skirt of the same. For the warm weather many muslin robes, embroidered all over in sprigs, will be worn; the front of the dress is ornamented in the apron style; the corsage is trimmed with muslin, the same as the dress, and has lappets; the sleeves are half tight as far as the elbow, and are there terminated with a puffing and a flounce. In the puffing there is run a colored ribbon; if the under slip is of blue, pink, or yellow, the ribbon is of the same

color; at the bottom of the skirt is a very deep hem. Many corsages in light materials are simply gathered at the waist and have a belt.

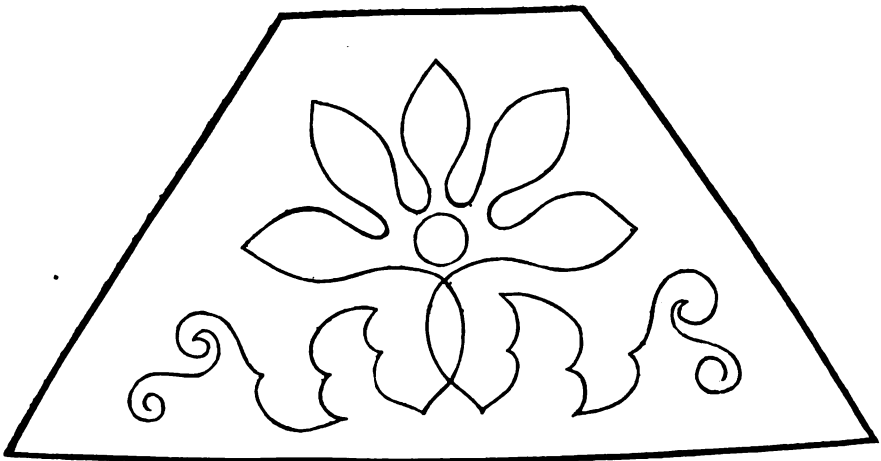
DINNER AND EVENING TOILETTE.

Low necked dresses are much in vogue; over the shoulders is worn a fancy fichu, some of lace, others of insertion and bouillonnes; muslin mantalets and white canzous enjoy a large share of public favor. For full dress, scarf mantalets are composed of em-

broidered silk, or of plain tulle, covered with chenille braiding or bands of velvet, with one or two flounces of deep lace. The mantles, generally, terminate in a rounded point behind. There are many fancy mantles composed of pink, blue or white silk, decorated with ruches, and bordered with long fringes.

Undersleeves are very full, consisting of puffs, with ribbon or velvet ornaments. Jaconet and muslin collars are exclusively confined to dishabille. High necked robes have revers forming braces.

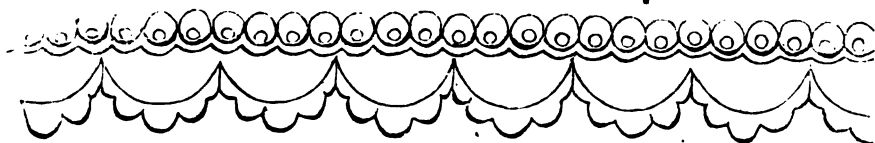
Patterns for Needlework.



PATTERN FOR BRAIDING THE FRONT OF A "CHILD'S SHOE."



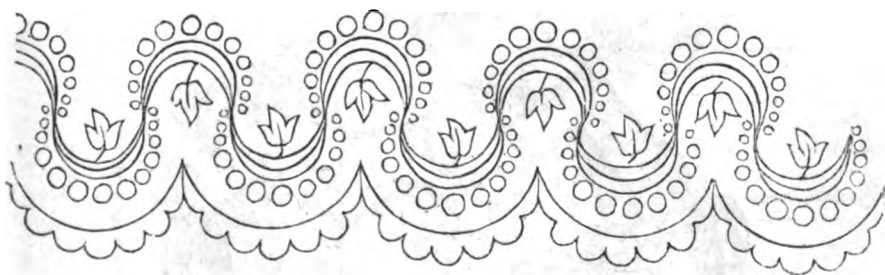
CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



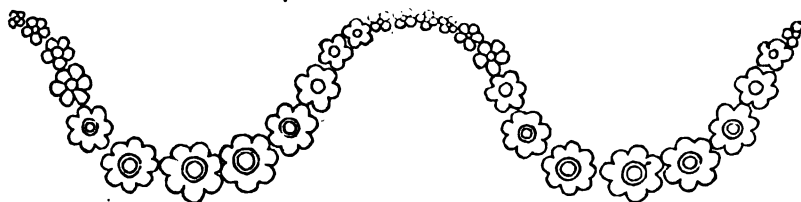
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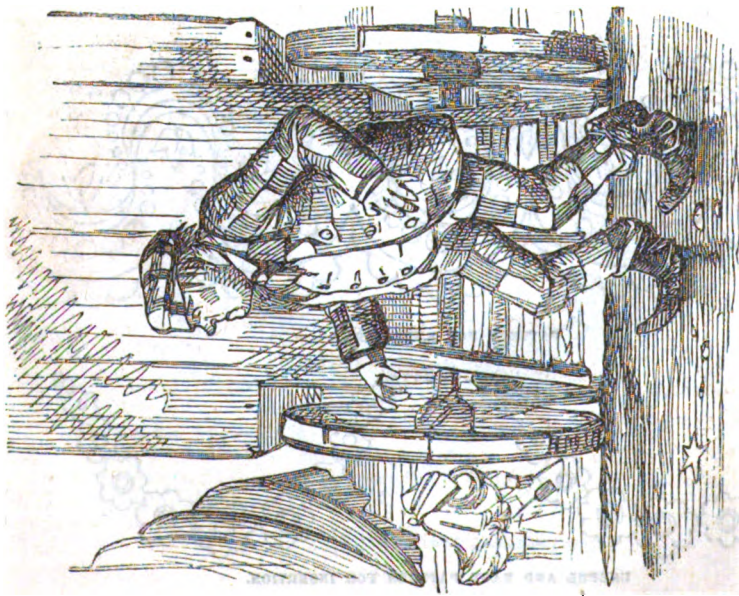
CROCHET PURSE.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



USEFUL AND EASY PATTERN FOR INSERTION.



Mr. Jones in his new boots after a bath at Newport.



Young Lady.—“Are you engaged?”
Cabman.—“Why Lord bless you, ma am, I’ve been married these nineteen years.”



FLIGHT OF HELEN AND PARIS.

GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

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NO. 3.

HELEN OF TROY

CENTURIES ago, when ancient Greece was in her palmiest days of love and chivalry, there was born a maid, who rivaled the softest beams of the morning sun, in her beauty and loveliness. As years grew on, the lovely bud expanded into the full bloom of womanhood, and the wondering senses became lost in the contemplation of her charms and attractions. She was so fair, that the lily paled, and the gentle violet hid its modest head, to blush unseen, at her approach. She was more beautiful

——“than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love;”
and to her

“Nature was so lavish of her store
That she bestow’d until she had no more.”

To her beauty was added all those graceful accomplishments, which were practised in those days; and her gentle bearing and refined taste gave a pure and intellectual caste to her form and actions, that incited and retained the admiration and respect of all who knew her. Her beauty and accomplishments became proverbial throughout the world, and

“At her feet were laid
The scepters of the earth, exposed on heaps,
To choose where she would reign.”

Being of royal parentage, the benefit of the State was consulted more than her personal preferences; and she was bound in marriage to a Spartan king of exalted renown. The time sped quickly on, with nothing to mar the even tenor of their tranquil ease and happiness, until Paris, the prince of Troy, arrived at their Court on a tour of pleasure and observation. He was received with the most distinguished kindness; and himself and suite installed in the royal palace. It seemed as if Fate had destined that these two, each the most perfect of their kind, should meet; and as they met—they loved. Their passion was mutual, and each reciprocated with ardor the other’s affection.

It was upon a lovely morning. The sun rose bright and beautiful in all the grandeur of its magnificence. The gloomy darkness had moodily yielded to the gentle influence of its rays, and the obscure dawn was being lost amid the

purity and lustre of its light—when Paris and Helen met by their first appointment. It was a beautiful time. Nature had just awoken, flushed in beauty; the birds carolled, the balmy dew sparkled with delight, and every thing was filled with enjoyment. The perfumed air, laden with its sweets, was borne pure and fresh upon the morning breeze; heaven was wreathed in its sunniest smiles; and the leafy trees offered a shadowed screen, for them to breathe their mutual vows of love and passion.

Leaning lovingly on his arm, she gazed with enraptured eyes upon his perfect, god-like form; and listened with ecstasy to the ceaseless strain of honied words which he poured into her ear. Her beautiful form trembled with delight, and her heaving bosom bespoke the ecstasy of her enjoyment. Paris, bending low, spoke softly to her, as if he was jealous lest the air should steal some endearing sound from her ravished ear. His low, musical voice faltered with emotion, and his eyes spoke the silent language of his soul.

How beautiful they were. One rivaled the gorgeous beams of the morning sun, in brilliancy and attraction; while the other personified the mellowed light of the languid moon, in the beauty of her grace and loveliness.

“And will such love last?” gently sighed Helen, as if awakening from some spell. “Will not time——”

“Time! what is time?—except when absent from you. Oh! Helen, that thought pains me to the soul; I could not survive our separation. Come, fly with me to my happy home. We will have no time, no change; our lives shall be but one ceaseless strain of love and enjoyment. Quit these unhappy ties, which bind you to a life of misery. The past shall be forgotten in the joyous future; and we will be so happy that each moment will but add a new lustre to the last,” and sinking on his knees, he clasped her form in a passionate embrace. Helen was stupefied at the proposition; she was so absorbed in her love, that the thought of separation had never occurred to her mind, and she was overpowered

with her feelings. Duty and love struggled in her bosom, and she could barely control herself.

"Oh, Paris, you fill me with emotion. Cease such solicitations, they pain me—you forget our positions," and a flood of tears relieved her agitation.

"Consider my—our love, and the pain of being forever separated. It would be death. Since I first seen you, I have had but one thought, one hope, one object, and that was—Helen! oh, death, a thousand deaths are preferable to this agony," and overcome with emotion, he sank exhausted at her feet.

Helen's heart was moved, and as the doting mother hangs over her suffering child, so did she over the prostrate form of Paris. All the finer feelings of her nature were aroused, and she could not resist the promptings of her love. She chafed his temples, and kissed the flowing tears from his burning brow. Paris grew pacified with her caresses, and taking advantage of her softened nature, obtained her consent for their flight. It was growing late, and with a long and passionate embrace, they parted by different paths to reach the palace unobserved.

As there was to be great feasting and dancing at the palace that night, in honor of the guest, it was so arranged between the lovers, that one should feign indisposition, while the other, during the pleasure and excitement of the entertainment, should endeavor to leave without attracting observation. One wing of the palace extended far out into the sea, with postern gate, and flight of steps descending to the water; and as the ships of Paris were anchored near this spot, it was determined to make their escape by these means. Helen and Paris hastened to make their arrangements, and only awaited night to effect their purpose.

Towards evening, the sun's bright face was darkened by a cloud, and as it lowered upon its surface all grew hushed and still, as if silenced by the frown. Others gathered and concentrated, until the bright blue sky was overshadowed with their sombre hues, and heaven wept at the sudden change. As night approached, foreboding clouds swept athwart the blackened sky, and were quickly followed by the raging storm. The ships of Paris, mercilessly tossed upon the foaming billows, put out to sea. Helen shuddered at each blast, and it appeared to her guilty conscience, as if Heaven had interposed to save her from the final step. She recalled the scenes of the morning; dwelt upon each word that Paris had spoken, and concluded that it was too late to retract her promise. Love triumphed over every other feeling, and she awaited with impatience the hour for their flight.

Paris, taking advantage of the storm, ordered the most of his ships to put out to sea, and

make all speed for Troy, so that they could prepare for his reception. The storm so far served his purpose, and they went bounding before the wind to their destination. The hour drew nigh, and the storm somewhat abated. An occasional gleam of lightning showed the argosy, which was destined for their escape, lashed to the palace pier, and all was prepared for their reception and escape.

The hour arrived. Helen accompanied by two of her maids, grouped their way to the palace gate, by the light of their flickering torches. She was exceedingly agitated, and required the support of her attendants to sustain her. As they opened the ponderous gate, the wind extinguished the torches, and left them in total darkness.

Paris, to prevent suspicion, attended the royal entertainment. When the storm came on, he was nervous with apprehension; and, as it increased in force, his fears were unbounded. "What if our flight be delayed? How can I again obtain her consent?" and a host of doubts came crowding through his mind. Helen had feigned sickness, and he could not gain admittance to her presence; every thing was disarranged, and he grew nearly distracted. There was no other course but to abide the issue, and he prepared for the result. After carefully arraying his person in the richest and most costly apparel, he was ushered into the presence of the king, his royal host. But few had assembled, and as Helen had intentionally absented herself, the time grew heavily along. The king most graciously tendered Paris the seat at his side, and entered into conversation with him respecting the bearing and appearance of his nobles. As the hour approached, he grew restless and inattentive, which, the king observing, he pleasantly remarked: "That he probably detained him from some lovely fair one, who was grieving at his absence." Paris, laboring under excitement, conscience-stricken, and nervous from anxiety, grew deadly pale, and fairly trembled with apprehension. Could he possibly know their intention? Had Helen relented, and exposed their meeting? Should he explain all, and beg for clemency? flashed like lightning through his brain. He was startled, and his fears allayed by the merry laugh of the unsuspecting monarch, who had observed his embarrassment, and attributed it to some love affair.

"Ha! ha! Paris, the irresistible Paris, caught in love's meshes! Who is the fair one? Ha! ha! The queen must hear of this. Ha! ha!" and calling to one of the ushers, he proceeded to give him instructions to carry the message to the queen. It was the hour. Helen's absence would be discovered, and all would be lost. What could be done? There was but one plan, and that a bold one—but it must be accom-

plished. He knew that he could depart without offending the king, who would naturally suppose that he had accepted his implied permission to leave, or would think that he wished to hide his embarrassment. He hastily arose, approached the door, and beckoning the man of arms (who guarded the entrance,) towards him, he gave orders, in the name of the king, to arrest the usher as soon as he entered the hall, and to confine him until the next day. The soldier took his stand to obey the command, and Paris leaped down the stairs to the postern gate—fear adding speed to his flight. As he passed along, he snatched a torch from one of the stands in the lengthy hall, and hastened towards the gate.

When the torches were extinguished, Helen was filled with fear and apprehension. It was pitchy dark, and the wind came moaning and howling along in frightful gusts. The ponderous gate was clanging against the wall, and the vast hall re-echoed with the sound. All would be alarmed. They were petrified with fear, and their strength deserted them. It was past the hour, and Paris had not come. Helen's heart failed her, and she would have given worlds to regain her chamber. The full magnitude of the sin she was about to commit presented itself to her in all its force, and she revolted from its accomplishment. Exerting her remaining strength, she grouped her way into the hall, and hastened towards her apartment, in hopes of escaping detection.

Paris pursued his rapid flight, and as he turned an angle, heard the clash of the gate against the wall. Filled with alarm, he increased his speed, and when near the gate, met Helen and her maids advancing. She screamed with affright at his sudden appearance and haggard countenance.

"Come, hasten, or we will be detected!" he hastily exclaimed, as he approached. "That noise will alarm the sentinels. Quick!"

"Forgive me, Paris, but I—I cannot go," sobbed Helen, laboring under the most intense agitation.

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at the feet of Paris, he could not have been more astonished; he doubted his senses, but as Helen did not advance, he realized the truth.

"Not go! Impossible! God, I shall be distracted. Not go—when every thing is completed, and we are here to put it into execution. Then know that I have forfeited my life with the king; that his minions will now soon surround us, and that I have done this for your sake. Oh! Helen, do not change at such an hour. Why did you wait until our happiness was so near being perfected? But you will go. Hark! they now approach; they will soon be here. Come, come, I say, or my life must pay the forfeit of your indecision."

"I am yours! Haste! They come!"

They hurried to the gate. For the first time he thought of the pier; it was long and narrow, and the darkness was impenetrable. Even if the torch was not extinguished by the wind, they could not carry it, as it would lead to detection. They could not group their way; there was no time, and a miss-step was certain destruction. The footsteps were hastily approaching, Helen remembered the pier, and her heart sank within her.

"The pier—the pier!" she shrieked. "We are lost!"

They were at the gate. The footsteps sounded clear and distinct. They neared the angle, Paris cast the torch into the raging sea, and hastily bidding them to cling to each other, he boldly stepped into that sea of darkness—his soul centered in his object. After a few steps, he struck against some object.

"Is that you, my Prince?" exclaimed a voice.

"Yes, my good Birados. Hasten! How can we reach the galley? They are upon us!"

"Follow the line of men; they have joined hands, and form a chain to the stairway. Hasten, my prince; I can see the glimmer of their torches. Men, as the prince and ladies pass, follow in their wake—not too close—but speed."

They are aboard. The cable is cut, and the galley melts into the darkness. Helen, overcome with her extraordinary feelings and exertions, sinks down utterly exhausted, while Paris endeavors to soothe her with endearing words and caresses. Finally she is pacified, and steadily gazes upon those eyes, which peer so lovingly into her own. The difficulties encountered, and the agony that she suffered, is soon forgot in her present happiness. Paris, delighted at her speedy recovery, and anxious to divert her mind, summons the wary Birados to his presence. As he approached, Paris rose to meet him, and friendly extended his hand.

"My brave Birados, how came you to arrive so opportunely?"

"Well, you see, my prince," answered the rough, but noble seaman, "when I heard the heavy gate beating against the wall, I knew that the noise and strangeness of the occurrence would alarm the sentinels, and knowing that some one must have opened it, I supposed it might be either you, or those that you expected, and I hastened to the rescue."

"For which promptness, we have to thank you for our safe deliverance," said Paris, and Helen smiled her assent.

"Well, my prince, it was so pitchy dark, that we had to feel our way," continued the elated seaman; "and thinking that there might be some danger, I ordered them to remain in the position you found them, so that the others could find

their way in case they were wanted. As it happened, you arrived just as the row was formed, and—"

"We owe our safety and happiness to your precaution; for which, we proclaim you admiral of our fleets, and grant you five thousand pieces a year. I have long known your worth and efficiency, and only waited a fitting opportunity to confer this favor. May you be as contented as you are worthy of it."

Birados could not find words to express his thanks, and as he stood in silent amazement, Helen gracefully advanced, and taking a valuable chain from her lovely neck, bade him stoop his head, and as he sank upon his knees, she gracefully threw it over his weather-beaten brow. "I must join the prince in tendering you some token of our esteem, accept this, and keep it in remembrance of the donor."

Birados was overcome with their kindness and condescension; and as he rose, endeavored to stammer out his thanks, but the prince interrupted him, saying:

"That his silence was more expressive than words;" and as he could no longer control his happy emotions, he retreated to the deck.

Upon the arrival of the argosies in Troy, which had been despatched previous to the escape, all exerted themselves to complete the gorgeous preparations for their reception. Wealth was lavished, and art taxed to its utmost extent, to perfect the arrangements; and upon every thing being completed, the galleys hove in sight. All Troy had gaily assembled to greet and witness the arrival, and the beach was lined for miles with the anxious populace. As they neared the shore, the air came laden with the joyous shouts of the multitude; the music swelled upon the breeze; and emblazoned banners waved an exultant welcome. Helen was handed from the galley by Priam, the King of Troy, to a triumphal car, drawn by twelve milk-white steeds. Costly tapestry was spread from the beach to the city gates, and as the car advanced, the path was strewn with the rarest flowers. It was the triumph of beauty; bards sang verses to her charms, and all strived to attract her attention. Helen could only smile her thanks.

"Her tears her only eloquence."

How different from these pompous triumphs were the scenes which were being enacted in Greece. Upon the discovery of the flight, rage was unbounded; all flew to arms, and made the private wrong a nation's cause. "Revenge!" was the public cry, and it was echoed from hill to hill, thousands answered the call, and came flocking to the standard. Immense armies were raised, ships built, and munitions stored, in an incredible space of time; and Troy awoke from her revelry, to find herself besieged. Lamenta-

tions were useless; there was no recourse but defence, and they prepared to resist their assailants.

Helen was aroused from her infatuation to a full sense of her unhappy situation. Upon one side was arraigned her friends and countrymen to avenge her abduction; and on the other, her lover and adopted nation to defend her person. Both had her sympathies. She could not realize the idea of being the sole cause of the dreadful struggle; but sank into a morbid lethargy, from which nothing could arouse her. Seated at her loom, with her maids around her, she devoted her time to weaving representations of the most distinguished deeds and actions of the war. She pursued this course for upwards of nine years, during which time, the siege was carried on and sustained, without any material advantage to either of the opponents.

The Greeks, finding that their utmost efforts were unavailing, resolved to accomplish through stratagem, what they had failed to do by force. Their leader, the crafty Ulysses, gave out that the siege was now abandoned, and after making an offering to the gods, for their safe return, they would sail for Greece. The welcome report spreads, and all Troy rejoices at the prospect of their deliverance. The Greeks build a monster horse of wood, cover it with furs, fill it with chosen warriors, and apparently depart for home. The long-besieged Trojans, rejoicing in their liberty, come bounding over the plain. They examine the deserted spot of their departed foes; and gaze with wonder upon the vast proportions of the colossal horse. Some advise that it be cast into the sea or burnt; while others, fearing to offend the gods, insist that it be carried into the city, as a trophy of their victorious arms. They divide upon the subject, when Laocoon steps forward, and thus exhorts them:—

"What! has ten years not sufficed to teach you the wiliness of your foes? Have you so soon forgot the crafty Ulysses, that you give credence to his words? Cast the monster into the deep, or make a sacrifice of its massive carcass! Why do you hesitate? It is thus, that I treat the works of the perfidious Greeks," and seizing a javelin, he hurled it with all his force against the horse's rugged side, which reverberated with a dull, mocking sound at the blow. The Trojans set up a cry of horror at this sacrilegious treatment of an offering; and shuddered as they gazed upon the perpetrator of the audacious act. Just then, a Grecian youth is brought in prisoner, his simple tale and youthful grace win the confidence of the Trojans, and he leads them to their destruction. He tells them how Minerva and Neptune had appeared unto the Greeks, and commanded them to sacrifice one of

their youths to one, and to build an offering for the other, which could not enter the gates of Troy. How he was chosen for the one, and his escape from his cruel countrymen; and how the monster horse was constructed for the other. He said that if they could once get the horse into the city, certain destruction would follow the Greeks. All gave credence to his words, and an occurrence of the next day served to convince them that he spoke the truth. Laocoon, who had so boldly defied the gods, was making sacrifices to Neptune, on the beach. His two sons were assisting him, and he invoked the aid of that deity to destroy the Greeks, on their homeward passage. Even as he spoke, two large serpents rose from the sea, and made directly for them. Escape was impossible, and they awaited their doom with fear and trembling. They coiled around Laocoon and his sons, crushed them to death, and raising their crest, started for the sea. The Trojans looked upon this as the punishment of his audacity, and all hastened to convey the horse into Troy. After much labor it was raised over the wall, and placed in the citadel. All Troy was delighted with the achievement, and the city was one scene of excitement and carousing.

It was midnight, there was nothing to disturb the solemn silence which reigned, except the ceaseless murmur of the mighty ocean, and an occasional shout, which came and melted away into the prevailing stillness. The form of the Grecian captive stole silently along, until he approached the massive horse; he then paused, and peering stealthily around to see if he had escaped observation and was not followed, he gave three distinct raps upon the ponderous hoof. The sound was taken up and echoed through its cavernous depths; a rumbling sound followed, and a concealed door was cautiously opened from the side. Ladders were let down, and the Greeks silently descended. Not a word was spoken. Each quietly took his post, and when all had assembled, the order to advance was given in a guarded tone, and they silently proceeded to their work. As they passed along, bodies were detached to the different houses. None were spared! A smothered shriek or groan would burst upon the startled ear, and end in gurgling sounds; once a piercing shriek floated on the wind, and then silenced into the stillness of death. The drowsy sentinel of the palace gate became disturbed at the unusual sounds, and gave the alarm. It was too late, they were approaching. Aged Priam was aroused from his slumber by the shrieks which now rent the air. He assumed his royal robes of state, and seated upon his throne, he calmly awaited death. The tumult increased, and the clashing of swords was heard in the hall. Bloody Phyrus, a fer-

cious Greek, rushed into the royal chamber. Priam sat unmoved, indifferent to his fate. Phyrus stopped to gaze upon him; his brutal nature was filled with admiration, as he surveyed the calm dignity and firmness of the aged monarch.

"Why delay? Do you hope to fright my soul?" spoke Priam. "Strike, dastard, strike."

The savage Greek sprang upon him with a bound, and thrust his sword, reeking with the blood of former victims, through his noble person. He gave a groan, and sank into the seat—a corpse.

Paris and Helen were filled with the utmost alarm. "The Greeks!" "the Greeks!" was the cry which fell upon their startled ears, and their blood curdled at the sound. Paris arrayed himself in armor, seized a sword, and hastily barricaded the door. Helen was entirely overcome, and sank upon the floor.

"Haste! haste!" exclaimed Paris: "take the private stairway. Nerve yourself; there is no time for delay."

"But you—you, Paris."

"I will follow. Away! they come;" and as he spoke there was a knock at the door. Helen hastened to the stairway, and Paris sprang towards the door. Another knock followed; the door was broken from its fastenings, and Phyrus fell into the room. Paris attacked him. They had barely crossed their weapons, when another form hastily approached, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed:

"Hold!!! This is my affair." Helen's husband stood as an avenger before the author of his wrongs. Both paused, and he bid Phyrus to guard the door.

"Let none enter," he coldly added, and then advanced towards Paris, who stood like a lion at bay. He was prepared to die, but resolved to sell his life dearly. Not a word was spoken. Each gazed upon the other with the concentrated hate of years embodied in their eyes, and simultaneously advanced for the attack. Paris fought with desperation; it was his only hope. His opponent saw before him the object of his hate, the perpetrator of his wrongs, and the cause of all his anguish and suffering, and he fought with the vigor of a demon. Nothing could withstand his fiendish cuts. Paris was compelled to retreat. His blows followed upon each other so quick, that they appeared incessant, and he could only guard himself by withdrawing. A grim smile sent terror to the soul of Paris. He knew that it proclaimed his death—for so soon as he reached the wall, his movements would be stopped and his minutes numbered.

The blows rained down; death was inevitable unless he could turn his adversary, and he exerted his utmost efforts and skill to effect that

purpose. Desperation added strength to his powers, but it was useless. He neared the wall. His opponent redoubled his energies to force him to it; the struggle was for life or death, and each strove to conquer. The arm of Paris touched the wall, and the next blow of his adversary's sword went crashing through his skull.

Phryrus rushed by, and sprang through the door leading to the private stairway. Passing down the steps he found himself in a place of worship. Kneeling at an altar was a female form; he rudely raised her, and peered into her face.

"Ha! Helen of Troy," he exultingly shouted, "by the gods, this is——"

"Oh, spare me! spare me!" pleaded Helen, falling on her knees.

"Spare you! Who did you spare? No!

Had you a thousand lives I would kill them all," and seizing her by the hair, he plunged his bloody sword into her snowy bosom.

"May all so die who tarnish the name of Greece," exclaimed a solemn voice.

"My husband!" shrieked Helen, and expired.

The Greeks, in the retribution of the wrongs which had been inflicted upon them, knew no limit to their vengeance. The Trojans were slain, the city destroyed, and to this day its location is a matter of conjecture. Not a stone was left upon another; everything was cast into the sea, and the ground within the city limits ploughed up, and planted with trees. It was only after all means were used to sink its very name into oblivion, that the Greeks were satisfied with their work, and only then did they return home—the exulting avengers of a private wrong.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS.

BY C. F. ORNE.

"Sweet childhood's sunny hours are gone,
Its merry sports and plays,
And thou hast lost, my fair young girl,
Thy brightest, happiest days."

She tossed the ringlets from her brow,
With movements full of grace,
And joyous smile, like sunlight, played
Upon her lovely face.

"Oh, I was free as any bird
That sings upon the bough,
And my careless heart was lightly swayed—
Yet my happiest days are now.
My little griefs were deep to me,
Full often fell my tears;
Shadow and sunshine chase the hours
In childhood's flying years."

"Ah, now thy happiest days are o'er,
Thou shalt see care and grief,
Thou hast won to woman's sad estate—
Thy girlish life was brief.
Others have ever cared for thee,
Now thou must care for them,
And many a dark and surging tide
Thy feeble strength must stem."

She answered, while the love-light clear
Beamed from her earnest eyes:
"My girlhood's hours were pleasant hours,
Made glad by many ties.
Yet still they had, 'mid all their glee,
Some darkly clouded skies;
They had their sorrows and their sins
That still like phantoms rise.

But now with my sweet babes to lead.
Or in my arms to bear,
With my beloved his strength to give
And all my burdens share,

How can I to the past look back
Or let care cloud my brow,
Toil for the loved is sweet, is light,
My happiest days are now."

"Thou art grown old; thy hair is gray;
Thy graceful charms are fled,
Thy youth is gone, thy heart is cold,
Thy loved are with the dead.
The world has no allurements now,
Thou standest on Death's shore,
The sunlight past; the darkness near;
Thy happiest days are o'er."

She answered, while a heavenly light
O'er each mild feature streamed
As if the soul's angelic rays
Through mortal ruins beamed:
"I am indeed grown old; my years
Are drawing near their end;
They have left me on my pathway lone—
Lover and child, and friend.

Alone, yet not alone am I,
They commune with me still;
The world is all shut out; they come
My soul with joy to fill.
Alone, yet not alone am I,
My God doth guide my way;
Still by the hand he leadeth me,
Nor leadeth me astray.

I see the heaven that lies beyond
What seems so dark to thee;
I see, I hear the angel band
That wait to welcome me.
The harp is ready for my hand,
The crown attends my brow,
For my Redeemer is my strength—
My happiest days are now."

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ANN W. CURTIS.

CHAPTER I.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
They kept the even tenor of their way.—CHART.

"Don't you think it is time for Richard to be here, mother?" said Margaret Manning as she dropt upon the spindle the yarn that she was spinning, and walking to the window, looked earnestly along the path that led to the cottage.

"He will soon be here, for it is nearly six o'clock," replied her mother, laying down the cards with which she was preparing rolls for her daughter to spin, and picking up the broken brands beneath the tea-kettle, that hung on the crane in the huge fire-place.

Their home—the brown gable-roofed cottage—was situated on an eminence in a wild hilly tract of country, on the sea-coast of Maine. The morning sun rose from out the mighty ocean, and set at evening behind rugged hills covered with pines and firs. Dwelling houses were sparsely scattered over the region, and not even one could be seen from Mrs. Manning's cottage, not so much because of distance as of the intervening hills and woods.

Mrs. Manning had come with her young husband from the "Province of Massachusetts Bay," twenty-five years before, and careful industry and patient toil had reared for them their comfortable cottage, and reclaimed from the waste their little farm. The early advantages of Mrs. Manning had been of a superior character, and it was necessary for her to bring into exercise all the energies of a strong heart and cultivated intellect, when she was left a widow with three children, and no other resource than their rather unproductive farm.

Robert, her oldest son, now twenty-three years of age, was a person of energy, manliness, and decision; and though but a boy of twelve at the time of his father's death, he had at once assumed the almost entire care and management of the farm. His character early matured in the exercise of those faculties which are seldom called into play in the midst of affluence. The spirit and activity of boyhood were not crushed or depressed in him, but they were diverted from their usual channels. Fishing, skating or where hazle-nuts grew thickest, were no longer subjects of absorbing interest; but he would listen with eager and careful attention, whenever he heard the neighboring farmers talking of the best time of sowing grain, planting vegetables, or cutting timber and firewood; and his mind thus became strong and thoughtful, and he was early looked

upon by all around as a person of sound judgment, sterling sense, and much intelligence.

Richard, the youngest of the family, had from the age of nine to sixteen, been an invalid; and for this reason had been able to gratify and cultivate an earnest thirst for study. The number of books that had fallen into his hands had been limited, and therefore the better mastered. He pored, and dreamed, and thought over them, till he seemed to inhale their essence, and incorporate them with his being. Books of English study—grammar, mathematics, and history—their own cottage had afforded; while their minister—a strange, silent old man—had always been ready to lend him what few books his library furnished, and had been to him a kind and able instructor. But "Shakespeare," "Pilgrim's Progress," and the works of Swift, were almost the only books of recreation that had fallen into the boy's hands, and on this strong food the powers of his young mind expanded; while his interest and, as far as he was able, participation in the cares and labors of the family, imparted to him an early character of thought and energy.

Margaret was one year the senior of Richard, and from his having been so much confined by sickness, had been his constant companion. There was between them a beautiful sympathy of mind and heart—a consciousness as it were of each other, derived not so much from words, or direct communication, as from a sort of intuition. They possessed the same strong and delicate feelings, and the same deep and absorbing sense of the beautiful, whether found in the pages of the poet, or seen in the sunshine and shade of the actual world.

Beauty and Genius! As often does it dwell at the cottage hearth as in the princely halls of affluence; and it seems to spring in greater strength, and more perfect loveliness, through the stubborn soil of poverty, than when surrounded by the fostering care of wealth. The aspiration is higher, the struggle deeper, the success more glorious.

For more than two years, Richard had been in the employ of a mercantile firm in the town of Portsmouth, ten miles distant. He had entered upon his new duties with the earnestness and ability consistent with his character, and, perhaps, the more eagerly, that during the years in which he had been an invalid, the idea of his inability to share in the labors of his brother, had constituted his one trouble.

Walter Hayne, the only son of their nearest neighbor, whose house, however, was three quar-

ters of a mile distant, was employed in the same firm with young Manning, and they "took turns" in visiting their homes, each coming every alternate Saturday, and returning on Monday.

It was now the evening for Richard's return, and the hour had long past, at which he usually reached the cottage. The shadows deepened around, and the fire light gleamed more brightly. It was a home for comfort: that broad stone hearth, the ample fire-place, in which now a pitch wood torch, placed upright, sent its bright, fitful gleams, and made the shadows dance around the room; and the little bright grains that was mingled with the sand brought from the sea-shore, and scattered in tasteful figures over the white oaken floor, glistened like tiny diamonds; while "the pewter plates on the dresser caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine." On the old fashioned round table, covered with a pure white cloth, was spread the evening meal, ready for the little family to partake, as soon as he arrived.

CHAPTER II.

Maybe without a further thought,
It only pleased you thus to please,
And thus to kindly feelings wrought;
You measured not the sweet degrees;
Yet, though you hardly understood
Where I was following at your call,
You might—I dare to say you should—
Have thought how far I had to fall.—MILNES.

It was one of the changing days of April, mingling in its character the different seasons of the year. Great patches of snow lay scattered among the brown hills; the brooks leaped and gurgled beneath their thin icy glazings, and the brown and withered leaves of the preceding autumn, lay scattered beneath the trees, whose buds were swelling for the leaves of another summer. The sunlight fell upon the sea, and the foamy crests of the waves sparkled, as though from their deep troughs they had caught up diamonds. To the north, the faint blue of the White Mountains was seen through the clear atmosphere, mingling with the deeper blueness of the sky, where the light fleecy clouds were floating like ships drifting upon a waveless sea; while to the west, the tall pines and dark firs seemed to set the landscape as in a frame-work.

Richard Manning stood there alone upon the shore—alone in the pride, the glory, and the happiness of youth. The sea, the sunlight, the rugged hills, the waving trees, and the ocean breeze, as it came up and mingled with the strongly scented air, that swept through the pines, all seemed to breathe into his soul, that high enthusiasm, that thirsting for beauty and truth, which is at once the hope and the prophecy of youth.

It was to him one of those days that mark a life-time; the emotions of which remain forever

stamped upon the soul—fossilated, as it were, within the inmost recesses of the being—and give form and strength to every sentiment of love, and truth, and beauty.

Manning had, through the recommendations of his present employers, a few days before, received a lucrative offer from a mercantile house in Boston, to become its agent at Cadiz. It was proposed for him to go at once to Boston, and make himself familiar with the business to be entrusted to him, and then proceed to Spain the ensuing September. He received the proposal with the utmost pleasure, and would at once have accepted it, had he not felt that there were others than himself to consult. He therefore promised to give his answer as soon as he should have visited home, at the same time expressing his inclination to accept the offer.

But, it was not alone the thought of his family that made him hesitate: he thought of another—of Arabel Grey—the bright vision that had floated into his soul, and tinged every purpose and feeling, like the blushing hue that touches the leaves of the white rose when first they open to the sun.

Arabel Grey, was indeed beautiful enough for a poet's love; and even a stranger could scarce have looked into those soft brown eyes, and marked the sunny brightness of the smile that played so often about her sweet rosy mouth, without feeling toward her a sense of irresistible attraction. Her manners, too, were fascinating as her beauty; and she had received all the advantages of education and polish, which her position, as the child of wealthy parents, afforded.

Her home was in Boston; but she had been in Portsmouth for several months, on a visit to her cousin, Mary Weston, to whom Walter Hayne had been for some time engaged. From being clerk in the same house, as well as from much that was congenial in character and disposition, a strong friendship had sprung up between Hayne and young Manning. Manning had sometimes called at Mr. Weston's with his friend, and there he had first met Arabel Grey.

Every facility had been afforded to their intimacy; and she had awakened in his soul all that love, of which, a deep and earnest nature is capable; while he rejoiced in the consciousness that his affection was returned. He knew it from the increased brightness of her smile, and the loving light that filled her eyes, whenever he drew near her; and he heard it, when, in addressing him her voice murmured a softer cadence, than when she spoke to others.

The father of Walter Hayne, as we have said, resided about a mile from the cottage of Manning's mother; and Mrs. Hayne, wishing to receive a visit from Mary Weston previous to her

marriage with her son, had extended the invitation to Arabel Grey, partly to supply her with a companion in their retired home, and partly because she knew that Mary could not otherwise well leave home, while Arabel was visiting at her father's, and both of them were now spending a few weeks at the fine old home stead of Mr. Hayne.

Of Arabel, young Manning thought, as he stood there, upon the sea-shore; and of every bright vision, she formed a part.

Hitherto, he had felt that there had been little need of words between them; for both were young, and it seemed to him, that their beautiful consciousness was sweeter than words could make it.

Now, that he was about to form so important a decision, involving his absence for several years, he felt that she should be at once consulted; and before going to his mother's house he determined to call for a while at Mr. Hayne's, that he might in words, exchange with her the pledges of a love, which each had silently acknowledged, and unfold to her all his plans and purposes.

With eager step, a cheek flushed with strong emotion, and eyes radiant with the light of youth, and hope, and love, he entered the dwelling.

He came out with palid face, and his large eyes looking cold and stony.

A few hours before, and he was a boy, bright and joyous as the sunshine of spring; now, that which had made existence beautiful—the ethereal essence of joy—had vanished, and might never more be gathered to fall upon his heart.

Arabel had received him with that air of fondness which left not a doubt of the success of his errand; and her voice lost none of its loving tones, as she told him that she had long been engaged—engaged, she said, before she had ever had the happiness of knowing him.

In the anguish and confusion of the moment, he forgot, or heeded not, the way that led to his mother's cottage; but after wandering, he knew not where, he at length reached it.

"Richard," exclaimed Mrs. Manning, marking, as soon as he entered, his wild and haggard look, and the paleness which the flickering light rendered the more ghastly, "what has happened? are you ill?"

"I am well; quite well," he answered, in a hoarse, constrained voice; and then at once, made every home inquiry with an appearance of usual interest.

Margaret, aware of her brother's feelings towards Arabel Grey, immediately conceived that his strange manner was somehow connected with her, and forbore to make any remark which could possibly embarrass him; but before retiring to rest, she stole softly into his room.

He was sitting silent and immovable in his chair, and gazing fixedly on the lengthening wick of the candle, that was burning on the table before him. He heeded not the approach of his sister, nor turned his eyes toward her, till, bending over him, she whispered, "Is anything the matter with Arabel, dear Richard?"

He started suddenly; then turning his head slowly toward her, he looked up and said, "Mabel is soon to be married to another. Do not talk of it, Margaret. Good night." And they spoke of it no more; save that on the succeeding Sabbath afternoon, when leaning over his shoulder, she read on a scrap of paper that was lying in a book which he held before him, these lines:

My boat is on a stormy sea,
The breakers wild are chasing me;
And rocks, and shoals, and sands are near
O, whither, whither shall I steer!

She took the pencil from his hand, and wrote beneath them:

Look, there is a light 'mid darkness gleaming,
See, there is a star from Heaven beaming:
I know, I'm sure, that light will safely guide,
That star, it points beyond this weltering tide.

And with a look of sorrow that went to her heart, he looked up and said, "the clouds are too heavy. I cannot see the stars through them."

A few months later, and Manning stood on the deck of the vessel that bore him from his native land.

It is strange, the power of a breath of wind, a ray of sunshine, a strain of music, or a gleam of beauty, to awaken to high endeavor—to revive forgotten hopes.

He leaned over the vessel's side, feeling that for him life had no longer any purpose—the wealth of his affections had been frittered away—his manhood insulted. A breath of wind stirred the hair about his temples: he slowly raised his head, looked at the sea, reflecting in its calm beauty the Tyrean colors of an autumn sky. He removed his cap, and as the light breezes played upon his forehead and among his hair, a new inspiration stole over him; and he resolved that however blighted to himself, his life to others should not be a failure.

CHAPTER III.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath."

It was hard to tell which is the happier—those hearts that are deep as mountain wells; whose every strong emotion becomes an ecstasy or an anguish, and where love—the one love of the heart, is strong as its own fibers; or those which are capable of no intensity of feeling, and dream not of the depths which they have never fathomed.

Mabel Grey was not perhaps, really an evil-minded woman, but there were no depths in her

soul. Never had she met with one whose society had been more pleasing to her than young Manning's, or one for whom she had exerted more her powers of fascination; and yet she had no purpose to injure him permanently, nor would she have done so, even for a brief period, had not her own pleasure and vanity been concerned.

She kept her engagement to another, neither from love or truthfulness, but because it secured the wealth and luxury, which, she well knew, the bride of Manning must, at least for a long time forego.

Receiving a love as light and volatile as that she gave, she married—married as thousands, as ten thousands marry everywhere. Both were pleased, and the world said, it was a "good match." And when, after a union of several years, death made her a widow. For a few days she seemed inconsolable, and then her tears were dried, and she never thought to weep more.

CHAPTER IV.

"Like a still serpent, basking in the sun,
With subtle eyes, and back of russet gold,
Her gentle tones and quiet sweetness won
A coil upon her victims—fold on fold,
She wove around them with her graceful wiles,
'Till, serpent-like, she stung amid her smiles."

Dwelling in the beautiful home of his childhood, Walter Hayne had been for many years married to his early choice—Mary Weston, when they received a visit from their widowed cousin Mabel. They welcomed her to their home, and saw no serpent coiled at their feet; no "shrinking Mimosa," closing its leaves "at the hoof-beats of fate."

Mrs. Hayne was a woman of open and unsuspecting temper, and thought as little, when engaged in domestic affairs, of leaving Arabel to be entertained by her husband, as she would have done of leaving her to listen to the prattle of her boys. But at length a sorrow, such as in her life before she had never experienced, stole over her—first, like a shadow—then, darkening her whole being.

She saw intuitively that Arabel was more silent in her presence than when left alone with her husband. If she unexpectedly entered the room where they were seated, the tones of her voice would change, and she would conclude an unfinished sentence in a manner different from what she believed it would have been had she not entered. Still, her deportment was of that character which can only be felt—so little tangible, that, brought into words, it seems like jealousy; and she shrank from speaking to her husband of what might appear like a want of trust in him. She knew, moreover, that he was unconscious of Arabel's artful and enticing ways; and unconscious too, of that which her own aching heart saw too well—the silent admiration which he was bestowing upon her.

Happy in the hearts of those who loved her, Mrs. Hayne had never before longed for beauty—for those rare charms, which everywhere attract the heart. But now, as she gazed on her beautiful cousin, with a sense of anguish, she would contrast the delicately tinted cheek with her own flushed with the heat of over-exertion; and from the fair white hand would turn to her own, "brown as an oak leaf in winter;" and then, with a struggle, she would *wink back* the tears that came unbidden.

As weeks faded into months, she kept hoping that Arabel would say something about returning to her home. And she, would, indeed sometimes mention it, but never except in the presence of her husband, and, as it seemed to poor Mrs. Hayne, only to elicit from him renewed invitations to lengthen her visit, till she almost began to despair of ever ridding herself of her guest.

Mr. Hayne had for several weeks been engaged in getting ready for sea, a vessel in which he was concerned, and therefore had remained in Portsmouth, from whence the ship was to sail for Liverpool, only returning home on Saturday and remaining over the Sabbath.

Much as she loved her husband, this was a great relief to Mrs. Hayne; while Arabel consoled herself in his absence by getting up a flirtation with a young man, named Stanley, a stranger in the neighborhood, but who, as agent of a firm with which Mr. Hayne had dealings, had frequently called on him for purposes of business.

Mrs. Hayne had from the first, felt for him an irresistible repulsion. It seemed to her that there was something evil and sinister in his expression; and she was ill pleased, when she found him made a constant and welcome guest at her home, by one who had little right to assume the liberty. She could, however, easily enough have borne this, had not Arabel continued her fond and devoted manner to her husband whenever he returned home.

Worn out with her own outraged feelings, one evening when Stanley's visit had extended into midnight, she said to him with a manner as polite as the words were freezing: "Mr. Stanley, if it would be as convenient for you, I prefer that your visits here should be made on evenings when my husband is at home. I shall then be happy to receive those who may choose to honor us with their society."

The words were spoken for Arabel, for she felt that in some unaccountable way, she always contrived to keep Stanley away on the evenings of her husband's return. Taking Arabel by the hand, and bidding her "good night" in a low tone, and bowing coldly to Mrs. Hayne, he at once left the house.

The next Saturday night came—Mrs. Hayne walked to the garden gate, hoping to meet her

husband alone. But she had stood there only a few moments, when Arabel came gliding toward her with some light excuse; and then, as Mrs. Hayne replied only in monosyllables to all her attempts at conversation, she turned and began to cull the flowers which Mrs. Hayne had cultivated beside the path.

She picked the choicest rose-buds and all the sweetest flowers, and then, coming again toward Mrs. Hayne, remarked: "I have gathered some of your most beautiful flowers to give Mr. Hayne. As you have cultivated them, he ought to enjoy them."

How these words worked her; and Arabel knew that they worked her, but stood too much in fear of her cousin to offer the bouquet to her husband, in her presence, without some plausible words for a prelude.

Oh, how Mrs. Hayne's heart burned as she saw the flowers—her flowers—and listened to the low witching sound of Arabel's voice. Then she thought if she had only remembered to gather them for him herself; but Arabel had been such a distraction to her, that she had almost forgotten how to think.

She listened now for her husband's step with a sense of dread, rather than of longing. She kept waiting on, Arabel ever flitting near, till she thought that he had been unexpectedly detained, and would defer his return till morning. But not once, while the two were waiting there, was the object of their watching named, and they entered the house without a word.

Mrs. Hayne dragged through the long hours of the succeeding Sabbath, till late in the afternoon, she sent for Robert Manning, and telling him her anxiety, requested him to go at once to Portsmouth, and ascertain what kept her husband.

He came back with the strange intelligence, that Mr. Hayne, had, himself, sailed for England. That unexpected events had prevented the captain of the ship from fulfilling his engagement, and as she could not be detained without much damage to the owners, Mr. Hayne had, at the moment of departure, determined to take passage himself and manage her financial affairs; while the mate, who was a good sailing master, assumed the office of captain. But he had left no letter, nor even a message to his wife.

Burning with anger and the desire of vengeance, Stanley had, on leaving the house of Mr. Hayne, met at the door, Robert Manning, who had come to request Mrs. Hayne to accompany him to his mother, who had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and whom he thought it not safe to leave alone with the inexperienced young girl who lived with her, while he went several miles for a physician. Each started in surprise at meeting the other at so unusual an hour; but

Stanley passed on without a word, and at once conceived the thought of forming from the unexplained circumstance, the dagger wherewith to strike.

Early the following morning, Stanley proceeded to Portsmouth. He found Mr. Hayne on board the ship, and taking him aside, exerted all his art and cunning to excite in his bosom suspicion towards his wife.

Mr. Hayne, with an open and generous temper, a stranger to art himself, and blind to its existence in others, was a man of quick and violent passions, and was at once roused into fury. The vessel was ready to drop down the bay; while at the same moment, occurred the uncertainty and confusion occasioned by the captain's unlooked for detention. Thus, the plan of going himself to manage the financial affairs of the ship, was no sooner suggested to his mind than he eagerly seized upon it, and was far away on the ocean before he became conscious of his rashness and folly.

He thought of Robert Manning—of his honorable and unblemished name; of Stanley—a stranger, whose character was entirely unknown to him; and for the first time, he now perceived the wiles by which Arabel Grey had lured him, and he thought of them with bitterness and scorn; while in his contrition and pity, his wife—his gentle, patient, loving wife, seemed dearer to him than in all his life before.

It was the morning of the day that the ship sailed for Cadiz, whence she was bound, from Liverpool, that Mr. Hayne encountered on the wharf a poor, haggard and wretched looking being, in whom, however, he immediately recognized Stanley.

Stanley had, a few days after Mr. Hayne set sail from his native land, been dismissed by his employers on account of his dishonesty; and the same night, reckless and half drunk, had shipped as a common sailor, on board a vessel bound for England. Disease, dissipation and poverty, had reduced him to the condition in which Mr. Hayne now met him.

"Stanley," said he, grasping him firmly by the shoulder, "tell me why you lied about my wife."

There was something in that determined grasp and firm, noble look, which made the wretch fear more to evade than truthfully to answer the question; and trembling, he told in what manner Mrs. Hayne had incurred his hate, and how revenge had caused him to fabricate the tale with which he had deceived her husband.

Not once while Mr. Hayne listened, did he relax that firm grasp, or open his lips, save once, when the name of Arabel Grey occurred, unconsciously, and with a bitter sneer, he repeated it through

his closed teeth. But when Stanley had finished, the sense of his own folly was stronger upon him than resentment at the man's villainy; and he stopped short his words, when bowing low, he began to beg forgiveness with, "Stanley, you are a poor sick wretch, and I am not the man to revenge myself on you. Come with me to the hospital, and you shall be well cared for."

He procured his admission into one of the best hospitals in the city of Liverpool; accompanied him to his ward, and turning to an attendant, while he pointed to the bed on which poor Stanley now lay, said, with an earnestness that startled the young man: "There is a villain; but, if you do not treat him like a Christian, it will be the worse for you; and take that for your pains;" and he threw down a twenty pound note.

A few hours later, and Mr. Hayne was sailing down the river Mersey.

CHAPTER V.

—Why do you look so pale?
I have seen a ghost, father, Clive answered.—The ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life, groaned out the young man. I saw Ethel to-day.—THACKERAY'S "NEWCOMER."

"The trees of the forest shall blossom again,
The song-bird shall warble its soul-thrilling strain,
But the heart Fate hath wasted no spring can restore,
And its song shall be joyful—no more, never more."

It was a happy moment for Richard Manning, when he welcomed to the shores of Spain the chosen friend of his youth. The warm clasp of the hand, and the familiar tones of the voice, came back to him as the echo of his boyhood.

And it was no less a comfort to Walter Hayne, with his soul longing for sympathy, to meet a friend with whom he could freely converse of the unhappy circumstances that had caused him to leave his home. But when he spoke of Arabel Grey, dwelling with bitterness on the thought that she was the secret spring of all that misery, Manning was silent; while, whispering low, he thanked God that he had been saved from taking to his heart the frail, light thing.

Ten years had greatly changed young Manning. A boy no longer, he stood erect in the full glory of his manhood; while over the firm lip, the smooth calm forehead, and the soft earnest eye, was thrown that mystic spell of intellect, which imparts a strange charm even to features the most rugged and irregular.

In the conflict of life he had met the full tide of battle, and had come off conqueror. Forgetting himself—struggling to do good to others, to create around him an atmosphere of happiness, unconsciously he had breathed the air into his own soul. A wanderer in many lands, hearts had blessed him everywhere.

And wealth—the wealth that the world loves, had poured in upon him like rolling seas. Every enterprise in which he had engaged, had been freighted with success.

He had long thought of returning to his native land, and had placed his affairs in a position to leave Spain, though he still lingered, as if loath to quit that beautiful land. But the sight of his friend, and the idea of having his company in a voyage across the Atlantic, decided him to take passage in the ship now bound for Boston.

No sooner had they landed, than Mr. Hayne, eager to reach home, took passage for Portsmouth, in a schooner, which was about leaving the wharf. Manning remained in Boston, to enjoy, for a few days, the society of his sister, who had long resided there with her husband—a man capable of appreciating her high-toned and beautiful character.

It was the first evening of his arrival that he met Arabel Grey. She was among the guests in a small party that had been invited at his sister's before she knew of his arrival. She was beautiful as ever, and no sooner did she recognise in Manning, the boy that she had held captive, than she again brought into play all her powers of fascination.

Once the perfection of his ideal, the embodiment of that mystic dream which can steal over the soul but once, he gazed upon her with a sad and mournful interest. But she had blighted his youth; she had darkened the hearth-stone of his friend; and her every blandishment, her every softened tone, fell on his heart coldly as moonbeams on flowers.

A week passed away, and Manning was returning to his early home. The coach road, now passed close to the dwelling of Hayne, and he could not resist the impulse of running in for a moment, even before he reached his old home, to congratulate both Hayne and his wife on their restored happiness.

"Where is Walter? my husband?" exclaimed Mrs. Hayne, the moment Manning presented himself. She had not before heard of the ship's arrival in Boston, and when she learned that a week had passed since her husband sailed from there, she knew that some other terrible calamity had befallen her.

There had been a severe storm upon the coast; and they had heard of a schooner having been wrecked, and several bodies washed ashore, at the "Isle of Shoals."

With sad forebodings, Manning, with several others, proceeded to the island. The bodies had been buried for several days. They were disinterred, and Manning at once recognized among one of them the features of his poor friend.

It was no ordinary grief that overwhelmed the stricken widow. Letters, indeed, she had received from her husband, teeming with love; but the longings to hear once more from his lips the accents of affection, were lost in the wailings of despair.

The care of everything now devolved upon

Manning. It was for him to be the friend of the widow, and the guardian of her boys. For years he watched over her interests with unchanging kindness. There was in their intercourse that confiding freedom, which, perhaps, could not have been, had either ever thought of regarding the other as anything more than a devoted friend.

But five years from Mr. Hayne's death, the friends were married—a strange, mysterious marriage, indeed—scarcely love; but a friendship so deep, so confiding, so sublimated, that it was near akin to that holiest passion. And gradually even the image of Arabel Grey faded from the husband's soul, and the ideal of his early youth became merged in the form of his wife.

THIS AND THAT GHOST STORY.

WITHIN the blade of grass, near to a fallen stone, is a power we cannot see or hear. What is it? The grass grows, each blade remember; the pebble, just now thrown upward, descends. But how? Why? Neither you, nor I, can tell. Somebody says capillary attraction, endosmose and exosmose gravitation, and so on.

Yes, these terms do imply certain actions. But behind all this, is the—what do you think? Why behind is THE GHOST! Can a cow, horse, cat, or dog *think*? Do ghosts *think*? If they do, may not your tabby kitten, or jet black pony, be a ghost now, or hereafter?

What is a Ghost? In the case of the Spiritual Knockings, is the ghost the rapper or the rap? Or, is it neither? Now, if I rap, I am a rapper, but I am not a ghost; and the noise I make can be explained on natural grounds. Suppose, then, we infer, that the invisible, or that which we cannot account for, is the ghost. Then, if the unseen be a ghost, you may be one, for I cannot see you, and Adam and Eve may be ghosts; but when you see them, that is when they are *not invisible*, they are no longer ghosts; or in other words, *you cannot see a ghost*.

Well, but *this* story is about a ghost that I *saw*!

Fifteen years ago I was staying with my brother, at a busy town, belonging to Northamptonshire, in England. Owing to circumstances, which it is needless to mention, my visits at this time were not very frequent; but one day I accepted an invitation to spend a few hours with some friends, who inhabited a lodge house, about two miles from the place where my brother resided. At the appointed time I went, took dinner, tea, and supper (three customary meals in England) with them. Soon after eleven o'clock I left, and took my way homewards. The season of the year was summer, the evening remarkably fine, and thoroughly delighted with my walk, I arrived at the edge of the town. Here, I hesitated a moment, not from fear, but doubt. Straight onward was the turnpike road, leading toward my brother's house, which was situated some three hundred yards to the left of

it. There was no danger of stumbling if I took this way; the nearest path, however, led through the churchyard. This was somewhat oblong in shape, with a foot-path, bordered by yew trees, passing round three of its sides; the church, standing at the town end (that is the farthest from me,) of the consecrated burial ground. I turned—set my foot on the lower, and my hand on the upper rail of the stile, leading into the church-yard, when under the full light of a brightly shining moon, I saw, some hundred steps from me, a figure, white from the head to the feet, pass seemingly out of the wall, (which extended from where I stood, right down to the town; forming, in fact, the boundary wall to that part of the church property.) Scarcely had this vision appeared, before another, and apparently a sister spirit, emerged from the temporary shadow, cast by the wall, and in company, (the first having halted for the second to join her) these two strange visitants, wended their way across the coverings of the dead, and vanished behind one angle of the sacred edifice.

A thorough unbeliever in ghosts myself, yet wondering what all this meant, I remained *near* the stile, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, I saw the same white, wonderful beings return. There was no sound to be heard from them, or all around, as they slowly moved amongst the tombs; noiselessly they trod over the sods covering the graves; and at length, reaching the trifling obscurity, near the wall, where I had first beheld them, the wondrous pair vanished.

Now mark. Here we have two ghostly appearances, and all the concomitant circumstances essential to, and generally said to accompany apparitions. The time, midnight; the scene, a church-yard; *they*, clothed in white, come forth from a shadow—a darkened place—and flit to and fro, over the *dead*! Arrayed in light apparel themselves, they seem to give additional gloom to the solitary—the lonely—dwelling of the departed.

I am not particularly afraid that any reader will be so daring in ghost scenes, as to impeach my character for want of courage, on account of

the annexed candid statement. *I did not take the short cut that night.* No. And if he, or she, presume to charge me with cowardice, all I can, or need say, is, that I wish it had been his, or her fate, to have been soared like me. But of a truth, best beloved, and most courteous readers, I did not fear the *spirits*: but, having heard of certain supernaturals? who gave blows or knocks, not upon tables of wood, but on the fleshy head and chest of an intruder; and, not being positive whether those pale individuals, visible by night, in the burying ground, were in the body or out, I did not choose to encounter them.

Early the next morning, I went and inspected the spot—the parade of unearthly beings. Now I had often been on the same ground before; and did not, at this time, much expect to find a clue to the cause of the event of the overnight. Every one knows how our wonted footsteps are our least noticed ones; how familiarity with any scene breeds indifference, if not contempt. In fact, many a man has gone a particular walk, again and again, until he does not notice, or quite forgets the objects by which he may be surrounded. Thus I had done; judge then of my surprise, when I discovered a door in the wall, near, if not exactly at the spot where the apparition had showed itself. But, after all, a *ghost* might come through a doorway, or, perhaps, through the very door itself. So, you see, there might be nothing in this to solve, but rather to add to the mystery. However, I thought I would follow the lead; accordingly, I tried to go through the ghostly passage, by opening the door. But the door would not open—at least not for me. Could it have unclosed at the command of the goblin? Or rather, at the magic touch of him and his companion? Perchance, it took *two* ghosts to open a fastened door! Should I not immortalize myself by publishing to the world this discovery of mine, in the life and manners of ghosts! I *jumped* (very high) at this fair conclusion, respecting a phenomenon in spiritual habits. Yes, it required *two* ghosts to open a door when it was locked!

Having gained possession of this one fact, respecting the ways of spirits, my desire increased. I wished now to be on the other side of the wall and see where they came from; their daylight home; and, if there were not too much of the horrible in the sight, to gaze upon the twin hobgoblins themselves!

After a brief search for some accessible entrance into the haunted premises, I found a decent looking gate, and, upon my ringing at the bell, was soon conducted by a little page *dressed in black*, with dark knots on his shoulders; and straightway ushered into the presence of—not Satan, but his avowed enemy, to wit—the Rector

of the parish. Now then, for some holy water, and the laying of the ghost.

Upon a plain recital of my tale, the clergyman hesitating but a moment, stated, that four years before that time, his lady died, and was interred in a vault near the church; that his two daughters went, according to an annual custom the night before, at the hour their mamma expired, to spend a few minutes, and strew some flowers on the tomb of the departed; and, that as the weather was fine, each lady, in addition to wearing a white dress, threw a cambric handkerchief over her head. Thus, is explained, "*this* ghost story."

I now proceed to relate another, to which I have prefixed the title of

THAT GHOST STORY.

Two or three years after the occurrence of the event just narrated, I was staying at a small watering place, on the Kentish coast, England. Some unpleasant circumstances had induced a part of the attendants at the adjoining parish church, and at the dissepiting place of worship, to quit their usual Sabbath haunts, and to congregate together in a building used by the Episcopalians, situated some three miles distant. It was very ancient, both in appearance and reality. Its site was upon shelving cliffs. These were not lofty: but as they were beheld from the sea, whose murmurings went on immediately beneath, there was enough of the vast, the vague, and the infinite, to conjure up in the spectator thoughts of a *spirit*, that might be hovering near, if not upon the earth, consecrated to the living and the dead. And, perchance, it abided by day if not by night, in the antique and gloomy pile, where Sabbath after Sabbath, for ages, the unseen—and man's relation to it—had been insisted on.

One Sunday, while the clergyman read prayers, a thumping was heard, directly under a form, in the western part of the church. Some of the poor in the neighborhood usually sat here; and they—as is too commonly the case—were untaught, except it was to curtsy, or touch the hat to the squire, parson, and other gentlemen, residing in the adjacent village.

It was true, the paupers heard of the Witch of Endor, and had much faith in a gipsy fortune-teller; moreover, their grandmothers told them of ghostesses that used to appear there. But now, these grandchildren—the veritable descendants of those who once saw, with their own eyes, horrid sights, and heard, with their own ears, the most dreadful shrieks—they now listened to loud and oft-repeated noises at their very feet. There was no mistake about it. The Squire's lady admitted it was passing strange, and it was the vault, where one of her ancestors was buried, that the rappings came from.

During the ensuing week gossip was rife, and many an old crone, neglected by every one for years, had larger and longer audiences, than even the king himself. Much that was true, and more that was not, came to be related upon the occasion. But certain it was, that Henry Richard Brotherton, Esquire, had come to his end very suddenly; that he was intestate; that the next heir was his granddaughter, who had married "the Squire" ten years ago; and that he was interred on the very spot whence the ambiguous sounds came from. The deceased gentleman was an Indian nabob, known to be very wealthy; and the vault had not been opened since his interment—which took place some twenty-five years before. Nothing peculiar had transpired at the funeral, further, than being the burial of a rich man, it was unusually grand, for the locality. But, whispers after it were pretty frequent; until at length, Time, that greatest of "quietists," lulled the village tumult. There was one old woman though, who said at the time, and continued occasionally to reiterate the saying, that *she knew his bones would never rest in peace, and that sooner or later, his spirit would appear!* When the news reached her of the disturbance in the tomb, she said, "Now, who is right, I should like to know? Didn't I always say how it would be?" And although she was very infirm, and had not been to church for years and years, she determined to attend next Sunday, and, as she said, to hear the truth uttered for once in her life. And go she did, the next Sabbath, and the next. But the ghost was like the god of Baal, he was nowhere to be found.

"Third time's never like the rest," said Betty Rous; and, sure enough, the thumping was as loud as you please, on her next attendance.

Here was a mysterious circumstance. A ghost not to scare a villain; but tapping right before, perhaps at the parson. One, not playing his antics in bye-places, at dusk, by the side of a timorous maiden—but, coming in open day, and in the hearing of bold men.

Elizabeth Rous now talked more in one week than she had done for in twelve months before. Mumbled something about the usefulness of turning the coffin, and vowed that she would like to see the clergyman lay *that* ghost. For her part, she said nothing; but she didn't believe it would ever be done until *justice had been rendered to the murdered Squire!*

Sundays came and went, and the knocking too; whilst the talkers increased in number, and the talking in rash speculation and bolder insinuations. Every hour the report spread wider and wider, with accumulated horrors respecting the haunted district. Comments were made in the shape of gentle hints from the timid, and reckless surmises by the bold. Persons residing

there entertained different opinions concerning it, and even changed their views, as fresh evidence was forthcoming. Some thought it might be an angel that troubled them; others suggested it was all owing to the devil.

Knock! knock!! knock!!! At length, one Sunday afternoon, when matters had come to a pretty pass, suggestions of late having been prevalent about getting the bishop, or even the archbishop, to try his hand at a settlement of the vexed question. After the whole squirearchy of that part of the earth, and the vast hierarchy of heaven—cherubim, seraphim, and so on—had been more or less implicated in this transaction, then—(on a certain Sabbath afternoon,) the thumpings and bumpings being louder and more frequent—the service was abruptly closed, by the minister announcing from the pulpit, that on the coming morning, at ten o'clock, "the vault should be opened, to discover, if possible, the cause of the strange noises."

It appeared this decision had been arrived at almost on the spur of the moment, for the wind—a thorough "north-easter"—had increased to a perfect gale, and the waves were thrown into unwonted commotion, while awful knockings, under-ground, occurred with increased vehemency and rapidity.

While accompanying the concourse of persons assembled together at this time for the express purpose of elucidating the mystery, it will be expedient to afford the reader a brief glance at the spot, and its surrounding circumstances. The church, having a nor'-east aspect, was situated near to the sea-side; and at the period when spring-tides occurred, the ocean washed the foundations of the building. Antiquity imparts a fine feature to the superstructure, but is apt to impair the hidden and deep laid base. A vault, when long made, is often found perforated. Such was found to be the case with that of the Brotherton family. The ocean rose considerably at high tides, and the water found ingress and egress beneath the church. At every influx of water, the coffin was forced upwards with great violence against the stone covering of the tomb; when the water receded, the coffin fell back—and so it continued doing, until "low water" again permitted of a quiet position. Need I add, the vault was repaired, and *the Ghost laid at once and forever!* And I believe, and hope, that thus, or in some similarly appropriate manner, may all fancied spirits be annihilated.

My true tales are now related; yet, I do not feel inclined to let them pass without attaching a few words, in the shape of a moral.

The recent announcements of spiritual-knockings, show there are teachers and hearers of any word. Spectral illusions I have witnessed myself; but never when my health was not in some

measure impaired. The same I have repeatedly met with in others.

In Howitt's Journal, published in the year 1847, there is a narrative respecting a haunted house at Willington, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in England. The sea is in close proximity there, and probably this building might be disenchanted in the way I have shown the church was in Kent.

Indubitably, the Bible has been the book, more than any other, that has in Christian countries perpetuated faith in spectres, witches, the supernatural, and the miraculous. It is true, that some have kept their belief in the inspiration, or rather the value of the scriptures, and yet doubted angelic ministration, demoniacal possession and kindred topics. But, with the generality of believers in the Writ as Divine, miracle working, and the like, is understood in the literal sense. Now, grant all this, and the plain inference is surely that spiritual agency *was* exercised in the manner represented, *but is not now*.

The deduction made at the commencement of this article, has no pretensions to rigid or logical accuracy. It is essentially a popular argument, and as such, is both suited and intended for general reading. The main point urged is, that the eye being adapted to the perception of visible objects—for those that can be seen—and invisibility being one of the properties of a spirit, *it cannot be seen*. In short, and conversely, to behold a ghost, is not to behold one. Call this an

Irish bull, if you like, but believe it, and the truth embodied therein, shall make you free from any fear or dread of encountering a ghost. The allusion to the Word of God, is, of course, to draw attention to the fact, that it represents wonders as *having been*; thus suggesting—by implication—the conclusion of their non-existence in the present day. Whether the supernatural appearances, as they are designated, were only such to the conceptions of those who lived at that time, or whether they were actually beyond the limits assigned to natural causes by the Creator, the intelligent reader will at once perceive to be a question entirely foreign to the subject in hand.

Witchcraft, and the burning or maiming of its abettors, is not tolerated in our day—yet we constantly hear of wise women, and those who can read the future. Now, a fortune-teller is generally a very ignorant person, often unable to read even a child's book—and yet, forsooth, capable of deciding what shall be, what must be, on the morrow. And how? Why? Because she looks at a dirty pack of cards! Away with such trash! I have no patience now to attempt a satisfactory refutation of such gross and unqualified humbug. But at some future time I should like to take a brief glance at the doctrine of probabilities, or chances, with reference to fortune-telling, and also to point out the nature of dreams, so that their true character may be understood.

NIGHT IN THE CITY.

BY H. S. CORNWALL.

The night is still: from many towers
The stroke of deep nocturnal bells
Booms sullen through the dark, and tells
To man, the fleetness of his hours.

The city sleeps in sultry night—
The warning street-lamp winks and dies;
Beyond, the lazy river lies,
Illumed with many a nodding light.

To broken dreams I bid adieu,
From sleepless stupors I arise,
And lounge about the balconies,
Until my locks are damp with dew.

The hours are merging towards the morn—
The lonely thoroughfares are still,
And hanging o'er the western hill,
Soft Dian pales her silver horn.

All day, with unremittent glare,
The sun has poured his ardent rays;
And after long midsummer days,
Brief night scarce cools the heated air.

But yet, I know, along the lands,
Luxuriant vegetation shoots,
And Autumn waiteth with her fruits
To drop them in the toiler's hands!

HOPE.

WHEN first the angel choirs on high,
To sleeping shepherds did proclaim,
That for mankind a God should die,
And through Him all should Heaven obtain.

'Twas thou, oh! Hope! the Elysian plain,
Again received thy cherub form,
And now thou soothest every pain,
And calmest every swelling storm.



THE DUEL BETWEEN GERMAIN AND ORVILLE.

THE FATAL VISIT.

BY JAMES REGINALD.

On an evening at the end of summer, while leaves were yet green and skies yet full of sunshine—though the long daylight of the year's prime had diminished somewhat more than an hour, and darkness and winter were stealing slowly forward in the distance, a small, but handsome room, richly furnished with everything that taste could display—with exquisite carvings of old oak, fine pictures, velvet hangings, and with green shrubs and flowers, both rare and beautiful, showed preparations for a supper party, at which two persons only were expected. The table was arranged with great taste; rich fruits, in a silver vase, formed a pyramid in the midst; and two or three dishes, of the most beautiful workmanship, presented various tempting pieces of confectionery strewed over, in quaint devices, and in a regular pattern, with minute flowers. On the right of the principal table, at some little distance, was a carved oak buffet, covered with crimson velvet, just seen from beneath the edges of a damask napkin, on which were arranged various large silver tankards of beautiful forms, two golden goblets, and several tall glasses gilded on the stem. The windows of the room were open, but shaded with trees and flowering shrubs, and a green soft light spread through the interior, as the rays of the setting sun poured through the veil of leaves. That light began to assume a purple hue, showing that the orb of day had touched the verge of the horizon, when two young gentlemen entered and seated themselves at the richly laden table. The eldest was tall and well formed, long in the arms, broad in the chest, and spare in the waist and flank. The head and face were small, and the features delicate, though not effeminate; the chin somewhat projecting, and the eyes large and full, with a thick and strongly marked eyebrow. When at rest the whole countenance had an expression of gravity and decision beyond his apparent years, and there was in his air a look of command and free thoughtful power, which seemed to bespeak one who, notwithstanding his youth, had been long accustomed to regulate his own conduct, and act upon his own views.

The other was very different, yet handsomer; much darker in complexion, with a keen, sharp, black eye, under a wide and slightly projecting brow, marked gracefully by a dark, arching, and somewhat raised line of eyebrow. The lips were thin, and the line from the wing of the nose to the counter of the mouth strongly marked, so as to give the ordinary expression of the countenance a slight touch of sarcasm; and

yet there was a sort of sparkling joyousness about it whenever he spoke, although the cast of the mere features are thin and strong.

The younger and fairer of the two gazed at his companion with a thoughtful, yet happy expression, as if he was brooding over some past occurrence which filled him with admiration. The face lighted up with a beaming smile, that radiated over his happy countenance, as he joyously exclaimed, "Oh, how fortunate, how happy, how contented you should be, Orville!"—he paused a minute, and then enthusiastically added, "by heaven! the love of such a being would—"

"What?" coldly queried the sterner of the two, as he gazed wonderingly on the sparkling face of his companion.

"What?—why everything! Her beauty does not dazzle and surprise. She does not possess the bold, firm eye, the Juno frown, and the cold, fiery look of passion, which command admiration. But she has that which wins rather than triumphs; the gentle, the gay, more than the keen and bright; yielding to, rather than demanding love; the trusting, the confiding look, instead of the ruling and commanding; the lip where smiles seem to find their native home; the soft half-shaded eye full of veiled light, speaking at times the sportiveness of innocent thought, under which may lie, concealed against the time of need, higher and stronger powers of heart and mind; and you ask me what?—to the possession of such a being. Fie, Orville, you only wish to excite my envy by your apparent indifference. But I must hasten, and prepare for this birthday fete, to which she has so kindly invited me, as your friend. Come, hurry, Orville; and starting gaily up, he left the room without partaking of the tempting viands.

Orville's features assumed a harsher aspect. "So he has been caught like a butterfly, by the attractions of the first beautiful object he has seen; he had better beware, or like the moth whose burning passion overcomes the warning of the flame, he may rush upon his own destruction, and so perish. I was foolish, thus to tempt him; I might have known that to one of his disposition, attraction would have been only a stepping stone to love. He already speaks with too much ardor for mere admiration; curse the fates, it seems my destiny, that all schemes should end in disappointment. I will watch them;" and after draining a large goblet of sparkling wine, he moodily rose from the table, and proceeded to his apartment.

Orville Hamilton was one of those dark, gloomy

characters which avoid all confidence with others, and retire within themselves. But little was known of him, except that he had traveled for years in Europe, and had returned home, upon the death of his parents. His cold bearing and haughty manners chilled all the advances that were made to him, and he lived a retired life upon his immense estates. Rumors were afloat that he had raised enormous sums upon his property, and that nearly their full value was covered by mortgages; yet, he continued to live in the same ostentatious style. In the immediate neighborhood, resided Colonel Henderson, a proud and aristocratic gentleman of vast wealth and possessions, who had made heavy advances upon Orville's estates. He admired his proud nature and haughty reserve; and resolved to unite him to his daughter, the heiress of his wealth. With this object he encouraged him in his expenses, forced large amounts upon him, until his entire estate was involved, and he was, in a measure, dependent upon his bounty for the means to defray his accounts. Although Orville's nature was too cold and passionless for love, he was a connoisseur and admirer of beauty; and this, with the embarrassment of his affairs, made him look to Alice, as the sole means of avoiding bankruptcy and ruin. His advances were encouraged by her father; and her consent was forced, rather than granted for their union. She feared her father, and dared not openly oppose his will, although her future happiness was the stake. As the time for their wedding approached, Orville sent for his cousin, Germain, to officiate as groomsman for him; as his manners had created a coldness between himself and the surrounding gentry. Germain had arrived, been introduced to his betrothed, and as we have seen, was preparing for the gala. Orville's quick mind was struck with the impression made upon him, at this first visit; he felt some indefinite fear that it would mar his arrangements, and he resolved to keep them separate, and hasten the marriage.

After completing their toilets, they started for the entertainment. Upon entering, the scene which was presented to them, was exceedingly brilliant and attractive. Every color of the rainbow was displayed in the bright tints of the gorgeous costumes. Neither was there any lack of lace and embroidery, plumes and fluttering scarfs.

On the right under a wide arcade, supported by graceful columns, was a large and skilful band of musicians, making the air musical with the sounds of their instruments. Upon the left, was a pile of architecture, the light and graceful lines of which, betokened an earlier period of construction. Nearly in the centre rose up a fountain; the sparkling jets of which caught and reflected the rosy light which had spread over the sky above.

Alice was standing near this spot, in all the beauty and splendor of female loveliness. It is very difficult to convey in language any just idea of those various distinctions and shades of beauty, which the eye seizes in a moment, but which escapes from words; and it would be almost doing injustice to the fair girl, to attempt a detailed description. To give some idea, however, of her person, it may be enough to say, that she was not above the middle height, but every limb so exquisitely formed, that she looked taller than she really was. Her rich brown hair, with chestnut gleams upon it, fell in profuse abundance down her neck. Her eyes were neither blue nor brown, nor grey, but of that soft and soul-speaking hazel, so rarely seen and yet so exquisitely beautiful; while the long dark eyelash and arched brow lent themselves to every shade of expression, from deep and pensive thought to light and sparkling gaiety. The features were all small and delicate, the skin pure as alabaster, with a sunset glow upon her cheek. And the slightly parted lips, showing the pearly teeth beneath, seemed tempting love and promising return. The small, fine hand, the beautifully formed foot and ankle, the graceful neck and swelling bosom, the very turn of the head, all seemed like the dream of a sculptor in some moment of inspiration. And to crown all, was that breathing of the soul through every feature, and through every part, which invests each movement with some new charm.

Germain gazed upon her, with a look of admiration and surprise; and the keener and shrewder eye of Orville ran over her face and figure, but with a very different expression. It lasted but for a moment, and then he turned his gaze upon his friend, marking well the gleam of surprise that sparkled on his countenance. His brow became darkened, and setting his teeth hard, he turned and left his side. Germain was too absorbed to notice his absence; he delayed approaching, although he seldom felt the least embarrassment or hesitation in addressing the brightest or fairest in the world. From a period, generally reckoned within the round of boyhood, he had acted for himself, except in some matters of deep moment. But yet, there is something very impressive in great beauty, especially in its first early dawn. With the mature woman, there are a thousand avenues opened by her own experience, to approach her fearlessly, if honestly. But the mind of a very young girl, like the first bud of a rose, is hedged in by thorns, through which we must force our way, and he hesitated to reflect upon the manner of his reception. Rousing himself, and seeing her glance directed towards him, he hastily approached, and politely tendering his hand, requested the favor of an engagement for the next

sett. She smilingly consented, and he led her on the floor, to obtain a position. This polite attention broke down all the cold barriers of reserve between them, and from that moment they went on pouring forth the thoughts of their hearts to each other, as if long years of intimacy had linked their minds together. He spoke of his travels, the scenes he had visited, and a variety of incidents which had afforded him pleasure or amusement. It was in such conversation as this, of an elaborate and somewhat didactic turn, that Germain thought himself perfectly safe. He fancied he could discuss poetry and poems, beautiful scenery, the grand works of nature or art, with the loveliest being ever eye beheld, without the slightest danger to himself or others.

Insensibly, they knew not well how, their conversation deviated from the mere objects tangible to the senses, to the effects produced by those objects on the mind. From the mind they went to the heart; and for a time, went on to talk with glowing eloquence, of all those feelings and emotions, of which, it was evident enough to her companion, she spoke by hearsay rather than by experience. Her words were careless, brilliant, we may say light, in its better sense, for some time after their discourse took that turn. She jested with the subject, she sported with it—like a child who, having found a shining piece of steel, makes a plaything of it, unknowing that it is a dagger which, with a light blow, may cut the knot of life. Suddenly, however, from some feeling, undefined, even to herself, she stopped in full career, became thoughtful, serious, more avaricious of her words. A deeper tone pervaded them when they were spoken; and she seemed to have found unexpectedly, that she was dealing with things which at some time might have a more powerful and heartfelt interest for herself, and that she had better escape from such topics, treating them gravely, whilst she was obliged to treat of them at all. Her conversation, in short, was like a gay pleasure-boat, which quits the shore in sunshine and merriment, but, finding itself far from land, makes its way back with earnest speed with the first cloud that gathers on the sky.

Her altered manner recalled Germain to himself, and as the dancing being over for the time, and the heat of the saloons had become oppressive; the glare of the lamps and tapers had dazzled and fatigued the eyes; the moving objects, the brilliant dresses, the beaming jewels, the straining race after pleasure, had become fatiguing to many; and some forty or fifty pairs, hand in hand, or arm in arm, had wandered out to seek the refreshing coolness of the gardens, to repose the mind, and invigorate the body in the fresh night air of August, or else to tell the tale

of love and seek its return, under the broad green foliage of the trees, or the twinkling eyes of the deep blue sky of night, he proposed joining them, and Alice joyfully conceded.

Orville Hamilton in the meantime had been watching them with the utmost feelings of jealousy and chagrin. All the worst passions of his nature was aroused, and contending in his bosom. He could barely contain himself, and had to use his most powerful efforts to avoid rushing upon Germain, as he left the crowded hall. As it was, he sought the cool night air to allay his phrenzied feelings; and hastily pleading indisposition to one of the attendants, he mounted his horse, and after getting some distance from the mansion, gave the rein to the spirited animal with fiendish exultation, as if trying to outstrip his unbridled passions. After riding for some time, and his overtaken steed had become exhausted and weary, he grew calmer, and turned into the long avenue leading towards his own home, in order to recruit his strength for the morrow.

Germain was still at the ball. Alice lay on his arm, her heart beat against his, her breath fanned his cheek. What were his feelings? He would not ask himself, but surrendered, body and soul, to the ecstasy of the moment. Each had at heart feelings of many a varied character sufficient to fill up long hours of dull life, and each was disinclined to dwell upon the most thrilling emotions of all; but yet however, they might fly to other subjects, how anxiously so ever they might strive to withhold their thoughts from anything that might agitate or overpower—still those emotions presented themselves in vague and indistinct forms, mingled with thought, seizing upon fancy, and giving a tone and color to all that was said, without either of them being aware that they deviated from the ordinary course of conversation between persons of their birth and station. The scene, too, and the season, the hour, the atmosphere, the circumstances, the events that had lately taken place, the prospects of the future in their very indefinite security, all had an influence, seemed to combine to nourish a growing passion in their hearts. The moon rose bright from behind the trees upon the mountain tops, shining like the bright, pure vision of young and innocent love. The stars themselves were there extinguished in the flood of splendor; but on the borders of the sky the twinkle lights of night looked out, like gems on the robe of their queen and, from time to time, a bright meteor crossed the expanse, bursting from space, and dying ere it reached the earth, like the light thoughts of many a great mind, which perish in the brain that gives them birth. The air was warm, and yet stirred by a gentle breeze. There was a certain languor in it, a love-like, luxurious soft-

ness, disposing to gentle thoughtfulness; and a sweet perfume rose up from some of the shrubs of the garden, mingling harmoniously with that bland air, and rendering its softening powers still greater. Was it strange that they should love? The destiny that hung above them, without their knowing it, seemed to have some mysterious influence upon the minds and characters of both. The barrier of cold formality was broken down between them; each poured forth the thoughts of the bosom. Alice felt herself irresistibly impelled—carried away, she knew not how or why—to speak to her companion as she had never spoken to man before. She fancied it was, that she had, for the first time, found a spirit congenial to her own; and certain it is, that there is a magic in the first touch of sympathy, which awakens sleeping powers in the heart, develops undiscovered stores of thought and feeling, and brings to light the bright things of the soul. But surely there was something more in it than this. Upon that hour, upon that moment, hung the destinies of each; though neither had one thought that such could be the case, though of all things, it seemed the most improbable, though he was a stranger, purposing but to stop a few days in the place; and she seemed fixed down to it and its associations for life. Yet, so it was; and had aught been different between them; had she remained in the mere timidity of the young girl, or in the cold courtesy of new acquaintance; had he maintained the usual proud and lofty air which he assumed in general with women, how different would have been their fate through life!

It was otherwise, however. She was so young, so gentle, so bright, so beautiful, that her society acted as a charm, waking him from a sort of dull and heavy torpor which had been cast over his heart by an event that had taken place in his boyhood—a counter-spell, which dissipated one that had chained up the current of his youthful blood in cold and icy bonds. He gave way to all he felt, to all the pleasure of the moment. Their conversation freed itself from all ceremonious shackles; both seemed to feel that they could trust fully in each other. They were but too happy; the past and future were forgotten in the present, and they surrendered themselves to the ecstasy of its enjoyment. Being recalled to themselves by the departure of the guests, and the lateness of the hour, for the first time the recollection of Orville, and his hitherto unnoticed absence, was called to mind. Alice grew pale at the thought, and drew closer to Germain, as if she intuitively foreseen the approach of some hidden danger, which she felt, but could not express. It was with a faltering voice, and Germain started as she made the inquiry:

"Why, where is Orville? He has been absent near all the evening." And a rich glow, followed

by a deadly pallor, overspread her face, as she thought of the cause.

"True, true, he has been absent. Do you remain here a few moments, and I will seek for him," and Germain, slowly and thoughtfully, started upon his mission. Upon inquiry, he heard of his excuse and departure, and but too well divined the cause for both. Still he returned to Alice, who was impatiently expecting him, and gave Orville's message, which had been left with the attendant. She would have made some remark, but was prevented through embarrassment. Germain re-assured her by a look; bade her a long and affectionate "good night;" and ordering his horse, he started to his cousin's mansion. As he rode slowly along, his mind was filled with the most bitter thoughts. With Alice, he had forgotten everything but the happiness of her presence, and the love into which he had steeped his very soul. But now, when he was alone, without a sound to break the silence of his solitude or musings, he remembered all. His position, the intention of his visit, his misplaced love, all! all! came with startling force upon his mind. Would it be honorable to be the guest of one he had so wronged? Should he seek shelter there? He involuntarily stopped his horse in the road, and fell into a deep, but painful reverie. He was aroused by an exclamation of hate from Orville, who unable to rest, seized a pair of rapiers, and resolved to meet him. He noticed his motionless form as he was passing. He advanced towards him. "And so you have left your new conquest; torn yourself away from her lovely arms. How could you part from the —. But I waste words; you know my object; prepare yourself," he exclaimed, in that cold, piercing tone of voice which shows the passion of fierce determination. His brow became cloudy, and gathered thick over his deep, keen eye; his lips quivered; and his hand slowly closed over the palm, as if he strived to crush them into the flesh. Germain, although brave, shuddered as he gazed upon his cousin's form. It seemed the very personification of hate. He leaped from his horse, and approaching Orville, was about to throw himself upon his leniency, explain all, and proffer to leave the scene of his happiness and object of his love forever. But he was rudely repulsed by his cousin, who made a pace back, and passionately bid him off.

"Back! back! You can only approach me to meet your death."

"I would explain—appeal to your—"

"Not a word; they avail nothing. You came to me as a friend. I did all to please, amuse, and entertain you. You repay me by robbing me of my prospects, thwarting my schemes, and now would evade the responsibility by cowardly excuses and appeals."

"I am no coward."

"Then defend yourself, and give me the only satisfaction in your power—your life!" and with the words, he threw a rapier at his feet.

There was no other recourse, and Germain reluctantly took it up. He was very expert in the use of the weapon, and hoped to be able to disarm him, and with this intention, he prepared for the contest. Both threw off their coats, and Orville coldly asked him:

"Are you prepared?"

"I am," was calmly replied, and they advanced towards each other. Orville had a cold, exulting smile upon his face, while Germain only grasped his weapon with a firmer hold. The coolness of the act and his calm demeanor did not escape the keen eyes of his cousin; and he prepared to meet his self-possessed, and apparently skillful and determined adversary.

In point of strength, the two were very equally matched; for, though Germain was somewhat taller and more supple, yet Orville was several years older, and had acquired that firmness and vigor of muscle, which is obtained long enough before any portion of activity is lost. The latter was also very skillful in the use of his arms; but here Germain was undoubtedly superior. He was also superior in perfect coolness. There was no angry passion in his breast, no haste, no impetuosity. He felt as if he were in a hall of arms with baited weapons, merely trying his skill. He was anxious to disarm his opponent, not to hurt him; and in the first three passes Orville was taught that he was pitted against a complete master of the rapier. At first, this discovery served to make him more cautious; and he used all his skill; but in vain. He could not approach his adversary's breast; wherever his point turned, the blade of Germain met it; and more than once he felt that he had laid himself open to the riposte, but that, from some cause, the adversary had not seized the opportunity. Repeated disappointments, however, rendered him irritable and incautious. He watched, indeed, his opponent's defence, thinking to learn what he called the trick, and overcome it by another sort of attack; but whenever he changed his mode, Germain met it with a different parry; and the clashing sword passed innocuous by his shoulder or his hip. Orville, thinking that he was only mocking him, renewed the attack with ten-fold fury.

"I must wound him" thought Germain, "or I will get hurt in this light. He is too keen to be disarmed; and I must wound him, but slightly."

At the same moment Orville made a furious pass; Germain parried the lunge, but though his adversary's breast was left unguarded, his heart smote him, and he would not return it, lest he should touch some vital part. Orville pressed him close with pass after pass; and step by step

Germain retreated. Then suddenly changing his mode, Germain assumed the attack, drove his adversary before him in good guard, and then, in the Italian manner, took a bound back and stood in defence. Orville following the method, of which he had some knowledge, sprang forward and lunged. Germain parried and returned; but at the same moment Orville's foot slipped on the wet grass, the sword's point caught him on the right breast close to the collar-bone, and passed out behind the shoulder. He staggered up, raised his weapon, let it fall, and sank slowly on the ground.

However cool and self-possessed a man may be—though he may think himself fully justified in what he has done, though he may have been acting in self-defence, though the act may have been inevitable—yet no one can inflict a real and serious injury upon another without feeling a certain degree of regret, if not remorse, unless his heart be as adamant. It is at such moments that the strange link of consanguinity which binds the whole human race together is first known to us; it is then that we feel we are brothers, and that we have raised a hand against a brother's life.

The moment that the deed was done—and it was evidently more than he had intended to do—Germain felt a pang shoot through his heart, and he said internally: "Would that he had not driven me to it, would that he had not provoked it!" but, casting down his sword at once, he knelt by Orville's side, and, raising his head and shoulders on his knee, exclaimed in kindly and eager tones: "I hope you are not much hurt!"

"Curse you, you have slain me; but I shall be able to go on presently; I grow faint," he replied slowly and painfully.

"Never! what! renew this combat with you, and you wounded? Oh! why did you not listen to me? I would have explained all. My conduct was unpremeditated. I did not seek to injure, insult, or offend you. No, I will fight no more; alas! alas!" and he sank upon the form of his cousin, which was now a corpse.

Mounting his horse (which stood with distended nostrils and flashing eyes at his side, pawing the earth as if he had some knowledge of the occasion and his master's danger,) he spurred rapidly on to Orville's villa for assistance. They used the utmost haste, but it was too late—the body was cold and inanimate. It was conveyed to the mansion by his domestics, and Germain surrendered himself into their hands.

Upon Germain's trial, everything was explained, and he was fully acquitted, both by legal and public opinion. Orville's estate was entirely absorbed by the mortgages and liabilities upon it; and among his papers were found a marriage certificate, and several letters from his wife, who

still lived. Many other acts came to light, which were carefully kept hidden by Germain; who did all in his power to atone for his unintentional deed.

Two years elapsed, laden with their joys and sorrows. Germain was standing with his arm around Alice's waist; her hand was clasped in his, and her head leaning on his shoulder. He was breathing low vows of love; and told her that her father had finally consented to their union. Even the eager love within his bosom controlled itself, lest its ardor should alarm and agitate the gentle being, whom he now looked upon as all his own. He soothed, and calmed her; his caresses were light and tender, and he strove to win her thoughts away from the agitating parts of the subject, to those which would yield her firmness and tranquility. Such were the joyful tidings which Germain bore to her;

her gay and sparkling cheerfulness sunk beneath the weight of happy hopes, and she leaned upon him for support. He, though always kind and considerate towards her, was still more softened by the occasion, and hung over her as one would linger over some happy dream.

It was a month afterwards; the wind came softly sighing through the trees; the sun had sank its gorgeous head into the bosom of the skies, and the gentle moon was faintly rising above the shadowed wood, that they were married. The night was just growing on; the sky was filled with none but light and fleecy clouds, which scarcely dimmed the far twinkling stars, as they shone out in absence of the great monarch of the day. Such was the night that Germain Rudolf and Alice Henderson contracted their union.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

GIPSIES.

THEIR ORIGIN AND HABITS. BY MARY J. WINDLE.

"The king to his hall, and the steed to his stall,
And the cit to his bilking board
But we are not bound to an acre of ground,
For our home is the houseless sward."

Gipsy Song.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, Europe was amazed by an unprecedented phenomenon. A people, neither owners, nor sowers, nor reapers, on the field of civilization—a race with olive-colored skins, flashing eyes, and coral lips, were seen rising above its borders, and coming in, without warning and without permission. Suddenly, as if dropping from the skies, they pitched their tents, presumptuously, on the fairest portions of our earth, without apparent knowledge of any privilege they did not then enjoy. This trespass on Europe—this invasion, neither hostile nor friendly—would, on the part of any located people, be considered as exhibiting the most perfect signs of premeditation and unitedness of purpose for the achievement of some definite object for which the unity was essential. But the unfitness of Gipsies for war, disallows the conjecture that their union was for aggression.

They were not the overflowing of a kingdom too small for its population, else a sufficient number had remained behind, to attest their now unconfirmed birthright. Nor were they expelled by the mandate of a reigning power—else had they lingered round the borders in defiance, as is shown by instances of their expulsion at later periods, from other countries; or if otherwise, would quickly have told the tale, nor would they so immediately have become reconciled to their lot.

The ragged regiments were a people muttering unheard of accents. What they ate was given, and they asked, in addition to food, money. They had no news to announce, and they gave ill and evasive answers, or statements so contrary each to each, as to belie their honesty. They first represented themselves as exiles, but quickly as they caught view of prevailing superstition, they laid hold of its strong sympathies, professing to be pilgrims, performing a penance. This last assumption gained for them freedom to travel everywhere unmolested—for men admired this saintly avocation. In this capacity they practised on the nations such fraud—the least of which, was the forging of passports and signatures, the latter frequently of the highest mark—that in a century from their coming, two of the reigning powers of Europe were heard enjoining all rulers not to permit the people called Gipsies to travel through their districts, nor to grant any further protection to them. The rigid laws of France and England, supported by the vigilance of the police, rendering them amenable for their conduct, they slowly quitted those countries, and, even to this day, are averse to their soil.

But the end of them was not yet. From the same quarter came a second horde, differing in that they assumed less, were more peaceable in demeanor, and paid liberally for what they got. These, after a few years, disappeared. It was said they had gone home, but the region of their wanderings was only changed. They became associated with the first tribe, and thus lost the

distinguishing traits which at the beginning they assumed, from the consideration that no great success in purloining property could be achieved without some difference in demeanor from those who had traversed the same path. No monument of whatever time, commemorates the date at which those appeared in Europe. The attention they received drew quickly thither others, who long flourished on the too readily offered alms, till their vagrant dispositions, uncouth manners, and sullen doggedness disgusted the donors. So lucrative had been their mode of life, that at their disappearance a band of men painted their faces and assumed similar garments, hoping thereby, with deeper intentions, to obtain opportunities of deceiving more—with what result, the reader may judge—for a Gipsy abides not an imitation. He who would appear as one must sustain years of initiation; years, into which enter perils, travels, and the most thrilling incidents. He who would become one of them, must cast off, never to put on again, the vesture of civilization.

Yet have these wandering stragglers not been unadmired. Their imperception, their oriental fixedness of views, have received from some the pleasing name of placidity, and their ungoverned state, that of nature in its purest mood. Of Scotland's line of kings, is one whose consideration of the Gipsies, according to an ideal view of their condition and character, in both of which he was adroitly deceived, led him to declare their civil independence. While an ardent youth, this prince had mingled in their camp, and joined their wandering. Called, at a later period, to power and courtly splendor, he was heard to speak of a better life—an unchecked condition—remembering not, that while Gipsies abhor a covenant with man, they have entered into none with nature.

Succeeding monarchs annulled the large indulgences which had been granted them; but there came a time when what grace would not grant power of dominion wrested—when Gipsies roamed the countries in swarms, that no soldiers knew how or where to meet. Their path was not in open day, and they worked their awful way, committing such robberies and murders as to make their names terrific—the more so, as their names were unknown, and their retreats unfound. It was then they reached a freedom of action unparalleled. Their hurrying forms scarcely distinguished from one another. The sameness of their deed, wherever committed, made them appear as one, and yet the number of their crimes, as though they haunted every mountain and glen.

But here, as well as in all other theatres of Gipsy action, there was no extensive organization. In the garb of fiends, they were not con-

spirators—like drops, that make up a rushing stream—they united, because the same in nature.

Without power to vest, they nominate those who receive a title so exalted, as only to be represented by the word king. An election occasion is one of the most important to which they can gather. They understand little of canvassing; whatever happens before the moment is commended to chance. Their booth, even then invisible, their votes unwritten, they assemble under no roof, but stand in open plains, not humbly, but proudly, as a being on whose fiat depended the existence of all things. The candidate is one of large stature, richly and fantastically dressed, who has some personal property, and a great deal of influence with what is called the gentry, in addition to much intelligent cunning, made known by previous exploits.

The superior advantages in these qualities of some particular individual, are allowed by all. At an appointed moment, the several constituents of these separate—the number of each body is counted, and all unite again. Their politics are so slender, that, quarrelsome as they are, they are strangers to political feud; and though the chatting on these occasions are prodigious, the apparent unanimity of feeling is wonderful. All that is upon the earth seems to provide the elements of discourse, and the field of rhetoric is garnished with similes, as inapplicable as they are ludicrous. This appears a peculiarly fitting time to speak whatever all have ever thought before. Indeed, the election itself, seems a subsidiary affair, a grand excuse for coming together. The successful candidate is at once a king, and a sceptre of rule is given, but without a kingdom. Yet, are the Gipsies satisfied, and all depart from the coronation-field, chatting with rapturous glee—elated with feelings of additional importance, and thinking how merry shall be the coming night.

The king is supported by his people, in comparative affluence, and, in return, guides according to superior information, the movements of the horde over which stretches his shadowy sceptre. He is distinguished by a demeanor made up of pretension, though his station is not recognised by courts, or his decision is not respected by magistrates. Though not called to join in the depredations of his tribe, he has the settlement of its quarrels, when such are voluntarily referred to him. He can summon his people together at pleasure, but, for obvious reasons, does this seldom. When a complaint is made from without, by those who have suffered through the depredations of the Gipsies, the king stands, and is amazed. If the complainant can point out and have power to arrest the offender, he orders, with great vehemence, instant search to be made, and an extraordinary

example ensues. What has been stolen is returned, and the thief whipped in their presence. When applied to, under different circumstances, he being personally, as well as officially, interested in the concealment of booty, there is little hope of success. So great confidence is placed in him in this respect that, at his command, what is lost stands up—apparition-like—unless his will, however, no search will ever discover it.

The absence of any one dominant party, clearly indicates that the office of their king is to advise the general movements and apportion the spoil taken. None, who study the inborn character of the Gipsies, can suppose that they would elect any other government, or hold together but by sheer choice and convenience. As for four centuries they have remained to our knowledge unchanged, we cannot suppose their European character or condition to be new—a character when distorted, re-shaping itself in all cases, at removal of the impediment.

There are many whose hearts have thrilled with visions of Gipsy beauty, and with reason, too. For there are those among them who seem to have approached seraphic loveliness. Not only their dark, radiant eyes and shrouding lashes, and moulded features, and graceful forms, but an expression distinct from these, and bewildering with a dreamy sweetness. The Gipsy woman is of ordinary stature; her frame well proportioned; her features more open and mild than those of the man, though her eyes have also a wild, unrestrained appearance, and often a stealthy glance. Her air, at all times partakes of a pleasing, natural grace, and when dressed in their fantastic style, is not altogether unimposing. In personal qualities she is not dissimilar to her lord—a similarity made evident by her actions, her deportment and her words. If more active, it is because more activity is necessary, for she is sometimes the only domestic purveyor. She endures hardships to the height of human suffering, and were it less self-made would often give to her a heroine's glory. Her power of endurance, in more civilized countries, would awaken wonder. She generally submits quietly, to the brutality or blows of the man. Tears—those eloquent pleaders in all lands, have no effect in softening his flinty heart. She has but one resort—the making of her children shields, by seizing which ever is nearest, and holding it before the place where the ensuing blow is intended to fall.

We have spoken of the Gipsy woman's powers of severe endurance, without intending reference to these domestic hardships, but to long journeys she is compelled to take. Of these she seldom complains. Superior to the man in spirit, and having more intelligence, the Gipsy woman looks beyond her footsteps, and even hopes. For

successive days she will travel with infant on her back and a bundle in her hand, without the indication of weariness or fatigue. Nor is she the first who proposes rest, though the first to rise from it, and her songs are the last that swell in the stillness of night, and the most cheerful and melodious that wakens in the day.

The men are with few exceptions, models of manly beauty. They are tall, their complexion a dark olive brown, which comports well with their features. The black, piercing eye alone would discover their Egyptian origin. These eyes, in constant activity, throw out a savage glare, which remind us of all we know, and the darker tales which await our belief. We think of a wasted, arid soil, on which blooms no plant of blessed culture. They do not abide a close scrutiny—but move off. They are not made for inspection. Their air is listless, and their voice plaintive and low. Their nature leads them to accomplish their desires by stealth, and not by force. The number of leaders indicate an intention beyond that of being kept together, merely for the pleasure of each other's company, and yet they engage in no enterprise, dependant for its success on numbers. A chief would not desire a navy to meet an navy, but merely the opportunity of setting fire to the enemy's ship.

The Gipsy character is not an assumed one; the child exhibits all its characteristics in miniature. A prying, thieving, useless being, doing what he sees his parents do, and with as much reason. Curiosity, that first phrase of new intelligence, is not born with him—he never clasps his little hands in ecstasy at the green fields, or asks why the stars shine, or of what they are made. A bird flies past, but he is the same creature, exhibiting nothing but the peculiar cunning of his race.

Their dress, we might speak of, under the head of the antique, and define by it the utmost resource of individual economy. Comfortable clothing is the first purchase wise beings make with money. Yet, this people, while in the possession of gold and silver, would not expend any portion for a better habit, through motives beyond our power to scrutinize. A Gipsy well dressed, is wonderfully improved in appearance, and the effect is the stronger, because comporting so well with his grace of form and motion, and in strong contrast to the raggedness of his companions. They are inordinately fond of ornament—the ears of many are hung with rings, and their necks with sparkling trinkets, while their faces are disfigured by large black patches—a fond exaggeration of the Spanish and English custom of placing small pieces of silk upon the face, to illustrate by comparison, the purity of the complexion.

They have no religion, except a few secular

rites. In each country of their stay, they have affected a compliance to the prevailing laws. Their social economy interferes not with their so doing, it is so slight that it can be exercised amidst the most contrary institutions.

To no humiliation, crafty or imposed, can we attribute their unblended condition. Like the wretched tenements piled up against the finest Cathedrals of Europe, they confront what has sanctity, without reverence. None take them for a part of the fabric. Their obedience to law is without honor—so constantly they disregard it—their profession to religion gains no confidence; so often do they change it—their accordance with ordinary usages, so rare as not to be recorded.

Join their language—that unmelodious unity of sounds—to these appearances and habits, and Gipsy, man, woman, and child, are fairly introduced to you.

The only conjecture, with regard to their origin is, that they are a degenerate race of the nation of Egypt; for many years living in the interior of that country, to whose wilds, a few of the true race—for cause and at a period unknown—were banished, and on whose melancholy yet imaginative mind, silence, and solitude, and hardship, wrought a change. That disinclination to labor, followed with proportionate envy of those living on the products of industry—and that their descendants have these dispositions to excess. With regard to their language, if our belief of their early Egyptian origin be true, and our conjectures of their early state correct, it cannot be supposed that these outcasts would

preserve the purity of their language for any considerable time; what they brought to Europe would soon turn to jargon.

After a pilgrimage of four hundred years, their penance is not yet completed, but like a vast caravan, they are still seen in motion on the highway of nations.

The rolling stone, however, has gathered a partial coat of moss; centuries have somewhat improved their condition, especially such as dwell at the mouth of the Danube.

Scattered—unknown—discarded—they yet go in and out amidst the nations. In Asia, Africa, and Europe, they still exist. In Spain they have lingered till, when the government would have expelled them, it was found that their absence would cause a sensible and injurious diminution of population. The forests of Lorraine can yield them up, and Italy, that blessed and received them for their saintly garb, is overflowing with their tribes. They are seen in Denmark, Sweden, and Syria, by crowds; they have even spread over the plains of Russia, and pass openly by its cities. They have stood on the borders of every sea, and on the ice fields of the north.

In the foregoing brief and imperfect sketch, we have endeavored to link together an exposition of the Gipsy mind, with the peculiar circumstances of their lot—the latter so various, and both so singular—unable to unravel in unbroken lines their character, we must understand it by their acts, for it admits not of analysis. None can write their history—still they represent what if written, it would be —.

PROPHECIES.

BY INA.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis a strange tale told, but in it lies a truth.

'Twas night, and the pale moon and the bright stars were looking down on a world of beauty. Beneath a grand old tree, that for years and years had towered toward the sky, stood a little group of three lovely sisters, and a Gipsy wanderer, who had left for a little time her companions in the distance, to consult her ideas, and therein to read the destinies of the young beings that stood before her. Near them, a silvery stream, all chiming with reflected stars, murmured softly its hymn of praise to the night. Beyond a little bridge that spanned its shining waves, the light of a fire was glancing through the forest trees, and dark forms were seen moving to and fro, and ever and anon, dusky faces were turned toward the old oak that stood by the river side. Ida Lee, the eldest of the sis-

ters, seeking for some amusement, and thinking of the Gipsy tribe who had been that day loitering in the woods, near her home, and moved with a strange curiosity to hear her future told, had with difficulty persuaded her younger sisters to accompany her, at least, as far as the old bridge, saying, "That perhaps they might meet some one of the tribe, who would unfold to them the mystic tale of the future."

Fortune or chance had caused one of the wanderers to meet them on the spot which we have described. Hattie and Minnie Lee shrank back as they encountered the strange looking being before them—who, with her dark eyes seemed to read them with a glance. But the more confident Ida stepping forward, placed in the Gipsy's hand a piece of coin, and said, "I have crossed thy hand with silver, now tell me of the future." "Would'st thou, indeed, hear

thy destiny? *I warn thee* it is a sad tale—yet soon told. But thou shalt believe it not; yet, sure as the night shall follow the morn, as surely will the fate I read to thee follow thy footsteps." There was a moments silence, but the prophetic noticing a smile of scorn and disbelief wreathing the young girl's lips, proceeded:

"Ladye, thus break thy raven hair—
Lay thy white brow on the moonlight bare;
I will look on the stars, and look on thee,
And read thee the page of thy destiny."

For an instant her glance went wandering upward—then turning her dark, flashing eyes full upon those as dark and flashing as her own, she said—

"I can give thee but dark revealings,
Of passionate hopes, and wasted feelings;
Of love that flowed like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart, and an early grave."

Again had arisen that haughty smile of disbelief, but it died away from Ida's lips, and her sister Hattie, catching her hand, said, "Sister, come; it is late, and I fear to stay longer in this lonely spot."

"No, I will stay," replied Ida, "and hear the rest."

"There is no more to be told!" said the Gipsy, with a changed look. Then turning to Hattie, said, "Fear not, pretty one, no harm shall come to thee—and a bright lot have I read in thy sparkling eyes. Let me but hold one moment thy trembling hand, and I will bring back the smile to thy lips, and the light to thy soft eyes." Hesitatingly, those small white fingers were placed in that dark hand, and Hattie listened.

"No clouds the sweet light of thy soul shall mar,
That is holy and pure as thy bright star;
The sunshine of joy, the starlight of love,
Shall follow thy footsteps wherever they rove."

Thy fond trusting heart will seek for a shrine
Where *them only* shall kneel—to call it thine;
And thy faith shall turn ever confidently to one,
Who loveth thee deeply, and thee alone.

Thy voice will grow softer, and the light in thine eye
More beautiful still when that *one* is nigh!
Thus brightly a pathway is traced for thee,
With yon star for a guide to thy destiny."

And Hattie withdrew her hand, and said, playfully, "Now give us a peep into sister Minnie's future, and then we will go."

Timidly, the blue eyes of Minnie Lee were raised to the Gipsy's dark face. But this soft glance fell before the piercing gaze that seemed riveted upon her, and as a delicate flower before the blast, she trembled when she heard the words. "Ask me not of *her* future—I know it not! Farewell!" And she turned away, and was gone before they had recovered from the strange spell that seemed to be thrown around them.

"Come, girls," said Ida, "let's go. Mercy! You look as though you believed every word the old witch has said. Ha! ha! what an idea! *I die of a broken heart!* *I*, proud Ida Lee, whom every one thinks cold and *heartless!* Ridiculous!

But never mind, we have had a pleasant walk, and my imagination is so vivid, that I can see distinctly my *future happiness* walking before me." Thus talking gaily, they hastened to their homes.

CHAPTER II.

"I can give thee but dark revealings,
Of passionate hopes, and wasted feelings;
Of love that flowed like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart, and an early grave."

It was *their* trysting place. Beneath the same old oak, where, two little years ago, she stood and listened to the Gipsy wanderer's tale, stood young Ida Lee. By her side, was one to whom she had plighted her faith—and now were they parting.

"'Tis but one little year dearest—and when the bright summer comes again, then will I be with you!"

"Ah! that little year will be so long to me," murmured Ida, sadly; "there will be many lonely hours when I shall long, oh! so earnestly, yet in vain, for you."

"And think you not, Ida," said he, as he drew her closer to his heart, "think you not that I shall miss that, that I here cherished so fondly! There will be many dark hours, darling, when I shall miss your soft tones and loving ways. But there is a long future, I trust, before us, when we shall never separate."

Hours passed swiftly away to the lovers, as they conversed together the last time for many months—perhaps, forever. Yet it was not a sad parting, though tears mingled with it, for there were many bright anticipations of the coming future, many fondly cherished hopes yet to be realized. There were no doubts, no fears of change in those young hearts. *He* knew that she loved him, with a deep, passionate love, that would never die, and his noble soul could prize well such a love. And Ida, she felt that all he said was truth—that those earnest tones would never speak aught else—that the heart that had cherished her so long would never dream of change, and with all her woman's devotion, she would trust him forever. And he went, and she was left alone.

* * * * *

The year had flown; and one starry eve, beautiful Ida Lee watched for the return of the absent. "Beautiful!" said I. Yes, a strange dark, witching beauty was her's. Amid her raven tresses gleamed the pale sun-drops, like a star upon the bosom of a cloud—a bright flush was on her cheek, and a glad sparkle in her dark eye. Again and again she looked forth on that still, glorious night—but he, whom she sought, came not. The morn came and went, and day by day went by, until hope had almost died in her heart. Yes, they were "passionate hopes

and *waisted feelings*" that were her's, for the absent would come no more. For while she watched so eagerly his coming, his eyes had grown weary and closed—forever; and the blue waves of the murmuring sea had parted, to give him a resting place! yet, the last words upon his lips, the last prayer within his heart, was for *her*. And *she*—could she linger when voices were ever whispering to her spirit, "Come up hither!"

CHAPTER III.

"Thus brightly a pathway is traced for thee,
With yon star for a guide to thy destiny."

'Twas a bright, beautiful morning, when Hattie Lee went forth from her childhood's home—a bride. Yes, she had found a shrine where she alone might worship, and she had knelt before that shrine to offer there her pure devotion forever.

On the banks of the beautiful Hudson is their home. Long years had passed swiftly by since they stood at the altar, and yet the two still trod the earth together; still had she a strong arm, a manly heart to lean upon; still had he a fond, loving wife, whose voice still softer grew, and the light in her eye,

"More beautiful still, when he was nigh!"

* * * * *

"Ask me not of her future, I know it not."

The summer had flown, and the autumn leaves were strewing the earth. The winds went sighing through the leafless boughs, and fountains and streamlets murmured softly a dirge for the

beautiful that had passed away—then hushed in the chilling presence of the Ice King their flowing song. As the bright woodland birds departed to seek a home in sunnier climes, they paused to warble a sad farewell to their once happy homes, and a requiem for the faded flowers. Nature mourned many a lost one; many a bright link in the emerald chain that had wreathed the earth. But come with me, and I will show you where a bright *bud of mortality* drooped, faded, and was laid to rest. Here, in this darkened room, where all tread so gently as they enter, closed her blue eyes forever upon those she loved. No! not forever! for she is watching over those loved ones still, from the bright realms of the spirit-land, where she now roameth. Here they parted, for the last time, the long golden tresses above her pure, pale brow; here they folded over the silent bosom her snowy hands; and *there*, beneath that grand old tree, through whose branches the moonlight wanders, lonely keeping watch like a good spirit, they laid her to rest. Go seek the Gipsy wanderer, wherever she now roameth, and tell her that the star of destiny she sought in vain, when asked of her future, has guided gentle Minnie Lee to her last home. Wisely said she "I know not of her future;" for God, and those who dwell above, alone have read her fate. There are two graves now where Minnie Lee is lying. Side by side, the sisters sleep the last dreamless slumber that knows no waking. Alas! Gipsy wanderer, whatever *thou wert*, thy *prophecies* were all too true!

THE SYSTEM OF COMPENSATION IN HAPPINESS;
OR, THE INVISIBLE DRAMAS.

ADOPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF SOULIÉ.

"Be this, or aught
Than this more secret now designed,
I haste to know."—MILTON.

In the sixth story of a magnificent house, in La Chaussée d'Antin, there lodged, some years ago, a young man, named Mark Anthony Riponneau. He was a stout, young stripling of twenty-five years of age, with a round and florid face, blue and prominent eyes, a slightly turned up nose, broad at the base, projecting and crimson lips; a healthy, happy, and contented face, to which, unfortunately, a low forehead, and hair so low grown that it had to be brushed up straight, gave a look of more obstinacy than intelligence to its expression, and something sordid and envious. Mark Anthony was clerk to the Ministry of Finance, and made 1,800 francs a year. He made that suffice, but was not content with it. Employed at State work, he had learned all the illusions thereof, and kept out of their

reach in private life. Thanks to much sobriety, he saved on his feed to clothe himself withal; and thanks to many circumstances of circumspection in all his movements, he kept his clothes decent for a long time after they would have ceased to be so on the person of a man in the habit of using a great deal of gesture. Riponneau never stretched his legs and arms, nor drew his person up to its full height, unless at moments of great exasperation, then he indulged in the most extravagant capers, accompanied by exclamations like this:

"Think of only having 1,800 francs, and the germ of greatness in one's soul!" The "germ of greatness," in this case, meant a longing for all life's luxuries.

"Ah!" continued Mark Anthony, "to be poor,

and see staring in one's face that great house of Monsieur and Madame De Crivelin! They are rich, and all goes well with them; the world flatters them; they are happy!" And here Master Riponneau stamped his foot. "If I were even as well off as M. Domen, the inmate of the second floor rooms, how differently would I use my fortune! But he is happy in his way, since able to live anywhere, he lives only at home. Besides, were he without fortune, he has acquired glory and respect. *Tonnerre et tonnerre!* He is happy!" At this passage of his lamentations, Riponneau kicked over a stool.

Then followed new exclamations, about the bonnet-maker in the store to the right of the door, the confectioner on the left, and all the tenants in the house, one after another, for (an exception to the general rule,) this house was splendidly tenanted; grooms, dogs, and horses made a noise in the court; the smoke of the chimney smelt of truffles and pheasants; and when he went down in the morning for his milk, Mark Anthony met the slender chambermaids of the establishment, redolent of their mistresses' perfumes. His boots looked worse blacked than ever, beside the waxed slippers of the valets de chambre. The happiness of the masters insulted him in its exultation. Then, in the evening, there were delicious voices singing in concert, the murmurs and bustle of dancing. Sometimes bent from a window, he would catch a glimpse of a supple form, and a blonde or brunette head crowned with flowers, and radiant above soft muslin or glossy silk. All this kept Mark Anthony in a perpetual fever of wishing for the happiness of riches, without being able to attain any other enjoyment than kicking the floor, or beating the walls.

Now, one evening when Riponneau had arrived at a pitch of perfect frenzy, he heard a knock at his door, and almost immediately afterwards in walked a man of about sixty years of age, and with a high and broad forehead. He was wrapped in a robe de chambre of wadded and quilted calico, like the old short gowns of our grandmothers. This man had a lively and piercing eye, and an expression of cunning, though arch and full of geniality.

"Neighbor," said he to Riponneau, in a sweet and quiet voice, "every man's house is his castle. I did not assist in the taking of the Bastille, or concur with the revolution of July, without recognizing this grand political principle. But all liberty has its limits, because it may infringe on other people's liberty. You are at liberty to howl, but only to a certain extent—for I am at liberty to sleep; and if your liberty destroys mine, it becomes tyranny and mine slavery—which is against the principles of the two revolutions I have just referred to."

Mark Anthony wanted to get angry, the neighbor did not give him a chance, and resumed: "Besides, it is not I who complain; I don't mind noise. It is your little neighbor, Mademoiselle Juana, the dress-maker, who came in this evening as pale as a ghost, and with her eyes red with work, and crying. She is going to retire, poor child, in hopes of sleeping—so she said. Now, my dear neighbor, on her account, please to study your melo-dramatic parts with a little less animation."

"Heh!" said Mark Anthony.

"Besides," said the old gentleman, with a critical air, "I have seen Talma, sir, and believe me, it was not with many gestures and loud cries that he produced his fine effects. In *Manlius* he only raised his forefinger and looked aslant, as he said: 'Tis I who foresaw their frivolous attempts, and overthrew the Gauls from the high capitol;' and the house rang with applause. Believe me, sir, *good declamation.*"

"But, sir, I am not a play-actor."

"Ah! bah!" said the old man, "you're a lawyer then?"

"No."

"You are too young to be a deputy. What the mischief are you, that you yell so about nothing?"

"I am poor, sir; I long for the happiness of riches, and I amuse myself in my own way."

The neighbor looked at Riponneau with interest. There was on the face of the former a struggle, first with a mischievous inclination and a benevolent wish. Benevolence got the upper hand. He took a chair, and with the sweet authority of age and indulgence, said to Riponneau:

"Ah, you are poor, and consequently unhappy? Let us chat a little, neighbor. You know that poor people are always liberal to each other; and I, who am happy, will give you a little of what you want; I will tell you how happy I am."

"Well, neighbor, you live alone at home?"

"Yes."

"You work day and night?"

"Yes."

"You rarely go out?"

"That is true."

"What does your happiness consist in, and what can you give me?"

"Nothing; but I shall have done much for you if I take a load off your mind. It is *envy* which devours and destroys all the joys of your youth, like the worm at the heart of the bud."

"I envious?" exclaimed Mark Anthony.

"Are you married, young man?" said the old neighbor.

"No."

"Have you a sweetheart?"

"No."

"Have you a family which —"

"I am an orphan."

"Have you debts?"

"No."

"No wife, *ergo* no children. No sweetheart, *ergo* no rivals. No family, *ergo* no claims upon you. No debts, *ergo* no duns. In fine, you are exempt from all the plagues of humanity. Therefore, if you are unhappy, it is not from any cause external and independent of your person. Your unhappiness comes from an internal cause, inherent to your nature. That cause is envy."

"And suppose it is," said Riponneau, "when I admit that I envy the happiness of those around me, where's the harm, pray?"

"The harm is in your suffering from what is foreign to you—which is extravagantly unreasonable."

"Bah!" said Riponneau, "it is not unreasonable to want good fortune."

"It is unreasonable to wish for grief, despair, incessant torments and perpetual uneasiness, which always accompany wealth."

"These are mere common-place, my dear neighbor. Silly consolations, when offered by one poor man to another—or insolent derision, when from the rich."

The old man reflected, and after a short silence, said to Mark Anthony:

"Well, answer frankly, whom do you envy of the people, in the same house with you? In whose place would you be?"

"In whose place!" said Mark Anthony.

"Why there's not one but is better off than I—and, since I am free to choose, and do not rob anybody by imagining myself in their place—I think on the whole, that I like the position of the Crivelins, best of all."

"Really?"

"Yes. Why last week I could not sleep all night, with the noise of their fête. The most magnificent carriages filled the street, the most distinguished names were announced by a stentorian voice, at the door of their saloons. All who went in, were impatient to be in; those who were obliged to leave, left with regret; and on the stairs, which I went up and down a dozen times, I heard every moment:"

"What delightful people! What enjoyment! How happy they are!"

And then, others said:

"They are to marry their daughter to the Count of Formont. What a splendid match! Youth, beauty, fortune, position on both sides. They are happy, and they deserve to be."

"Ah!" said the old neighbor, "did you hear all that on the stairs?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, if you had been in the saloons, you would have heard more. Everywhere, enjoy-

ment, laughter, congratulations; on the faces of the hosts, the satisfaction arising from that happiness which comes from happiness bestowed, on all sides, assurances of friendship—the delight of the Count of Formont, the chastened gladness of Adele de Crivelin, their stolen glances—the soft and benevolent smiles of the old people, who, seeing these glances, remembered their youth. The pride of the father and the love of the mother, both triumphant and proud of their daughter's success in society. It was a charming tableau till five o'clock in the morning. Then, the curtain went down—the play was finished—and the invisible drama commenced."

"How," asked Mark Anthony, "Is Monsieur de Crivelin's fortune compromised—and like so many others—does he conceal his ruin, by giving parties?"

"No."

"Is his wife unworthy of him?"

"She is the best of wives."

"Has his daughter misconducted herself?"

"She is an angel of virtue and purity."

"What can be the trouble?"

"A good action—a good action forgotten for fifteen years—and which now rises up in the form of an ugly rascal, with a yellow and bilious face—a graceless scamp who soiled the satin of their gilded furniture with the filth of his rags, one hour after the gauzy dresses of the fair dancers had rested upon it."

"I do not understand you."

"Listen. A man, dressed in a dirty livery, stayed all night in the anti-chamber. In such a crowd of lacqueys, he escaped the attention of the household domestics, but as the parlors became empty, and the anti-chambers also, he was observed, and with suspicion; but the clown only made himself more at home, and stretched himself out leisurely on the lounges. At last, the tardiest guests were gone, and the dirty lacquy still held his post. He was asked why he staid.

"I am waiting for my master, Monsieur Eugene Ligny."

"Everybody has gone home," was answered.

"I tell you he is here—ask your master, he'll find him."

The domestics were going to get angry. The rogue raised his voice, and M. de Crivelin, appeared at the door of the anti-room, and asked, "what was the meaning of the noise."

"It is this man," said the valet de chambre.

"He will not go out under the pretext that he is waiting for his master."

"What is his master's name?"

"He, whom I seek," said the unknown groom, "is named Eugene Ligny, and I shall not go out until I have spoken to him."

"Scarcely had he uttered these words, when M. de Crivelin looked at him with terror in his face—he turned pale—tottered—and scarcely able then to control the terror and dismay which he experienced, he ordered his servants to retire, and bade the man follow him."

"As usual—little disorder, assisted a great catastrophe. A house where a ball of five hundred people is given, is generally somewhat out of order; the doors between the different apartments of the suite being taken down, left the apartments open to all eyes. Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin had only reserved the apartment of their daughter and their own from invasion. All the other rooms were opened. Madame de Crivelin was in the hands of her *femme de chambre*, when her husband came to beg her to go to her daughter's room, and leave her room to him for a conversation of the utmost importance."

"Ah," said she, laughing, "I wager it is M. de Formont, who pursues you. It is amusing to see how lovers behave; they go without rest. Send him away till to-morrow."

"No, it is not he. For pity's sake go out until I send for you."

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Madame de Crivelin—"you are pale; your face is livid; What is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear wife, nothing; only leave us."

Madame de Crivelin yielded, but took away with her an anxiety which soon communicated itself to her daughter; for Adele was not yet asleep, and seeing her mother come into her room she questioned her; and the fright of Madame de Crivelin affected her so much that she too began to tremble. There were the two poor terrified women, shut up in the narrowest corner of their splendid mansion, waiting with impatience for the issue of so strange a conference, and one which so much troubled Monsieur de Crivelin. With whom was he shut up? What was he saying? What powerful interest caused him to hold converse with such a creature at such an hour? Adele imagined Bertrand de Formont expiring. Mad. de Crivelin imagined a thousand impossibilities.

Meanwhile, this was what was passing in the room where M. de Crivelin was shut up with the lacquy.

"You know me then, Eugene?" said this man to De Crivelin.

"You here," said M. de Crivelin; "you alive?"

"When you thought I was dead! It's funny, isn't it? It is true, too. Get me a glass of wine and a slice of ham, and you'll see that I'm no ghost."

"Come, Jules, this is not what you came for, speak, wretch."

"For six hours I have been waiting in this anti-room, hungry and thirsty. I want to eat and drink."

"What do you say?"

"I want to eat and drink. Come, go get me something yourself, if you are afraid it will soil your waiter's hands to wait on me."

Crivelin bent down his head and went out; a moment afterwards he came in with a plate, which he sat before the miserable fellow, and said:

"Now speak, what do you want?"

The person named Jules began to eat and spoke thus at the same time:

"Listen, Eugene, this is what you wrote to me eighteen years ago.—You see, Jules, your follies have resulted as I predicted. From recklessness you have passed to error; from error to crime; and now a disgraceful condemnation is upon your head. Since you have escaped from your prison, profit by your liberty to fly, and fly alone. Do not drag with you a child which scarcely yet has breathed, to make her share the wandering life which you must seek in a new world. Leave me your daughter. At the moment when the law reached you, misfortune reached me; my daughter is dying. If God does not take her, my daughter shall be a sister to yours; if she is taken from me, your Marie shall take her place with us. Herewith is gold enough for you to be enabled in your flight to make an honorable fortune."

"Is not that what you wrote me?"

"It is," said Monsieur de Crivelin.

"Eight days afterwards," resumed the man, "you sat out with the two children for Italy. Neither child had more than completed two years, you went to rejoin your wife, who was forced to leave you, to go and receive the last adieu and the pardon of her mother, who was dying at Naples. Your marriage with her having been contrary to the wish of her family; that noble family forbade your presence at this reconciliation. Your mother-in-law being dead, you were returning to your wife. As for me, in order the better to secure my flight, I placed on the margin of a river a letter, in which I said that I did not wish to survive my shame; and a month after your departure, you received the intelligence of my death. At the same moment, your daughter died at Ancona, and you made a public deposition to that effect, under the name which you then bore. Then you continued your journey, allowing all the strangers whom you encountered to call the child, who accompanied you, by your daughter's name. Charmed with her grace, beauty, and affection for yourself, you also called her by your child's name; and, travelling slowly, you looked forward with terror to the moment when you would be obliged to tell

your wife that her daughter was dead. Then, an idea suddenly struck you. Your wife, in company with her brother, Monsieur de Crivelin, having gone to her dying mother, had left your Adele at three months after her birth—at that age when a child's face changes with every succeeding year. Marie, (the daughter of Jules Marsilly, whom you thought dead,) might, you thought, replace this lost Adele in her mother's eyes. Your wife was ill; the news of her daughter's death might kill her; you resolved to deceive her. Marie Marsilly became Adele Ligny.

"Since you know so well the feeling which dictated my conduct, why do you attempt to make it appear a crime?" asked M. de Crivelin.

"I am not blaming," answered the drunkard, "I am relating."

He drank two glasses of wine, and continued thus:

"Your ruse succeeded marvellously. It succeeded beyond your expectations. Not only was your wife enchanted with this girl, so beautiful and charming, her uncle, M. de Crivelin—who could not forgive you for being his brother-in-law—became very much attached to this child; and eight years after he left all his fortune to her, naming you her guardian, on condition that you would assume his name. That is the way you came to return to France, under the name of Eugène Ligny de Crivelin."

"But I did not deceive any one. I did not forswear my name."

"You were incapable of that. Only the habit grew upon you of suppressing the Ligny, and of calling yourself M. de Crivelin; and as I never heard that name mentioned much in my youth, I never should have thought that the rich Monsieur de Crivelin was my old college comrade, Eugene Ligny, had I not seen posted up at the door of the mayor's office in my quarter of the town, the marriage banns of Mademoiselle Adele Ligny de Crivelin with Count Bertrand de Formont. Seeing this, I wondered how Adele, dead at Ancona, was alive at Paris."

"It is a falsehood," said M. de Crivelin, who thought he saw in this assertion a hope of escape from his horrible situation.

"My good fellow," said the brigand to him, "do not attempt a part which you are not up to. I passed through Ancona the day after your daughter's death, and everybody was talking of your despair. Besides, if needful, the act of burial might be found. Listen to me, patiently."

The scoundrel finished a second bottle, and resumed:

"You comprehend that once on this track, the history of your romance is as easy to finish. You put my daughter in the place of your's, and now you have arrived at the conviction, perhaps, that she is your child?"

"Yes!" cried M. de Crivelin. "She is my child—my daughter—my hope—my happiness! What will you? What do you ask?"

"Let us make the question clear, in order to answer it," answered the rowdy.

"First, you stole my child from me—a crime provided against by law. Then, in order to take the inheritance left by the uncle, you produced a certificate of birth, which you applied to my daughter, while the proof of your daughter's death is to be now had at Ancona. Thirdly, in order to have the banns of the pretended Mademoiselle Ligny de Crivelin published, you used a title equally false. This is incontrovertible. Now, let us reason. For having put another signature than my own at the bottom of a bit of paper, I was condemned to fifteen years in the galleys. I am miserable and dishonored; and I only owe not being at the treadmill, to the belief that I am dead. You, on the contrary, by having used falsely an authentic certificate, and by depriving other heirs of an immense property, by means of this act are rich, honored, and surrounded by opulence and festivity. This is not just."

"What do you mean, rascal? Do you want to take Adele from me? Oh! wretch! But her mother—my poor wife is her true mother! Do you wish to kill her? Oh, I prefer to tell the truth, and the tribunals will leave her to me, I am sure."

"That remains to be seen. But the question is not yet put. The will of M. de Crivelin is made in favor of Mademoiselle Adele Ligny. If I prove that the heiress is *not* Mademoiselle Ligny, I ruin her—I ruin you all. This is a piece of folly which I have no intention of committing. Besides, I am too good a father to commit such an act of cruelty—for nothing. But you know that moral people say that a good deed is never lost; in consequence of this maxim, I constitute myself your benefactor. This fortune, which I might deprive you all of, I leave to you. It is the same as if I gave it to you. This happiness, which I might annihilate with a word, I repeat, it is the same as if I had bestowed it. Your wife, who would die of this discovery, I suffer to live. It is the same as if I saved her from drowning, or being burned up. This cherished daughter, whom I shall thus lose, without hope, I suffer to marry her lover. What do I do then? I make you rich and happy. I save your wife's life; I marry your daughter to a man of honorable name, of noble family. One cannot, in good sooth, be more of a benefactor than I am, or more virtuous. I overwhelm you with good deeds, and as it is said that a kindness is never lost, you will give me a million."

"A million—just heaven!" cried Monsieur de Crivelin.

"A good deed is never lost," repeated the villain.

"But you forget," said M. de Crivelin, "that I might send you to the galleys."

At this, Marsilly rose—his mouth foaming, his eyes bloodshot.

"No menaces of that sort, or I will force you to ask my pardon on your knees, and will make your wife and daughter come here and kiss the dust at my feet. I give you two hours—in two hours I will return for your answer."

And the man went out.

"This is a sad story," said Riponneau.

"It is but the beginning," said the old man, "for close to this room, were the mother and daughter, whom one of those devoted domestics who never fail to tell everything disagreeable, had informed that M. de Crivelin was shut up with a man who had the face of an assassin, and that the other servants were alarmed. This charitable news, added to the distress evinced by her husband, induced Madame de Crivelin to listen at the door of the neighboring room. The shuddering of Madame de Crivelin—her smothered cries—caused Adele to listen too, and both at once, learned the horrible secret which struck them both; the secret which cried out to the mother—"This is not thy daughter!" to the daughter—"This is not thy mother!"

This is why—when M. de Crivelin re-entered the room, he found them both weeping—on their knees—sobbing, and convulsively embracing each other: for already, Madame de Crivelin had ceased to weep for the dead child, which she had scarcely known—she wept for the child she had raised—whom, in her holy, maternal power she had, so to speak, modelled into her own likeness, the child she had loved with passion, and who loved her with a sacred affection.

It was then that the invisible drama commenced, with its tears, sobs, and transports of grief. And that has endured for eight days. Sir—all is terror and despair in this house. Nevertheless, on the morrow of the first day they were all obliged to be present at a magnificent dinner at the house of M. de Formont's mother; and in order that their secret might not transpire without—these three happy people whom you envy—went to the dinner. As they were all more serious than usual, and very pale, they were pursued with joyous congratulations, on the success of their splendid party. They had toasts drank to their health, to the unalterable happiness of the future spouses—they had to smile with tears in their eyes, sobs in their throats, and death in their hearts.

"What can they do?" demanded Riponneau.

"An immense sum of money has sent Marsilly away; but he may return; in a few years, he will be free to return, for he will then have ac-

quitted his term of years, as if at the galleys, and he will not then speak with the restraint of a man who fears for himself, he will be the absolute master of that family."

"In the meantime, constrained by the fatality of their previous existence, they live through the day as they should, in order that nothing should be suspected—but they weep at night. Then, at the hearth, where they all sit up, they pass long conferences, in tears, uttering sad vows never to leave each other. This is not all. Sir, Adele loves M. de Formont—she loves him because he is brave, generous, full of elevated feelings; and because she is proud of being beloved by him; and precisely, because she loves him with this noble and chaste love. She does not wish to deceive him—she does not wish, that some day, this man, so pure—of so noble, and honorable a family—should behold that miserable wretch, who is her father, able to destroy all his happiness."

"Adele will not wish to marry Count de Formont."

"What will you do?" exclaimed Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin, when she announced this.

This child, admirable in all things, answered:

"As it is for me that you suffer thus, it is I who will take all the blame of this rupture."

"She kept her word, sir. For eight days this charming and enchanting creature has made herself appear impertinent, cold, and capricious. She embitters with sarcasm the anger she excites by her coldness; she laughs at the tears which she causes Monsieur de Formont to shed; she laughs at her lover's tortures from despair. But, as I told you, the hour comes when the visible play ends and the invisible drama commences and then there is not a torture she has inflicted which she does not endure more bitterly and more hopelessly. Through the day she suffers by inflicting pain; at night she suffers from the pain she has inflicted. This is not all. Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin see their daughter failing, day by day, before their eyes. This morning the physician found her in a raging fever. In the eyes of the world, this is a passing indisposition. Oh! how soon would the family whom you envy, exchange their rich apartments, their equipages, their millions, for your garret, and your eighteen hundred francs!"

"Well, if they are not happy, I don't believe any one is," said Riponneau, obstinately.

The old man stepped into the entry to speak to the physician, as he passed down the stairs.

He re-entered, saying, "Adele de Crivelin is dead! There are some persons," added he, whom you cannot envy, who feel nothing, and love nothing—who suffer nothing."

"Whom mean you?"

"The dead!" And the old man went away.



THE DOOM OF ALI.

THE DOOM OF ALI.

"The Pacha landed his forces; spread horror and desolation over the beautiful island of Scio, and, with his ships loaded with booty and captives, remained at anchor, like a tiger, whetting his teeth for other prey.

CANARIS, as soon as it was sufficiently dark, bore down the straits. There was commotion in the daring little brig—it was that of men laying trains, spreading combustibles, and muttering deep vengeance, mingled with the names of friends and of Scio. They were hailed; but the dark mass came on without reply. They steered for the ship of the Capudan Pacha, a 74, grappled it, threw themselves into their boat, and fired the train. The Pacha perished, together with every person on board his ship."—*JONES' SKETCHES OF NAVAL LIFE.*

In Scio's straits, at even, lay,
Like tiger, fanged and crouched for prey,
The war-ship of the foe:
A baleful cloud o'erhung the wave,
That spread the pall of Scio's grave,
Whose failing embers, flickering, gave
A dim and dying glow.
High from his floating citadel,
With bloody eye, all grim and fell,
The Turk, 'mid ruined tower and wall,
Watched the dim fire-wrath flash and fall.
It was a sight of triumph, for
His sword was clogged with massacre;
Yet was he unsated still:
Aye—if amid the thousands slain,
One living Sciote might remain,
The blade, though drunk with blood, again
Would swift be bared to kill.
He looks in vain—no life is there,
Gem of the isles! once bright and fair
As Heaven's own glad and beauteous face,
Thy splendor's where thine ashes are—
Thine ashes show a wilderness!

'Tis night—and lo! the Turk hath made
A luscious feast upon the spoil;
His booty's told, his prayers are said,
And from his brow and sabre's blade,
Is wiped the stain of bloody toil.
Allah is thanked, the watch is set—
How did his heart of pride forget,
Blood hath a cry for vengeance yet!

Approach we now yon battle ship,
And hear the din that swells afar—
List! sure it thunders from the lip
Of wine, of wassailry, and war.
Pause! see that Pharos in its glow!
Lo! pendant from each shroud and spar,
Afore and aft, aloft, alow,
Alive with flame, lit up as though
In Bairam feast, or gale show,
A thousand lustrous burn!
Smiles gaily, terrible each gun,
With flambeau for its tompion—
Each lengthened deck, as by the sun,
Illumed from prow to stern.
It seems, in gorgeous majesty,
Some noble funeral pyre;
Floating upon the molten sea,
A pyramid of fire!
Yet nearer—through those open ports,
As furnace mouths, illumined, view,
Like phrensied demons at their sports,
The orgies of that bandit crew,

Groan the thronged decks beneath the tread
Of men that madden o'er their wine,
And curse the recreant Scio's dead,
In the best juices of her vine.
Here, grouped around a cluttered gun,
They sit, or stand, or lean upon,
A score the brimming goblet quaff,
Bandy the jest, or wieldy laugh
At boasted deeds whose blood and woe
Doth their red sabres witness show,
And gesture toward that fated shore,
With gaunt, bare arms, yet grim with gore.
While others, dull and listless grown,
Amid the turmoil, sit alone,
Or, stowed in unfrequented nook,
Vapor with the perfumed chibouque,
Nor list the braggart tales, nor care,
Save the unvaried close to share;
Then mingling in one wild hurra,
Allah! the Prophet! and Pacha!

And in another quarter see,
To wake a busier revelry,
They spurn the finished bowl.
'Tis for the dance, that gathering—
Hark! as they partly howl and sing,
How bursts the frantic soul—

SONG.

Shout for the deeds that the faithful have done!
Shout for the conquest their valor hath won!
To Heaven let the thunder of victory swell,
Loud as the wall of the infidel!

O woe to the Giaour, O woe to his home,
Where the crescent-red wolf to his ravine doth come!
When he snuffs his far prey and descends like the
wind,

O where is the mourner that lingers behind!

As gleameth the lightning in tempest afar,
So terribly flasheth the bright scimeter,
And dread as the bolt is the doom it shall draw,
When it falls for the prophet and Ali Pacha!

So broke the wild, barbaric tongue,
And wilder yet the echo rung
Along the island shore:
The topmast shook its folded sheet,
The deck with cadences rudely beat,
Thundered beneath their merry feet,
That drowned the loud tambour

And yet, if for a moment's peace,
That bacchanalian mirth might cease.
For other sounds might meet the ear—
Sounds it would agonize to hear;

For the few flowers the Turks could spare
 From Scio's massacre are there;
 Whose beauty stayed his sabre's thrust
 For trophied cruelty and lust,
 And futile made the prayer the cry,
 Craving with kindred dead to die.
 Sadly they raised the lone lament,
 Or sat in sorrow, dumb,
 Where, cribbed with Ali's slaves, and pent,
 Their griefs for slaughtered loved ones blent,
 Whose fate they envied, all interest
 Upon a worse to come.

* * * * *

'Tis past midnight;—now nearly morn—
 The thousand lights have ceased to burn,
 Save here and there a straggling one
 That flitters o'er the revel done.

The ship like a slumbering giant lies,
 And the half-filled moon, as she leaves the skies,
 Lengthens its shade on the billows breast,
 That heaves and sinks in its troublous rest.
 The spacious decks are with sleepers strown,
 With wine and carousal all wearied grown,
 Some couched 'mid the glittering heaps of spoil
 In whose long dole they forgot their toil;
 And some bowed down in the sleep of the soul,
 Not a dream in their brain, nor a drop in their bowl.
 The chief supine where his dose began,
 His hand still clenched on his gataghan;
 And the minstrel hushed where his song had been,
 With his head drooped o'er his tambourine.
 'Mid the cups of revel o'erturned and dry,
 Were the nerveless arm, and the maudlin eye,
 And but for the deep and the long drawn breath,
 Ye had deemed their sleep was the sleep of death.
 And hark! as the watches wane wearily,
 And the stars twinkle down to their rest in the sea,
 The drowsy cry of the sentinel,
 And the echo from Scio's rocks—"All's well."

All was not well, tho' human eye
 Amid the stilly scene could spy
 No danger that might threaten there,
 On ship or shore, in sea or air.
 The freshened zephyr did not bring
 A larum note upon his wing;
 The tell-tale voice of night was dumb;
 Nor did an errant murmur come,
 Of vengeance to the dreaming foe,
 Or hope for captives watch of woe.
 Sleep on, thou spoiler! it may be,
 A longer slumber waiteth thee—
 Perchance another couch, whereon
 A deeper rest shall come anon—
 A rest beyond the thunder's breaking—
 A rest that never shall know a waking.

Far up the straight, and 'neath the shore,
 Whose cliffy walls repeat the roar
 Of waves that tremble from the north,
 Where blasts from *Sail's* hills are forth,
 Lone, 'mid the dark, there might have been
 A solitary vessel seen,
 Moored and at rest upon its pillow,
 The toy of every wakeful billow.
 Its sides were dark, unarmed and low—

(No cruiser that, to meet a foe)
 And dimly 'gainst the star-lit sky,
 Its masts and spars you might descry,
 Where the furled sail and rigging taut
 Might ask, perchance, the random thought,
 (And e'en deceive the seamen's ken,)
 To rank the craft with merchantmen,
 Who, by the hazard cautious made,
 'Twixt shore and isle plied dubious trade.
 No flag her name or nation spoke;
 No light surrounding darkness broke;
 No helmsman watched amid the gloom;
 The decks were silent as the tomb,
 And but for signs of recent care,
 You sure had deemed the stranger there
 Some bandit bark of contraband,
 Or coaster, wrecked upon the strand;
 Or plague-ship, drifting with its dread
 And ghastly crew of tombless dead.
 But softly!—be conjecture past—
 Emerged as from the very mast,
 With step of caution, or alarm;
 There walks the deck a muffled form.
 'Tis human—who would farther know,
 Asks what the day alone can show;
 For ill can aye, or air, or mien,
 Thro' night and mantle's fold be seen.

It stood, and upward seemed to turn
 A glance, as if from Heaven to learn
 The promise of betokened breeze,
 Or lengthened calm upon the sea.
 Anon it sought the vessel's side,
 And dimly read the offing wide,
 Then did the neighboring cliffs essay
 To scan, if thither aught there lay,
 To while the weary watch with cheer,
 Or waken interest, or fear.
 At length, as with the view content,
 Low to the deck the figure bent,
 And straight a whistle's note was heard,
 As the dark pall of night it stirred.
 So low, it scarce awoke the ear
 Of island echo slumbering near,
 So loud, it need not rise again
 To summon forth six stalwart men,
 Who heard it said—"arouse! 'tis time!
 The moon delays, the breeze is prime."

On board the Turk, the sentinel
 Yet walked his round, and all was still,
 When suddenly he cries—"What! ho!
 Your craft! your colors!—friend or foe?"
 The eye of many a slumberer round
 Looked wakeful wonder at the sound.
 But, heedless, silent, still, and dark,
 Booms onward that mysterious bark.
 Unfurled and tense is every sail,
 And driven, as by northern gale,
 It cleaves the wave that strikes and foams,
 And downward, nearer, nearer comes.
 The billow's rush is heard—once more,
 With voice yet sterner than before,
 The trumpet—"Sluggards, madmen, hear!
 Lie to, and keep the offing clear,
 Or, by the Prophet, ye shall find

A war-ship's thunder in the wind!
Great Allah! would they board us! hence!
A broadside for their impudence!"
Scarce is the mandate issued, when,
All wild and fearfully again,
The stranger ship's dark sides among
The whistle's startling summons rung,
And on the deck a well known form
Thus speaks in accents like the storm:

"Sons of the Greek, it is the hour!
Let heart and hand be nerved with power!
Ye come to avenge your ravaged home—
For Scio's wrongs and woes ye come!
Lo! where those butchered loved ones lie!
And shall their blood for vengeance cry
Unheard, upon the ruthless foe?
Shades of our glorious fathers!—no!
By those that live in exile driven,
And by the dead who live in Heaven,
We swear to deal our spoiler's doom,
Or make his heart our bloody tomb!
Now for our work—before your eyes
See ruined, smouldering Scio lies,
And *there* the fiends that lit those fires,
God of our children! aid their sires!"
A crash! they strike!—hark! 'mid the yell,
That gnashing rage and horror swell,
That voice again—

"'Tis nobly done,
My braves, now be the grapnels thrown!
Haste! fasten! strongly! quick! aye, so—
Scio and vengeance! now below!
Speed for the torch! ready the boat!
Aboard all! let her sternward float!"
Then, torch in hand, he shouts again—
"CANARIS 'tis, that fires the train!"

'Tis fire—and while, with vigorous oar,
The boat recedes amid the roar
Of furious volleys, thund'ring out
Their harmless balls, like hail about.
Oh! what a feast for eye and mind—
The fearful sight they leave behind!
As darts the lightning's dazzling path,
Mid the bleached mountain-pines in wrath;
As o'er the prairie, sere and pale,
Speeds the fierce flame in Autumn gale,
So flashing, crackling, roaring, springs
The pitchy decks among, and clings
To shroud and sail, that quenchless fire,
Still waxing broader, hotter, higher.
Oh! hear the shriek of wild despair!
With mingled rage, that rends the air,
As 'neath its canopy of dun,
Proud Ali's ship it seizes on!
Drives thro' the ports with smothering heat,
Climbs the tall mast and lights the sheet!
Now blaze the bulwarks!—fast and thick
The showering cinders strew the deck.
Oh! by the wild and horrid glare,
Mark the pale victims, grouping there!
For them, there waits a death of woe—
The flame around! the sea below!
Confusion, terror, and dismay,
Commands none hear, and none obey.

The prayer, the curse, the frantic cry,
The helplessness of agony—
The shouts of those that fear not death,
Gnashing despair, the hurried breath
Of hopeless fear, the futile dash
Of buckets, and the deaf'ning crash
Of spars that tumble from the tops,
And snap adown the burning ropes.
The groans of drunken slumberers, woke,
To strangle mid the heat and smoke!
All that is terrible to ear,
Or eye, or thought, is real there.
Vainly that cry for help ascends;
Nor man's, nor Allah's ear attends.
Vainly they leap, and swim to save
A life, they lose in watery grave.
Vainly, too, forth the boats they throw—
The crowds o'erwhelm—they sink below;
And the fierce blaze that lights the gloom,
Shows but the horrors of their tomb!
It surges on, till all the wreck,
From main-top-gallant, down to deck,
Stands forth revealed in aspect dire,
A sheeted wall of living fire.

Away! away! for where's the ear
Can brook those dismal shrieks to hear!
And where's the eye 'mong mortal men,
Looks once, and seeks the sight again!
Oh! e'en an iron heart would quail,
And the flush'd cheek of crime grow pale,
To see the wretches plunge to drown,
And with the scream of death go down.
Oh! ling'ring in their burning home,
By terror and despair o'ercome—
Sink, melting thro' the fiery surge,
That wraps their fall, and roars their dirge.

Oh! heavens! what shock rends earth and air!
What can it mean?

Is it red hell that bursteth there,
With the crammed legions of despair!

The magazine,
Fraught with her elements of woe,
Hath caught the fiery breath, and lo!
Mad Hecla's bellowings would seem
Compared, as but the murmuring dream
Of infancy! See! by the shock,
The old Argean yawn and rock,
As if the cradle of its rest
Were the waked earthquake's heaving breast
And lo! by the wild tempest driven,
What ruins rack the face of Heaven!
Shivered, and charred, and crisped, and torn,
To the four winds in thunder borne—
Around, and upward, hither, thither,
Timbers, and planks, and men together!
Scattered in fragments, far and high,
A tumbling chaos in the sky.
Flits, arrow-like, the stately mast,
A splintered log, before the blast;
And frequent roars the random gun,
In mid-air pathway, booming on.
Spoiler and spoil, captive and crew,
The godly ship, and Ali, too,
Upon the fiery tempest's wings,

A mass of undistinguished things—
Distorted, shapeless, maimed, and sent
With fury, thwart the firmament.
All mingle with one fearful roar,
That shakes e'en Asia's distant shore—
And stirs the ashes of the dead,
That sleeps on Scion's gory bed.

Oh! if those shades around might fit,
And see the foeman's doom thus writ,
In blazonry of fire,
I ween they might, in such redress,
Forget their own wo's bitterness,
And well appeased, retire.

And now, ere that volcanic sound
Hath thundered the horizon round,

With rush and plashing, comes the rain
Of havoc, down upon the main.
The guns plunge sullenly afar,
Amid the hiss of quenching spar;
The ghastly wrecks of human form,
All blackened in the sulphury storm;
Discarnate limbs, scarce known to be
The remnants of humanity,
Haste downward to their final sleep,
Amid the caverns of the deep,
And darkness broods, with double gloom,
On Scio, and her spoiler's tomb!

Morn breaks anon upon the sea,
But the proud Turk—Oh! where is he?

THE SEVEN YEARS' RACE.

A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

"WHERE is our little Mary?" said the father.

"She is playing out upon the green there, with our neighbors's boy," replied the mother.

"I wish they may not run away and lose themselves," said he; "they are so thoughtless."

The mother looked for the little ones, and brought them their evening luncheon. "It is warm," said the boy; "and Mary had a longing for the red cherries."

"Have a care, children," said the mother, "and do not run too far from home, or into the wood; father and I are going to the fields."

Little Andres answered: "Never fear, the wood frightens us; we shall sit here by the house, where there are people near us."

The mother went in, and soon came out again with her husband. They locked the door, and turned towards the fields to look after their laborers, and see their hay-harvest in the meadow. Their house lay upon a little green height, encircled by a pretty ring of paling, which, likewise, enclosed their fruit and flower garden. The hamlet stretched somewhat deeper down, and on the other side lay the castle of the Count. Martin rented the large farm from this nobleman; and was living in contentment with his wife and only child; for he yearly saved some money, and had the prospect of becoming a man of substance by his industry, for the ground was productive, and the Count not illiberal.

As he walked with his wife to the fields, he gazed cheerfully round, and said: "What a different look this quarter has, Brigitta, from the place we lived in formerly! Here it is all so green; the whole village is bedecked with thick-spreading fruit-trees; the ground is full of beautiful herbs and flowers; all the houses are cheerful and cleanly, the inhabitants are at their ease;

may, I could almost fancy that the woods are greener here than elsewhere, and the sky bluer; and, so far as the eye can reach, you have pleasure and delight in beholding the bountiful earth."

"And whenever you cross the stream," said Brigitta, "you are, as it were, in another world, all is so dreary and withered; but every traveler declares that our village is the fairest in the country, far and near."

"All but that fir ground," said her husband; "do but look back to it, how dark and dismal that solitary spot is lying in the gay scene; the dingy fir-trees, with the smoky huts behind them, the ruined stalls, the brook flowing past with a sluggish melancholy."

"It is true," replied Brigitta; "if you but approach that spot, you grow disconsolate and sad, you know not why. What sort of people can they be that live there, and keep themselves so separate from the rest of us, as if they had an evil conscience?"

"A miserable crew," replied the young farmer: "gipsies, seemingly, that steal and cheat in other quarters, and have their horde and hiding-place here. I wonder only that his lordship suffers them."

"Who knows," said the wife, with an accent of pity, "but perhaps they may be poor people, wishing, out of shame, to conceal their poverty; for, after all, no one can say aught ill of them; the only thing is, that they do not go to church, and none knows how they live; for the little garden, which indeed seems altogether waste, cannot possibly support them; and fields they have none."

"God knows," said Martin, as they went along, "what trade they follow; no mortal comes to

them; for the place they live in is as if bewitched and excommunicated, so that even our wildest fellows will not venture into it."

Such conversation they pursued, while walking to the fields. The spot they spoke of, was dark and gloomy, forming a strange contrast to the bright green landscape and the new-built castle.

The two little ones had now eaten their fruit; it came into their heads to run races; and the little nimble Mary always got the start of the less active Andres. "It is not fair," cried Andres at last: "let us try it for some length, then we shall see who wins."

"As thou wilt," said Mary; "only to the brook we must not run."

"No," said Andres; "but there, on the hill, stands the large pear-tree, a quarter of a mile from this. I shall run by the left, round past the fir-ground; thou canst try it by the right, over the fields; so we do not meet till we get up, and then we shall see which of us is the swifter."

"Done," cried Mary, and began to run; "for we shall not mar one another by the way, and my father says it is as far to the hill by that side of the gipsies' house as by this."

After running some distance, Mary thought to herself that there would be no harm in crossing by the huts, and she courageously sprang across the brook to the other side.

But what was her astonishment when here! The loveliest, most variegated flower-garden lay round her; tulips, roses, and lilies were glittering in the fairest colors; blue and gold-red butterflies were wavering in the blossoms; cages of shining wire were hung on the espaliers, with many-colored birds in them, singing beautiful songs; and children, in short white frocks, with flowing yellow hair and brilliant eyes, were frolicking about; some playing with lambskins, some feeding the birds, or gathering flowers, and giving them to one another; some, again, were eating cherries, grapes, and ruddy apricots. No hut was to be seen; but instead of it, a large fair house, with a brazen door and lofty statues, stood glancing in the middle of the space. Mary was confounded with surprise, and knew not what to think; but, not being bashful, she went right up to the first of the children, held out her hand, and wished the little creature good even.

"Art thou come to visit us, then?" said the glittering child; "I saw thee running, playing on the other side, but thou wert frightened for our little dog."

"So you are not gipsies and rogues," said Mary, "as Andres always told me? He is a stupid thing, and talks of much he does not understand."

"Stay with us," said the strange little girl; "thou wilt like it well."

"But we are running a race."

"Thou wilt find thy comrade soon enough. There, take and eat."

Mary ate, and found the fruit more sweet than any she had ever tasted in her life before; and Andres, and the race, and the prohibition of her parents, were entirely forgotten.

A stately woman, in a shining robe, came towards them, and asked about the stranger child. "Fairest lady," said Mary, "I came running hither by chance, and now they wish to keep me."

"Thou art aware, Zerina," said the lady, "that she can be here but for a little while; besides, thou should'st have asked my leave."

"I thought," said Zerina, "when I saw her admitted across the bridge, that I might do it; we have often seen her running in the fields, and thou thyself hast taken pleasure in her lively temper. She will have to leave us soon enough."

"No, I will stay here," said the little stranger; "for here it is so beautiful, and here I shall find the prettiest playthings, and store of berries and cherries to boot. On the other side it is not half so grand."

The gold-robed lady went away with a smile; and many of the children now came bounding round the happy Mary in their mirth, and twitched her, and incited her to dance; others brought her lambs, or curious playthings; others made music on instruments, and sang to it.

She kept, however, by the playmate who had first met her; for Zerina was the kindest and loveliest of them all. Little Mary cried and cried again; "I will stay with you forever; I will stay with you, and you shall be my sisters;" at which the children all laughed, and embraced her. "Now, we shall have a royal sport," said Zerina. She ran into the palace, and returned with a little golden box, in which lay a quantity of seeds, like glittering dust. She lifted of it with her little hand, and scattered some grains on the green earth. Instantly the grass began to move, as in waves; and, after a few moments, bright rose-bushes started from the ground, shot rapidly up, and budded all at once, while the sweetest perfume filled the place. Mary also took a little of the dust; and, having scattered it, she saw white lilies, and the most variegated pinks, pushing up. At a signal from Zerina, the flowers disappeared, and others rose in their room.

They next passed through the brazen door of the palace. Before them, was a stair of brass, which led down to a subterranean chamber. Here lay gold, silver, and precious stones, in the utmost profusion. After lingering here awhile, they walked on, and seemed once more to reach the open air, for they were standing by a lake.

Mary gazed at everything with wonder and admiration. They proceeded along the shore of the lake, until they came to a clear, winding brook, which they followed. Coming to an ascent, they mounted to the dark firs, and a chill wind blew from without in their faces; a haze seemed lying far and wide over the landscape. On the top were many strange forms standing; with mealy, dusty faces; their mis-shapen heads not unlike those of white owls; they were clad in folded cloaks of shaggy wool; they held umbrellas of curious skins stretched out above them; and they waved and fanned themselves incessantly with large bat's wings, which flared out curiously beside the woollen roqueleures. "I could laugh, yet I am frightened," cried Mary.

"These are our good trusty watchmen," said her playmate; "they stand here and wave their fans, that cold anxiety and inexplicable fear may fall on every one that attempts to approach us. They are covered so, because without it is now cold and rainy, which they cannot bear. But snow, or wind, or cold air, never reaches down to us; here is an everlasting spring and summer: yet if these poor people on the top were not frequently relieved, they would certainly perish."

"But who are you, then?" said Mary, while again descending to the flowery fragrance; "or have you no name at all?"

"We are called the Elves," replied the friendly child; "people talk about us in the earth, as I have heard."

They now perceived a mighty bustle on the green. "The fair Bird is come!" cried the children to them: all hastened to the hall. Here, as they approached, young and old were crowding over the threshold, all shouting for joy; and from within resounded a triumphant peal of music. Having entered, they perceived the vast circuit filled with the most varied forms, and all were looking upwards to a large bird with glancing plumage, that was sweeping slowly round in the dome, and in its stately flight describing many a circle. The music sounded more gaily than before; the colors and lights alternated more rapidly. At last the music ceased; and the bird, with a rustling noise, floated down upon a glittering crown that hung hovering in air under the high window, by which the hall was lighted from above. His plumage was purple and green, and shining golden streaks played through it; on his head there waved a diadem of feathers, so resplendent that they glanced like jewels. His bill was red, and his legs of a glancing blue. As he moved, the tints gleamed through each other, and the eye was charmed with their radiance. His size was as that of an eagle. But now he opened his

glittering beak; and sweetest melodies came pouring from his moved breast, in finer tones than the love-sick nightingale gives forth; still stronger rose the song, and streamed like floods of light, so that all, the very children themselves, were moved by it to tears of joy and rapture. When he ceased, all bowed before him; he again flew round the dome in circles, then darted through the door, and soared into the light heaven, where he shone far up like a red point, and then soon vanished from their eyes.

"Why are ye all so glad?" inquired Mary, bending to her fair playmate, who seemed smaller than yesterday.

"The King is coming!" said the little one; "many of us have never seen him, and whithersoever he turns his face, there is happiness and mirth; we have long looked for him, more anxiously than you look for spring when winter lingers with you; and now he has announced, by his fair herald, that he is at hand. This wise and glorious Bird, that has been sent to us by the King, is called Phoenix; he dwells far off in Arabia, on a tree, which there is no other that resembles on earth, as in like manner there is no second Phoenix. When he feels himself grown old, he builds a pile of balm and incense, kindles it, and dies singing; and then from the fragrant ashes, soars up the renewed Phoenix with unlesened beauty. It is seldom he so wings his course that men behold him; and when once in centuries this does occur, they note it in their annals, and expect remarkable events. But now, my friend, thou and I must part; for the sight of the King is not permitted thee."

Then the lady with the golden robe came through the throng, and beckoning Mary to her, led her into a sequestered walk. "Thou must leave us, my dear child," said she; "the King is to hold his court here for twenty years, perhaps longer; and fruitfulness and blessings will spread far over the land, but chiefly here beside us; all the brooks and rivulets will become more bountiful, all the fields and gardens richer, the wine more generous, the meadows more fertile, and the woods more fresh and green; a milder air will blow, no hail shall hurt, no flood shall threaten. Take this ring, and think of us; but beware of telling any one of our existence; or we must fly this land, and thou and all around will lose the happiness and blessings of our neighborhood. Once more, kiss thy playmate, and farewell." They issued from the walk; Zerina wept, Mary stooped to embrace her, and they parted. Already she was on the narrow bridge; the cold air was blowing on her back from the firs; the little dog barked with all its might, and rang its little bell; she looked round, then hastened over, for the darkness of the firs, the bleakness of the

ruined huts, the shadows of the twilight, were filling her with terror.

"What a night my parents must have had on my account!" said she within herself, as she stepped on the green; "and I dare not tell them where I have been, or what wonders I have witnessed, nor indeed would they believe me." Two men passing by saluted her, and as they went along, she heard them say: "What a pretty girl! Where can she come from?" With quickened steps she approached the house: but the trees which were hanging last night loaded with fruit, were now standing dry and leafless; the house was differently painted, and a new barn had been built beside it. Mary was amazed, and thought she must be dreaming. In this perplexity she opened the door; and behind the table sat her father, between an unknown woman and a stranger youth. "Good God! Father," cried she, "where is my mother?"

"Thy mother!" said the woman, with a fore-casting tone, and sprang towards her: "Ha, thou surely canst not—Yes, indeed, indeed thou art my lost, long-lost dear, only Mary!" She had recognised her by a little brown mole beneath the chin, as well as by her eyes and shape. All embraced her, all were moved with joy, and the parents wept. Mary was astonished that she almost reached to her father's stature; and she could not understand how her mother had become so changed and faded; she asked the name of the stranger youth. "It is our neighbor's Andres," said Martin. "How comest thou to us again, so unexpectedly, after seven long years? Where hast thou been? Why didst thou never send us tidings of thee?"

"Seven years!" said Mary, and could not order her ideas and recollections. "Seven whole years!"

"Yes, yes," said Andres, laughing, and shaking her trustfully by the hand; "I have won the race, good Mary; I was at the pear tree and back again seven years ago, and thou, sluggish creature, art but just returned!"

They again asked, they pressed her; but remembering her instruction, she could answer nothing. It was they themselves chiefly that, by degrees, shaped a story for her: How, having lost her way, she had been taken up by a coach, and carried to a strange remote part, where she could not give the people any notion of her parents' residence; how she was conducted to a distant town, where certain worthy persons brought her up, and loved her; how they had lately died, and at length she had recollected her birth-place, and so returned. "No matter how it is!" exclaimed her mother; "enough that we have thee again, my little daughter, my own, my all!"

Andres waited supper, and Mary could not be

at home in anything she saw. The house seemed small and dark; she felt astonished at her dress, which was clean and simple, but appeared quite foreign; she looked at the ring on her finger, and the gold of it glittered strangely, inclosing a stone of burning red. To her father's question, she replied that the ring also was a present from her benefactors.

She was glad when the hour of sleep arrived, and she hastened to her bed. Next morning she felt much more collected; she had now arranged her thoughts a little, and could better stand the questions of the people in the village, all of whom came in to bid her welcome. Andres was there too with the earliest, active, glad, and servicable beyond all others. The blooming maiden of fifteen had made a deep impression on him; he had passed a sleepless night. The people of the castle likewise sent for Mary, and she had once more to tell her story to them, which was now grown quite familiar to her. The old Count and his Lady were surprised at her good breeding; she was modest, but not embarrassed; she made answer courteously in good phrases to all their questions; all fear of noble persons and their equipage had passed away from her; for when she measured these halls and forms by the wonders and the high beauty she had seen with the Elves in their hidden abode, this earthly splendor seemed but dim to her, the presence of men was almost mean. The young lords were charmed with her beauty.

It was now February. The trees were budding earlier than usual; the nightingale had never come so soon; the spring rose fairer in the land than the oldest men could recollect it. In every quarter, little brooks gushed out to irrigate the pastures and meadows; the hills seemed heaving, the vines rose higher and higher, the fruit-trees blossomed as they had never done; and a swelling fragrant blessedness hung suspended heavily in rosy clouds over the scene. All prospered beyond expectation: no rude day, no tempest injured the fruits; the wine flowed blushing in immense grapes; and the inhabitants of the place felt astonished, and were captivated as in a sweet dream. The next year was like its forerunner; but men had now become accustomed to the marvellous. In autumn, Mary yielded to the pressing entreaties of Andres and her parents; she was betrothed to him, and in winter they were married.

She often thought with inward longing, of her residence behind the fir-trees; she continued serious and still. Beautiful as all that lay around her was, she knew of something yet more beautiful; and from the remembrance of this, a faint regret attuned her nature to soft melancholy. It smote her painfully when her father and mother talked about the gipsies and vagabonds

that dwelt in the dark spot of ground. Often she was on the point of speaking out in defence of those good beings, whom she knew to be the benefactors of the land; especially to Andres, who appeared to take delight in zealously abusing them: yet still she repressed the word that was struggling to escape her bosom. So passed this year; in the next, she was solaced by a little daughter, whom she named Elfrida, thinking of the designation of her friendly Elves.

The young people lived with Martin and Briggita, the house being large enough for all; and helped their parents in conducting their now extended husbandry. The little Elfrida soon displayed peculiar faculties and gifts; for she could walk at a very early age, and could speak perfectly before she was a twelvemonth old; and after some few years, she had become so wise and clever, and of such wondrous beauty, that all people regarded her with astonishment; and her mother could not keep away the thought that her child resembled one of those shining little ones in the space behind the fir. Elfrida cared not to be with other children; but seemed to avoid, with a sort of horror, their tumultuous amusements; and liked best to be alone. She would then retire into a corner of the garden, and read, or work diligently with her needle; often also you might see her sitting, as if deep sunk in thought; or violently walking up and down the alleys, speaking to herself. Her parents readily allowed her to have her will in these things, for she was healthy, and waxed apace; only her strange sagacious answers and observations often made them anxious. "Such wise children do not grow to age," her grandmother, Briggita, many times observed; "they are too good for this world; the child, besides, is beautiful beyond nature, and will never find its proper place on earth."

The little girl had this peculiarity, that she was very loath to let herself be served by any one, but endeavored to do everything herself. She was almost the earliest riser in the house; she washed herself carefully, and dressed without assistance: at night she was equally careful; she took special heed to pack up her clothes and washes with her own hands, allowing no one, not even her mother, to meddle with her articles. The mother humored her in this caprice, not thinking it of any consequence. But what was her astonishment, when, happening one holiday to insist, regardless of Elfrida's tears and screams, on dressing her out for a visit to the castle, she found upon her breast, suspended by a string, a piece of gold of a strange form, which she directly recognized as one of that sort she had seen in such abundance in the subterranean vault! The little thing was greatly frightened; and at last confessed that she had found it in the gar-

den, and as she liked it much, had kept it carefully: she at the same time prayed so earnestly and pressingly to have it back, that Mary fastened it again on its former place, and, full of thoughts, went out with her in silence to the castle.

Sidewards from the farm-house lay some offices for the storing of produce and implements; and behind these there was a little green, with an old grove, now visited by no one, as, from the new arrangement of the buildings, it lay too far from the garden. In this solitude, Elfrida delighted most; and it occurred to nobody to interrupt her here, so that frequently her parents did not see her for half a day. One afternoon her mother chanced to be in these buildings, seeking for some lost article among the lumber; and she noticed that a beam of light was coming in, through a chink in the wall. She took a thought of looking through this aperture, and seeing what her child was busied with; and it happened that a stone was lying loose, and could be pushed aside, so that she obtained a view right into the grove. Elfrida was sitting there on a little bench, and beside her the well-known Zerina; and the children were playing, and amusing one another, in the kindest unity. The Elf embraced her beautiful companion, and said mournfully: "Ah! dear little creature, as I sport with thee, so have I sported with thy mother, when she was a child; but you mortals so soon grow tall and thoughtful! It is very hard: wert thou but to be a child as long as I!"

"Willingly would I do it," said Elfrida; "but they all say, I shall come to sense, and give over playing altogether; for I have great gifts, as they think, for growing wise. Ah! and then I shall see thee no more, thou, dear Zerina! Yet it is with us as with the fruit-tree flowers: how glorious the blossoming apple-tree, with its red bursting buds! It looks so stately and broad and every one, that passes under it, thinks surely something great will come of it; then the sun grows hot, and the buds come joyfully forth; but the wicked kernel is already there, which pushes off and casts away the fair flower's dress; and now, in pain and waxing, it can do nothing more, but must grow to fruit in harvest. An apple, to be sure, is pretty and refreshing; yet nothing to the blossom of spring. So is it also with us mortals: I am not glad in the least at growing to be a tall girl. Ah! could I but once visit you!"

"Since the King is with us," said Zerina, "it is quite impossible; but I will come to thee, my darling, often, often, and none shall see me either here or there. I will pass invisible through the air, or fly over to thee like a bird; Oh! we will be much, much together, while thou art so little. What can I do to please thee?"

"Thou must like me very dearly," said Elfrida, "as I like thee in my heart: but come, let us make another rose."

Zerina took a well-known box from her bosom, threw two grains from it on the ground; and instantly a green bush stood before them, with two deep-red roses, bending their heads, as if to kiss each other. The children plucked them, smiling, and the bush disappeared. "O that it would not die so soon!" said Elfrida; "this red child, this wonder of the earth!"

"Give it me here," said the little Elf; then breathed thrice upon the budding rose, and kissed it thrice. "Now," said she, giving back the rose, "It will continue fresh and blooming till winter."

"I will keep it," said Elfrida, "as an image of thee; I will guard it in my little room, and kiss it night and morning, as if it were thyself."

"The sun is setting," said the other, "I must home." They embraced again, and Zerina vanished.

In the evening, Mary clasped her child to her breast, with a feeling of alarm and veneration. She henceforth allowed the good little girl more liberty than formerly; and often calmed her husband, when he came to search for the child; which for some time he was wont to do, as her retiredness did not please him, and he feared that, in the end, it might make her silly, or even pervert her understanding. The mother often glided to the chink; and almost always found the bright Elf beside her child, employed in sport, or in earnest conversation.

"Wouldst thou like to fly?" inquired Zerina once.

"Oh, well! How well!" replied Elfrida; and the fairy clasped her mortal playmate in her arms, and mounted with her from the ground, till they hovered above the grove. The mother, in alarm, forgot herself, and pushed out her head in terror to look after them; when Zerina, from the air, held up her finger, and threatened, yet smiled; then descended with the child, embraced her, and disappeared. After this, it happened more than once that Mary was observed by her; and every time, the shining little creature shook her head, or threatened, yet with friendly looks.

Often, in disputing with her husband, Mary had said in her zeal: "Thou dost injustice to the poor people in the hut!" But when Andres pressed her to explain why she differed in opinion from the whole village, nay, from his Lordship himself; and how she could understand it better than the whole of them, she still broke off embarrassed, and became silent. One day, after dinner, Andres grew more violent than ever; and maintained that, by one means or another, the crew must be packed away, as a nuisance to

the country; when his wife, in anger, said to him: "Hush! for they are benefactors to thee and to every one of us."

"Benefactors!" cried the other, in astonishment: "These rogues and vagabonds?"

In her indignation, she was now at last tempted to relate to him, under promises of the strictest secrecy, the history of her youth: and as Andres at every word grew more incredulous, and shook his head in mockery, she took him by the hand, and led him to the chink; where to his amazement, he beheld the glittering Elf sporting with his child, and caressing her in the grove. He knew not what to say; an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and Zerina raised her eyes. On the instant, she grew pale, and trembled violently; not with friendly, but with indignant looks, she made the sign of threatening, and then said to Elfrida: "Thou canst not help it dearest heart; but they will never learn sense, wise as they believe themselves." She embraced the little one with stormy haste; and then, in the shape of a raven, flew with hoarse cries over the garden, towards the firs.

In the evening, the little one was very still, she kissed her rose with tears; Mary felt depressed and frightened, Andres scarcely spoke. It grew dark. Suddenly there went a rustling through the trees; birds flew to and fro with wild screaming, thunder was heard to roll, the earth shook, and tones of lamentation moaned in the air. Andres and his wife had not courage to rise; they shrouded themselves within the curtains, and with fear and trembling awaited the day. Towards morning, it grew calmer; and all was silent when the sun, with his cheerful light, rose over the wood.

Andres dressed himself, and Mary now observed that the stone of the ring upon her finger had become quite pale. On opening the door, the sun shone clear on their faces, but the scene around them they could scarcely recognise. The freshness of the wood was gone; the hills were shrunk, the brooks were flowing languidly with scanty streams, the sky seemed grey; and when you turned to the firs, they were standing there no darker or more dreary than the other trees. The huts behind were no longer frightful; and several inhabitants of the village came and told about the fearful night, and how they had been across the spot where the gipsies had lived; how these people must have left the place at last, for their huts were standing empty, and within had quite a common look, just like the dwellings of other poor people: some of their household gear was left behind.

Elfrida in secret said to her mother: "I could not sleep last night; and in my fright at the noise, I was praying from the bottom of my heart, when the door suddenly opened, and my play-

mate entered to take leave of me. She had a travelling-pouch slung round her, a hat on her head, and a large staff in her hand. She was very angry at thee; since on thy account she had now to suffer the severest and most painful punishments, as she had always been so fond of thee; for all of them, she said, were very loath to leave this quarter."

Mary forbade her to speak of this; and now the ferryman came across the river, and told them new wonders. As it was growing dark, a stranger man of large size had come to him, and hired his boat till sunrise; and with this condition, that the boatman should remain quiet in his house, at least should not cross the threshold of his door. "I was frightened," continued the old man, "and the strange bargain would not let me sleep. I slipped softly to the window, and looked towards the river. Great clouds were driving restlessly through the sky, and the distant woods were rustling fearfully; it was as if my cottage shook, and moans and lamentations glided round it. On a sudden, I perceived a white streaming light, that grew broader and broader, like many thousands of falling stars; sparkling and waving, it proceeded forward from the dark fir-ground, moved over the fields, and spread itself along towards the river. Then I heard a trampling, a jingling, a bustling, and rushing, nearer and nearer; it went forwards to my boat, and all stooped into it, men and women, as it seemed, and children; and the tall stranger ferried them over. In the river were, by the boat, swimming, many thousands of glittering forms; in the air white clouds and lights were wavering; and all lamented and bewailed that they must travel forth so far, far away, and leave their beloved dwelling. The noise of the rudder and the water creaked and gurgled between whiles, and then suddenly there would be silence. Many a time the boat

landed, and went back, and was again laden; many heavy casks, too, they took along with them, which multitudes of horrid-looking little fellows carried and rolled; whether they were devils or goblins, Heaven only knows. Then came, in waving brightness, a stately freight; it seemed an old man, mounted on a small white horse, and all were crowding round him. I saw nothing of the horse but its head; for the rest of it was covered with costly glittering cloths and trappings: on his brow the old man had a crown, so bright, that as he came across, I thought the sun was rising there, and the redness of the dawn glimmering in my eyes. Thus it went on all night; I at last fell asleep in the tumult, half in joy, half in terror. In the morning all was still; but the river is, as it were, run off, and I know not how I am to steer my boat in it now."

The same year there came a blight; the woods died away, the springs ran dry; and the scene, which had once been the joy of every traveler, was in autumn standing waste, naked, and bald; scarcely showing here and there, in the sea of sand, a spot or two where grass, with a dingy greenness, still grew up. The fruit trees all withered, the vines faded away, and the aspect of the place became so melancholy, that the Count, with his people, next year left the castle, which in time decayed and fell to ruins.

Elfrida gazed on her rose day and night with deep longing, and thought of her kind playmate; and as it drooped and withered, so did she also hang her head; and before the spring, the little maiden had herself faded away. Mary often stood upon the spot before the hut, and wept for the happiness that had departed. She wasted herself away like her child, and in a few years she too was gone. Old Martin with his son-in-law, returned to the quarter where he had lived before.

ETERNAL JOYS.

BY C. DUNK GREEN.

There may be joys supreme on earth,

But there are joys we ne'er may know,
Until the soul renews its birth,

In that blest land, unstained with woe;
In that high state where years shall roll
From Time's great storehouse all their store
Of joys supernal o'er the soul,
And spread the gleams of glory o'er,
The future beck'ning on before.

With what dread sense the "mind's eye" peers
In awful stillness o'er the sea,
To that dim shore, where unborn years
Dwell in one vast eternity!
One vast eternity, so deep,
That mortal eye may never sound

Its deep'ning depths, where Time shall keep
His wheel forever going round,
"With ceaseless turn, and muffled sound."

This mundane life is but a grain
Of sand on Time's unbounded shore,
Composed of joy, compressed with pain,
The future, earth may ne'er explore—
The deathless future of that life,
Where true-born joys, too vast for earth,
Too pure for all terrestrial strife,
Dwell in the soul, and binds the girth
Of strongest love 'round Heaven's throne:
Earth ne'er may know, nor has not known,
Such joys as fill man's second birth.

ISADORA D'AUBREY.

THE sun was descending, and the last rays of his glory were tinging the summits of the Pyrenees, when a traveler might be discerned urging his panting steed up the steep declivities of the mountain; suddenly he reached an eminence, and stopped to gaze upon the scene that met his view. He well knew that Spain was a bright and lovely clime, the land of poetry and of song; but the prospect that lay spread before him exceeded his expectations. It was a rural and quiet hamlet, and every object was clearly to be discerned, yet shrouded mid such deep green foliage that the little gothic chapel and presbytery, and the cottage of each peasant all appeared as if guarded and encircled by nature's beauties. He instinctively uncovered his head, and as the soft and balmy breeze fanned his brow, exclaimed "Would that all my wanderings were over! methinks that in this silent vale I could dwell in peace and calm contentment." He was roused from these reflections by the approach of a venerable old man, politely accosting him, whom he gradually drew into conversation. He discovered that this was the clergyman of the village. Both appeared equally pleased with each other; the priest gazed on the young stranger, and thought within himself, he is a perfect model of manly beauty, and if his heart be but as fair—and God grant it may be—then he is a noble being; while the stranger's reflections were, that he never beheld a priest who more perfectly realized his opinion of a herald of the Almighty, as that of the venerable form before him. As they proceeded, the stranger spoke. "Tell me, my good friend, the name of this little place; it seems a spot of peculiar beauty." "It is, indeed, sir; it is thought to be one of the most beautiful villages in the country. Our shepherds style it the mountain hamlet." "A very appropriate name," said the stranger, "and that is the castle of your lord, perched on yonder rocky eminence." "It is all in ruins now, sir; it was once the house of a great and mighty race; yon tower, whose windows are reflecting the many colored hues of that glorious luminary, the god of day, is the only part of the building that remains in a perfect state of preservation, and affords a refuge for the sole remaining survivors of one of the most ancient families of Spain, and enables them still to dwell within the halls of their ancestors, but"—and as he spoke the old man's eyes glistened with a tear—"their splendor has departed, they have dwindled away. Pardon me, I can speak no more of the former grandeur of the family of Baron D'Aubrey, they have always been dear to me. Stranger, here is my home, wilt thou accept my hospitality, or is

there any one whom thou art journeying onward to meet?"

"I am a stranger, and far from my birth place. Home I have none." "Let this then be thy abiding place, while thou dwellest here; God gives us blessings to share with those that possess them not."

They entered the rural dwelling; and, after partaking of a frugal, yet plentiful repast, spent the evening in that most agreeable of all pleasures—conversation; and after joining the servant of the Most High in his fervent aspirations to the Throne of Mercy, he retired to rest. As his head pressed the snowy pillow, he internally resolved to make all the efforts in his power to learn the history of the inhabitants of the ruined castle. Sleep, with its gentle influence, sealed up his eye lids, and steeped his mind's powers in forgetfulness, till morning's rosy light dawned in the east, and proclaimed another day. He joyfully rose, and strayed forth in the garden to breathe the air loaded with the perfume of numberless flowers. As he was threading the mazes of an orange grove, the sound of the church bell broke on his ear; he turned, and beheld sundry groups of peasantry, all bending their steps to the house of prayer; he joined them, and entered the temple, and, with the fervor of a zealous Catholic, bowed in silent adoration, before the altar of the Most High God. The service was over; yet still many a devout one knelt in humble prayer. The stranger—or as we must now call him—Lord Arthur Endemar, (for such was his name,) still lingered to examine the chapel. As he was leaning against a pillar, his attention was struck by the appearance of a young lady of exquisite beauty, in prostrate devotion. He watched attentively, yet was not able to discover the slightest motion, not a tremor betrayed that there was life. He began almost to doubt that there was existence in the perfect repose of the figure before him; he looked around, and save himself and an aged peasant that still lingered near the portals of the temple, there was none but this solitary figure.

The lady rose from the bended posture, and as she turned to depart, Lord Endemar gave a last lingering look. What a form of beauty met his gaze! A figure of the most perfect symmetry, soft silken ringlets of the hue of the raven shaded her lovely brow; and her eye, how shall I describe its beauteous lustre? Of a jetty black, it was like the flashing of some brilliant star that adorns the ether of yon glorious sky. Can you wonder that young Arthur's attention was enrapt? And so completely was he entranced, that he still

continued to gaze, though the fair vision had departed. But recollecting himself, he looked around; the temple was deserted, he stood alone.

He retired, and soon regained the presbytery, and was welcomed by a kindly smile from his benevolent host. Time passed on, and still he was an inmate of that hospitable roof. That fair form daily knelt in the house of prayer, but who the solitary lady was, remained a profound mystery, till an incident, at length, favored him with the long wished for discovery. It was a bright and lovely morning, and the air blew gently, but save that gentle breeze, there was not a sound that broke on the stillness of nature. The very birds had ceased their melody; all was unusually quiet, when the silence was interrupted by the entrance of the venerable priest; he walked to his desk and commenced writing. Whilst thus occupied, Arthur eyed him closely, and thought the accustomed calm of his countenance appeared strangely agitated. At length, folding the letter, he laid it on the table, and seating himself by the side of Arthur, spoke for the first time since he had entered the room.

"My son," said he, "can you bear to receive tidings of sorrow and trouble?"

"I should ill deserve the name of man, father,"—for by that kindly title did he style the aged minister of religion—"were I to shrink from disasters in any shape."

"I doubt not your courage, my son, but it will be strained to the utmost. I have just received intelligence that a troop of banditti that infest our mountain provinces, still more remote than this, have descended from their fastnesses, and have been seen by several of our own peasantry fast approaching our quiet valley. I now give into your hands a great trust. You have heard me speak of Baron D'Aubrey. He is the only person who, with an only daughter and two aged domestics, still inhabit the home of his ancestors. It is to that ruined fortress that I now wish you to bear this missive, taking with you as many of the peasantry as you can collect. Your fleet steed will serve you best. Make no delay."

Young Arthur bent his head to receive the parting benediction of his venerable friend. "May God preserve and bless thee, my son, and prosper thee in thy undertaking, and send His holy angel to watch over thee, even as he sent the angel Raphael to watch over Tobias on his journey." With a light step Arthur sprang on his feet, and hastened to the door. His noble horse was standing ready, and, with the quickness of thought, he vaulted into the saddle, and skimmed over the plain with the speed of the antelope. Several of the peasants followed in the rear, and in an incredible short space of time, except to those who fly on the wings of love and duty,

he gained the castle. Leaving his panting steed at the foot of the eminence, he sprang lightly up the steep, and demanded of the aged servant that presented himself to admit his presence to his lord. The domestic disappeared, and returned in a few moments—led the way to a small room, delicately fitted up as a lady's boudoir. It was situated in a small wing of the building, that was still preserved from the general ruin; a recess on one side was filled with costly books, a cabinet of rare curiosities on the other. Beauties of every kind filled the apartment; but it was not on any of these that Lord Endemar's attention was fixed. It was a scene far more beautiful. One that would cause the tear to glisten in the eye of sensibility. Reclining on a couch that stood within a deep recess, lay an invalid, in the declension of life, apparently laboring under severe suffering, and the lovely form of his daughter was bending over him. As he entered the apartment, the lady raised her head. Oh! what a thrill of joy shot through his frame, when, in the beauteous daughter, bending, with deep affection, over her venerable sire, he beheld the idol of his dreams, the bright being, whose form was daily bent in prayer before God's holy altar. Bowing with due reverence, he accosted the lady, and presented the letter. She motioned him to a seat, attentively perused the contents, and laid it on the table.

"Does our venerable pastor wish us to prepare for instant departure?"

"Yes, lady. Father Savola commissioned me to deliver this letter; there are several of the peasantry without, and it is to be hoped that we may arrive at the presbytery before the bandits come among us."

"I will make my father immediately acquainted with the danger," she returned.

Arthur then left the apartment to collect the peasants who had joined to protect their noble Baron, and his young daughter. The fair Isadora knelt at the side of her aged parent, and briefly informed him of the circumstances in which they were placed. As Arthur returned, she was endeavoring to persuade him to be removed, and her gentle accents fell upon the ear of Lord Endemar like the soft breathings of an *Æolian* harp. The Baron was raised on the couch, and his voice was choked with emotion. "My young friend, my daughter informs me, that you are commissioned by Father Savola to conduct us to his dwelling, that there is danger lowering near."

"'Tis even so, sir. The venerable pastor is now expecting us. There are bands of robbers scouring the country, and it is feared they will shortly attack the village."

The arrangements were soon completed, and in a short time the little party were in motion. The domestics belonging to the castle marched

in front; then followed the litter containing the invalid—after which, came Lord Arthur, on his noble courser, with young Isadora seated on an Andalusian pony, and the peasantry brought up the rear. Silence was in all their movements; thoughts of deep sorrow filled the gentle heart of Isadora. Mournfully she gazed back upon the towers of her once happy home, now dimly seen in the distance. "Home of my childhood's happy hours! will they never be enjoyed again? will the voice of mirth no more be heard within thy silent and desolate halls?" With these exclamations bursting from her heart, they reached the presbytery, and were received with joy, and quickly lodged in safety in the interior of the dwelling. The clergyman soon visited them, and informed them that all the villagers were collected in the house, and that the enemy was in sight, and advised that the Baron should be kept as quiet as possible. After he departed, Isadora administered a soothing opiate to her sire, and soon had the satisfaction to see him sink into a profound slumber, when, taking her place by his couch, she listened with intense stillness to the approach of the ruthless foe. Soon came they on, little dreaming what measures had been taking for defence. But as the clash of their arms resounded through the deserted village, the frugal housewife wept to think that all her little household goods were left to the tender mercies of those who would, unhesitatingly, destroy what they could not carry away.

"Hark! what fearful crash is that? and see yon livid glare streaming above the tall trees! 'Tis even as I expected. Yonder is my cottage in a blaze!" sobbed a young peasant, as she wrung her hands in bitter woe.

"'Tis a hard fate, but we will be fortunate if we escape with the loss of our temporal goods," replied the Lady Isadora.

"Yes, lady; but hark! here are the robbers! Oh! Heaven be merciful. They are now engaged. Father of Mercies! save and watch over my aged father, and grant that no evil may befall us, but deliver us from the hands of our enemies!"

Thus were the females of that hapless village employed in supplicating the protection of Heaven on their devoted heads. Fiercely raged the combat. It seemed as if each peasant's arm was nerved with redoubled strength, and many a bandit rued the hour when he fought, hand to hand, with the hardy tillers of the soil. At length it was over.

Maddened with rage at their total defeat, they fled hastily over the mountains, leaving many of their comrades on the plains in the arms of death. When all was done, Father Savola came to the apartment where Isadora and her father were, and was highly gratified to learn that the opiate, aided by the fatigues he had undergone,

had so completely overcome the Baron D'Aubrey, that, in spite of the confusion attending the conflict, he had not been roused from sleep. At the request of Father Savola, they attended him to the chapel, where they offered up fervent prayers in thanksgiving to the Throne of Grace, for Heaven's mercy to them.

Time rolled on, and by slow degrees the hamlet began to rise from its destruction. One by one, cottages re-appeared to the sight, gladdening the eye with their simple beauty. Again the cattle grazed on the hill-side, and the shepherd reaped the reward of his labor. Again the ruined castle embraced its former inmates. A change had come over everything, lasting as it was beautiful.

* * * * *

Two years from the eventful night when that interesting village was destroyed, and all that was once so lovely was reduced to a smoking heap of ruins. Only two short years—yet how much had been accomplished? Every cottage was re-built, and the castle of the Baron D'Aubrey had undergone a greater change than any other mansion. New towers had been raised, and wings re-built; the rubbish of decay removed; vineyards planted, and beautiful terraces, sloped to the water's edge, crowned with the richest verdure. Thither to the same little boudoir, into which we first introduced the reader, we will again transport him. Within a deep window, reclining in an easy-chair, sat Baron D'Aubrey. Health now sat upon his cheek, and from his eye there beamed the ray of parental love; his long white locks were parted on his aged brow, and happiness smiled from every look. The other inmates were a noble man, with a raven eye, face full of intellectual beauty; he was busily engaged in pointing out the merits of a work he was perusing, to a lovely young lady by his side, with whom the reader is well acquainted. It was Lord Endemar and the daughter of Baron D'Aubrey, who was now his bride, and a more happy circle never gathered around the hearth. The aged priest lived to see his dearest hopes consummated, and the children to whom he had preached the word of truth so frequently, once more living in peace and comfort. All joined in sending forth their daily prayers to the "Giver of every good," to preserve, through a long and happy life, their revered pastor, their beloved lord, his noble son, and lovely daughter.

Time dealt gently with them; and as the long years passed smoothly along, they culled some new joy from each fleeting moment. Children blest their union, and united them closer in the bonds of affection; while their lives were but one long, ceaseless strain of happiness and contentment.

SUFFERINGS OF THE REVOLUTION.

NORFOLK, the principal seaport town of Virginia, has been the scene of many changes and reverses during the Revolution. The people of this thriving borough were among the first and the boldest to protest against the Stamp Act, and to assert their rights; associations were formed to effect this purpose. Lord Dunmore, upon hearing of these preparations, directed his special attention towards suppressing them. He erected batteries, threw up entrenchments, and concentrated a considerable military force in the vicinity. The government of Virginia ordered recruits to be despatched, with all speed, to their assistance; and the battle of the Great Bridge ensued, in which the enemy were completely routed.

Some of the noble souls who fought and acted a brave and independent part in the cause of liberty, during these trying revolutionary days, were subjected to the greatest hardships and privations; their sufferings indeed, in some cases, were intolerable, and justly called forth the severest denunciation from the inhabitants. That fearless patriot and gentlemanly officer, Captain Nash, and six or eight of his fellow-soldiers, were confined for months in the old sugar-house on the Portsmouth side, and compelled to endure the cruelties and oppression which some of the British officers delighted to inflict upon the Americans. Their food was of the coarsest and most common kind, while the place of confinement was exceedingly loathsome and disagreeable. They were removed from the old sugar-house to Cornwallis's prison-ship, at York, and confined in the hold among a number of men of the meanest and most degraded character. Their fare, companions, and all the circumstances attending their confinement were most revolting. When they were liberated from the old floating dungeon, their condition was in the highest degree pitiable and humiliating. When Captain Nash made his appearance on deck, the only remaining portion of his shirt was the ruffles at the wrist; and, in addition to being almost suffocated with foul air, and horrified at the fiendish propensities of some of the prisoners, he was tormented with vermin, and half dead from the want of wholesome food and water. Think of these things, ye favored sons and daughters of freed and republican America! Ponder on them, in these bright and prosperous, and peaceful days!

At an early period of the revolution, Dunmore had fled to the British fleet, which was for some time in Norfolk harbor. A few days after the enemy had been so signally routed in the battle of the Great Bridge, the Virginians, commanded by Colonel Woodford, arrived at Norfolk. They ridiculed and vexed the remaining loyalists;

fired upon the vessels, from the houses on the wharves, and endeavored to prevent the British troops from landing for sport and recreation, and for the purpose of foraging in the country. Dunmore raved like a madman. He swore he would hang the boy that brought the news of the defeat at the Bridge! He informed the soldiers that they must cease firing, and the citizens that they should furnish him with provisions, or he would bombard the town; but his arrogant menaces were disregarded. Meanwhile his troops, with the Tories and slaves who had sought his protection, were starving for provisions. His lordship at length determined to drive out the patriotic inhabitants with artillery, and, therefore, directed the women and children to leave.

1776, Jan 1st. Between the hours of three and four o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy cannonade was commenced upon the town. It has been published by historians and others, that the British, "under cover of their guns," on this day "burned the town;" and some have also declared, that the place was set on fire by the Tories. It has been said, likewise, that the enemy commenced the work of wholesale destruction, and the citizens, to prevent them from enjoying the pleasure of burning their property, put the torch thereto themselves; while there are many who assert that the place was burned by the inhabitants, to prevent the British from quartering there. These statements of this important affair, it will be seen, are contradictory, if not unreasonable. Dunmore and his troops were without provisions. They were suffering from the want of bread to eat, and fresh air to breathe. His object was to quarter his troops in the town, and feed them upon the substance of the people. How could this be accomplished by burning all the houses and the goods they contained? Besides, a portion of the property was owned by English and Scotch factors or agents, some of whom were Tories, who had fled to the fleet for safety. Their influence was, doubtless, exerted against any design to fire the place. The Tories remaining in the town did not set fire to their property, because they desired the place to afford shelter and accommodation to the enemy; and, in fact, the most of them had joined Dunmore's troops on board the ships. And, it is by no means probable that the inhabitants could, as a general plan, have acted so strangely as to put the torch to their dwellings and stores, merely to prevent the British from having the pleasure of it. His lordship threatened more than he ever executed, or intended to execute. He may have declared, as has been stated by some, that he would bombard and burn Norfolk; but a careful inquiry,

relative to the facts of the affair, does not justify the belief that he did either; nor is it probable that he intended either. That "a heavy cannonade from the frigate *Liverpool*, two sloops of war, and the ship *Dunmore*, opened against the town" is not doubted; living witnesses testify to that, and old *St. Paul's* is a witness that cannot be set aside; bearing substantial, though silent evidence, that balls were thrown, and with very considerable force; but it is very certain they were not bombs.

The *tories*, moreover, had too much property here to be willingly sacrificed, and neither they, nor their regal governor, wished it destroyed or injured. But, it may be asked, why then was the town fired during the cannonade? and what ground is there for the statement that the British put the incendiary's torch to the houses? The circumstances attending the occasion were singular; and, it is believed, by no means satisfactory to the enemy, who probably supposed that, as soon as the guns opened upon the place, the inhabitants would leave it, and all it contained, to their mercy and for their benefit.

It is quite evident that at, or more probably just before, the commencement of the firing from the ships, a small company was sent on shore to burn some stores on the wharf nearest the fleet, in order to deprive the patriots of a shelter from which to fire upon the ships; for *Dunmore* had been greatly annoyed by the sharp shooting of our men from both sides of the river, and he was obliged, for fear of getting aground, to keep his crowded ships in the channel of the river. By the way, there was a tall, fierce-looking rifleman, who was exceedingly fond of shooting at the "red coats" on board the vessels. He aimed with extraordinary precision, and seldom missed his mark. This was his employment and amusement by day, and sometimes by night. He was called *Cornstalk*, the name of an Indian warrior of the *Shawnee* tribe, also celebrated for being a superior marksman. *Cornstalk* would take his station on the shore, and remain concealed, until some unfortunate fellow would appear upon the poop deck, or in some position where he could be plainly seen. Then the sharp sound of the rifle would be quickly succeeded by a scream, or a groan, and then a tumble, and a few convulsive struggles, and, with the victim, all of this life was over. This was, of course, a very vexatious business to *Dunmore*, and all others concerned with him.

It has been stated, too, that the fire was communicated from the buildings on the wharf to those of the town by reason of a strong wind that blew. This is not probable, for the prevailing winds in winter are not from a southerly direction, although the flames might have spread from the stores farther than the British expected.

But it is true that, as soon as the firing commenced from the guns of the ships, or immediately thereafter, flames "were seen to shoot up in several parts of the town."

Another statement was, that *Norfolk* was burnt by direction of the Virginia Committee of Safety; this is also doubted. The Safety Committee gravely proposed to desolate the borough of *Norfolk*, the town of *Portsmouth*, and the entire counties of *Norfolk* and *Princess Anne*, and thus effectually starve the British out. This plan, necessary as it may have seemed, met with considerable opposition on the part of the citizens, the *tories*, especially, and it was abandoned. We have been informed also that Congress had directed the property to be valued and burned, to prevent the enemy from finding shelter and accommodation here; and that the court met and properly arranged the whole affair. This appears, also, to be without foundation.

The Virginians, commanded by Colonel *Woodford*, who had come to *Norfolk* by order of General *Howe*, were, of course, spirited, if not enthusiastic, after the famous victory at the *Bridge*. *Woodford* determined to fire upon the fleet, formidable as it was; but, from the favorable position occupied by the vessels for raking the streets and lanes—the town being only a few feet above the level of the river—it was necessary for the Virginians to take a position at some distance from the wharf. Therefore, to remove the obstructions to the view, and to the execution of the balls from our cannon, and in order also, to deprive the enemy of quarters and provisions, many of the buildings were fired by the soldiers and patriotic citizens; and the flames, spreading in every direction, the destruction was, at once, awful, rapid, and complete.

Lord Dunmore, to shelter his shipping from the deadly aim of the Virginia riflemen, who ensconced themselves behind the houses on the wharves, set fire to and destroyed that part of the town, which enabled their people to land, and possess themselves of comfortable quarters in the upper part. Seeing this, the commander of the Virginia troops resolved to dispossess them, and accordingly set fire to and destroyed the remainder of the town. It is true that the State paid the owners for their property, but with depreciated paper money, which was equivalent to a total loss; and compensation is still due for the calamity which she had brought upon her citizens—if not to those who had long ago gone to their account, it is due to their successors, and could not be more gracefully and more appropriately recognised by the State, than by ministering to their prosperity by acts of wholesome legislation.

Many of the residents occupied and owned costly, elegantly furnished, and commodious man-

sions, with fine gardens, and every convenience that wealth could procure. Among these were Dr. Ramsay, and other devoted old patriots, some of whose names are connected with the proceedings of the Sons of Liberty. The fire was a great, though necessary calamity; yet it was borne with astonishing fortitude by a large portion of the citizens.

There was a brave and unflinching patriot—an uncompromising enemy to the British, and whose hatred for a tory was rather more inveterate than for any other living animal—who was playing at billiards in a house which stood near "West's Corner" (now opposite the National Hotel,) when the firing from Dunmore's ships commenced. He hurried home, quickly put the torch to his own buildings; and, having confined a quantity of hogs in the cellar of one of his houses, to prevent the British from eating them, he cheerfully went to work, with the rest of the citizens after the conflagration, to procure shelter and provisions for himself and family as best as he could.

Dunmore and his troops were sadly disappointed, no doubt, at such rebellious and unexpected proceedings. "The old borough was too republican for them," says a fearless patriot, now living. The last building destroyed was situated on the north side of Bermuda, near East Street, on the spot in front of the recent residence of "the oldest inhabitant." It was the property of the Ingram family. There was only one house left within the immediate limits of the borough, and that was a dairy, with a pigeon-house on the top, belonging to a Mr. Bacon, and situated on what was then called Bacon's Lane. This lane extended from Main Street, a few doors east of Market Square, through to the water, now Union Street. Its location was probably where Loyall or Marsden's Lane now is.

During the frightful progress of the flames, the cannon from the shipping and Woodford's battery continued their thundering roar. Hostile parties frequently encountered each other amid the smoking ruins near the shore; and, in every action, the British were driven off with loss, and in the greatest confusion.

There was a daring and intrepid party, under Colonel Stevens, who "rushed with the rapidity of lightning to the water-side, struck a large party of the British who had landed there, and compelled them to retire, with slaughter and dismay, to the protection of their wooden walls. In general, during the whole of this afflicting scene, both officers and men evinced a spirit worthy of veterans.

"Such was the melancholy event, which laid prostrate the most flourishing and richest town in the colony. Its happy site, combining all the natural advantages which invite and pro-

mote navigation and commerce, had been actively seconded by the industry and enterprise of the inhabitants. Before the existing troubles, an influx of wealth was pouring into its lap. In the two years, from 1773 to 1775, the rents of the houses increased from £8000 to £10,000 a year. Its resident population exceeded six thousand citizens, many of whom possessed affluent fortunes. The whole actual loss on this lamentable occasion has been computed at more than three hundred thousand pounds sterling; and the mass of distress attendant on the event is beyond all calculation.

"After the conflagration, occasional skirmishes took place between the Virginians and the enemy, in which the latter suffered most severely. On the 6th of February, Colonel Robert Howe, who was now commander of the American troops, abandoned Norfolk, or rather the site on which it had stood; for scarcely any vestige of that ill-fated town was to be seen.

"After the removal of the inhabitants, the few remaining edifices (in the suburbs,) had been destroyed; and the mournful silence of gloomy depopulation now reigned where the gay, animating bustle of an active emulous crowd had so lately prevailed.

Many of the citizens, apprehending that the town would be burned, buried their specie, plate, jewelry, and such other valuable articles as could not be readily and safely removed; and it is quite probable many such articles remain in their places of concealment to the present day.

The peculiar advantages of position gradually attracted the attention of fortune-hunters, capitalists, and enterprising men to the scene of ruin. A few stores and dwellings were erected and commercial operations were resumed to a limited extent. Some of the former residents returned with their families, and built small tenements, which they occupied until it was convenient to erect larger and more commodious dwellings, and the smaller ones were then used as kitchens. The improvements gradually progressed, until the winter of 1779-80, which was of extraordinary severity.

Up to 1782-3, the town had increased but slowly in population and business. But, after the lapse of about seven years succeeding the fire, a fresh impulse was given to commerce; it began to improve rapidly; and Norfolk, though not what it should be, has become what it is within the space of a little more than sixty years. Had the true interests of the place been properly regarded, and its advantages judiciously fostered, instead of the restraints to which it has been subjected, its prosperity and rapid growth in former days would have been but a suitable prelude to the exalted station which it would have occupied before the present time.



BETRAYAL OF THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.

FATE OF THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

THE conspiracy which placed Catherine the Great on the throne of Russia, owed its unprecedented success chiefly to the daring of two brothers, Gregory and Alexis Orloff. The first of these was the well-known favorite and aspirant to the hand of the empress; the second was no less renowned for the services he rendered her throughout her long reign, both in guilt and glory. That these men, bold, unscrupulous, and ambitious, who evidently intended Catherine to be the mere tool of their aggrandizement, should have been converted by her into faithful and submissive subjects, is the earliest and most astonishing proof she gave of her consummate ability as a ruler. Alexis, if less endowed with personal beauty than his brother, was superior to him in stature, and remarkable for gigantic strength. His character also had something gigantic in its rude unmitigated force. His intellect was not above the common order, and he either disdained or was incapable of the political arts by which, in lieu of wisdom, mankind is governed. By the sheer might of an indomitable will he bore down every obstacle in his career, undeterred by fear, or pity, or remorse; for he was to all appearance naturally destitute of affection or conscience, unless his attachment to his brother Gregory may pass for the one, and his fidelity to the empress for the other, and both these qualities were indispensable to his own interests. Peter III. having been dethroned and imprisoned, the conspirators resolved on his death as necessary to their safety, and the execution was assigned to Alexis, who, with characteristic audacity, in after years boasted that he had strangled the unfortunate prince with his own hands. His next famous exploit was more to his own honor and that of his imperial mistress.

The projects against Turkey which Russia has for so many ages unremittently pursued, were conducted by Catherine with the most signal vigor and good fortune. She had formed a powerful fleet of war, disciplined and commanded in great measure by British officers; and in the year 1770 she resolved on sending this armament to the Mediterranean to attack the enemy on their own shores. This great enterprise she entrusted to Alexis Orloff, who was created high admiral, although it is said he never had been on board a vessel; but he engaged in it with his usual audacity, and conducted it with a brilliant success which fully justified her choice. By the battle of Tchesme, ending in the conflagration of the whole Turkish fleet, he

found himself without a foe on the seas where a Russian man-of-war had never before entered; and, leaving his ships under the command of the second admiral, Greig, to seek repair in the ports of Italy, he returned to St. Petersburg to receive the thanks and praises of the empress and her court, the order of victory, and the surname of Tchesmesky. Catherine now entrusted to him a secret mission of a very different nature in Italy. Her predecessor, the Empress Elizabeth, a few years before her death, had contracted in a fit of superstitious penitence (for her subsequent conduct proved it not genuine,) a private marriage with her favorite Razumoffsborg, and the offspring of this union was a daughter, named Anna Petrowna, and brought up as the Princess Tarrakanoff. About four years before the time of which we speak, Prince Radzivil, being incensed at Catherine's aggressions on Poland, imagined that this young girl might be made an instrument of retaliation; and having induced the persons who had charge of her education to place her in his hands, he took her to Rome with the intention of one day bringing her forward as the rightful claimant to the crown of Russia. He had not, however, calculated on the extent of the power he had provoked. His person was secure in Rome, but his whole possessions, with the exception of the money and jewels he carried with him, were at the mercy of Catherine. Finding that he must otherwise relinquish his estates, Radzivil, though he refused to deliver the unfortunate young princess into the hands of those whom he had made her enemies, yet at length agreed to abandon her cause, and return to his own land. Still, though a stranger and unprotected in a distant land, the daughter of the popular Elizabeth, and the grand-daughter of Peter the Great, might become a dangerous rival; and to obtain possession of her person, by force or fraud, and send her prisoner to Petersburg was the task now imposed by Catherine, and undertaken without repugnance, by the victor of Tchesme.

Early in the spring, Count Orloff rejoined his fleet, then stationed at Leghorn. His arrival was no sooner known than a Neapolitan, Signior Ribas by name, presented himself before him, and requested permission to enter into the Russian service. This man was of Spanish extraction, and had been employed by government, but got involved in intrigues which obliged him to leave Naples. Alexis, seeing that he was young and of insinuating manners, besides being unprincipled, immediately fixed on this Ribas as

a proper instrument in his design for entrapping the princess Tarrakanoff and lost no time in engaging his services for this purpose. He gave him the rank of lieutenant, furnished him with money and credentials, and desired him to hasten to Rome and find some means of getting presented to the unprotected girl. "She has only one Russian attendant," he said, "a sort of governess, or duenna, as you call it, and there will probably be no difficulty in getting this woman into our interests, and inducing her to place her charge in my hands. The method I leave to your skill, and I need not tell you that, if you succeed, your fortune is made." Ribas undertook with confidence the dishonorable enterprise, and Orloff turned his attention to fulfilling another behest of Catherine's, that of procuring for her the best paintings possible in commemoration of the late naval victories. He had, after due inquiries, fixed on the Flemish painter Rackert, and, having sent for him, he offered him a commission to execute four pictures representing the exploits of his fleet in the Archipelago, especially the blowing up of the Turkish ships. Rackert told him there was only one obstacle to his performing this satisfactorily—he had never seen a vessel blown up, and feared his imagination was inadequate to the invention of such a tremendous scene. "If that is your only difficulty," said the Count, "it can easily be removed. I will order a vessel to be blown up to-morrow for you." Accordingly a ship, too much damaged to be worth preserving, was selected, and the blowing-up actually took place the following day, to the great contentment of Rackert, and the consternation of all the merchantmen assembled in the roads of Leghorn, though, more through good luck than precaution, no mischief was done.

In a few days a letter arrived from Ribas, informing his excellency that he had introduced himself to the princess, and found her in a distressed condition, and willing to listen to any professions of aid and friendship; but her attendant he declared to be absolutely incorruptible, and very cautious and reserved—nothing was to be hoped for in that quarter. The position also of the young lady was beginning to attract the attention of persons of importance, and it was highly probable that she would soon be taken under the protection of some lady of rank in Rome, who would effectually shield her from inimical designs. Ribas added a description of the personal charms of their destined victim which decided Orloff on the step he had already meditated—a visit to Rome in person. The fame of his great victory, and the high position he held in the Russian court, had preceded him there, and he was welcomed and feted with the greatest distinction by the Roman nobility; but,

while ostentatiously exhibiting himself at every festivity, he pursued his secret object unremittingly. Accompanied by Ribas, he had presented himself at the humble lodgings of the unacknowledged heiress of the Czars. Anna Petrovna was scarcely seventeen, tall and slight, very fair, with blue eyes, and regular features, and an expression of gentleness and dignity which recalled her mother, the Empress Elizabeth, to all who had seen her in her best days. She was accompanied by a gentlewoman of middle age and prepossessing appearance, on whom she seemed to rely with filial affection and respect. Orloff was scarcely prepared for the sight of anything so lovely as the young princess, and for once his *sang-froid* yielded to a feeling of genuine admiration. He accosted her with courteous deference, and expressed his joy at being permitted to wait on one who might justly claim the homage of all true Muscovites, and his hope that she would accept the offer of his faithful services. She answered him with graceful reserve: "Sir, I have always been taught that such is indeed my birthright, but deserted as I have been by the friends of my youth, alone in a foreign land, how can I trust to the professions of strangers, or hope that the most distinguished of Catherine's defenders will hazard her favor for my sake?" "Madam," he replied, "if you knew half the ingratitude of Catherine, and how undeserving she has proved herself of the devoted services my brother and I have rendered her, you would not wonder that we can no longer endure that yoke; but rather turn to you, who are every way so worthy of our allegiance." The air of impassioned earnestness with which this was said, evidently made an impression on his youthful listener, and even the experienced Paulovna relaxed from her look of distrustful vigilance; but their present destitution had taught them too well how far the enemy's power could extend, and that the Holy City itself was not beyond her reach. Anna turned her soft expressive eyes doubtfully on her elder companion, who replied for her, after a pause: "The princess does not doubt your sincerity, Count Orloff, but, though you have the will, do you also possess the power to withstand that usurper?" To boast of himself never came amiss to Alexis, and now he had an opportunity of furthering his plans by indulging in a propensity which had sometimes proved to his detriment. He therefore assured the ladies with the utmost fluency and self-possession, that the whole Russian fleet was solely at his disposal; that his late victories had stamped him as an invincible; that his brother was supreme at court; and that their united strength might dispose of the crown of Muscovy at their pleasure. What wonder that his eloquence more than half convinced the inex-

perienced ears to which it was addressed? They consented to accept the remittances which had already been offered through Ribas, and of which they were in actual need, and the following day was appointed for a second meeting, when Orloff promised to set before them his plans for the restoration of the princess to her country and her birthright.

When he was gone, Anna exclaimed, "Oh! Matuscha! can this be true? shall I see my dear native land once more? Oh! if I might but dwell there safely in the humblest state I should be content!" "Dear child, would that I might live to see you in the state to which you were born! but I dread the dangers to which you may be exposed. Think of the fate of all who have stood in the way of that terrible Catherine—the Emperor Peter, poor Ivan. Even if Count Orloff prove true, he may be over rash." "True he must be!" said the young princess, fervently, "he looks so brave and noble, he speaks so frankly; and, whatever happens, I can scarcely be worse off than here." "Ah! you little know," returned Paulovna, "you are indeed cruelly deserted by your guardian; but the noble ladies of Rome are interested in your cause. The Countess Pamphili has this morning sent—" "Oh! hush, Paulovna! is it fit that the daughter of Elizabeth should live dependant on strangers! and did you but know how weary I am of this Italian sun, this enervating heat! how I long for the keen bracing air, the frosty skies of the north, and those mid-summer nights so soft and clear! What is there in southern climes to compare with their divine twilight?" Paulovna smiled fondly and sadly at her sweet pupil's enthusiasm, and refrained from troubling her joyous illusions with her own gloomy forebodings.

Count Orloff made his appearance next morning, as he had appointed, and he employed his time so well that he quickly succeeded in recommending himself only too completely to the young princess's favor. She soon learnt to place the most implicit confidence in his professions, and innocently exulted in the belief that this dreaded hero was henceforth her devoted champion. Paulovna still showed some distrust and anxiety, but could not withhold all reliance in happier prospects when Alexis assured her he would set before them a manifesto from the principal officers of his fleet, declaring their allegiance to the Princess Tarrakanoff; and during the time it would take to procure this document from Leghorn, it was agreed that his daily visits should be permitted.

One morning he came and found, for the first time, the Princess Anna alone. She was seated by an old fountain in the small garden, or rather, court of this residence. Her white dress gleamed

through the foliage of the gigantic aloes, under the shadow of a broad fig-tree which almost filled the enclosure. She looked up when she heard his step, and a soft glow of pleasure lighted up her cheeks and eyes, and made her more lovely than Alexis had ever seen her; but he approached with an air of extreme dejection, and bending on his knee with deep reverence unfolded before her a parchment, and thus addressed her: "Madam, allow me to lay before you this earnest of the homage Russia is prepared to render to her lawful sovereign. This is a manifesto signed by all the chief commanders of my fleet, proffering their duty and service whenever you may be pleased to claim them. Receive at the same time the confession of the unhappy Orloff, which must banish him for ever from your presence." "Count Orloff?" she exclaimed, "what do you tell me? you forsake me?" "Forsake!" he repeated, "never; every thought of my soul is devoted to your cause, but ah! far from all that makes life dear, I must leave you surrounded by those who will perform their duty more faithfully, though they cannot love so well." His voice was extinguished with sobs. "Oh! what can you mean? what have you done?" said Anna, the tears starting from her dove-like eyes at the sight of so much agony. "Ah! do not shed those tears for a wretch who is unworthy of your care. But I will confess all! Know then, Anna, that I came hither, I sought you by order of Catherine. I thought only of obedience to her; but I saw you—you, so divinely fair, so full of majesty and goodness! and how shall I express the madness that has possessed me since that hour, the love I have dared to cherish?" "You love me," she said, the brightest blushes glowing over the tears and paleness of her face. "I love you," he exclaimed with fervor, "I even ventured to hope, but the noble proceeding of those brave men has opened my eyes to my own unworthiness. They, moved by loyalty and truth alone, acknowledge your rights, whilst I have only been awakened to the sense of duty by the influence of those irresistible charms which should have been too sacred for my gaze to dwell on." He bowed down his head, and covered his face with his hands; but she entreated him, in an earnest tone, to rise and listen to her, and he obeyed, not without some anxiety as to the result of his disclosures. She stood, her eyes bent for a moment on the ground, then turning them towards him with a touching expression of sweetness and candor, she said, with mingled simplicity and dignity, "You cannot, surely, believe me so foolish or so ungrateful as to take offence at the regard of the wise, the great, and renowned, Count Orloff. I am a weak girl, disinherited and forsaken; but you have taught me to hope. When you came, I

felt that God had sent me a friend and defender; but if you leave me, to whom could I then turn? No, I feel that my claims to empire would then be an empty dream, and a hateful one." Her voice sank at these last words which revealed to Alexis the triumph of his hopes. "My arm shall support you; my sword defend you, Anna," he cried, "till you see all your foes at your feet; and never will I leave you until you yourself command it." She answered with a smile like the break of a summer-day, a dawn of undying love, which shrank the dark designs and evil passions of his heart, and his spirit felt rebuked in the moment of victory by the truth and purity of hers; but the appearance of Paulovna, who was seldom long absent from her charge, restored Alexis to his accustomed audacity. Anna flew to her arms, and whispered, "He will tell you all;" and with one half-averted glance towards her lover, glided away into the house.

Orloff, who was well aware that Paulovna's approbation was essential to his schemes, now laid his suit before her in plain and straightforward terms. He represented how reasonable was the prospect that he might raise the princess to her mother's throne, showing her the manifesto he had provided, and particularly pointing out the signatures of Greig, Elphinstone, and other British officers, as a guarantee of its sincerity from the well known honor of their nation. He also urged his own devoted affection, and that, though inferior in birth, his union with the princess would enable him more effectually to pursue her claims. Paulovna saw the justice of this reasoning, and, however uncertain she might feel of the count's disinterestedness, she could not doubt that if Anna were his wife, ambition no less than love must force him to seek her advancement. She, therefore, acquiesced in his arguments for a speedy marriage, and promised her assistance in removing any scruples the young princess might entertain on the subject.

Thus far had Orloff advanced beyond his utmost expectations or first aim. He had begun with the determination of getting the Princess Tarrakanoff into the power of Russia; but the desire to win her for himself sprang naturally from his first interview, and on further acquaintance with so charming a person, grew into an all-absorbing passion. The visions of empire which he had conjured up for her delusion, now took unbidden possession of his own mind, and suggested the possibility of performing in truth the part he had treacherously assumed. The danger on one side, the dazzling greatness on the other; the treason and guilt already inevitable, might well have shaken the firmest mind; but Alexis was not given to inward speculation or analysis; he turned all his energies to the accomplishment of his immediate object, and de-

cided that a secret and not binding marriage would effect this safely, and leave him free to shape his future course as time or chance might direct.

In the meantime, the advent of Count Orloff in Rome had caused much excitement and surmise among all ranks. He had been fêted by the great and followed by the multitude. His fine person and martial renown attracted the admiration of the ladies, while the outward courtesy and deference towards their sex, acquired in a female court, completely won their favor; but with the men it was different. He would not take the trouble of disguising his arrogance, or of observing the common rules of politeness in intercourse with persons of the highest rank, and his presence came to be dreaded in convivial scenes, where royalty itself was not safe from his insolence. It began to be whispered about that the real object of his visit was to entrap the Princess Tarrakanoff, and as little as she was personally known, none who had heard her history could refrain from some interest in the fate of this fair orphan, so exalted by birth and destitute by fortune. Madame Pamphili undertook to interpose a warning, and offers of protection, and for this purpose paid a visit to the princess, but when she approached the subject of Orloff, it was met with so much gentle reserve on Anna's part, that she was obliged to desist. With Paulovna she succeeded better, and fully awakened her doubts and anxieties as to his ultimate purpose, and the necessity of impressing on her young charge the utmost caution. It was, however, too late. Anna loved with all the enthusiasm of a noble and candid nature, and would listen to no aspersions on him to whom she had given her heart. As regarded his past conduct in Russia, the Romans had no means of judging except by common report, and the details of his rudeness towards men who considered themselves his superiors, contrasted rather favorably with his devoted tenderness to herself; nay, she turned this very fault into an argument against the probability of his being a deceiver, falling into the general mistake of thinking roughness a proof of sincerity. Alexis was, therefore, received at his next interview with an increase of friendly confidence. His persuasions to an immediate union were heard with blushing acquiescence, and everything having been previously arranged and prepared by his orders, the ceremony took place the same evening. The watchful Paulovna found no room for distrust when a venerable-looking priest performed the marriage, according to the rites of the Greek church. Orloff was accompanied by two witnesses, who signed the contract with names well known as among the noblest in Russia, and no form was omitted which could give assurance to the solemn-

nity. Who, indeed, could forbode evil while looking on the pair who there exchanged the holiest vows? Both so brightly yet variously endowed with the highest gifts of nature and fortune; to her eyes they appeared a happy symbol of that divine right and human might whose union forms the true basis of empire.

The expediency of keeping their marriage concealed from the court at St. Petersburg was the sufficient reason alleged by Count Orloff to his bride for removing from Rome, where their affairs had attracted the notice of many curious eyes and busy tongues. Attended still by Panlovna, she accompanied him to Pisa, where he had caused a palace to be prepared on the banks of the Arno. Here Anna found herself surrounded with more than the splendor and routine to which she had been accustomed in early years in the court of Elizabeth. Alexis was unremitting in his attentions; he seemed to have no thought or wish but for her happiness. He never left her, and carefully prevented the approach of strangers; but took delight in exhibiting himself with her at every place of public resort and amusement. Their beauty and distinguished appearance soon attracted attention, and though a certain mystery was affected as to their names and rank, it was soon rumored that this was the celebrated Russian commander, and the young lady the Princess Tarrakanoff, of royal lineage. So great was the vanity of this remarkable man, who wholly disregarded the reproach of the world, that one half his pleasure in the society of his charming bride was derived from this admiration of the multitude. The excess of care and observance he had imposed on himself soon wearied him, and he often longed to throw off the restraints of superficial refinement and polish which, though he well knew how to assume, were not the less uncongenial to his nature. He soon found that he could not show himself as he was without wounding, and perhaps, destroying, the love of that ingenious heart, and the artless admiration with which Anna regarded him for qualities he was conscious of not possessing, though it amused him at first, soon became a source of secret annoyance and resentment. He had a conspicuous scar across his brow, somewhat marring its beauty, but dear to her eyes as a token of valor and past dangers. This he told her was from the stroke of a Turkish scimitar, though in fact incurred in a disgraceful tavern-broil; and at times he had hardly suppressed a sneer at her simplicity while he gratified her romantic notions with extravagant inventions of his heroic exploits. But the time approached when this life of pleasant indolence must cease, and his restless spirit return to action and turbulence. More than a month had passed since he left his fleet at Leghorn. Admiral Greig's

squadron had returned from its cruise; the repairs were completed, and the commander's presence called for. Alexis still hesitated. The project of setting up Anna Petrovna against Catherine could never seriously be entertained. A moment of cool reflection showed him that his influence with his own naval armament was not actually strong enough to move one ship from its anchorage against the empress's authority, and that his zealous performance of her commands was the sole root of his boasted power; yet he could not, without some compunction, deliver up his innocent bride to imprisonment and despair, nor quite without regret relinquish the sweet companionship of which he had not yet exhausted all the charm.

One day he had been away from her longer than usual, engaged in matters of business with Signor Ribas, through whom he held continual communication with the fleet. Anna waited for him in her apartment, dreamingly gazing through the half-closed blinds of the balcony on the fair scene spread below. The shining Arno with its marble arches, the graceful towers of Pisa, and the smiling landscape stretching towards the sea, all glowing in the heat of early summer; but within it was cool, shadowy, and fragrant. At length he came and threw himself beside her on the sofa, without speaking, and with a moody, preoccupied, yet not ungentle air. She gazed at him with child-like and silent affection, and placed her hand caressingly on his. That small white hand, fearless in the tremendous grasp that could strangle a wolf, or break in two a bar of iron. Presently, he roused himself, and drawing her to him, gazed intently in her fair, upturned face. "Do you really love me, Anna?" he said; "Nay! you are but a child; in a few years you will repent of having bestowed your imperial hand on a poor knight. You will reproach me for the wrong I have done you in misleading your inexperience." "Dearest Alexis," she said, "you are laughing at me. I am not such a child that I can ever forget the condition from which your love has raised me. "You have been happy here, then?" "So happy that I dread any change. I no longer care for a throne, if we could but remain here always, and you never to leave me." "That would be pleasant, my pretty one, but unluckily, it would be certain ruin. Remember Radzivil." "Yes," she said, turning pale, "he deserted me to save his wealth; but you will never do so? Yet I tremble to think that you hazard everything, even your life may be endangered, for me." And the tears came into her loving eyes as she spoke. "But what would you say?" asked Orloff, to making friends with Catherine, and laying aside your own pretensions, for us to return home, and be her faithful subjects, if she will gra-

ciously permit us?" "To live in Russia with you, even in the lowest state;—oh, I should be too glad! but as friends with Catherine, that usurper, that wicked murderess!—Never! I could not." A gleam, as from smouldering coal, shot from beneath the dark brows of Orloff; but it passed instantaneously. "You are right," he said, "I will not again ask you to be friends with the murderess; but I have many matters to arrange. I must visit the fleet." "May I not go with you? You have promised to show me the ships." "You shall see them, my darling. I am now going to prepare for your reception." He hastily took leave; she followed him with her eyes, her heart overflowing with gratitude to Providence which had bestowed on her the love and protection of such a man. She called Paulovna, and told her of the promised excursion with girlish delight, and though that cautious person felt appalled at the thought of her princess throwing herself, as it were, into the very hands of her great enemy, yet she knew not how to oppose Anna's argument: "Surely, I must be safe anywhere with my husband?" "Even the count may be too sanguine," said Paulovna, "I hear terrible reports of those sailors. The people of Leghorn say they are absolute savages. Besides, the sea never can be safe; only promise me that you will remain on dry land." "To please you I may, you dear old coward, though I cannot think so ill of my countrymen as you would have me. At all events you will come with us to take care of me."

The following day the sun was scarcely above the horizon when Count Orloff stood at the head of the marble stairs, ready to hand his beautiful bride down to the carriage which awaited them. She met him, fresh and smiling as the May morning, the last on which he meant that she should ever smile. He had regained his usual gaiety, and entertained her during the drive with describing the brilliant reception that awaited her, and how her matchless grace must win every heart, and do more to secure universal allegiance than thousands of fighting men. The dewy mists and rosy hues of sunrise did not more disguise and adorn the marshy plain through which they passed, than did his flattering words the destiny to which he led her. Arriving within two hours at Leghorn, they drove to the house of the English consul on the quay, where it had been arranged that the Russian princess should be entertained, and received a courteous welcome from their host and his lady. Anna's heart beat high at the first sight of her country's flag in the harbor. Streamers were flying from the numerous ships, martial music came across the water, and the scene was at once gay and imposing. From among a group of naval officers who were assembled to receive the high-admiral, Alexis

brought forward one, of frank and manly bearing, grey-haired, though still in his prime, whom he introduced to her as Admiral Greig, and then presented the rest according to their rank. She accepted their greeting with natural grace and the ease which consciousness of birth-right bestows. The heat of the day was spent by the ladies of the party in quietness; and in the afternoon a great banquet was prepared, and attended by many Italians of high rank, besides the numerous Russian guests. It was not till the cooling breeze of evening blew over the Mediterranean that some began to propose a row over the smooth waters, and a visit to the nearest man-of-war. All the ladies declared it would be delightful, and Anna turned entreatingly to her husband for his consent, which was not given without some affectation of slightly objecting. She also looked round for Paulovna; but the latter had been purposely drawn into another apartment in conversation with some guests from her own country, and, remembering her dislike to the sea, Anna would not ask for her. They went down in gay procession to the pier, where they found boats in readiness. The quay was crowded with spectators, for a rumor had got abroad that the fair stranger was the granddaughter of Peter the Great, and her beauty was the theme of universal praise, mixed with many surmises as to the object of her visit, and her connexion with Count Orloff. She was handed into a barge, covered with gilding and with silken awnings; the ladies of the party accompanied her and Alexis; the rest followed in other boats. They soon came alongside of the destined vessel. The officers were standing in array to receive them. A splendid chair was lowered from the deck, which Alexis observed to her, as he carefully placed her in it, was only provided for royal personages; he then sprang up the rope-ladder on the side, ordering the boats to shove off and return to shore. The princess had no sooner reached the main-deck than she was met by the captain and conducted within. A slight giddiness from the unusual mode of transit, and the comparative obscurity, for an instant prevented her observing the men by whom she was surrounded; but this passing away, she saw with inconceivable terror the expression of ferocity or brutal curiosity on every countenance, and two ruffians approached as if to seize her by the arms. She uttered a piercing scream, and springing from them rushed to her husband, who had just set foot on board. "O, Alexis!" she exclaimed, "we are betrayed. Who are these men?" "These men," he repeated, "are faithful subjects of the Empress Catherine, whose rival and foe you have declared yourself; and they have orders to take you prisoner to St Petersburg." She heard him in speechless as

tonishment; her eyes dilating with wild horror as she gazed on his impassive visage. The men pressed forward again to seize her, and she threw herself at his feet and clasped his knees. "My God!" she cried, "what have I done? Alexis! oh, you cannot mean it? Say, you will save me; you will not abandon your wife!" "You appeal to me in vain by that name," he replied. "It is time you should know the truth; you have never been my wife." The unhappy girl gave him one look of anguish, then letting go her grasp, sank senseless back on the deck. Not one of the rude, barbarous serfs around could refrain from suppressed gestures or sounds of compassion. They lifted her from the deck, and she, too soon, alas! returned to the agony of consciousness. Alexis himself was in some degree moved by the sight of her despair. "Anna," he said, "take courage; you must go to St. Petersburg, but the Empress is merciful, and will pardon your offences on proper submission. I will also intercede for you with her in consideration of what has passed between us." She rose, calm, though death-like pale, "Spare me further insult, Count Orloff," she replied. "I will appeal myself to Catherine. She is a woman; it is impossible she should not resent your outrage against one allied to her throne. She will avenge though she destroy me; and death," she added, lifting her bloodless face in solemn appeal to heaven, "death is my dearest hope." She stood unresistingly, while they stripped off her jewelled ornaments and costly upper robe, and cast over her a coarse convict's covering, and with needless cruelty, fettered her delicate wrists with irons; nor did she utter a word or again turn her eyes on her treacherous destroyer, as they bore her down and left her in the dark noisome hold of the vessel.

Alexis Orloff's brow had grown darker while he listened to her last words. He turned away as she disappeared, and muttered to himself, "The little termagant is right; she and Catherine must never meet." He presently called aside the captain, and said to him: "Greigorovitch, should this prisoner escape, your life will answer for it; beware that she has no communication with the younger officers, or with any one who can possibly fall under her influence; and mark me, the empress would be better pleased that you should bring her dead than living." "I understand," said the man; "your excellency, she shall not live." "Mind, I give no orders," he interrupted; "but the long voyage, the change from the luxuries to which she has been accustomed—there will be no need of violence if you manage properly."

Greigorovitch signified his comprehension and assent by the humblest obeisances. Perhaps, even to his obtuse perception, the death of lin-

gering misery thus indicated, appeared an aggravation of cruelty; but the true Muscovite obeys the orders of his superior without question or compunction, and Greigorovitch had risen from that servile class in which it is a crime to think for themselves; Orloff, therefore, satisfied that his intentions would be carried out, and the accusing voice for ever silenced, left his unoffending victim to her dreadful fate, and returned, not on shore, where his reception would be doubtful, but on board his own vessel.

The gay, light-hearted company, who had accompanied them in the boats, when they found themselves forbidden to follow the princess, were struck with consternation. They heard her thrilling shriek, but could give no aid; even Greig had no power at the moment to contravene the orders of his commander. They knew not the full extent of the treachery practised against the young and interesting stranger, nor the cruel doom which awaited her; but there was enough to rouse general indignation. The Italians determined to appeal in her behalf to the civil power, and the Englishmen declaring their resolution of expostulating with Orloff in unmeasured terms. On the landing-place stood Paulovna, anxious for the safety of her beloved lady, and her transports of grief when she found that her worst fears were realized, and the revelations she made in her anger of the treachery Orloff had practised, filled up the measure of wrath and indignation against him.

At the earliest dawn, many eyes besides those of the wretched Paulovna, looked out for the vessel in which the princess was imprisoned; but in vain—no trace was to be seen, and her place in the harbor vacant. During the night she had set sail, and was already far out to sea. Orloff heard with the utmost indifference the remonstrances and threats directed against him by the authorities of Tuscany, who had just cause for complaint in an outrage against the law of nations. But when Grieg demanded an interview, and in the name of his fellow countrymen in the service, called for an explanation of his conduct to the Princess Tarrakanoff, intimating that they should throw up their commissions rather than serve under a commander stigmatized with violence and dishonor, he assumed a different tone.

"You do me injustice, my good friends," he said, "in listening to all the ridiculous reports that have been spread about this affair. By our sovereign's command I sought this young girl; I found her destitute, in bad hands, and a ready tool for the worst designs. In sending her under proper care to St. Petersburg, I have done the best for her as well as for our royal mistress, who will, undoubtedly, treat her with indulgence."

This explanation was not, perhaps, thoroughly satisfactory to the brave and shrewd Scotchman, but it was plausible, and he felt for the present that nothing more was to be done.

From that day nothing was ever heard again of the unfortunate Anna Petrovna. She disappeared from the world, whether to perish, in her bloom and innocence, by a fearful, unknown death in that dark hold, or whether, as some have surmised, to linger for years in a loathsome dungeon, remains hidden from human eyes. On

earth, her matchless wrongs met with no redress, her sufferings with no retribution.

Alexis Orloff lived to an advanced age, high in his sovereign's favor, and to the last in almost uninterrupted prosperity. No sense of remorse appears to have touched his conscience, no remembrance of the victims sacrificed for his advancement. Consistent and fearless to the last, he held himself justified towards men by expediency, and none can follow to that higher tribunal where each must render up his last account.

CALDERON, THE SPANISH POET.

Upon the death of Lope de Vega, the leader and founder of a new school in Spanish literature, Pedro Calderon de la Barca became, the undisputed occupant of the highest place among the poets of Spain, a pre-eminence which he retained to the end of his life without the challenge of a rival. Five years previous to that event, his fame was so well established, that Lope recognised and admitted him to be his true and equal successor. Still there are but few poets who have been so differently estimated, and variously ranked and appreciated.

He was born at Madrid, on the 17th of January, 1600, of respectable and wealthy parents. At nine years of age he was sent to the Jesuit college, at that place, to learn the rudiments of an education; and afterwards went to Salamanca, where he studied scholastic theology and philosophy for five years. Leaving the university at the age of nineteen, he spent five or six years at the capital, where he distinguished himself as a writer for the theatre, having already shown the bent of genius towards the stage by a drama, "The Chariot of Heaven," which he composed at fourteen.

For us, who behold Spain only in the depth of her present bankruptcy, literal and figurative, it is difficult to realize the lofty elevation of power, and dignity, and honor, at which she stood in the sixteenth century, and, while as yet the secret of her decadence was not divined, during a portion of the seventeenth; the extent to which the Spaniard was honored with the fear, the admiration, and the hatred, of the rest of Europe. That sixteenth had been for him a century of achievements almost without a parallel. At the close of the century preceding, the Christians of Spain had brought their long conflict with the infidel at home to a triumphant close. But these eight hundred years of strife had impressed their stamp deeply on the national character. "As iron sharpeneth iron," so had this long collision of races and religions evoked many noble qualities in the Spaniard, but

others also most capable of dangerous abuse. War with the infidel, in one shape or another, had become almost a necessity of the national mind. The Spanish cavalier might not be moral, but religious, according to that distinction between morality and religion possible in Roman Catholic countries, he always must be, by the same necessity that, to be a gentleman, he must be well born, and courteous, and brave.

The field for the exercise of this Christian chivalry at home was no sooner closed to him, than other and wider fields were opened. Granada was taken in 1492; in the very same year Columbus discovered a New World, to the conquering of which the Spaniard advanced quite as much in the spirit of a crusader as of a gold-seeker; and we wrong him altogether, at least such men as Cortez, if we believe that only the one passion was real, while the other was assumed. All exploits of fabled heroes of romance were outdone by the actual deeds of these conquerors—deeds at the recital of which the world, so long as it has admiration for heroic valor and endurance, or indignation for pitiless cruelty, will shudder and wonder. But this valor was not all to be lavished, nor these cruelties to be practised, on a scene remote from European eyes. The years during which Cortez was slowly winning his way to the final conquest of the Mexican empire, were exactly the earliest years of the Reformation in Europe (1518-1521.) This Reformation, adopted by the north of Europe, repelled by the south, was by none so energetically repelled as by the Spaniards, who henceforward found a sphere wide as the whole civilised world in which to make proof that they were the most Christian of all Christian nations, the most catholic of all catholic. Spain did not shrink from her part as champion of the periled faith, but accepted eagerly the glories and the sacrifices which this championship entailed. Enriched by the boundless wealth of the Western world, having passed in Philip the Second's time from freedom into despotism, and bringing the

energies, nursed in freedom, to be wielded with the unity which despotism possesses, she rose during the sixteenth century ever higher and higher in power and consideration.

It was toward the end of that century—that is, when Lope de Vega took possession of the rude drama of his country, and with the instincts of genius strengthened and enlarged, without disturbing, the old foundations of it—that the great epoch of her drama began. All that went before was but as the attempts of *Kid and Peele*. or at the utmost of *Marlowe*, in ours. The time was favorable for his appearance. Spain must, at this time, have been waiting for her poet. The restless activity which had pushed her forward in every quarter, the spirit of enterprise which had discovered and won an empire in the New World, while it had attached to her some of the fairest provinces and kingdoms of the Old, was somewhat subsiding. She was willing to repose upon her laurels. The wish had risen up to enjoy the fruits of her long and glorious toils; to behold herself, and what was best and highest in her national existence, those ideals after which she had been striving, reflected back upon her in the mirrors which art would supply; for she owed her drama to that proud epoch of national history which was just concluding, as truly as Greece owed the great burst of hers, all which has made it to live forever, to the Persian war, and to the elevation consequent on its successful and glorious conclusion. The dramatic poet found everything ready to his hand. Here was a nation proud of itself, of its fidelity to the Catholic faith, of its championship, at all sacrifices of that faith; possessing a splendid past history at home and abroad—a history full of incident, of passion, of marvel, and of suffering—much of that history so recent as to be familiar to all, and much which was not recent, yet familiar as well, through ballad and romance, which everywhere lived on the lips of the people. Here was a nation which had set before itself, and in no idle pretence, the loftiest ideals of action; full of the punctilios of valor, of honor, of loyalty; a generation to whom life, their own life, or the life of those dearest, was as dust in the balance compared with the satisfying to the utmost tittle the demands of these; so that one might say that what Sir Philip Sidney has so beautifully called “the hate-spot ermine”—the ermine that rather dies than sullies its whiteness with one spot or stain—was the model they had chosen. Here was a society which had fashioned to itself a code of ethics, which, with all of the lofty and generous that was in it, was yet often exaggerated, perverted, fantastic, inexorable, bloody; but which claimed unquestioning submission from all, and about obeying which no hesitation for a moment might oc-

cur. What materials for the dramatic poet were here?

Nor may we leave out of sight that there were circumstances, which modified and rendered less fatal than we might have expected they would prove, even those influences that were manifestly hostile to the free development of genius in Spain. Thus it is quite true that Spain may be said finally to have passed from a land of constitutional freedom into a despotism, with the crushing by Philip II. of the liberties of Aragon. But for all this, the mighty impulses of the free period which went before, did not immediately fail. It is not for a generation or two that despotism effectually accomplishes its work, and shows its power in cramping, dwarfing, and ultimately crushing, the faculties of a people. The nation lives for a while on what has been gained in nobler epochs of its life; and it is not till this is exhausted, till the generation which was reared in a better time has passed away, and also the generation which they have formed and moulded under the not yet extinct traditions of freedom, that all the extent of the spiritual, moral, and intellectual mischief, becomes apparent. Moreover, it must not be lost sight of that the Spanish was not an anti-national despotism, such as the English would have been if Charles I. had succeeded in his attempt to govern without parliaments. On the contrary, it was a despotism in which the nation gloried; which itself helped forward. It was consequently one in which the nation did not feel that humiliation and depression, which are the results of one running directly counter to the national feeling, and being the permanent badge of unsuccessful resistance to a detested yoke.

Even the hateful Inquisition itself, by discouraging, and indeed absolutely repressing, all activity of genius in every other direction—destined as it was absolutely to extinguish it in all—yet for a season gave greater impulse to its movements in one direction. There was one province, that of poetry—and, above all, dramatic poetry—over which it never seems to have extended that jealous and suspicious surveillance with which it watched every other region of human thought and activity.

Such are some features of the Spain in which Lope de Vega, Calderon, and their peers, grew up; under these influences they were formed. At the time, indeed, when Calderon was born, and much more when he was rising into manhood, the glory of his country was somewhat on its decline.

For a great poet, without a great country, without a great people for him to be proud of, and which in return he feels shall be proud of him, without this action and reaction, never has been, and can never be. Elegant and even spir-

ited lyrics, graceful idols, comedies of social life, with all the small underwood of poetry, can very well exist, as they often have existed, where there is little or no national life or feeling; but its grander and sublimer forms—epos, and tragedy, and the loftier lyrics—can grow out of, and nourish themselves from, no other soil than that of a vigorous national existence. The names of Calderon and of his great dramatic contemporaries—of the most illustrious among the Spanish painters (the lives of Velasquez and Murillo run pretty nearly parallel to his)—are evidences that such a period was not yet overlived in Spain. At the same time, it must be owned that he stood on its extremest verge. He who saw the sun of his country's glory, if not indeed at its zenith, yet still high in the heaven, saw it also in its swift decline and descent; and, had his long life been extended only a little longer, he would have seen it set altogether.

Like nearly all of the most distinguished authors of Spain, Calderon began his career as a soldier. Previous to this, he had been awarded the prizes at two poetical contests; but after this period, although he continued his studies, nothing is known of him as an author for upwards of ten years. Much of this interval was filled up in service for his country, as he was at the Milanese in 1625, and afterwards in Flanders, where a continual war was carried on with unrelenting hatred. The duration of his military career is not known; but he was summoned, at a date somewhat later than this, to Madrid, by the reigning monarch, Philip IV. The king being an author, and passionately addicted to the drama, a writer of so much promise and distinction could not be overlooked; and we next find him attached to the court, composing plays for the royal theatres. His reputation became established; and at the death of Lope, he was invested with the order of Santiago, and placed at the head of all dramatic authors—a position which he fulfilled to his death. His very distinction threw him back into a military life, and afforded him an opportunity to show that his ardor was not quenched.

On occasion of the revolt in Catalonia, in 1640, the members of the three military orders were summoned to take the field. His biographer tells us that it was only by a device that Calderon was able to take that part in the perils of the campaign, to which in duty and honor he felt himself bound. The king wished to detain the poet at his side. Garcilasso, the author of the most elegant lyrics after the Italian fashion which Spain had produced, had perished quite in his youth at the storming of a fortified mill, leaving only the first fruits of his graceful genius behind him. Philip may not have been willing to expose a far greater light to a like premature

extinction. At any rate, he desired to hinder the poet from going; and this he supposed that he had effectually done, when he gave him a festal piece to prepare, which, according to the king's anticipation, would abundantly occupy him until after the expedition had set out. Calderon, however, defeated his purpose—bringing his appointed task with such rapidity to a close, that he was able to follow and join the army in time, as Vera Tassis tells us, to share with it all its dangers until peace was concluded.

Upon his return, the king testified his increased regard by granting him a pension, and employing his services in arranging the jests of the court. From this period he was high in the royal favor, possessed entire control over all pertaining to the drama, and received uninterrupted applause for all his works.

In a church so richly endowed as the Spanish was then, and one in which the monarch had been so successful in keeping the richest endowments in his own gift, it was not likely that Calderon would long remain without preferment. The favor of his royal patron speedily conferred more than one preferment upon him; and he continued, from time to time, to receive new proofs of his liberality, and of his wish to attach him as closely as possible to his person.

This accumulation of religious benefices, however, did not lead him to intermit in any degree his dramatic labors. On the contrary, it was rather intended to stimulate him to renewed exertion; and his fame was now so great that the cathedrals solicited religious plays from him, to be performed on the day of Corpus Christi. He furnished then entertainment regularly for thirty-seven years; and accumulated a large fortune, as his reward.

His high court favor ended with the life of Philip. The death of that monarch was doubtless to Calderon not merely the loss of a patron, but almost of a friend. This event took place in 1665, and with it the faint *nimbus* of glory, which had until then continued, more or less, to surround the Spanish monarchy, quite disappeared. A feeble minor, not less feeble in intellect than in age, occupied the throne. The court was the seat of miserable and disgraceful intrigues. From that empire, once so proud and strong, cities and provinces were rent away by the violence or frauds of Louis XIV., almost as often as he chose to stretch out his hand and take them. He was, indeed, only hindered from tearing that empire piecemeal, by the hope that a descendant of his own should ere long inherit it altogether. Literature, with everything else, felt the deeply depressing influence of the time. Calderon, however, still sang on; he belonged to a better epoch, and brought the poetic energies of that epoch into the evil days upon which he

was now fallen; though he too began about this time to show, in some degree, the effects of age, and, it may be, of the sunken splendors of his native land.

Though no longer a foremost favorite of the court, Calderon's relations to it still continued, and his services were put in requisition whenever the so-called *fiestas*, or dramatic spectacles for peculiar occasions, were needed. With the nation his popularity survived undiminished to the close of his life. This life, which was one of singular peace and outward prosperity, he brought to an end on Whit-Sunday, May 25, 1681, while all Spain was ringing with the performance of his *autos*, in the composition of one more of which he was occupied to the last moment of his life.

A little volume of funeral eulogies, published the same year by a gentleman belonging to the household of his patron and friend, the duke of Veraguas, is almost utterly barren of any historical notices about him of the slightest value. The only two facts which can be gleaned from it are these: the first, that poor Charles II. shed tears at the announcement of his death, an act which the writer considers "not merely pardonable but praiseworthy," and which, whether true or only reported, seems to imply that his genius was in a measure still recognised even at the court.

The next day he was borne, as his will required, without any show, to his grave in the church of San Salvador, by the priests of the congregation over which he had so long presided, and to which he now left his entire possessions. A gorgeous funeral procession, with unlimited pomp and ceremony, occurred a few days later, to satisfy the claims of the people for the admiration of their idol. Public notice was taken of his death at Milan, Valencia, Naples, Lisbon and Rome, as of a public calamity. A magnificent

monument was erected to his memory, and a statue raised over his remains.

In his old age he used to collect his friends round him on his birth day, and tell them amusing stories of his earlier life. Vera Tassis recounts the noblest names of Spain as in the list of his personal friends; nor does he fail to notice the signal absence of all gall from his pen—the entire freedom of his spirit from all sentiments of jealousy and envy. Calderon's writings bear out this praise. All his allusions to those who might be accounted his rivals and competitors are honorable alike to him and to them. There were but two great authors, between whom and himself any rivalry could exist: the one certainly of more genial humor, of deeper and more universal gifts, Cervantes, who, dying in 1617, had passed from life's scene as Calderon was entering actively upon it; the other, Lope de Vega, probably on the whole his inferior, but occupying then, by right of prior possession, in the estimation of most, the highest seat in the Spanish Parnassus. There exist some pleasing lines of Calderon addressed to the latter, and he never misses an opportunity of paying a compliment to Cervantes. Indeed, he dramatized a portion of *Don Quixote*, although this work has not come down to us. If he indulges sometimes in a little playful raillery on the writings of his brother-dramatists, it is only of the same kind which from time to time he bestows on his own. That his hand and heart were largely open to the poorer and less successful brethren of the poetical guild, his biographer very distinctly assures us. But, of a multitude of other things which we should care to know, he has not informed us. If we would complete our image of the poet, it must be from the internal evidence of his writings. Of his outer life we know almost nothing more than has here been told.

GERTRUDE.

BY EDITH BYRNS.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! who shall dare in this frail scene,
Or holiest, happiest thoughts to lean
On friendship, kindred, or on love.

In a sequestered valley of Massachusetts, completely nestled in the bosom of the mountains, is the pretty little village of Melville. About a quarter of a mile from it stands, back from the public road, an old gray mansion, over whose walls the rose, woodbine and honeysuckle creep, even to the very top, seeming to strive which shall most successfully wreath their graceful tendrils round the latticed windows, and fill the air with their

delightful fragrance. On a sloping lawn in front, are a knot of noble old elms, which almost hide the mansion from the view of the passer by, and whose spreading branches bend lovingly over the roof, like a mother watching over her slumbering child. The little back garden, gay in all the pomp of varied-tinted dahlias, and other autumn flowers, and fragrant with sweet mignonette and heliotrope, betrays the taste and leisure of the owners. A stream, which winds through the valley, widens just at the foot of the garden into a silver lake, in whose crystal waters are mirrored the everchanging clouds above, and the quivering

branches of the silver-leaved willows and mountain-ash, which shade its banks. It is a quiet spot, and the view beyond is one of dreamy loveliness. The village at a distance, surrounded by mountains, seems to be sleeping in the warm sunshine, while the B—— winds along by its side, and though it is but a *tiny* river, hardly worthy of the name, yet its waters, as they dash and foam over the stones, with the willows bending over to gaze at their own graceful foliage, add much to the beauty of the scene. The waving line of woodland, and the hills rising one above another, thickly wooded to the very top, are gorgeous with all the rich and varied hues of autumn.

How voiceless must Nature be to one who, gazing upon a scene like this, fails to feel the breathing spirit of the Creator's presence. To such a one, what must become of the poetry of life—the spirit of the beautiful, which is enshrined everywhere—above, within, around us.

On a moss-covered stone by the lake, sits a young girl gazing around. Though below the medium height, her form is round and graceful. Her rich brown hair is braided smoothly off her clear, open brow. Her dark, thoughtful eyes are shaded by long curled lashes. But what can be the cause of the deep sadness written upon her young face? The prospect before her, bearing as it does, the marks of decay, quiet and gradual though they may be, may well speak of the change and blight, which is as surely and as silently passing over us, and over all our dearest hopes; it may well speak forcibly of all that this earth can give. But melancholy and sad as these thoughts are, they can scarcely account for such deep anguish in one, who claims to have an inheritance in a far happier and more enduring world. No! her sorrow and sadness have a deeper source. The fount of her feeling has been stirred by a rougher spell than the voice of Nature, speaking through her works. She has awakened from a bright and beautiful dream, in which she has passed the whole of her life. Her eyes are opened now, and she sees that one, whom she has always regarded as almost perfect, is subject to the weaknesses and imperfections of the rest of mankind. Oh! the anguish of that moment, when first we learn to doubt one whom we have long loved and trusted. It may well blanch the cheek, and dim the eye. But we must not anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Grey, upon the death of her husband, who was rector of the village church, was obliged to vacate the little parsonage, where she had passed so many years of domestic happiness. She returned to the old homestead, which, since the death of her parents, had been rented. What deep emotions thrilled her heart upon returning

to the home of her childhood, the scene of all her early joys and hopes, where every object was turned around with a thousand memories of the past. A few years before, with a father's blessing, and a mother's last kiss fresh upon her brow, she had left that home, a happy though trembling bride, leaning upon one whom she trusted would ever guide, protect, and love her; and now that manly form was lying low in the dust, that voice which never spoke to her, but in love's gentlest tones, was forever hushed in the silence of the grave. No father to whisper a sad though hearty welcome back, no mother to lighten the anguish of her widowed heart by the soothing tones of sympathy. No! for they too, were lying in the church-yard's shade.

But instead of parents she had children. Three young beings looked up to her for guidance and protection. For their sake she must subdue her sorrow. In them she must find solace in her cheerless widowhood. As she looked upon their young and loved forms, she could not but feel she had yet much to live for; and that God was very gracious with her still, and in judgment remembered mercy. But chiefly upon her first-born—the child welcomed with so much delight, were her hopes centered. He was a bright, intelligent boy of fifteen, and his fair gentle countenance was an index of his disposition. He was, indeed, a son well suited to bring comfort to a widow's heart. But not only to the maternal bosom did Edmund Grey bring joy and gladness, his sister, Gertrude, whom we have already met, was completely wrapped up in him, but two years younger than he, she had always shared his hopes and joys, his youthful griefs and sorrows. And the little blue-eyed, fair-haired Edith, the pet and plaything of the house, thought none could equal her only brother.

And are all these bright hopes, so fondly clustered round that youthful form, to be forever crushed for the want of a firm, resolute spirit! alas! woe for one, no matter how talented or disposed he may be, who enters upon the battle of life without a determined resolute will, or deep-rooted principle to sustain him!

In less than a year from his father's death, at the age of sixteen, Edmund Grey left his home for Harvard University. How well did Gertrude remember that long walk he took with her on the eve of his departure, to bid adieu to his favorite haunts. How hopefully he spoke of the honors he should win, and how he should return, and his uncle, who was an old man, would resign his place to him as village physician; and how he formed plans of the good he should do, and how Gertrude should assist him. How warmly she entered into them all, and how her saddened thoughts at his departure, were cheered by the bright visions of the future!

Four years rolled by, and in that time she had seen him but twice, for access to their little out-of-the-world place was both difficult and expensive. He wrote often, but of late his letters were fewer and shorter, and the watchful eye of affection detected a change in their tone. Though still kind and affectionate, they were no longer the joyous out-pourings of the heart, she wanted the life and glow of feeling, the tender sympathy with the little home-cares and affections, which used to characterize them. But at last, the long-looked for day on which he was to graduate arrived. And when they heard he had won the first honors, and saw the paragraph in the Boston Post, in which his name was mentioned with such honorable distinction, all their fears were forgotten, their hearts only beat with delight, and they longingly looked for the next letter, telling them when he should return. It came, but what a disappointment awaited them. He told them he had changed his mind about studying with his uncle, and practising in the village. He had determined to study with Dr. Arnold, who was one of the principal physicians of Boston. And after he had obtained his degree, he was to marry Bertha Arnold—the Doctor's only child, and the Doctor, who was an old man, would gradually resign his practice to him. He spoke of his eager desire to see them, but that it being so necessary for him to economise, he deemed it advisable for him to defer his visit for another time, still, if his mother thought otherwise, he would alter his arrangements to suit her. He continued, "I have long known Bertha, and only never mentioned her to you before, because I was fearful I should never win her. I am anxious to introduce her to you, for you will all love her, not only for her personal charms, which cannot be surpassed, but also for her cultivated mind and gentle winning manners, and loving disposition. She will be a delightful companion for Gertrude, they are just of the same age, and Bertha wishes very much to become acquainted with her, for she has never yet known a sister's love. I will be married in the very nick of time, for little Edith will be just at the age to be introduced into society, and Bertha will form an admirable chaperon for her. So you see how much more pleasant these arrangements will be for you than our old plans. In fact, it was principally this consideration which induced me to determine upon them." The letter was very kindly and very plausibly written, but Gertrude on reading it, felt that Edmund had indeed changed, but though acknowledging this to herself, she could not bear to hear others affirm it, and it was to calm her irritated feelings, that she sought her favorite spot in the garden where we met her. It had been a long cherished plan with them all for Edmund to take his uncle's place as village

physician, and the old man himself looked eagerly for the time when his nephew would relieve him of his burdensome duties. Gertrude knew that Edmund had a right to alter his arrangements to suit himself, but the idea of his endeavoring to deceive himself and others into the belief that, it was for their sakes he had done so, betrayed a weakness of which she had hitherto thought him incapable.

On returning to the house, Gertrude found her mother writing to Edmund, and wished her to assist Edith in some domestic duty. Leaving them thus employed, we will introduce our reader into a little of Edmund's college-life, the knowledge of which, will explain some changes in his character, for which his sister could not account.

He left his home, as you are aware, a bright, promising youth of sixteen, buoyant with life and happiness. He had always been fond of study, but, on entering college, he was awakened to the great importance of knowledge, and his ambition was, for the first time, as it were, kindled by the spirit of rivalry. With all the hopefulness of youth, he trusted soon to distinguish himself "on the broad arena of science." For some time he devoted himself to his studies with unwearied industry, and soon obtained the reputation of being a talented young fellow. But he was, as we have already intimated, too much guided by outward circumstances, rather than by firm, steady principle. His lively disposition, and his easy, good nature, joined with his talents and social qualities, easily won him friends. In little cosy parties of good fellows, his company was much sought after, where, over the sparkling wine cup, and under the genial influence of cigars, his wit and humor were highly prized. Through imprudent weakness, he permitted himself to be gradually led on from folly to folly, until, before he was aware of what he was about, he was drawn into a regular course of dissipation. All this, of course, acted very disadvantageously upon him—keeping him out late at night, disabling him from rising early in the morning, and unfitting him for study.

Alas! who shall dare speak lightly of the want of stability of character; or smile at examples of vacillation, trivial though they may appear, when they may be the first steps in the downward path to ruin.

It was about this time that he met Bertha Arnold; and won, by her beautiful face, he withdrew from his frolicsome companions, and spent most of his spare time with her. The hope of winning her, once more awakened his ambition, and he returned to his studies with renewed ardor. And having graduated with distinction, Dr. Arnold consented to Bertha engaging herself to him, on condition of Edmund studying with him, and making Boston his home.

Edmund, to whom excitement and fashion had become almost necessary, and to whom, consequently, the idea of returning to the quiet of a country village had become distasteful, was only too glad for a reasonable excuse to give it up—the old plan up. Yet, it was with feelings of self-reproach and sorrow, he thought upon the deep affection, which breathed in every line of the many letters he received from home. But, these earnest and salutary feelings were soon lost amid the fascination of Bertha's society.

CHAPTER III.

A gay party were assembled in the large drawing-room of Dr. Arnold's old family mansion. The long suite of rooms, brilliantly illuminated, presented a bright spectacle. The most beautiful and rare flowers were scattered so profusely around, one might have imagined they were in some sunny isle of the south, rather than in Boston in the mid of winter. The lights, shining amongst their dark, green leaves, shed a soft, luxurious ray, such as

—lovely maids
Look loveliest in.

Soft strains of the sweetest and most exquisite music delighted the ear, while forms of beauty and elegance glided by on all sides.

It was the wedding night of Bertha Arnold and Dr. Edmund Grey. The bride was a young and lovely creature. Her thick, white silk dress, showed her slight and graceful figure to advantage, and the blond over it, gave it a light and airy appearance. The bridal veil, fastened by pearls to her light brown curls, which clustered round her smooth brow, shaded her exquisitely beautiful, and almost childish countenance. It was also her twentieth birth-night; but on looking at her, one could scarcely believe it; she seemed more like a bright, joyous girl of sixteen. She was leaning on the arm of Edmund, whose handsome features beamed with conscious pride, as he looked fondly upon her.

Our friend, Gertrude, was one of the bridesmaids. Her usually pensive countenance was now lighted up with smiles, though it still retained somewhat of that sad expression, which mingled even in her most joyous moods. Her complexion, generally pale, was slightly flushed with the first crimson tints of excitement, and her deep hazel eye, shone with unwonted brilliancy.

The ceremony was over. It had been performed in the presence of a few select friends. And now, at a later hour, beauty, wealth, and fashion, were gathered together, to do homage to the young couple. Many were the congratulations offered, and frequently were their healths pledged in the sparkling champagne and golden

sherry, or in the red and ruby burgundy. How few, as they took deep draughts of the amber-colored liquid, and felt it burn and course through their veins, dreamt that death lay concealed under its sparkling lustre, even as the viper lies hid under the covering which it weaves of sweet flowers and green leaves. The sounds of merriment and joy prevailed. Gertrude, who was little used to such scenes, and who had been engaged in active conversation, and in waiting on the bride, at last felt wearied, and took the first opportunity of the first disengaged moment, to retire a little from the crowd and gaze upon the scene. She seated herself upon an ottoman, in a deep recess formed by a large bay-window, and the massive folds of the curtain falling around her, almost hid her from view—while through the small opening she perceived all that was going on. Two gentlemen, standing with their backs to her, began talking in a low tone, and it was impossible for her to avoid hearing what they said. After remarking upon the beauty and wealth of the bride, and the talents and good nature of the bridegroom, one of them added, "yet I should be sorry for a daughter of mine to wed such a man as Edmund Grey." "You are too fastidious," replied the other. "Dr. Grey has been wild and rather dissipated, but I expect he will now settle down to be a sober and sedate man." "It may be," returned the first speaker, "but I doubt it. It is very dangerous for a young man to form such habits, and his only hope of safety would be to give up strong drink *entirely*, and that I am afraid he will not be likely to do so in Dr. Arnold's house."

It would be impossible to describe Gertrude's feelings on hearing these remarks. She had, as we have already seen, been partly made aware of the weakness of Edmund's character, but that he had been guilty of such excesses she never dreamt. She sat as if stupified—her cheeks pale, her lips parted, she leaned against the window, as if both heart and strength failed her; and was only aroused by hearing Edmund inquire for her. Feeling she must exert herself, she hastily arose to meet him. As she looked upon his noble brow, on which intellect was so plainly stamped, she could not believe that what she heard was true. Any one who has been at a party, when care and trouble oppressed them, can image the effort it required for her to keep up for the rest of the evening. All noticed the change in her, and Edmund, as he kindly caressed her, said: "Poor Gertrude, you are little used to city dissipation, but, before the winter is over, you will have become quite hardened, I expect." It was with difficulty she was enabled to restrain her tears, and make a cheerful reply.

But at last the party was over. How she got through it, she scarcely knew. The guests had

departed, and the servants were replacing the things, picking up stray fans and handkerchiefs, and putting out the lights. As Gertrude rose to retire, she thought she would soon be left to the freedom of her own reflections, but this luxury was denied her, for one of the bridesmaids was to share her apartments. She threw herself upon the bed, but she could not sleep. She became so nervous, her teeth chattered, and a shuddering convulsed her whole frame. Her friend anxiously inquired if she were ill, and wished to call in some assistance, but Gertrude would not hear of such a thing. Towards morning she fell into a heavy sleep, and it was late before she awoke. All must have experienced that vague, horrible dread which oppresses one, upon first awakening after a heavy sorrow or day of trial. The sun was shining bright through the curtains of her room, and as she gazed from the window, she found the earth covered with the snowy vesture of winter. The trees and shrubs were enveloped in light wreaths of snow, while the sun shining upon them, and upon their pendant icicles, formed all the colors of the rainbow. The merry sleigh-bells, and the joyous shouts of frolicsome boys, added to the cheerfulness of the scene. The aspect of the breakfast room was no less cheerful. A bright fire burned in the grate; and the large vases on the mantel-piece were filled with beautiful flowers, which scented the room with their delightful fragrance. All the family were assembled at the table, which was spread out with its luxurious appliances. As Gertrude heard their laughing voices, amongst whose Edmund's was the loudest, it seemed to her as if what she had heard must be a dream.

They all kindly inquired how she was, and joked her upon her late appearance. The morning was pretty far advanced by the time breakfast was over, and they then prepared for a sleigh ride; and in the evening they were engaged to a large party.

And thus the winter passed away. This one day was but the example of the succeeding ones. Amid calls and shopping in the morning, and parties and concerts in the evening, Gertrude had but little time for thought. She never saw anything in Edmund to strengthen her suspicion, for she knew so little of the effects of stimulants, that except one was deadly drunk, she would not know that they were under its influence. It sometimes appeared to her, that Edmund indulged very freely at times, and once she ventured gently to remonstrate with him, but both he and Bertha laughed at what they termed her country simplicity. Dr. Arnold adhered to the old fashioned rules of hospitality, according to which it was customary for wine to be very freely circulated; and he himself always enjoyed his brandy and water after dinner, and before going to bed, and

Edmund said he could not be different from others. But at length the time came for Gertrude to return home. Edith was to be married to a young clergyman, in the latter part of the spring, and Edmund and Bertha promised to be at the ceremony. Gertrude returned to her home with sad forebodings, the nature of which she could scarcely comprehend. She would not allow that she had fears for Edmund. She did not think Bertha suited to exert much influence over him. She loved him as much as she was capable of loving any one—but hers was a selfish love. She was an only child, spoiled and petted from childhood. Under winning and engaging manners, she was remarkably selfish and wilful. As long as she was admired and praised, all would go well, but when crossed or opposed in the least, she became exceedingly irritable. Gertrude felt the only hope of Edmund's happiness, was in his remaining in ignorance of his wife's disposition. And with these sad feelings she must appear glad and happy, amid the congratulations of friends and neighbors, who all had many inquiries to make after their favorite, Edmund. Even to her mother and Edith, Gertrude would not speak unreservedly—she did not think it right to force upon them doubts, for which she could give no reasonable cause. And thus, though in her heart of hearts sad and disappointed, she must yet appear merry and cheerful. Few would have imagined that her joyousness was assumed.

But spring came, bearing on its mild airs, the perfume of a thousand flowers, which were daily springing into life, while the feathered tribes returning from their southern tour, made the air vocal with their songs, these, together with the sportive gambols of the young animals, all taught her lessons of contentment. Like many others, she found that to these things—fresh air, and the birds' songs, and the fragrance of fresh flowers—God has given a blessing; like sleep they are His medicines, balm of sweet minds! They all seemed to whisper of hope, and trust in Him “who doeth all things well.” And she was also now much occupied in helping to make preparations for Edith's wedding, which left her little time for thought.

CHAPTER IV.

“Eyes forget the gentle ray
They were in courtship's smiling day,
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said.”

“Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup. At the last it shall biteeth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

“O! call thy wanderer home—
To that dear home, safe in thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.”

Three years have rolled by, and Gertrude is again at Dr. Arnold's old family mansion in Boston. She has not been there since the winter of Ed-

mund's marriage; neither has she seen Edmund or Bertha since. They were prevented from paying their promised visit at the time of Edith's wedding, by the sickness, and subsequently the death of Dr. Arnold. And afterwards, Bertha was not able to travel. She was anxious for Gertrude to be with her, but Gertrude was notable to leave her mother, whose failing health required her constant attention. She heard from them occasionally, but letters poorly supply the place of personal intercourse. Edmund scarcely wrote at all, and Bertha but seldom, and when she did they were principally filled with accounts of their little son Henry; but there was something in their tone which filled Gertrude with fears for which she could not account, but she never received a letter from her without feeling uncomfortable.

She was thus anxious and sad at heart, longing to pay them a visit, as she thought she would be better able to judge for herself, yet at the same time dreading it, when Bertha again wrote, begging her to come to her. As she seemed in particularly low spirits, and had no near relation to be with her in the hour of trial, Mrs. Grey consented for Gertrude to go. Gertrude felt better satisfied in leaving home, as Edith would be with her mother during her absence. Poor Gertrude, she had long been looking forward to this promised visit of Edith's, and now she would be away. But with her characteristic usefulness, she forgot herself in her thought for others.

The carriage was waiting for her when she arrived at the depot; but she was disappointed in not seeing her brother, but supposed he was prevented by his professional duties from waiting for her. When she arrived at the house, all seemed desolate and cheerless, so different from her last visit. As she hastened up the oaken staircase to Bertha's room, the depression increased. Bertha was looking for her, and warmly returned her embrace.

"But where is Edmund?"

"He is not at home."

"Did he not know that I was coming?"

"Yes, but he went away yesterday with some friends; he said he would be back in time to meet you, but I knew how it would be."

Bertha spoke with bitterness, and Gertrude looked anxiously in her face. She was shocked to see the change there—the bloom had faded from her cheek—her light, merry smile had given place to a careworn and anxious expression, which too plainly spoke of suffering. But whether arising from mental or physical causes, Gertrude could not tell. She was then introduced to her nephew—a fine young gentleman of fifteen months—whose soft, dark eyes and flaxen ringlets elicited many compliments. Ger-

trude covered him with kisses, but master Henry was not quite in the humor to be fondled by a new face. He struggled to such a degree, that she gladly relinquished him to the care of his nurse, who quickly disappeared with him to other regions.

Bertha then rang for a maid to show Gertrude to her room, where she might change her dress and refresh herself. But Gertrude felt little refreshed. The indefinable dread seemed increasing. Had it come to pass, as she had so often feared, Edmund awakening from his dream of happiness, in which he imagined his wife some lovely angel, to find her a spoiled beauty. And thus his hopes of finding happiness at home over, he had turned to seek for it elsewhere. Poor Edmund!

With these thoughts, Gertrude returned to Bertha in no charitable mood. But a glance at her careworn face, so indicative of severe suffering, filled her with compassion.

"Dear Bertha," she said, "you seem fatigued; have you been out to-day?"

"No, I have not been out. How I do wish Edmund would return."

"Does he often leave you?" Gertrude continued to ask.

A burst of tears was the only reply.

"Bertha, what is the meaning of this?—Edmund's absence, your complaints and tears?" Gertrude exclaimed, now seriously alarmed. "Tell me; I must know."

"It is a poor account for your first evening. But I suppose you might as well know now, as ever; you must know soon. Yes! Edmund does often leave me; and when he returns, one can tell too well what he has been doing."

"What can you mean?" said Gertrude.

"Oh! I am much to blame; I see it all now, though I never did till lately. I might have kept him from it. You know, in his college days, before we were married, he used to be wild and rather dissipated; but after he knew me, he became quite steady, and for some time after our marriage he continued so. But, Gertrude, you know how, at our table, wine was freely circulated, and at times Edmund indulged too freely, and these occasions occurred oftener after my poor father's death. But I used to wrong him, and taunt him with his weakness, which only made him worse. One day, in particular, I had been most bitter in my reproaches, he left me in deep anger, and meeting with one Baker—one of his most frolicsome college companions—one with whom he had had nothing to do since his marriage, he renewed his acquaintance, I saw nothing of him until two days after, when he was brought home. And thus he went from worse to worse. At times, he seemed to try to attend to his profession, and I might have

helped him to give up his bad habits, but I did not; I never thought of trying until lately. For the past month, since he has been expecting my confinement, he has been quite sober and kind, as of old, and I had just began to hope we might be happy yet, when, yesterday, this Baker came and persuaded him to go off on some excursion. I endeavored to induce him not to go; told him you would be here, and used every argument, but in vain. He said he would be home in time, but I knew how it would be. Oh! I shall never—” Here she fell back on the sofa, passionately sobbing. Gertrude, ashy pale, and terribly agitated, used every endearment to soothe her, but when her sobs changed into screams of agony, she became much alarmed and called for assistance. The nurse appearing, Bertha was put in bed, and the physician sent for. Gertrude went into an adjoining room, to wait until she could be of any use. She sat pale and motionless—what she had heard, so surpassed her worst fears, she could not realize it. A few hours after, she heard a step coming up the staircase and hastened out, thinking it was Edmund. She was right—it was him. He was advancing to Bertha’s room, but Gertrude saw, at a glance, that he was not in a fit state to enter. She led him to a spare room, and persuaded him to lie on a couch, where he soon fell into a heavy slumber. As Gertrude looked at him lying there—his once bright, intellectual countenance was distorted and bloated—she thought, “Can this be Edmund? can this be my brother?” She hurried to her own room, and there falling on her knees, by her bedside, her only words were, “God be merciful to us!” Her whole form shook with the most violent grief.

Soon Gertrude was summoned to Bertha’s room. She was very ill, her life was despaired of. As Gertrude bent over, “Is he come?” said she, “tell him he must forgive me, as I do him, we have both erred. Tell him to begin a new life—to live to his God—to live to be an honor and support to our dear son—you will take care of Henry, will you not?”

“Yes, yes, dear, I will never leave him, but you—”

“Thank you, dearest,” she said, gently, and then closed her eyes from weariness, and was soon insensible.

Gertrude went to call Edmund. She found him awake and fully himself; he looked much ashamed of seeing her and said, “How do you do, Gertrude? when did you come; but where is Bertha?” endeavoring to hide his embarrassment by a string of questions.

“Bertha is dying,” replied Gertrude in a low tone; but the next moment she repented her abruptness, when she saw him turn ghastly pale and stagger to her room.

Scarcely conscious of what he was about, he threw himself by Bertha’s bedside, calling her by every endearing name, beseeching her to look at him, to speak to him but once.

To the surprise of all, she slowly opened her eyes, and smiling upon him, whispered, “Dear Edmund, I am so glad you have come—live to” but here her face contracted as if with a spasm, and in a few moments all was over.

Never did any one show more alarm or remorse than Edmund, as he stood by her bedside; he knew not what he did, until finding all was over, with a cry of despair, he hurried to his study, with strict orders that no one should disturb him. There he remained for six long hours, no one venturing to go near him. At times he might be heard walking rapidly over the floor; then again, all would be still; and then deep groans would be heard. At length, Gertrude determined to go to him; she much disliked intruding herself upon him, but she thought it best to speak to him at once; so summoning all her courage, she timidly knocked at the door; no answer; again she knocked, still no answer; then giving a bolder knock, she heard Edmund’s voice, saying, “Who is there? I cannot be disturbed.”

“It is me, Edmund, please let me see you.”

“I cannot now, I can see no one.”

“But just for a few minutes,” persisted Gertrude.

“Well, if you will force yourself upon me, come,” was the ungracious reply.

Poor Gertrude; she almost wished herself away again; all her prepared eloquence seemed to vanish as she entered the room.

When she looked at Edmund, she felt frightened to see the change those few hours had wrought in him; he looked full ten years older; his face retained not a particle of color; and his bitter agony had brought out many silver threads amongst his dark brown curls; his only words were, “I have killed her.” And when Gertrude endeavored to speak, he said, “Gertrude, you know nothing about it, it was I who killed her.”

Then Gertrude told him she knew all, and gave him Bertha’s messages. And though she could not but acknowledge he had greatly sinned, she pointed out to him the text, “If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous, and He is the Propitiation for our sins.”

“That is not for me, I have sinned beyond all hope of pardon.”

“It is for the chief of sinners; ‘Christ died not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.’”

But it is needless to rehearse all the arguments used. Gertrude patiently went over them, again and again, until he became convinced his past transgressions could be forgiven, but he doubted if he could gain strength for the future

He said those who once allowed the love of strong drink to get such an ascendancy over them, were like the charmed bird under the fascinating eye of the snake, who, though it knew its danger, yet let itself be lured on to its destruction. But Gertrude showed him the numerous texts in the Bible commanding men to leave off drunkenness—which showed they possessed the power to leave it off—which power is not of themselves, but of Christ, who hath said: "My grace is sufficient for thee. Sorrow and trouble," she continued, "if used aright, are turned into blessings. In the words of one of the ablest writers of the age, 'if we also, when outstretched upon our deserved cross, abide, as he, (the penitent thief) did, patiently upon it, confessing, and we, indeed, justly with him, we may see by our side the Saviour, who for us died upon the cross. When sorrow and the cross come upon thee, seek not with the world to distract it; drive it not away with fresh sources of sorrow, but bid it welcome; cherish it as a heavenly visitant, as a messenger sent from God, with healing to thy soul. Thou shalt see the bow in the cloud.'"

With these words she soothed and comforted him. She besought him to leave Boston, and come back to her old home at Melville.

"But when my mother hears of my conduct here?"

"She must never hear of it," said Gertrude.

Gertrude then left him in a calmer mood than when she found him, and she went to look after Henry. No human eye saw how Edmund passed those few remaining hours, but there is but little doubt, but that he spent them in deep and earnest prayer. Early in the morning, he went into the cellar and destroyed all the bottles of old wines and brandies which had so long been Dr. Arnold's pride. Some persons might complain of the waste, and say it might have at least been kept and given to the sick. But Edmund was in earnest; he knew his own weakness, and determined, as far as in him lay, to remove from all temptation.

At length the funeral day arrived. Bertha had a sweet, placid expression, which gave her the appearance of being in a gentle sleep, the effect of which was still increased by her babe, which had died a few hours after its mother, lying quietly by her side. They were strewn

with early flowers, and looked very lovely. It was a very trying day to Gertrude. It was as much as she could do to keep Edmund from again falling into despair. It was wonderful how she had stood all she had gone through; but no one knows how much they can bear until they are tried. But we must not digress. All is at length over, and they are laid in the cold grave, to await the resurrection morn.

Edmund was now all impatience to leave. He had a sale of the property, and the proceeds he invested for Henry. Before he started, for his boyhood's home, he told Gertrude he had determined to give his mother and uncle a full account of himself. "There must be no deceit," he said; "all must be open."

There is but little more to relate. Mrs. Grey was, of course, inexpressibly shocked to hear such accounts of Edmund. But she could not but be comforted to see his deep repentance, which was no transitory ebullition of feeling, as was evinced in his daily conduct. He spoke but little of it, but the testimony of *deeds* is stronger than the testimony of *words*. Though he lived to be respected and loved by all who knew him, yet he ever retained a quiet, subdued manner, so different from the light joyousness of his early days. He had learned it was better to lie low in trouble and anguish, and have our Saviour near, than to be in the midst of the joys and pleasures of this world and far from Him. He was learning to lie beneath the cross, and wait for Him to raise him up.

Well did Gertrude fulfill her promise to keep and educate Henry. She early taught him that he was a member of that great temperance society, which teaches her members to be temperate not only in drinking, but to be temperate "in all things." She early taught him to subdue the cravings of appetite for whatever merely tasted good, and thus early helped him to obtain the mastery over his merely animal nature. She passed her life in the enjoyment of peace—that gentle flower that grows upon the root of grace. And though she was that despised thing, an old maid, (whom some affirm do not perform the mission for which their God placed them in the world,) yet all who knew the active and useful life she led, must have acknowledged, that she, for one, performed her mission, and filled her place in the world.

SONG.

SORT breathing, the zephyrs awaken the grove,
Now, now, is the season for pleasure and love;
Yet let no delights on our moments intrude,
But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred,
Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led,
But joys which both reason and virtue approve,
Such, such, are the glory and pride of the grove.

A STRUGGLE WITH THE EVIL ONE.

It is really humiliating to contemplate human nature. Such a mixture of folly and vanity is there in its highest aims, that the heart must always turn away sickened from the contemplation of itself. With what deadening weight did this reflection rest on me, as I sat late one Saturday night over the dying embers of my fire! I was thinking over the events of the day. In the morning I had awakened bright and hopeful, looking forward to a well-spent day, and now, at the end of it, I sat gloomy and dispirited in the contemplation of one worse than wasted. Such is my life, I thought, or such at least it will be, unless I make a great change. And why not? Won't I be happier? And as I mused over broken resolutions, and misspent time, I determined henceforth to live more in accordance with man's high destiny.

"Ha! ha!" I almost thought I heard the devil in my heart laughing at this, my oft-made and oft-repeated resolution. I started at the memory of my past good intentions, and remembered that the road to pandemonium is paved with such.

"Truly," thought I, "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps!"

"Where withall," my soul exclaimed, "shall a young man cleanse his ways?"

"By taking heed thereunto, according to God's word," whispered the still, small voice within me. And as these thoughts rushed through my mind, clothed in the words of a once well-loved book, I remembered that I had cast it away, and denied its high inspiration.

"Yea," I thought, for the first time in many long, weary, dark months, "the book must be true, for God knows we can't do without it. At all events, I will follow its dictates, in asking aid of One, that is mightier than I, to these, my good intentions." And then the thought of past resolutions broken, and past duties neglected, no longer throw dismay over my soul, but showed them to me as friendly beacons. In my heart was whispered—

"Trust no future, however pleasant,
Let the dead past, bury its dead;
Act! act! in the living present.
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

And the dull weight of care, like Apollyon, from the sword of Christian, took to itself wings and flew away. And then as my soul rose up strong in resolution and humility, I thought, (and who shall blame the thought!) of one who, of all human beings, had exerted the strongest and the best influence over me. Sweet Mary Mercer! One short year before, our troth had been plighted, and our common hopes were

bright and happy. Evil looks, evil companions, evil thoughts had led me astray. I had surrendered the high hopes of my faith, and seemed given over to a reprobate mind. Though it wrung her heart, she had set too high a value upon the book from which she drew her very life, to yoke herself unequally with an unbeliever. And so she had discarded me. More and more reckless then had I become. A year had rolled away, spent in dissipation and excess. I had been mighty to follow strong drink, and powerful in wrong doing, but in all good I had not used an infant's strength.

The day before, at Mrs. Clark's party, I had been slightly intoxicated. Mary was there, (and oh! how pale and suffering she looked,) and she observed it. Her pale, sweet, heavenly face, her "meek, brown eye," preached me a more eloquent sermon than ever man's lips uttered. I saw she loved me still, for, when she thought I did not see her, her eyes rested upon me with such a sad, sorrowful, yearning look, that it fell upon my soul like the dews of Heaven. It made the dead, barren ashes of my heart bloom afresh, and I determined (but ah! how proudly!) to make myself worthy of her love.

That night I dreamed a sweet dream about joys that were past. Once again, as in days of yore, my Mary's head reclined on my breast, and her deep, dark, beautiful eyes looked up to mine with proud love. "Ah! Horace," she breathed, "I have had such a fearful dream. I dreamed that you had given up the hope set before you in the Gospel, and had become a reckless, hardened infidel. And oh! though my love was as strong as ever, my respect had fled."

Ah! Mary, 'twas a fearful dream. May the reality never come. And when I awoke I determined that it should be as a dream that was passed. But the human heart is very weak. My boon companions came to see me, and amidst their shouts of laughter and merry jokes, the day passed away. Nor was the wine cup wanting. How different from what I intended. But now I looked higher than myself, and Hope came again to bless me. And as the last coals of my fire consumed away amid the ashes, instead of reminding me of consumed hopes, they served but to suggest the thought that thus would the fire of dissipation die away in my heart.

And then with a short, but hearty prayer to Him, who desireth not the death of a sinner, but that he may turn from his way and live, I closed my eyes in peaceful slumber.

It was in the month of April, and Sunday morning dawned most gloriously beautiful. Though humiliated for the past, new resolutions

and new hopes for the future made all as bright and cheerful within me. Like the aspens around me, my very soul seemed blossoming with new life. The peaceful toll of the church bells brought back the sweet echo of childhood's memories. For the first time in a year, I wended my way among the villagers to the ivy-covered church. For the first time in a year, as Mary came over the oft-trod path, I looked her in the face without shame; and my heart bounded with the beaming, hopeful look that she gave me.

As I heard the sound of many voices, saying: "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep," repentance was the deepest feeling of my heart. Then came gratitude to Him, who is the giver of all good. And surely, my prayer was not wrong, when there also came a feeling of deep joy, in thinking that the strongest tie of sympathy which once bound Mary and me, once again united us.

Then I walked with Mary, through the green fields, to the cottage of her father; and when, after leaving the village behind us, I told her

how I wished to lead a better life, she sat down on a fallen tree and wept, but not tears of bitterness. Unforbidden, I kissed them away, and as I saw her sweet forgiving smile, I determined to make it the business of my life to shield her from sorrow.

Many years have passed by since then. Mary, with two of her little ones, have gone hence to a better land. But the sweetest place, on the earth, is the green church-yard where their bodies rest; and the most hoped for place in the universe, is where my Mary's spirit is, and He who gave her to me.

One little girl, with her mother's name, her mother's face, and her mother's sweet loving and pure nature, is all that is left on earth, beside her grave, to remind me of her. Worldly honor and wealth have flowed in upon me; but my highest earthly hope is still my little Mary's happiness. Happy in the memories of the past, happy in my little daughter, happy in my future expectations, a still higher hope remains as an anchor to my soul, both sure and steadfast.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

LEONTES, king of Sicily, and his queen, the beautiful and virtuous Hermione, once lived in the greatest harmony together. So happy was Leontes in the love of this excellent lady, that he had no wish ungratified, except that he sometimes desired to see again, and to present to his queen, his old companion and school-fellow, Polixenes, king of Bohemia. Leontes and Polixenes were brought up together from their infancy, but being, by the death of their fathers called to reign over their respective kingdoms, they had not met for many years, though they frequently interchanged gifts, letters, and loving embassies.

At length, after repeated invitations, Polixenes came from Bohemia to the Sicilian court, to make his friend Leontes a visit. At first this visit gave nothing but pleasure to Leontes. He recommended the friend of his youth to the queen's particular attention, and seemed in the presence of his dear friend and old companion to have his felicity quite completed. They talked over old times; their school-days and their youthful pranks were remembered, and recounted to Hermione, who always took a choerful part in these conversations. When, after a long stay, Polixenes was preparing to depart, Hermione, at the desire of her husband, joined her entreaties to his that Polixenes would prolong his visit.

And now began this good queen's sorrow; for Polixenes refusing to stay at the request of

Leontes, was won over by Hermione's gentle and persuasive words to put off his departure for some weeks longer. Upon this, although Leontes had so long known the integrity and honorable principles of his friend Polixenes, as well as the excellent disposition of his virtuous queen, he was seized with an ungovernable jealousy. Every attention Hermione showed to Polixenes, though by her husband's particular desire, and merely to please him, increased the unfortunate king's jealousy; and from being a loving and a true friend, and the best and fondest of husbands, Leontes became suddenly a savage and inhuman monster. Sending for Camillo, one of the lords of his court, and telling him of the suspicion he entertained, he commanded him to poison Polixenes. Camillo was a good man; and he, well knowing that the jealousy of Leontes had not the slightest foundation in truth, instead of poisoning Polixenes, acquainted him with the king's master's orders, and agreed to escape with him out of the Sicilian dominions; and Polixenes, with the assistance of Camillo, arrived safe in his own kingdom of Bohemia, where Camillo lived from that time in the king's court, and became the chief friend and favorite of Polixenes.

The flight of Polixenes enraged the jealous Leontes still more: he went to the queen's apartment, where the good lady was sitting with

her little son Mamillus, who was just beginning to tell one of his best stories to amuse his mother, when the king entered, and taking the child away, sent Hermione to prison. Mamillus, though but a very young child, loved his mother tenderly; and when he saw her so dishonored, and found she was taken from him to be put into a prison, he took it deeply to heart, and drooped and pined away by slow degrees, losing his appetite and his sleep, till it was thought his grief would kill him. The king, when he had sent his queen to prison, commanded Cleomenes and Dion, two Sicilian lords, to go to Delphos, there to inquire of the oracle at the temple of Apollo, if his queen had been unfaithful to him.

When Hermione had been a short time in prison, she was brought to bed of a daughter; and the poor lady received much comfort from the sight of her pretty baby, and she said to it, "My poor little prisoner, I am as innocent as you are." Hermione had a kind friend in the noble-spirited Paulina, who was the wife of Antigonus, a Sicilian lord: and when the lady Paulina heard her royal mistress was brought to bed, she went to the prison where Hermione was confined; and she said to Emilia, a lady who attended upon Hermione, "I pray you, Emilia, tell the good queen, if her majesty dare trust me with her little babe, I will carry it to the king, its father; we do not know how he may soften at the sight of his innocent child." "Most worthy madam," replied Emilia, "I will acquaint the queen with your noble offer; she was wishing to-day that she had any friend who would venture to present the child to the king." "And tell her," said Paulina, "that I will speak boldly to Leontes in her defence." "May you be forever blessed," said Emilia, "for your kindness to our gracious queen!" Emilia then went to Hermione, who joyfully gave up her baby to the care of Paulina, for she had feared that no one would dare venture to present the child to its father. Paulina took the new-born infant, and forcing herself into the king's presence, notwithstanding her husband, fearing the king's anger, endeavored to prevent her, she laid the babe at its father's feet, and Paulina made a noble speech to the king in defence of Hermione, and she reproached him severely for his inhumanity, and implored him to have mercy on his innocent wife and child. But Paulina's spirited remonstrances only aggravated Leontes's displeasure, and he ordered her husband Antigonus to take her from his presence. When Paulina went away, she left the little baby at its father's feet, thinking, when he was alone with it, he would look upon it, and have pity on its helpless innocence.

The good Paulina was mistaken; for no sooner was she gone than the merciless father ordered

Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to take the child, and carry it out to sea, and leave it upon some desert shore to perish. Antigonus, unlike the good Camillo, too well obeyed the orders of Leontes; for he immediately carried the child on ship-board, and put out to sea, intending to leave it on the first desert coast he could find.

So firmly was the king persuaded of the guilt of Hermione, that he would not wait for the return of Cleomenes and Dion, whom he had sent to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphos: but before the queen had recovered from her sickness and from her grief for the loss of her precious baby, he had her brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court. And when all the great lords, the judges, and all the nobility of the land were assembled together to try Hermione, and that unhappy queen was standing as a prisoner before her subjects to receive their judgment, Cleomenes and Dion entered the assembly, and presented to the king the answer of the oracle sealed up; and Leontes commanded the seal to be broken, and the words of the oracle to be read aloud, and these were the words:— "*Hermione is innocent, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.*" The king would give no credit to the words of the oracle; he said it was a falsehood invented by the queen's friends, and he desired the judge to proceed in the trial of the queen; but while Leontes was speaking, a man entered and told him that the prince Mamillus, hearing his mother was to be tried for her life, struck with grief and shame, had suddenly died. Hermione, upon hearing of the death of this dear affectionate child, who had lost his life in sorrowing for her misfortune, fainted; and Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, began to feel pity for his unhappy queen, and he ordered Paulina, and the ladies who were her attendants, to take her away, and use means for her recovery. Paulina soon returned, and told the king that Hermione was dead. When Leontes heard that the queen was dead, he repented of his cruelty to her; and now that he thought his ill usage had broken Hermione's heart, he believed her innocent, and he now thought the words of the oracle were true, as he knew "if that which was lost was not found," which he concluded was his young daughter, he should be without an heir, the young prince Mamillus being dead; and he would give his kingdom now to recover his lost daughter; and Leontes gave himself up to remorse, and passed many years in mournful thoughts and repentant grief.

The ship in which Antigonus carried the infant prince: out to sea, was driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia; the very kingdom of the good king Polixenes. Here Antigonus landed,

and here he left the little baby. Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he had left his daughter, for as he was going back to the ship, a bear came out of the woods, and tore him to pieces; a just punishment on him for obeying the wicked order of Leontes. The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels; for Hermione had made it very fine when she sent it to Leontes, and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle, with the name of *Perdita* written thereon, and words obscurely intimating its high birth and untoward fate.

This poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little *Perdita* home to his wife, who nursed it tenderly: but poverty tempted the shepherd to conceal the rich prize he had found: therefore he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches, and with part of *Perdita's* jewels he bought herds of sheep, and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up *Perdita* as his own child, and she knew not she was any other than a shepherd's daughter. The little *Perdita* grew up a lovely maiden; and though she had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother shine forth in her untutored mind, that no one from her behavior would have known she had not been brought up in her father's court.

Polixenes, the king of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was *Florizel*. As this young prince was hunting near the shepherd's dwelling, he saw the old man's supposed daughter; and the beauty, modesty, and queen-like deportment of *Perdita* caused him instantly to fall in love with her. He soon, under the name of *Doricles*, and in the disguise of a private gentleman, became a constant visiter at the old shepherd's house.

Florizel's frequent absence from court alarmed *Polixenes*; and setting people to watch his son, he discovered his love for the shepherd's fair daughter. *Polixenes* then called for *Camillo*, the faithful *Camillo*, who had preserved his life from the fury of *Leontes*; and desired that he would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, the supposed father of *Perdita*. *Polixenes* and *Camillo*, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd's dwelling while they were celebrating the feast of sheep-shearing, and though they were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing every guest being made welcome, they were invited to walk in, and join in the general festivity. Nothing but mirth and jolity was going forward. Tables were spread, and great preparations were making for the rustic feast. Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribbons, gloves, and such toys, of a pedler

at the door. While this busy scene was going forward, *Florizel* and *Perdita* sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other, than desirous of engaging in the sports and silly amusements of those around them.

The king was so disguised that it was impossible his son could know him; he therefore advanced near enough to hear the conversation. The simple, yet elegant manner in which *Perdita* conversed with his son, did not a little surprise *Polixenes*; he said to *Camillo*, "This is the prettiest low-born lass I ever saw; nothing she does or says but looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place."

Camillo replied, "Indeed she is the very queen of curds and cream."

"Pray, my good friend," said the king to the old shepherd, "what fair swain is that talking with your daughter?" "They call him *Doricles*," replied the shepherd. "He says he loves my daughter; and to speak truth, there is not a kiss to choose which loves the other best. If young *Doricles* can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of;" meaning the remainder of *Perdita's* jewels; which, after he had bought herds of sheep with part of them, he had carefully hoarded up for her marriage portion.

Polixenes then addressed his son. "How now, young man!" said he; "your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting. When I was young, I used to load my love with presents; but you have let the pedler go, and have bought your lass no toy."

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to the king his father, replied, "Old sir, she prizes not such trifles; the gifts which *Perdita* expects from me are locked up in my heart." Then turning to *Perdita*, he said to her, "O hear me, *Perdita*, before this ancient gentleman, who it seems was once himself a lover; he shall hear what I profess." *Florizel* then called upon the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to *Perdita*, saying to *Polixenes*, "I pray you, mark our contract."

"Mark your divorce, young sir," said the king, discovering himself. *Polixenes* then reproached his son for daring to contract himself to this low-born maiden, calling *Perdita* "shepherd's brat, sheep-hook," and other disrespectful names; and threatening, if ever she suffered his son to see her again, he would put her, and the old shepherd, her father, to a cruel death. The king then left them in great wrath, and ordered *Camillo* to follow him with prince *Florizel*. When the king had departed, *Perdita*, whose royal nature was roused by *Polixenes's* reproaches, said, "Though we are all undone, I

was not much afraid; and once or twice I was about to speak, and tell him that the self-same sun which shines upon his palace, hides not his face from our cottage, but looks on both alike." Then sorrowfully she said, "But now I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no farther. Leave me, sir, I will go milk my ewes, and weep."

The kind-hearted Camillo was charmed with the spirit and propriety of Perdita's behavior; and perceiving that the young prince was too deeply in love to give up his mistress at the command of his royal father, he thought of a way to befriend the lovers, and at the same time to execute a favorite scheme he had in his mind.

Camillo had long known that Leontes, the king of Sicily, was become a true penitent; and though Camillo was now the favored friend of king Polixenes, he could not help wishing once more to see his late royal master and his native home. He therefore proposed to Florizel and Perdita, that they should accompany him to the Sicilian court, where he would engage Leontes should protect them, till, through his mediation, they could obtain pardon from Polixenes, and his consent to their marriage.

To this proposal they joyfully agreed; and Camillo, who conducted everything relative to their flight, allowed the old shepherd to go along with them.

The shepherd took with him the remainder of Perdita's jewels, her baby clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her mantle.

After a prosperous voyage, Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the old shepherd, arrived in safety at the court of Leontes. Leontes, who still mourned his dead Hermione and his lost child, received Camillo with great kindness, and gave a cordial welcome to prince Florizel. But Perdita, whom Florizel introduced as his princess, seemed to engross all Leontes's attention; perceiving a resemblance between her and his dead queen Hermione, his grief broke out afresh, and he said, such a lovely creature might his own daughter have been, if he had not so cruelly destroyed her. "And then too," said he to Florizel, "I lost the society and friendship of your brave father, whom I now desire more than my life once again to look upon."

When the old shepherd heard how much notice the king had taken of Perdita, and that he had lost a daughter, who was exposed in infancy, he fell to comparing the time when he found the little Perdita, with the manner of its exposure, the jewels and other tokens of its high birth; from all which it was impossible for him not to conclude, that Perdita and the king's lost daughter were the same.

Florizel and Perdita, Camillo, and the faithful Paulina, were present when the old shepherd

related to the king the manner in which he had found the child, and also the circumstance of Antigonus's death, he having seen the bear seize upon him. He showed the rich mantle in which Paulina remembered Hermione had wrapped the child; and he produced a jewel which she remembered Hermione had tied about Perdita's neck; and he gave up the paper which Paulina knew to be the writing of her husband; it could not be doubted that Perdita was Leontes's own daughter: but oh! the noble struggles of Paulina, between sorrow for her husband's death, and joy that the oracle was fulfilled, in the king's heir, his long lost daughter, being found. When Leontes heard that Perdita was his daughter, the great sorrow that he felt that Hermione was not living to behold her child, made him that he could say nothing for a long time, but, "O, thy mother, thy mother!"

Paulina interrupted this joyful, yet distressful scene, with saying to Leontes, that she had a statue, newly finished by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, which was such a perfect resemblance of the queen, that would his majesty be pleased to go to her house and look upon it, he would almost be ready to think it was Hermione herself. Thither then they all went; the king anxious to see the semblance of his Hermione, and Perdita longing to behold what the mother she never saw did look like.

When Paulina drew back the curtain which concealed this famous statue, so perfectly did it resemble Hermione, that all the king's sorrow was renewed at the sight; for a long time he had no power to speak or move.

"I like your silence, my liege," said Paulina, "it the more shows your wonder. Is not this statue very like your queen?"

At length, the king said, "O, thus she stood, even with such majesty, when I first wooed her. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so aged as this statue looks." Paulina replied, "So much the more the carver's excellence, who has made the statue as Hermione would have looked had she been living now. But let me draw the curtain sire, lest presently you think it moves."

The king then said, "Do not draw the curtain! Would I were dead! See, Camillo, would you not think it breathed? Her eyes seem to have motion in it." "I must draw the curtain, my liege," said Paulina. "You are so transported, you will persuade yourself the statue lives." "O, sweet Paulina," said Leontes, "make me think so twenty years together! Still methinks there is an air comes from her. What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her." "Good my lord, forbear!" said Paulina. "The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; you will stain your own with oily painting. Shall I draw the cur-

tain?" "No, not these twenty years," said Leontes.

Perdita, who all this time had been kneeling, and beholding in silent admiration the statue of her matchless mother, said now, "And so long could I stay here, looking upon my dear mother."

"Either forbear this transport," said Paulina to Leontes, "and let me draw the curtain; or prepare yourself for more amazement. I can make the statue move indeed; aye, and descend from off the pedestal, and take you by the hand. But then you will think, which I protest I am not, that I am assisted by some wicked powers."

"What you can make her do," said the astonished king, "I am content to look upon. What you can make her speak, I am content to hear; for it is as easy to make her speak as move."

Paulina then ordered some slow and solemn music, which she had prepared for the purpose, to strike up; and to the amazement of all the beholders, the statue came down from off the pedestal, and threw its arms around Leontes's neck. The statue then began to speak, praying for blessings on her husband, and on her child, the newly found Perdita.

No wonder that the statue hung upon Leontes's neck, and blessed her husband and her child. No wonder; for the statue was indeed Hermione herself, the real, the living queen.

Paulina had falsely reported to the king the death of Hermione, thinking that the only means to preserve her royal mistress's life; and with the good Paulina, Hermione had lived ever since, never choosing Leontes should know she was living, till she heard Perdita was found; for though she had long forgiven the injuries

which Leontes had done to herself, she could not pardon his cruelty to his infant daughter. His dead queen thus restored to life, his lost daughter found, the long-sorrowing Leontes could scarcely support the excess of his own happiness.

Nothing but congratulations and affectionate speeches were heard on all sides. Now the delighted parents thanked prince Florizel for loving their lowly-seeming daughter; and now they blessed the good old shepherd for preserving their child. Greatly did Camillo and Paulina rejoice, that they had lived to see so good an end of all their faithful services.

And, as if nothing should be wanting to complete this strange and unlooked-for joy, king Polixenes himself now entered the palace.

When Polixenes first missed his son and Camillo, knowing that Camillo had long wished to return to Sicily, he conjectured he should find the fugitives here; and, following them with all speed, he happened to arrive just at this, the happiest moment of Leontes's life.

Polixenes took a part in the general joy; he forgave his friend Leontes the unjust jealousy he had conceived against him, and they once more loved each other with all the warmth of their first boyish friendship. And there was no fear that Polixenes would now oppose his son's marriage with Perdita. She was no "sheep-hook" now, but the heiress of the crown of Sicily.

Thus have we seen the patient virtues of the long-suffering Hermione rewarded. That excellent lady lived many years with her Leontes and her Perdita, the happiest of mothers and of queens.

NONE KNEW HER NAME.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

NONE knew her name, they only said

The stranger's face is very fair,

They often saw that girlish head

Bow'd at the altar, as in prayer.

And when the slight form sway'd and shook,

And the sad eyes seem'd turned within,

Reading the heart's most secret book,

They deemed it penance for some sin.

None knew her name, they saw her stand

Oft in the gloaming's waning gold,

Pressing her heart with trembling hand,

As if its aching strings to hold.

They felt some woe was gnawing thro'

Her beauteous bosom's secret core,

But more than this they never knew,

Her voiceless lips betray'd no more.

Once, when the rose-brow'd June was rock'd to sleep,

On the ripe summer's fragrant breast,

By the lone lattice she would keep

Looking toward the far southwest.

With every rustle of a leaf,

Her eyes would light, and pale cheek flame,

Alas! alas! the joy was brief,

She watch'd for one that never came.

And paler grew she, day by day,

Weaker and fairer, hour by hour,

The bloom that on her thin cheek lay,

Seem'd the pale ghost of some dead flower.

Near and more near to heaven she grew,

Knelt oftener at the altar, where

Her lips seem'd heavy with the dew

Of silent, all-prevailing prayer.

When snows were on the casement deep,

And darksome tempests over head,

They found her, as if half asleep,

With parted lips, yet warm and red,

Her face toward the far southwest,

Looking for one that never came—

God knows what thoughts were in her breast,

But on her grave-stone was no name.

Items for the Ladies.

A CHAPTER ON DRESS-MAKING.

In cutting off the breadths, have them all of precisely equal length: also see that regard is paid to the figure running up or down, when the breadths are being basted, previous to running them. This is a matter that is frequently overlooked, even by experienced dress-makers. The breadths should be basted or pinned securely while running them, because a puckered skirt will spoil the appearance of the most elegant dress. Commence running each breadth at the bottom, first measuring off a length of silk sufficient to prevent the necessity of making any breaks of any sort in the seam. No back stitch can be permitted, as it will show on the right side, especially if the material be stiff silk. The fastenings of the dress should be sewed on with great care, so that they may last as long as the dress itself. Whalebones should be smoothly pared on the edges and ends, to prevent them from slipping out.

MATERIALS.

The materials for the intended dress must be procured, and it is advisable, whenever practicable, to get them all at the same time. The necessary requisites are the material, the lining for the body and skirt, wadding, covering, hooks and eyes or buttons, whalebones, silk and thread. These are all required for a silk dress, and most of them for dresses of other fabrics.

CUTTING THE DRESS.

First measure off the number of breadths of the proper length for the skirt. These must be immediately sewed over the edge to prevent their ravelling out. If tucks are intended, a proper calculation must be made as to their width, previous to cutting the breadths. Next cut out the sleeves by the paper pattern which you have previously provided. Double the lining and cut it out according to your paper pattern. If you design the sleeves to be cross-way of the cloth, see to it that it is cut *exactly* cross-way, as also should be the outside, or they will draw when the dress is finished.

FITTING.

The skirt and sleeves being thus prepared, proceed to take the proper measures for the front and back of the body, by fitting a pattern to the shape of the person for whom it is intended. This pattern may be of thick paper, or what is better thin white cloth. Pin the straight edge of the paper to the exact front of the body, letting it lie smoothly as possible over the bosom, and extending as far as the shoulder, where the paper may be secured by a pin. Lay three folds of equal breadth under the bosom, for biases. Pin these carefully, as much of the beauty of the waist depends upon them. Then pare out the neck, and arm, and cut off the bottom of the waist to suit your taste, with either a long or short bodice. Fold over an inch on the straight side of another piece of paper, and pin it up and down the back. Cut it to fit, and meet the front piece at exactly the side of the body. You will then have

an exact pattern of one half the waist. Cut the lining of the waist by the pattern thus obtained, and cut the silk material by the lining. If the lady has a very flat back, cut the half all in one piece.

SEAMING THE BREADTHS.

Be sure that the skirt is quite full, as narrow skirts are now completely exploded. Fasten the edges of the breadths to your knee, or to a pincushion screwed to the work-table. Run the lining together in a similar manner, and fasten each of the outside seams to a corresponding one in it, after which overcast the top and bottom edges. An opening must be left in one of the seams for the pocket-hole. Having thus completed the skirt, to which flounces may be added, or into which tucks may be introduced, if deemed advisable, you proceed to make the sleeves, and trim them before stitching them into the waist.

Baste securely the parts of the waist and try it on for the purpose of perfecting it as to its fit. Then cord the neck, arms, and other parts. Plain sewing is now all that is required to finish the waist ready to be placed upon the skirt. Turn the skirt in at the top till it is of the proper length, both behind, before, and at the sides. Gather or plait the skirt, according to the prevailing style in this respect.

In making flounces, be sure that they are out precisely cross-wise of the material, otherwise they will not hang gracefully. Sometimes fashion dictates straight-way flounces; they are more easily made than those cut cross-way, but are not so elegant, except as fashion rules.

Tucks, with or without open-work between them, have an exceedingly neat appearance, and are seldom out of fashion. They are especially proper in white and black dresses.

Capes to dresses are often desirable, made of the same material. They are very convenient articles; and no great art, though a proper degree of attention, is required to make them neatly. The lining is to be tacked to the silk or stuff, and the cape cut out by a paper pattern the size and shape required. Before taking out the tacking thread, a chord should be run in at the edges, and these latter are to be turned, and the lining sewed down firmly upon them. You now take out the thread, and ornament or leave the cape plain, as you please.

It is sometimes good economy to make the sleeve of a dress in two separate parts, so that the lower portion can be taken off at pleasure. For an evening dress this is found very convenient, as when the under part is removed, a lace can be placed upon the short sleeve, thus giving a very dressy and tasteful appearance. Silk and other heavy dresses should be lined, but muslins and calicoes look better when hemmed at the bottom of the skirt. It is a good plan to set a worsted braid around the inside of the bottom of nice dresses, of the same color, and projecting one quarter of an inch below the material. Much wear is thus avoided, and the braid can easily be replaced.

Recipes for Preserving.

As this is the season for preserving, we furnish our lady readers with a few of the most reliable recipes for that purpose.

PINE-APPLES.

Take six ripe pine-apples. Make them clean, but do not pare off the rind, or cut off the leaves. Put them, whole, into a large clean kettle. Fill it up with cold water, and boil the pine-apples till they are so tender that you can penetrate them all through with a twig from a broom. Then take them out and drain them. When cool remove the leaves, and pare off the rind. The rind and leaves being left on, while boiling, will preserve the flavor of the fruit. Cut the pine-apples into slices, about half an inch thick, extracting the core from the centre, so as to leave a hole in the middle of every slice. Weigh them; and to each pound allow a pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Cover the bottom of a large dish, or dishes, with a layer of the sugar. On this, place a layer of pine-apple slices; then a layer of sugar; then one of pine-apple; and so till the pine-apple slices are all covered; finishing with a layer of sugar. Let them stand twenty-four hours. Then drain the slices from the syrup, and lay them in wide jars. Boil the syrup into a preserving-kettle, till the scum ceases to rise, and pour it hot upon the pine-apple. While still warm, cover the jars closely, and paste paper over them.

QUINCES

May be preserved in a similar manner; first boiling them whole, with the skin on; then peeling them, and extracting the cores; then slicing the quinces into round, thin pieces, and letting them stand twenty-four hours in layers of sugar. Boil the syrup, and pour it over the quinces, after they are in the jars.

Save the parings and cores, and also some of the water in which the quinces were boiled. Weigh the boiled cores and parings, and to each pound allow a half-pint of the quince-water. Set them over the fire, in a clean kettle, and boil them, till dissolved as much as possible. Then strain them through a linen bag. To each pint of juice allow a pound of loaf-sugar, powdered. Having washed the kettle, put in the sugar; pour on it the quince-liquor; and boil it till it becomes a jelly.

PICKLED TOMATOES.

The tomatoes should be small and not too ripe. Mix in a large stone jar one ounce of mustard and half the same quantity of cloves and black pepper, and fill the jar half full of the best vinegar. Lay in the tomatoes, mixing with them a dozen or more whole onions.

The jar should not be opened for a month, when the pickles will be fit for use; great care must be taken to close the jar well whenever pickles are taken out. This done, they will keep a year.

BRANDY PEACHES.

To each pound of peaches take three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Make a syrup, in half of

which boil the fruit, having first taken off the skin by scalding them in hot lye, which is made by dissolving as much sal soda in boiling water as will make it strong enough to bear an egg.

The peaches are to be taken out of the lye as soon as the skin begins to crack, and thrown into cold water, when they can be rubbed quite clean with a coarse cloth. Rinse them in fresh water, wrap them in a cloth to drain, and keep them covered, as on this depends their color.

When the boiled peaches are cold, add to the remainder of the syrup the same quantity of brandy. Put away the peaches in it, and cover tightly.

RASPBERRY JAM.

Pass the raspberries through a fine sieve to extract their seeds, add to them their weight in fine, white sugar; boil them, and stir them over the fire until you can just see the bottom of the stew pan.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

Boil the blackberries with half their weight of coarse moist sugar for three-quarters of an hour, keeping the mass stirred constantly. The commonest tin sauce pan will answer the purpose very well. The cheapness of this homely delicacy, besides its sanative properties, renders it particularly desirable. If the berries be gathered in wet weather, an hour will not be too long a time to boil them.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.

Pick and clean red gooseberries, thoroughly ripe. Boil them for twenty minutes, skimming them frequently—add brown sugar, in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Boil for half an hour after the sugar is in. Skim it, and pour it into earthenware jars. When cold, paper up the jars, and set aside in a dry, cool situation.

STRAWBERRY AND BLACK CURRANT JAMS

Are made in precisely the same manner as the above; but instead of brown, use lump sugar.

GREEN GAGES.

Take gages that are perfectly ripe. Weigh them; and to each pound of fruit allow a pound of the best double-refined loaf-sugar, broken up. Put a layer of grape-leaves in the bottom and round the sides of your preserving kettle. Then put in the gages, interspersing them thickly with vine-leaves, and covering them with a thick layer. Pour in just enough of water to keep them from burning. Set the kettle over the fire, cover it, and let it simmer slowly till the gages are well greened. Then take them out, and spread them on a large dish to cool. Afterwards prick them in several places with a needle. Having washed the kettle clean, put the sugar into it with a very little water,—about half a pint to each pound of sugar. Set it over the fire, and boil and skim it till no more scum rises. Then put in the gages, and boil them half an hour. When done, and cold, put them into glass jars, and pour the syrup over them. Paste paper closely down over the lids of the jars.

Editorial Selections.

Who that has remained at a watering place until the season broke up, does not remember the "last day?" The hurry and confusion of departure, the difficulty of obtaining assistance, and the impossibility of keeping a good temper. Sedate persons become flurried, nervous, crazy—and irritable, frantic. Nothing is touched until the last minute. The carriage will never come; the baggage is scattered in every direction. Mrs. Smith has flew to bid the sweet Mrs. Snigglefrith adieu, and the children are roaming over the house and ground. Mr. Smith frantically collects them, and hastens for a conveyance. After hard labor, much persuasion, and exorbitant inducements, he procures one, and rushes for his family—only to find that they waited until there was no hopes of his returning, and had left with Mrs. Snigglefrith. Smith seizes a carpet-bag, doll-baby and bonnet, that had been overlooked in the hurry, and starts in pursuit. Just as he reaches the wharf, the boat puts out; his signals are unnoticed; Mrs. Smith swoons; the children yell; and Smith tears his hair in agony. Such is one of the many incidents on the "last day."

GENIUS, TALENT, AND TACT are often confounded, and are frequently employed to express the same thought. Genius may be defined, a certain faculty which is without knowledge or experience or effort. It is something more than mere rapture; it is a high capacity under the power of inspiration; the flash of noble thoughts rushing suddenly on the brain, but shaped into perfection by the spirit of order and art. Genius works from within, outward, and is its own end, and then goes abroad for an audience.

Talent, however, is something practical in its operations. It is solid substance; it grasps the primary qualities and relation of things; it works from without inward. It finds its models, methods and ends in society; it goes to the soul only for power to work, and then exists on exhibition.

Tact is the power to control and direct, as well as to realize the practical workings of common sense. It is the exemplification of sound judgment as contradistinguished from mere imagination. Tact is common sense, shrewdly working out the accomplishment of a given end, subordinating and making others tributary to its final success.

LIFE bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and

enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal.

A SMILE is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride—some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well, as to turn the gaze inward to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illustrated and beautified by all sweet thoughts. Home may be rendered continually cheerful by smiles. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better-half wears a scowl upon her brow. A pleasant wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those lowering clouds which keeps us in constant dread of a tempest.

BASHFUL MEN are generally the soul of honor. Though they blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to you.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the fairest tint into the unfolded rose, and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthier man, who feels for them a reverence so great that his very mute glance is wor-

ship. The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies, is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them; it is not he who boasts of conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of the sex. Ladies, a word in your ear: have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers even at your approach, consider them as so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty, than with many other, surrounded by the splendor of palaces.

We like homely women. We have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous or positively ugly; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women. We never saw one who was not modest, unassuming, and sweet-tempered, and have seldom come across one who was not virtuous, and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts; and, in the hope of supplying attractions which a capricious nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of the person, and give to the mind those accomplishments which the world so rarely appreciates in woman, but which are more lasting, and, in the eyes of men of sense, more highly prized than personal beauty. See them in the street, at home, or in the church, and they are always the same; and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate, but is the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion, emotions of admiration instead of feelings of sensual regard. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes and happy husbands, and we never see one but we thank Heaven that it has kindly created women of sense as well as beauty, for it is indeed seldom a female is found possessing both. To homely women we, therefore, lift our “tile” in respect; the world will extend the same courtesy to beauty.

CHEERFULNESS is a quality which always endears persons to one another. Talents may excite more respect, and virtues more esteem. But the respect is apt to be distinct, and the esteem cold. But it is otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart—not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffuseness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the effect it produces. There is a mellowed radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of the intellect can never reach. The cheerful man is a double

blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which, every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber colored light of the benevolence he casts around him. It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart “runs in coldness and darkness below,” but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other quality that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation, full as well as true coin. A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. “Every heart knows its own bitterness,” but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distill it into his neighbor’s cup and thus poison his felicity.

INGRATITUDE is the greatest of all human failings. Poverty and its privations are hard enough to bear— toil, and care, and want wear down the body and bring premature old age; but neglect blights the soul, destroys energy, and makes us cold and heartless. There are many struggling amid adverse circumstances to gain an honorable standing, but what hopes will be scattered, what warm feelings chilled, ere the weary, desponding soul attains the objects for which it labors. There are those who kindly give the cheering word, and extend the helping hand to the poor aspiring one, while there are others who look coldly on or wisely shake their heads and predict no good. Many such there are who, when success has crowned the efforts of the battler, and their assistance no longer needed, are foremost with their homage and congratulations. Out upon selfishness, deceit, baseness, and the airs people give themselves in proportion to their wealth and standing. One truthful and candid mind is of more worth than a universe without.

PAY AS YOU GO is the philosopher’s stone, from which all can realize the most beneficent results. Here lies the great secret of success, and the stream which ever leads to fortune. It cannot fail to end in prosperity, although those who practice it may not obtain wealth rapidly. The man who pays as he goes, and has nothing but the clothes he has on, and the meal he is eating, that he can call his own,—how much poorer is he than his neighbor who keeps a carriage and a servant, and lives in splendor, and owes more than he can ever pay? The latter, one will say, enjoys all the money that his splendor represents. That is very much a matter of taste. We should not enjoy it. Widows and orphans will weep when he dies, not because he has gone, but because his estate only pays twenty cents on the dollar. “Pay as you go,” and leave no unpleasant business for your executors to transact. It

is not gratifying for the widow to have your debts to settle, and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by his assets. Your account book will be a model of simplicity. Your mind will be easier; and your "Graham" will be paid for. You can look it full in the face, and enjoy its contents, without thinking that each volume assumes the form of a bill. We say again, let "Pay as you go," be your motto.

A GENTLEMAN, who being unable to swim but little, ventured too far out, and became exhausted. His alarm was great; and, after making strenuous, but ill-directed efforts to regain the shore, he shouted for assistance, and then sank, as he supposed, to rise no more. The noise of the water in his ears was at first horrible, and the idea of death—and such a death—terrific in the extreme. He felt himself sinking as if for an age, and descent, it seemed, would have no end. But this frightful state passed away. His senses became steeped in the light. Innumerable and beautiful visions presented themselves to his imagination. Luminous serial shapes accompanied him through embowering groves of graceful trees; while soft music, as if breathed from their leaves, moved his spirit to voluptuous repose. Marble colonades, light groups of angelic beings, gorgeously plumaged birds, golden fish that swam in purple waters, and glistening fruit that hung from latticed arbors, were seen, admired and passed. Then the vision changed, and he saw, as if in a wide field, the acts of his own being, from the first dawn of memory to the moment when he first entered the water. They were all grouped and ranged in the order of succession of their happening, and he read the whole volume of existence in a glance. * * * From this condition of beatitude—at least, these were the last sensations he could remember—he awoke to consciousness, and consequently to pain, agony and disappointment.

A SISTER'S LOVE is inexpressible, touching and endearing. Her heart is a realm of pure and unearthly affections, and happy should that brother be to whom she clings through the changing scenes of the blighting world. She has been his companion in childhood, she watched the development of his mind and person, she has admonished him when wrong, and smiled upon his triumphs, she has peopled his mind with the beautiful treasures of her own, she has taught him those virtues which will render him a useful member of society, prepare him for death and embalm his memory when he has passed away. Sooner can you bind the free wind that seal up the springs of such mysterious affections. They will flow on, and the desert and cave cannot forget their progress. And as sorrow and misfortune strip from life its charms, and dreams, there is one recollection that will come like music to a brother's heart—that will thrill upon its darkened and troubled depths with a strange sweet melody, and bring up scenes of home and childhood, long unremembered. It is the recollection of a sister's love.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE is composed of far less words than any other, and presents some of the most remarkable phenomena in philology. It is not an old language in a state of decay, but an infant language, stunted or arrested in the first stage of development. It was probably written at an earlier period of its existence than any other. It is the Lilliput of languages, the early invention of writing having acted upon it as the Chinese bandaging does upon the feet of the Chinese female. This remarkable language, as spoken, has no more than four hundred and fifty words, which, by slight variations of tones, are increased to twenty-two hundred and three. Yet the Chinese converse with each other freely and upon all subjects; and in writing they use no less than thirty thousand six hundred characters; that is to say each spoken word has, say from twenty to two hundred methods of representation, according to the various meanings which it has, precisely as the English words *rite*, *right*, *write*, *wright*, are written differently, while, as a spoken word, they are all one.

OCCUPATION is the mystery of contentment. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrows become our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any pastime which brings no joy to his fellow-man.

LOVE is bright and beautiful when it is pure and innocent—how mysteriously does it etherealize every feeling, and concentrate every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart. Love—holy and mysterious love—it is the garland spring of life—the dream of the heart—the poetry of nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor, as well as the gorgeous palace of the rich—its flames embellish the solitude of the forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its light imparts a brilliancy to every heart, no matter what may be its condition.

TRUE POLITENESS springs from a sense of duty, from a truly benevolent heart, that yearns for the bestowal of sympathy and good-will, and studies the feelings of others as well as its own.

THE HABITS OF LIFE, like a stream, acquire force as they flow. A small obstruction will turn their channel near the fountain, but as they approach the ocean, no human skill can change their course.

THE CREDULITY of our nation seems remarkable, especially when we consider the large amounts which are appropriated to common schools, and the natural smartness which, as a nation, we pride ourselves on, it is rather an extraordinary, not to say mortifying fact, that there is so much belief in humbugs among us. The fact is, most persons like to be astonished; they like to wonder at things which they are not far-sighted enough to see through; nor do they grow wise by experience, but allow themselves to be humbugged again and again. In the wonders of science, in the miracles which the progress of human knowledge and intellect is daily working, such persons place little faith. They are skeptical in regard to matters like these, whilst in the veriest nonsense of supernaturalism, they are firm believers, and the most open and daring attempts on the part of knaves and charlatans to deceive them, find them ready and willing victims. There is no credulity, however far removed from the pale of common sense, no scheme or theory however wild and visionary, that does not find followers to uphold and support it. By what right do we wonder at the simplicity of our forefathers in putting faith in witchcraft, when clairvoyance; second sight, astrology, *et id omne genus*, delude us in spite of our boasted enlightenment. Our newspapers are filled with the advertisements of those who pretend to read the future in the stars. Herr Smith, from Germany and Madame Brown, from France, for the reasonable sum of fifty cents, or a dollar, will tell you everything you wish to know, and relieve you of every ill that flesh is heir to, and that these people are supported, is evident, from the fact that they increase. But deceptions of a far graver character, from the consequences that they entail, flourish among us. For the last few years, men have been crazy on the subject of knockings, table-tippings, and other marvels, supposed by many to be the work of spiritual agents. Weak minds were imposed on to a frightful extent—frightful, we say, for in some cases, men lost the little reason they possessed, and became the inmates of insane asylums. Those whom education and associations should have placed far above its influence, became its victims, and the infatuation spread like the plague.

FALSE HONOR, like false religion, is worse than none. They both lead to destruction, and are deprecated by all good men. The one is a relic of the barbarous ages—the other is somewhat older, having first been imposed on old mother Eve, by the devil.

That duelling should be tolerated in this land, is as astonishing, as it is humiliating and disgraceful. And that the murderer should afterwards be countenanced, and even caressed, and honored with places of public trust and emolument; is shocking to every man, who has a proper sense of moral obligations. He who can calmly make up his mind to take the life of his fellow man, on the field of false honor, is an enemy to God and the human race, and if he succeeds in his cowardly purpose, should be treated as an outlaw, and have the mark of Cain branded, in blazing capitals, on his blood-stained forehead. The man who has not genuine courage enough to re-

fuse a challenge, forfeits his native dignity, insults Deity, violates reason, betrays the trust reposed in him by his great Creator, and is guilty of prolonging this barbarous practice. By refusing, he punishes him who seeks his life, in the severest manner. The man who refuses the first challenge, is seldom annoyed with a second. Those who are known to be opposed to this hellish practice, are not interfered with by the gentlemen "bears" of false honor. Let public opinion, uniformly and universally, point the finger of withering scorn at the duellist—this would do more to cure him of his fighting mania, than any other thing, except the want of subjects.

Dignified and sensible answers to challenges, inflict severer wounds than to be shot with the blue pill. Here is one, "Sir, Your desire to have me shoot you, cannot be complied with. My father taught me, when a boy, never to waste powder on game not worth bringing home." Another, "Sir, I am opposed to murder in any form—of course, I cannot consent to shoot you, or volunteer to be shot myself. To gratify your strong desire for burning powder, mark out my full length portrait on a barn—if you can hit that, consider me shot, and your honor vindicated." Another, "Sir, I fear not *your* sword, but the sword of God's anger. I dare venture my life in a good cause, but cannot venture my soul in a bad one. I will charge upon the cannon's mouth for my country, but I want courage to storm hell."

THE following instance of a spy being outwitted by royalty is highly amusing: "After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouche Duc d'Otranto. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied: "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing every thing that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect, that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittenau, I was then surrounded by numerous adherents, but at Hartwell, for instance, were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, sir, every day the motions of your majesty were made known to me." "Eh, what, surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sire, you urge me to say what must wound your majesty's heart." "Speak, sir, kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont." "What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is

very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fouché, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 fr. out of the 48,000 fr. which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family." These words terminated the audience, and the duke retired in confusion.

GOOD HUMOR is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is the green of a landscape, harmonizing in every color, mellowing the light, and softening the hues of the dark; or like the flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, and filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

THE CHANCES OF SUCCESS IN BUSINESS are much less numerous and far more uncertain than persons are generally willing to allow. It is an astonishing fact, that in our large cities there are not three out of one hundred merchants and traders who acquire independence. This is not merely a bare assertion, but has been ascertained and admitted by the highest authorities. Statistics have been taken of the probable chances of success in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and show the startling result that not more than two per cent. of the first class merchants, ultimately, retire in an independence, even after having submitted to the usual ordeal of failure. These facts should check the avidity with which young men crowd those avenues in life, where there is a chance of acquiring a sudden and rapid fortune; and should guard them from forming too high anticipations of prosperity, which are almost certain to end in disappointment. A few acquire the object of their pursuit, but the mass sink into obscurity and insignificance. Cultivate a taste for agriculture. An industrious, temperate, and frugal farmer can hardly do otherwise than prosper; and small gains, gradually accumulated, are safer and surer than large profits and sudden fortunes. The lot of the merchant is one of great labor and anxiety, compared to that of the farmer; he labors harder, his life is shorter, and he is less sure of a competency in his old age.

Intemperance, in a business point of view, is a habit that is almost certain to result in failure. Even the moderate use of alcoholic stimulants to the man whose business requires a clear intellect and constant prudence, is attended with danger. It clouds the perception, and creates a feeling of boldness and recklessness, that may, in a moment, thwart the best laid plans of years. The business man who indulges at all in artificial stimulants can never be sure of himself. One glass at certain times will produce more intoxication than five at other times. Occasional periods of excess, though more disgusting, are less dangerous than habitual tippling, provided the debauchee takes the precaution to transfer his business in the meantime to another, and not to resume it until every drop is purged from the system.

In all cases, however, the effect is gradually to undermine energy, to impair moral principle, to provoke an irritability of the system which renders us liable to be impolite to customers, and to quarrel in unguarded moments with those with whom it is our interest to be the most friendly. A clear head, sound mind, and pure judgment, are both requisite and necessary in all business transactions; and all who would succeed, should be careful to avoid indulging in excesses of any description:

THE COURTSHIP of the Grand Duke Nicholas was rather singular, and happened in this wise:—About the year 1816, he came to Berlin to see if one of the Prussian Princesses would suit him, and the Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her parents that if he should take a fancy to her, they would have no objection to her returning the *penchant*. The time originally fixed for the expiration of the Grand Duke's stay had come, and he was seated at supper on his last evening, next to the Princess Charlotte, when he abruptly told her that he must leave Berlin the next day. He hoped to surprise her into some demonstration of feeling on the occasion, but her maidenly pride withheld her from making more than some very say-nothing remark in acknowledgment. The Grand Duke thereupon soon assumed another plan of operations; knowing that, however little the eyes of the company might be actually fixed on him and his fair neighbor, they were, nevertheless, the object of general observation, he commenced telling her, but in an apparently unembarrassed manner, and playing with a ring of his the while, that he had devoted himself during his short stay there to making himself acquainted with her character and disposition, etc., and that he had found in her every quality that he believed best calculated to make him happy in wedded life, etc.; but, as they two were at that moment the object of scrutiny to many present, he would not press her for any reply to his overtures, but if it was agreeable to her that he should prolong his stay at her father's court, she would, perhaps, have the goodness to take up the ring he had in his hand. The ring he then, apparently while playing with the two objects, thrust into the roll of bread lying on the table before him, and went on, seemingly in all *sang froid*, with his supper. With an equal appearance of unconcern, the Princess presently put out her hand, and took up the roll, as if mistaking it for her own bread, and, unnoticed by the company, withdrew the ring, and put it on her own hand. The rest requires no narration.

KEEP in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. It helps nobody, and hinders everybody. It is always disgraceful, except in rare cases when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that "noble rage" seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

CANARY BIRDS are delightful, pleasant companions; always charming the ear with their melodies; and filling up the intervals with their lively movements. It may not be amiss to give a few hints to those who would like to keep canaries, but do not know how to manage them. Put them in roomy cages, of wood and plain wire. Painted metal cages are injurious, as the birds pick off the paint and eat it, when they become sick. Feed them upon canary and rape seed, and water, and now and then a slice of apple, and a lettuce, or cabbage leaf. Straw coarse, brown sand on the bottom of the cage, and hang a piece of cuttle fish in the cage, for cleaning their beaks and crops. In very hot weather give them a small dish of water to bathe in. In September and October the birds moult; at such times a little maw seed, with a pinch of saffron in their water, is beneficial. They begin to breed about the middle of March, or the first of April. In Europe, it is customary to place one male with two females, when they do much better than with only one female. Clean out the cages twice a week, and three broods a year are easily obtained. More than that would not be good for anything. If the bird is very uneasy, frequently picking itself, it is troubled with lice, from the dirtiness of the cage. Clean the cage thoroughly, and rub a little common flour under the bird's wings. In two hours it will be freed from them. If it should ruffle its feathers, and draw itself into a fuzzy ball, a little saffron in the water will relieve it.

When you mate birds, give them a little willow basket, which you can obtain at the seed stores, a little cotton, a lock of wool, and a little Manila hemp, and they will soon begin to build their nest. When the nest is completed, the female will lay an egg every morning until there are four or five in the nest, when she will commence setting. In thirteen or fourteen days the young are hatched. Until they can crack seed, which will be in about four or five weeks, they will require to be fed on hard boiled eggs. One-third of an egg crumbled fine, should be placed in a small cup, and put into the cage every morning until the young can feed themselves. By following these few simple directions, you may increase your stock of birds almost at will, and you may rely upon it, for your slight care they will repay you with pleasure and amusement a hundred fold.

How it feels to be hanged, is thus described by an acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself only partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and the only sensation was the fire below his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colors are even a source of pleasure. A Captain Montagnac, who was hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light, the charm of which defied all description. Another criminal, who escaped by the breaking of a cord, said that, after a

second suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry VI., of France, sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of pardon, the man answered coolly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the descriptions renders it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, and that a pleasurable feeling succeeds, and colors of various hues start up before the sight, and that, these having been gazed on for a short space, the rest is oblivion. The mind averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator—the vile rabble, the hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the air.

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST is considered the most brilliant era in a man's life, so much so, that the heartiest congratulations you can offer a young man, or the warmest manner of returning him thanks for any favor or kindness conferred by him, is to wish him a speedy marriage. *Inshalla ni'rah minnak!* We hope to be made glad by you, that is, get you married! is a congratulation always on the lips of an Arab. In thanking parents who have sons, the warmest manner of expressing your sentiments is to wish them the happiness of seeing their sons married. No compliments are paid to the daughters—they being considered inferior to the sons; so much so, that the cold return for any kindness rendered by a young lady, is to wish her the happiness of seeing her brothers married.

The love of boys is so great among these people that a man is usually called after his first-born "*Abu Hanna*," "*Abu Butros*," "the Father of John," "the Father of Peter,"—a custom which extends to the wife also, who may be called "*Imm Hanna*," "the Mother of John," thus reversing the patronymical law.

It is a matter of sorrow to a wedded pair if they have no children; and their friends, in order to mitigate their woe, generally give them the title of an imaginary being yet to be born.

A daughter is no consolation. Parents never take the name of their daughters; indeed, the birth of a daughter is looked upon rather in the light of a misfortune than otherwise. The mother looks dejected, and the father seems as if he were quite ashamed of himself. Had they a son, the house would be besieged by friends and acquaintances to congratulate the happy pair on such an event, and hope *they may live to see him married*. Not so, however, if a daughter is born; in that case none but intimate friends call, and if they allude to the newly-born babe, it is with a view of consoling the unhappy pair.

A SINGLE POUND of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimen of French lace, is valued at six hundred dollars, and the length of the thread is about two hundred and twenty-six miles. One pound of this thread is more valuable than two pounds of gold.

Son Mots.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE is a general depository for miscellaneous matter. We recently paid a visit to this department, and will give a slight synopsis of the sights. Some venerable, gray haired clerks were hard at work upon the last quarter's returns. One was opening the mail bags and sorting the packages; and others were opening and distributing the letters. They wore long white aprons, and were seated at wide deal tables. Missives of all sizes, shapes and characters—with every variety of dress, color of ink, and figure of postmark, were passing through their hands; now it was a dun, now a note, and now a letter with a heavy black seal. It seemed to matter little to the clerks what they were handling. From long habit they open them mechanically, and fling them aside with scarce a glance at their contents. Here comes up, enclosed in an embossed envelope, a daintily-mottled, sweetly-scented, nicely folded epistle, filled from beginning to end with most elegant specimens of crow-quill penmanship. You can just catch the address: "Miss Angelina A———" Ah! Miss Angelina, what a treasure you missed that time, and what sweating and perplexities it cost the poor devil who penned it! What mendings of pens, and crampings of fingers, and rackings of brain, and consultations of "complete letter writers!" and all for what? For *nil*!—for the pleasure of having it inspected by an elderly clerk—a man who "pishes!" and "pehaws!" at it—who holds it contemptuously between his thumb and finger, and thrusting his nail under the seal, tears it rudely open—that letter!—and having satisfied himself that it contains nothing *valuable*, tossed it with speed into the same receptacle with foolscap business letters, dirty catalogues, and last year's grocers' circulars. Strange that a *man of letters* should have so little taste! Ah! he means to deserve our better opinion. He is examining the letter with much interest. It is a dirty, awkwardly folded affair, and sealed with a villainous red wafer, but it contains an enclosure—a little oblong bit of thin, whity-brown paper. It bears divers marks and figures that are curious, apparently, for the two clerks get their heads together, and eye it with great intensity. It's a poor, miserable, dirty rrag in itself, but it has amiable relations. Its connections under different aliases, as "tin," "pewter," "mopusses," "ehink," "putty," "rocks," etc., are widely known and universally respected. It represents money, and the man handles it tenderly and puts it in a box.

Judging from the whimsical medley of articles in store at the department, taken from letters, it would appear that the good people of the United States indulge pretty enlarged ideas as to what constitutes "maillable matter." Anything under a four post bedstead, seems to be the understanding. Here are deeds for land, sheet-bread, portions of a galvanic battery, daguerreotypes, patterns of cloth, fishing tackle, (portable rods,) gloves, silks, Brandreth's

pills, cotton socks, whole tea sets, (miniature ones,) ink powders, Greek testaments, "French without a master," Shaen seds, Gillot's pens, specimens of minerals, locks of hair—red, yellow, brown and black—sheet music, nail gimlets, ladies' findings, muslins, linens, and poplins, chemisettes, collarettes and parasolets, drugs and medicines, pin-cushions, bead-bags, breastpins and purses, drawings in India ink, samples of wood, prayer books, James' last novel, "with a hero that ought to have been seen," numbers of pictorial bible, "Mysteries of New York," night-caps, sewing silk, embroidered slippers, etc.; indeed, an attempt at enumerating the articles is perfectly futile. "Items" soon got tired of that, and fell to wondering how such crockery could get into Uncle Sam's mails under the head of letters. The new law, requiring the pre-payment of letters, is, however, a pretty effective veto upon such matter; and, unless the law should be repealed, the present collection of odds and ends is not likely to be increased much, but will be preserved as a curious relic of the past.

EDITORS, like other shrewd men, must live with their eyes and ears open. A good story is told of one who started a paper in a western village. The town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor that if he did not come out against them they would not patronise his paper. He replied that he would give them a "smasher" next day. Sure enough, his next issue contained the promised "smasher," and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum cutting out news, when in walked a large man with a club in his hand, and demanded to know if the editor was in. "No, sir," was the reply, "he has stepped out. Take a seat, and read the papers; he will return in a minute." Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the mean time the editor quietly vamosed down stairs, and at the landing below he met another excited man with a cudgel in his hand, who asked him if the editor was in. "Yes, sir," was the prompt response; "you will find him seated up stairs reading a newspaper. The latter on entering the room, with a furious oath commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued until they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and pounded each other to their hearts' content.

KING JAMES used to say, that he never knew a modest man make his way in a court: repeating this expression one day, a David Floyd, who was then in waiting at his majesty's elbow, replied bluntly, "Pray, Sir, whose fault is that?" The king stood corrected, and was silent.

SOME YEARS AGO, two young and enterprising fellows, brothers, went to Jamaica. They were by trade blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, that they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that, with four or five hundred dollars, they might be able, with industry, to make a fortune, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient: One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot. This being done, he took him to one of the negro dealers, who, after viewing and approving his stout athletic appearance, advanced five hundred dollars upon the bill of sale, and prided himself on the purchase, supposing him to be one of the finest negroes on the island. The same evening this new manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were in vain offered in handbills, pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable. The brothers, with the money, commenced business, and actually returned home, *not many years since*, with a fortune of several thousand dollars. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman from whom they had received the money, and recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him the principal and interest, with thanks.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR entrusted his friend Fulvius with a secret of some moment. He told it to his wife; she related it to Livia, and from her it came again to her husband, the emperor. The next morning, Fulvius, as usual, attended to salute the emperor, using the customary term of "Hail Cæsar!" "Farewell Fulvius," returned the emperor, which is what was said to the dying. Fulvius went home, and calling to his wife, "Cæsar," said he, "knows I revealed his secret to you, and has sentenced me to die." "And you *deserve* it," she replied, "you ought to have known a woman's inability to keep a secret; but, however, I will go before you." Having said this, she stabbed herself. So much less pain is there to a woman in death, than in keeping a secret.

EARL PERCY, who commanded a regiment of foot in Ireland, after many rubs and hints in the newspapers, consented to give the officers in garrison a dinner; which he did at a tavern, ordering it for fifty persons, at eighteen-pence per head. The officers, hearing this, were resolved to show him the superior generosity of their own minds; for which purpose they went to the tavern keeper, and desired him to prepare the dinner at one guinea per head, and they would make up the difference. When the company were called into the eating room, they found a first course of all that the season could afford, a second still more costly, and a dessert of the most expensive kind. The Earl was astonished, and this astonishment grew greater when Champagne, Burgundy, and other the most costly wines appeared on the board: but he feared to make a remark. The company drank his health, admired the splendor and magnificence of the entertainment, which they said was worthy the house of Percy; and so

well did they enjoy it, that they sat to the bottle until eight the next morning, breaking and spilling more than they drank, in order to swell the amount. The Earl retired early, sent for the landlord, and asked him the meaning of such a dinner. The landlord telling the truth, his lordship appeared much ashamed of his penurious conduct, desired the whole bill to be brought in next day, and with a sigh discharged it.

MADAME CHAROVAL.—In the year 1790, this lady was riding in the forest of Creci, and being out of sight of her servants, was attacked by two robbers, one of whom stood with a pistol before her, and the other behind. She, with an appearance of courage, pretended to draw a pistol from the holsters of her saddle. The fellows immediately fired, but, fortunately, in such a direction that they were both shot dead, and the lady escaped.

DANIEL O'CONNELL was once examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half-foolish with roguery." "Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" "Yes, your honor, Connellor O'Connell." "How do you know my name?" "Ah! sure every one knows our own *pathriot*." "Well, you are a good-humored, honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?" "Why, your honor, I took my *share* of a pint of spirits." "Your share of it; now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it *all but the pewter*?" "Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you, sir." The court was convulsed at both question and answer.

Here is an instance of his ready tact and infinite resource in the defence of his client. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat, found near the place of the murder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?" "Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before you swore, in your information, that it was the prisoner's?" "I did." "Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled aloud the name of James, slowly, and repeated the question as to whether the hat contained the name; when the respondent promptly replied, "It did." "Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.

"ARE SISTERS Sal and Nance *resources*, pa?" "No, my son. Why do you ask that question?" "Because I heard uncle John say, if you would only *husband* your resources, you could get along a good deal better than you do. And I thought it would be a good idea, because you wouldn't have so many young men here for supper every Sunday evening—that's all, pa."

Literary Notices.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued a work entitled "*Fremont's Life, Explorations and Public Services.*" It possesses an interest beyond the political excitement of the season; and gives a correct and authentic account of his expeditions, mostly made up from his reports. It is profusely illustrated. Sold in this city, by H. C. Baird.

THE WANDERER; a Tale of Life's Vicissitudes, is written by the author of the "Watchman," etc., and published by E. D. Long, New York. These works are popular, and written in a conversational style, which is attractive. The title explains itself, and gives an insight into what follows. The career of the hero is traced from his birth; and the author states in his preface, that each character in the work is taken from living models.

THERE is a peculiar, graphic style in Mr. Tennyson's writings which cannot fail to attract the attention of all readers. His admirers will be delighted with a new edition issued by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. It is his desire that this house alone should issue his works. The volume is embellished with a portrait of Tennyson, beautifully executed on steel, and is finished in a style suitable for a table ornament. H. C. Baird, of this city, has the work for sale.

THERE is a particular style in literature which pleases a large class of readers, and although it is not of a very high order, it possesses considerable merit. A new novel called *Elmwood, or Helen and Emma*, by Cora Mayfield, is a work of this description. Many will find a personal interest. It is published by James Munroe & Co., Boston, and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

A NEW EDITION of a work from the charming pen of the late Mrs. Hents, has been issued from the publishing house of T. B. Peterson. It is entitled "*Robert Graham*," and is a sequel or rather continuation of "*Linda, or the Pilot of the Belle-Creole.*" The works of this much lamented authoress are very much admired, and a perusal cannot fail to prove interesting, especially to those who have read the previous volume. The work is printed upon the first quality of paper, and handsomely bound.

ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL VOLUME from the fascinating pen of Fredrika Bremer, is placed before us. The writings of this lady possess a charm beyond mere amusement; and her thoughts are clothed in such beautiful, glowing language, that we cannot avoid admiring them. "*Hertha*" is translated by Miss Mary Howitt, who has succeeded in infusing the original's beauty of expression, and easy flow of words into her composition. This work is expressly adapted for lady readers, and we commend all who would pass an agreeable hour, and blend enjoyment with instruction, to peruse it. It is published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.

WE ARE amused with a translation from the French of Mons. Leon Beauvallet, styled "*Rachel and the New World*;" and professing to give an authentic account of *that* tour. It is a literary novelty; written by jerks, as if the writer had spasms; and, in short, exclamatory interjections, which were doubtless intended to be exceedingly witty and pungent. It is evidently arranged from a journal, and altered to suit the unexpected turn of events. Many have a morbid curiosity in regard to characters connected with operas, theatres, etc., and to such, this work may prove interesting. It is published by Dix, Edwards & Co., New York.

LITTLE is known of the western portion of Africa, except the scenes of violence that have been enacted there in connection with the slave trade, and the efforts that have been made to put an end to the barbarous practice. Beyond these general facts very little is known. The interior of the country; the life, and habits of the people, and their moral, social, civil, and religious condition have been unknown to the rest of the world, previous to this century. A work upon its "*History, Condition, and Prospects*," has been compiled by the Rev. J. L. Wilson, who resided there as a missionary, for some eighteen or twenty years. It is illustrated with numerous engravings; published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE WRITINGS of some few authors always meet with success, and Mr. Macaulay is one of these favored writers. He seems to possess the facility of adapting his style to all subjects, and everything which comes from his pen is seized upon with avidity by all the lovers of pure and artistic literature. One of his recent works has been issued by Munroe & Co., Boston. It is entitled the "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," and has a beautiful steel engraved portrait of the author. Like his other writings, this possesses attractions far beyond the mere subject. It is for sale in this city by Parry & McMillan.

THERE are but very few who have not been interested in the fearful struggle between the European Powers, recently terminated by a peace. Among the many objects which excited admiration and marked attention, was the noble conduct and bravery of the Zouaves. They seemed utterly fearless of danger, and led the advance in almost every attack in which they were engaged. Their courage was proverbial. As there are many who would like to know their modes of life in camp, they will be pleased to learn that Hayes & Zell have issued a work by one of them, which is translated from the French by M. H. Robinson, and edited by Dr. Felix Maynard. It abounds in thrilling incidents, and presents a correct view of life in camp. It is entitled "*The Recollections of a Zouave before Sebastopol.*"

There is something refreshing in works that vary from the monotonous style in which novels are usually written. "Helen Lincoln," by Carrie Capron, published by Harper & Brothers, is entirely different from the regular order of cheap literature, and will prove interesting to a large number of readers.

HARPER & BROS. publish a new work, entitled "Clara, or Slave Life in Europe." It contains a preface written by Sir A. Alison, Bart.; but the authoress remains *incognita*. The work exhibits a picture of the various states of society, and endeavors to prove that they all have their fetters—even more galling than those which bind the Southern slaves. It is a set off to Uncle Tom's Cabin, and is written in a plain, concise, and determined style.

THE AUTHORESS of the "Sunbeam Stories" has written a work entitled "Sibert's World." It is a portrait of personage life, and is fully equal to her former efforts. She has made a host of admirers in this country, as well as England, by her graceful pen. All who have read the "Sunbeam Stories," "The Cloud with the Silver Lining," etc., will be delighted with "Sibert's World," as it is a continuation of the same style. The work is published by Munroe & Co., Boston, and for sale in this city by Parry & McMillan.

A NARRATION of Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan has just been issued from the extensive publishing house of the Messrs. Appletons. It is beautifully bound, highly illustrated and embellished, with numerous steel and wood engravings, executed in the very highest style of the art, and exact representations of the objects taken upon the spot. The body of the work is compiled from the original notes and journals of Commodore Perry and his officers, by Dr. F. L. Hawks; and gives a vivid and correct description of this remarkable people. The whole civilized world are curious to ascertain the manner of their social conditions; and a study of this work cannot fail to prove amusing, interesting, and instructive to every reader. It is authenticated by the Commodore, and submitted as his report of the expedition.

THE AUTHOR of the "Head of the Family," "Olive," "Ogilvies," &c., has written a novel, called "John Halifax, Gentleman." Persons who admire the style of this writer, will be pleased with the work, as it is decidedly superior to his other efforts. It is published in a cheap form, by Harper & Bros., and is for sale in this city by W. B. Zieber.

"THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BECKWORTH." This work gives the life, habits, daring feats, and thrilling adventures of a Western pioneer and scout. Beckworth, the hero of the narrative, meets with every species of danger, but overcomes them by his superior courage; and finally becomes the chief of the Crows. The volume is filled with wonderful incidents of every grade, and gives a correct delineation of the Indian character. It is hand-

somely illustrated with numerous engravings of the various scenes and conflicts which occur during the narrative. It will be read with interest by all who like this style of writing. It was written by T. D. Bonner, from the dictation of Beckworth. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

A RELIGIOUS WORK, entitled "The Tongue of Fire, or The True Power of Christianity," has been published by Harper & Bro. Its popular author, Mr. William Arthur, is too well known to require any commendation; and his writings are always greeted by a host of warm admirers. Considerable light is thrown upon many obtuse passages in scripture, and the entire volume abounds in those brilliant conceptions and piercing eloquence, for which the author is so distinguished. It is well adapted for general reading; and all who desire to become acquainted with new phases in religion, will find a perusal both interesting and instructive. W. B. Zieber has the work for sale.

A NEW duodecimo edition of the "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens, has been issued, in two volumes, from the press of T. B. Peterson. It is beautifully bound, handsomely illustrated, and finished in the very best style. The designs are by Phiz and Cruikshank, engraved upon steel, and are well worth the price of the work. Those who have read these papers, will be pleased to obtain this splendid copy; and those who have not, have a luxury before them, which they should not fail to enjoy. No library is complete without the writings of Charles Dickens.

THE MARTIN'S OF CRO' MARTIN, a novel by Charles Lever, has been issued from the press of Harper & Bros. This author is distinguished for his delineations of Irish character; and his works abound in wit and humor.

THE COMING WINTER.—The warm, sultry weather has nearly passed, and Old Sol is laving his burning rays in the cooling winds of Borealis. Nearly all have returned from the crowded watering-places and country resorts, to comfortable homes, in order to enjoy their own pleasant fire-sides during the coming winter. We know of no better means by which they could promote their happiness, and agreeably pass the long, tedious hours, than by reading "Graham." We shall use our utmost efforts to make it interesting and useful; conscious that it will receive the patronage and encouragement which we are determined our exertions shall merit. The most careless reader cannot fail to observe the many improvements which we are monthly making in every department; and they will be continued until nothing more can be done. We reiterate that no efforts or expense shall be spared to make it the first periodical of the age.

THE THREE GOLD DOLLARS is the title of another book for children, which are issued in a monthly series by Harper & Brothers.

Language of Flowers.

THE beautiful Eastern custom of expressing the language of the heart by floral emblems, is coming much in vogue. We give a correct, alphabetically arranged catalogue, for the benefit of our fair readers. Much taste and ingenuity may be displayed in their arrangement. "Love's language may be talked with these."

A Belle,	Orchis.
Absence,	Zinnia.
Acknowledgement,	Lavender.
A Declaration of Love,	Tulip, Red.
Affection beyond the Grave,	Locust.
Always Cheerful,	Coropsis.
Always Lovely,	Indian Pink.
Always Remembered,	Everlasting.
Ambition of a Scholar,	Hollyhock.
Ambition of a Hero,	Mountain Laurel.
Amiability,	Jasmine, White.
An expected Meeting,	Geranium, Nutmeg.
Anger,	Pony.
Animosity,	St. John's Wort.
An old Beau,	Ice Plant.
Fading Hope,	Anemone.
Artifice,	Catchfly.
A Token,	Laurustinus.
Aspiring,	Mountain Pink.
A Smile,	Sweet William.
A Spell,	Witch Hazel.
Beashful Love,	Rose, Damask Red.
Beashful Shame,	Rose, Deep Red.
Beauty and Innocence,	Daisy.
Beautiful, but Timid,	Amaryllis.
Beautiful Eyes,	Tulip, Variegated.
Beauty and Prosperity,	Rose, Red-leaved.
Benevolence,	Calycanthus.
Bravery and Humanity,	Oak-leaf.
Bridal Favor,	Geranium, Ivy.
Calumny,	Helibora.
Capricious Beauty,	Lady's Slipper.
Charming,	Rose, Musk.
Consolation,	Geranium, Scarlet.
Compassion,	Elder.
Concealed Love,	Acacia.
Confession,	Rose-bud Moss.
Confidence in Heaven,	Flowering Reed.
Constancy in Friendship,	Box.
Constancy in Love,	Blue Hyacinth.
Consumed by Love,	Althea Frutex.
Content,	Houstonia.
Coquetry,	Dandelion.
Cure for the Heart-ache,	Yarrow.
Dark Thoughts,	Nightshade.
Deceit,	Monk's Hood.
Dejection and Sorrow,	Lupine.
Delicate Beauty,	Flower of an Hour.
Delicate Simplicity,	Lily of the Valley.
Departure,	Sweet Pea.
Despair,	Cypress.
Dependency,	Geranium, Mourning.
Description,	Columbine.
Devotion,	Heliotrope.
Dignity of Mind,	Rose, Hundred-leaved.
Disappointment,	Syringa, Carolina.
Discretion,	Lemon-blossom.
Diadem,	Rue.
Distinction,	Cardinal's Flower.
Domestic Happiness,	Holly.
Domestic Industry,	Flax.
Domestic Virtues,	Sage.
Early Friendship,	Periwinkle, Blue.

Egotism, Self-love,	Narcissus Poeticus.
Elegance and Dignity,	Bahia.
Encouragement,	Golden Rod.
Energy in Adversity,	Chamomile.
Ennui,	Moss.
Estranged Love,	Lotos-flower.
Evanescent Pleasure,	Red Poppy.
Fair and Fascinating,	White Pink.
Faithfulness,	Violet, Blue.
Falsehood,	Apocynum.
Fame,	Tulip-Tree.
Fantastic Extravagance,	Poppy, Scarlet.
Fascination,	Honesty.
Fastidiousness,	Lilach, Purple.
Female Fidelity,	Speedwall.
Ferocity and Deceit,	Arum.
Fidelity,	Honeysuckle, Coral.
Fidelity in Misfortune,	Wall-flower.
Fickleness,	Larkspur.
Filial Love,	Virgin's Bower.
Fraternal Love,	Woodbine.
Friendship in Adversity,	Snow Drop.
Forgetfulness,	Poppy, White.
Forgotten Lover,	Weeping Willow.
Forgotten,	Rose, China, Dark.
Gentility,	Geranium.
Grace,	Rose, China Red.
Grace and Elegance,	Jasmine, Yellow.
Gratitude,	Canterbury Bell.
Glory,	Bay Wreath.
Growing Old,	Meadow Saffron.
Grief,	Harebell.
Happy Love,	Rose, Bridal.
Haughtiness,	Larkspur.
Have Confidence in Me,	Primrose.
Heartlessness,	Hydrangea.
High-souled,	Lily, Scarlet.
Hope,	Almond.
Hopeless, not Heartless,	Love-les-a-bleeding.
Hope in Adversity,	Pine, Spruce.
Hope,	Hawthorne.
Hope in Love,	Bachelor's Button.
Humility,	Broom.
I am in Despair,	Rose, White.
I am your Captive,	Peach-blossom.
I change but in Dying,	Bay-leaf.
I desire a Return of Affection,	Jonquil.
I Dreamed of Thee,	Thorn Apple.
I have seen a Lovely Girl,	Tuberose.
I wish I was Rich,	King-cup.
I wound to Heal,	Eglantine.
Immortality,	Amaranth.
Impatience,	Balsamina.
Inconstancy in Love,	Honeysuckle, Wild.
Inconstancy in Friendship,	Evening Primrose.
Ingratitude,	Rose, Thornless.
Intellectual Excellence,	Sumach, Venice.
Insincerity,	Fox-glove.
Jealousy,	Marigold, French.
Let us Forget,	Rose, Yellow.
Lightness,	Rose, Daily.
Lofty and Pure Thoughts,	Sun Flower, Tall.
Love in Absence,	Myrtle.
Love in Idleness,	Heart's Ease.
Love is dangerous,	Rose, Carolina.
Love's Messengers,	Rose, Campion.
Love of Nature,	Magnolia.
Love Returned,	Ambrosia.
Love Sweet and Secret,	Honey-flower.
Love of Variety,	China Aster.
Magnificent Beauty,	Calla.

Malevolence, - - -	Lobelia.	She will be Fashionable, -	Queen's Rocket.
Marriage, - - -	Saffron.	Simplicity, - - -	Sweet Brier.
Maternal Tenderness, -	Wood Sorrell.	Slander, - - -	Nettle.
Mental Beauty, - - -	Clematis.	Social Intercourse, - - -	Balm.
Mirth, - - -	Grape, Wild.	Solitude, - - -	Lichen.
Misanthropy, - - -	Thistle.	Sorrow, - - -	Purple Hyacinth.
Modesty, - - -	White Violet.	Submission, - - -	Grass.
Music, - - -	Oat.	Superior Merit, - - -	Moss Rose.
My Compliments, - - -	Iris.	Tender Thoughts, - - -	Pansy.
Parental Love, - - -	Wild Sorrel.	Think of Me, - - -	Oedar.
Patience, - - -	Ox-eye.	Thoughts of Heaven, - - -	Snow Ball.
Patriotism, - - -	Nasturtion.	Thriftness, - - -	Thyme.
Peace, - - -	Olive.	Timidity, - - -	Mezerion.
Penitence, - - -	Yew.	Time, - - -	Fir.
Pensive Beauty, - - -	Labarnum.	Time and Philosophy, - -	Pitch Pine.
Pity, - - -	Pine.	Too Young to Love, - - -	White Rose-bud.
Pleasures of Memory, - -	White Periwinkle.	Tranquillity, - - -	Geranium, Lemon.
Poor, but Happy, - - -	Vernal Grass.	True Love, - - -	Geranium, Oak.
Preference, - - -	Geranium, Rose.	True Friendship, - - -	Forget-me not.
Pride, - - -	Auricula, Scarlet.	Unanimity, - - -	Phlox.
Pride and Beauty, - - -	Carnation.	Uncertainty, - - -	Daffodil.
Pride of Birth, - - -	Crown Imperial.	Unchangeable, - - -	Amaranth, Globe.
Pride of Riches, - - -	Polyanthus.	Unchanging Friendship, -	Arbor-vitæ.
Prosperity, - - -	Wheat.	Unfortunate Attachment,	Scabious.
Purity and Beauty, - - -	White Lily, (garden.)	Unpatronised Merit, - -	Primrose, Red.
Pure and Lovely, - - -	Rose-bud, Red.	Unpretending Excellence,	Camellia.
Purity of Heart, - - -	Wasser Lily, White.	Virtue is Charming, - - -	American Laurel.
Playful Gayety, - - -	Lily, Yellow.	Very Lovely, - - -	Austrian Rose.
Recall, - - -	Geranium, Silver-leaved.	War, - - -	Rose, York and Lancaster.
Reconciliation, - - -	Star of Bethlehem.	Wedded Love, - - -	Ivy.
Religious Fervor, - - -	Passion Flower.	Winning Grace, - - -	Cowslip.
Religious Superstition,	Aloe.	Woman's Love, - - -	Pink, Red, (double.)
Remembrance, - - -	Rosemary.	Woman's Worth, - - -	Orange-blossom.
Riches, - - -	Butter-cup.	Worth and Loveliness, - -	Mignonette.
Rural Happiness, - - -	Yellow Violet.	Worth sustained by Affection,	Convolvulus.
Sacred Affections, - - -	Yellow Marigold.	Wilt thou go with Me, - -	Poa, Everlasting.
Sadness, - - -	White Rose.	Welcome to a Stranger, - -	American Stalwort.
Satire, - - -	Prickly Pear.	You are Merry, - - -	Rose, Mundi.
Sensibility, - - -	Verbena.	Your devout Adorer, - - -	Dwarf Sun-flower.
Sensitiveness, - - -	Sensitive Plant.	Youth, - - -	Damask Rose, (white and Red.)
Serenade, - - -	Dew Plant.	Youthful Gladness, - - -	Crocus.
She is Fair, - - -	Gilly-flower,	Youthful Innocence, - - -	White Lilac.

Flower and Garden Hints.

THE JAPAN LILY.

Few plants of recent introduction are more handsome or attractive than the Japan lilies. They produce a gorgeous display, either in-doors or out; and, as they are quite hardy, they may be liberally planted in the open border, and thus constitute one of the best autumnal flower-garden plants. Their propagation is simple and certain. The bulbs may be separated, and each scale will eventually form a new bulb; this separation should be effected when the flower-stems are withered. The scales should be stuck into pans of sand, and placed in a cold frame or pits; after remaining one season in this position, they should be planted in a prepared bed of peat soil, and a little sand intermixed with it, and, thus treated, the bulbs will soon grow large enough to flower. In out-door cultivation, their effect is very fine, planted in beds. Excavate the soil eighteen inches deep, and fill in the bottom, a foot deep, with very coarse peat, intermixed with one-fifth of decayed manure or leaf-mould; the remaining depth may be entirely peat. If the bulbs are large enough to bloom, plant them twelve inches apart every way.

GARDEN SHRUBS.

With respect to soil, hardy garden shrubs are divided into two kinds—those requiring common soil, and those constituting the American garden. A rich, light, hazel loam, undoubtedly suits the greater part of the first class of plants, although many of the stronger-growing kinds will make fine bushes on almost any kind of soil. The American plants—*Kalmia*, *rhododendrons*, *andromedas*, etc., make the finest plants and the best show, if they are planted in a soil composed of sandy peat for the most part; but, in the absence of this, a very good compost may be made for them of light hazel loam, river sand, and vegetable or leaf mould, equal parts, or a little peat earth mixed with it.

However explicit we might be in regard to the hundred rules laid down for theoretical gardening, much depends upon the practical workings of the gardener. After having taken out the original soil from the proposed border to about a foot and a-half deep, substitute the above mixture in its place. Whilst the plants are small, all rank-growing weeds should be constantly kept down, and everything cleared away that would be likely to retard their growth.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

That very dark globe or violet-colored rich flower, generally called Mourning Bride, has the peculiarity of showing some blossoms having the outer petals pink and others white. It is an interesting query, with florists, whether this is occasioned by climate, or by what other circumstance or influence.

THE DAHLIA—ITS BEAUTIES AND PECULIARITIES.

The dahlia is a rich and beautiful flower, holding rank next to the rose, the greatest ornament of the garden. It is to the skillful florists of Europe, that we are principally indebted for the finest dahlias, though many choice ones have been produced in this country. Every season brings new and more beautiful flowers, of nearly every shade and hue, and with every style of tipped and striped petals. Blue alone, of the colors, has not been attained, as yet. The dahlia loves a cool and tolerably rich soil, somewhat sandy. When planted, if stout and neat stakes are not at hand to put in at the same time, insert a plug of wood, which can be drawn when the stake is needed, and the stake put in place without danger to the roots. The blooms are benefited by thinning out, and may be greatly improved by shading and protecting from heavy dews. The dahlia is a tuberous-rooted plant, and is propagated by division of the root, care being taken in planting, that each piece has one or more buds attached to it.

GREEN-HOUSE PLANTS.

Camellias should be watered no oftener than can be avoided—giving enough at a time, however, to moisten the roots thoroughly through the entire pot; they are but little apt to become sickly, if this is attended to; syringing them frequently overhead, with clear water, in fine weather, about once or twice a week; wash and clean the leaves, with a piece of soft sponge, whenever they are in the least dusty, for this will add both to their health and appearance. Azaleas should have pretty much the same treatment; also geraniums. The latter, when growing too tall, must be nipped back, which will make them throw out side shoots and become dwarfed, contributing much to their beauty. In hot weather, the house should not be shut up whilst the sun shines upon it, and even at night, air must be admitted. A humid atmosphere may constantly be obtained by throwing water on the paths and shelves two or three times daily, and by occasionally syringing when the weather is clear.

LO! THE SWEET VIOLET.

Fit emblem of truth—says an esthetic writer—is the modest violet. Its blue eye peeps out from the valley and the hillock, and though it be undiscovered to sight, its presence, like that of the virtue it symbolizes, is felt in the sanctified air. As early as February, the violets begin to smile all over the fields and gardens, despite the cold, and never do they seem so true, so sweet, so heavenly, as when blooming on winter's bosom. "O, the violets! the violets!" One of them can fill a house with sweetness—a bunch thrown on its sill, brings the freshness of the hills and the meadows right home to the

fireside and the hearth. "O, bring violets—sweet violets!"

THE ROSE FAMILY.

Moss roses, when grown on their own roots, require a light and rich soil, and thorough mulching. The French roses are robust and hardy, and require liberal manuring in the fall; in pruning the strong shoots, shorten to within six or eight buds of the bottom, and those that are weak may be cut down to two or three buds. The hybrid China make beautiful standards, some of the more robust varieties forming immense heads; in pruning, the shoots must not be shortened too much—eight to ten buds must be left at the base of each. The hybrid Bourbon is a truly magnificent rose, both in flowers and in foliage; in pruning, care must be taken to cut just above the bud in those shoots left for blooming—say an eighth of an inch above the bud. The prairie roses are extremely vigorous runners, strong in habit and great bloomers, and some of the varieties are double and richly colored. Perpetual roses require a great quantity of food, and an annual application of dressing to the surface of the soil is necessary, even in good rare soils; it gives increased vigor, and lengthens the flowering season.

ORCHIDACEOUS PLANTS.

The tribe of orchidaceous plants may fairly rank among the most interesting of floral objects, whether in respect to their vivacious coloring and grotesque aspect, the singular structure or the exquisite perfume of their flowers. Their mode of growth is also not less extraordinary—a great number of the most splendid being parasitical, attaching themselves by their snake-like roots to the trunks of living or decayed and fallen trees, investing the former with a wealth of colors and fragrance not theirs by nature, and rendering the latter more beautiful in death than when in the full beauty of life. The large-flowered phalæopsis has beautiful moth-like white flowers, which grow in long pendent wreaths of twelve or fifteen, producing a most brilliant effect. The three-colored wonder is a noble plant, with luxuriant plaited foliage, and fine showy flowers, of very agreeable odor. The bearded cypripedium is a striking plant, from Java; it has very curious flowers, finely striped and spotted with brownish purple, and the leaves are beautifully chequered with black. The clothed calanthe is an exceedingly elegant species; the flowers, which are very abundant, being of most beautiful form, and in color white, with rose-colored eye.

WATER FOR BULBS IN GLASSES.

For bulbs in glasses, rain water is preferable to any other, and it should be changed frequently—not less than once every third or fourth day—to prevent its getting putrid; and in performing this operation, care must be taken both in withdrawing and in replacing the roots. This is necessary only until the flowers have expanded; for after this, the plants may be left undisturbed until the flowers have decayed. The water which is supplied must not be colder than that which is withdrawn, or than the general temperature of the apartment.

NATURE'S PROCESS IN THE PRODUCTION OF FLOWERS.

No flower can produce perfect fruit unless some portion of pollen falls on the stigma; therefore, few double flowers—flowers in which the stamens and pistils have been changed by excessive cultivation into petals, produce seeds. In the case of dahlias, asters, etc., there would seem to be an exception to this law, but it is only an apparent one; for what is called a single dahlia or a single China aster, is not in reality one flower, but an assemblage of small flowers or florets, of which the yellow central ones are furnished with stamens and pistils, and the spreading, petal-like ones are furnished with pistils only. Consequently, when the central florets are changed into spreading florets, they still continue to have pistils, and are capable of producing seeds, provided that pollen, either from the same flower, or from another flower of the same kind, falls on them. But in the case of a double stock or wall flower, both stamens and pistils are wanting.

FLOWERING DAHLIAS.

When the buds of dahlias begin to appear, they must be taken off until the plants seem to have attained their full vigor, and then every third bud may be permitted to grow to maturity. By pursuing this method, there will not be so numerous a show of flowers, but those which are left will attain the highest state of perfection the plants are capable of. In the treatment of flowers grown for exhibition at flower shows, it is a common practice to bind

down the disk of the flower towards the earth, by which, it is said, the flowers are rendered more perfect in form, and richer in odor. When in flower, the bloom should be shaded from the sun, if practicable, during the hottest parts of the day. The striped kinds of dahlias have a tendency to "run," as it is termed, into self-colored flowers, if not carefully treated, and almost invariably do so when planted in rich soil; the best mode to prevent this, is to plant them in poor soil.

COCKSCOMBS.

A flower of the cockscomb species was produced by a gentleman, the flower of which measured eighteen inches in width and seven in height, from the top of the stalk—thick and full, and of a most intense purple red. To produce this, the great object was to retard the protrusion of the flower-stalk, that it might become of great strength. The compost employed was of the most nutritive and stimulating kind. The seeds were sown in the spring, rather late, and the plants put first into pots of four inches diameter, and afterwards transplanted to others a foot in diameter; the object being not to compress the roots, as that has a tendency to accelerate the flowering. The plants were placed within a few inches of the glass, in a heat of from 70 to 100; they were watered with pigeon dung water, and due attention paid to remove the side branches when very young.

Conversation

WITH READERS, FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE OBSERVE, upon a perusal of our exchanges, that several of them have copied articles from the Magazine, without giving the customary credit. We do not object to their copying; but consider it no more than just, that they should give us credit, for what we make so great an outlay. One paper publishes no less than three articles in one number from "Graham," without a word of acknowledgment.

CONTRIBUTORS, who desire their manuscripts to be returned in case of refusal, should remit the requisite number of stamps to defray the postage.

L. G. R.—Your contributions will receive our earliest attention. In answer to your three inquiries, "Yes."

Two very pretty pieces of poetry, entitled "Parting" and "Beyond the Ocean," will appear soon.

J. S. H.—Your poem is accepted, and will be published in an early number.

THE season at the fashionable springs and watering places is nearly over. The thousands who have left their comfortable homes for the crowded hotels, in search of pleasure, will be glad to return to their

own happy dwellings, if only to obtain the rest and retirement which they so willingly afford. Many resort to these places simply because they are fashionable. Mr. Smith, who occupies a small room in the garret, eats lunch in some cellar, and jumps a retail-thread-and-tape counter at the rate of ten dollars per month, with the sinking privileges, which amount to about a flip a day, boards his coppers, to disburse them with a lavish hand at Cape May. He spends the earnings of a year in a few short weeks; and then returns to the yard-stick, to commence a term of avarice and drudgery for the next season. Mr. Allgo, a fast young man, would sacrifice his soul, rather than not be at Newport. The very idea would crush him; he could never recover from the shock; and a thousand deaths would be preferable to the disgrace. He resorts to every means, and hesitates at no sacrifice, either of effects or principle, to carry out his design. It is for this class, that pawnbrokerage was established; and the many glittering baubles which we see suspended in their windows, have been sacrificed to accomplish this silly tour of folly and dissipation. But he must go. "Aw! Newport is so, aw—demned fashionable."

Then there is Miss Priscilla Lenora Fudge, the divine and fascinating creature, who floats through the mazes of the waltz like an airy zephyr, and is perfectly "au fait," in what Allgo calls "tonnishness."

There is a something in her style which is perfectly irresistible, and a host of beaux follow, captives in her train. Young Rattleton, the son of a wealthy Southern planter, is smitten. Aligo says, "he's gone, aw—aw, by Cupid!" Poor fellow, and so he is. The wily adventuress has learned the standing and position of his family—made advances to him, and by her practised arts, has him completely in her coils. She persuades him to a clandestine marriage. The happy couple start upon a tour, previous to their departure for home. At length they return. Alas! some startling developments have preceded them. "A poor seamstress," "took him in," "what a fool," etc., are a few of the words which are bruited abroad upon the wings of gossip. Never marry at a fashionable resort, is our moral.

THE following sketch of the "Post Office" we find in Hutchings's California Magazine:

This is the goal of hope to many travelers from the sacred spot, called home, and where so many meet, from every clime and country under heaven. It is the hallowed ground of wanderers, a cherished place, where men of every land repair, to learn good tidings of their absent friends.

Upon the arrival of the semi-monthly mail from the Eastern States, and long before the busy clerks have time sufficient to distribute letters to their proper places, may be seen lines of expectant faces gathering in the lobby, in Indian file, each new comer falling into line behind, and woe to that man, who, through ignorance or daring, attempts an advance of his proper turn.

Happy is he whose turn is nearest the window, for the line is often many hundred yards in length, and many, perchance, are standing in a drenching rain.

What an anxious looking crowd, whose earnest countenances too plainly tell the doubts and fears within, despite their efforts to the contrary. There are no aristocratic feelings among them; for "first come, first served," is true here.

Now the long-watched little piece of board is withdrawn—the mail is ready for delivery.

The first applicant seems to be a hardy son of the mountains, upon whose weather-beaten brow I think I can trace the word Miner. Ah! there are his letters—no small package; and his hand, though rough and firm to handle pick and shovel, trembles as he clasps the precious treasure—now he pulls his hat more closely over his eyes, and is lost in the crowd. How one's heart longs to follow him and in secret, watch the tears—the manly tears—of joy or of sorrow that moisten those eyes, as he reads the lines from his much loved home. His feelings are too sacred for the profane gaze of stranger eyes—so let us pass on.

The next one is pale and slim, see how his nervous and almost transparent hands catch at the window frame; how his knees tremble, and his weak and weary limbs almost refuse to bear him up. Ah! there—he too, has letters, I heard his fervent "thank God."

But look at that aged man, whose silvery hair bespeaks the frosts of many winters. One almost

regrets to see so old a man in so new a country. He reaches the window and bears upon his mansanita cane, for he needs its support just now; his voice is weak and so are his knees, as he asks the momentous question. What! "no letters"—is there none for that poor old man—ah! those words,—and no wonder—have nailed his aged form to the spot on which he stands. Be careful stranger, jostle not in haste or rudeness against that venerable and disappointed fatherly old man. Have you no sympathy for him as those convulsive twitches come and go upon his care-worn face? Yes, we know you have. Nature has come to relieve his agony, for the silent tear steals slowly down the furrows of his pallid cheek. As the oak is bent and torn by the tempest without, so is he by the tempest within. No letters—mark his anguish—What! has that child of his heart forgotten him? Has the dear distant daughter, whose tiny footsteps he had so fondly guided in infancy, and watched with such parental pride to blooming womanhood—has she forsaken him—no, oh! no, it cannot be; but, there is no letter. Heavy-hearted he retires to the solitude of his own room, where unseen, he may weep, or think of his beloved and absent child.

Watch the fate of that spiky looking young gentleman now at the window—judging from his dandyish air of self-possession, he must be a new importation. His hat is of the latest fashion, and is placed jauntily over hair that is soft, sleek and curly. His moustache and whiskers are the objects of his peculiar care; his coat and pants are what we call Shanghai, and those alone—to say nothing of his gold spectacles, immaculate white kids and perfumed handkerchief, bespeak him an exquisite. He liaps an enquiry for letters, and twirls his gold-headed cane with apparent indifference, as he awaits the reply. "None, sir!" "None—what, no letter th? impothible, thir, you muht have made a mithtake—I aththure you there muht be letterth for Richard Livingthon, Ethquire." Then to hear the quiet and decided answer of the clerk, "There are no letters for you, sir," while the impatient crowd around him call out "get out of the way there," "hustle that greenhorn off," "oh, my, what whiskers," "does your mother know your absent?" "what a nice young man," as he contemptuously takes his leave.

There goes a rough-looking stranger, whose brawny hands tells you that he knows what labor is—but he is carefully opening the letter—he cannot wait until he gets to his lodgings, and, forgetful or indifferent to the world around him, he looks at the little world of love from home, and in sight, and must read it. One moment a tear glistens in his eye—the next a smile has spread over his face—no wonder that he has forgotten the scenes and the crowd around him, in the joy of hearing from an absent wife and darling little ones. Who can contemplate such scenes unmoved? or who tell the joy or sorrow given by a single letter, or express the heart-sickening disappointment as the ominous word none falls upon the ear. We will not stop at the box department, where can be seen mercantile men of every country, tradesmen, and others, eagerly elbowing their way

to the boxes which belong to them respectively. But let us go to

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Here too, you see a long line of the sterner sex, who have come on the pleasing mission of seeking letters for their lady friends. There are many ladies too, who, anxious for the precious lines from dear ones far away, are making their way to the front—for they, by courtesy, take precedence of the gentlemen, and step fearlessly forward of every man in the ranks—but when they reach their own sex, are as careful of their turn as are the men.

Now a consequential looking specimen of manhood has reached the window, and although he has no doubt heard the slight cough at his elbow, he passes on and asks for letters—the clerk calls his attention to a lady just behind him, and with an “excuse me,” he makes way for her in front. Look at her pale cheek and sable garments, and contrast her sorrowful countenance with that of the fair young girl that has just come up behind her—one speaks of buried hopes—the other has mirth and love looking from her eyes, and her whole face has such an irresistible happiness and wholeness in it that you can scarcely look at her without being affected by the merriment which seems to be a part of herself. They both have letters. That pleasant smile of gratitude of the one, and the laughing, sparkling, blushing gladness of the other, betray the contrast in their future prospects. Let us hope that the one gives comfort and consolation to the bereaved; inspiring her with renewed courage to tread alone the thorny path of duty; that the other precious letter, she so joyfully folds to her bosom, and which evidently is from the one beloved, may be as a fountain of living water ever gushing at her feet, and bringing perpetual green to the landscape of her young and earnest love.

Oh, what a place of contrasts is this. At this spot congregate the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the aged and the young, the joyous and the sad, the hopeful and the determined—all wanderers from the land that gave them birth, all seeking to be rich—and, thank God, there are but few upon whose countenance there is not written, Hope for the future, and contentment for the present. Thus may it ever be with every dweller in this land of sunshine and of health, this land of gold and flowers, is ever our earnest prayer.

HINTS TO YOUNG AUTHORS.—Years ago, Favonius, the philosopher, addressed a young man, who affected hard and obsolete words, to the following effect. It is applicable to many, even in this advanced age.

“You, as if you were conversing with the mother of Evander, use a language which has been for many years out of date, *unwilling that any one should know or comprehend what you mean*. Why not then be *silent*, that you may fully obtain your purpose? But you are fond of antiquity, you say, because it is ingenious, good, temperate, and *modest*; imitate then the ancients in your *life*, but speak the language of the moderns; and have always impressed on your memory and heart, what Julius Cæ-

sar, a man of extraordinary genius and prudence, has written in his first book on analogy, “Avoid every unusual word as you would a rock.”

ANECDOTES OF AVARICE.—Lord Hardwich, who was said to be worth £800,000, set the same value on half a crown then, as he did when he was worth only £100. That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath, to his lodgings, on a cold, dark night, to save a sixpence, in coach hire. If the Duke, who left at his death, more than a million and a-half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honors were to be inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies, would he have always saved a sixpence?

Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in St. George's coffee-house, and paying for his cup of coffee, was helped into his carriage, (for he was lame and infirm,) and went home; some time after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about £48,000 per annum, and was at a loss who to appoint his heir. Sir Thomas Colby killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a profuse sweat, the effect of medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of wine. This man died intestate, and left more than £1,200,000 in the funds, which were shared among five or six day-laborers, who were his nearest relations. Sir Wm. Smythe, when near seventy, was wholly deprived of his sight; he was persuaded to be couched by an oculist, who, by agreement, was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. The oculist succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life, but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William saw the good effect of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it,) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, was how to cheat the oculist; he pretended he could not see any thing perfectly; for that reason, the bandage on his eye was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means, he obliged the oculist to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas—for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest, which he may legally practice to save his money.

A PERSON who tells you the faults of others, will tell others of your faults. So be careful how you listen.

PLANTS and flowers are injurious to the health when kept in a sleeping room. The oxygen is absorbed, and the carbonic acid gas given out, which vitiates the air.

Poetry.

THE following beautiful lines, in praise of the cigar, were sang at the late commencement of Yale College:—

SMOKING SONG.

Air—"SPARKLING AND BRIGHT."

Floating away like the fountain's spray,
Or the snow white plume of a maiden;
The smoke wreaths rise to the star lit skies,
With blissful fragrance laden.

Then smoke away, till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow;
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light,
That flash in the braids of beauty;
It nerves each heart for the hero's part,
On the battle plain of duty.

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room,
Sits the child of song and story;
But his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.

By the blazing fire sits the grey-haired sire,
And infant arms surround him;
And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
While the smoke-curls float around him.

In the forests grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict's ended,
The "pipe of peace" brought a sweet release
From toil and terror blended.

The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
'Neath their arbor shades trips lightly,
And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl,
With its rose red burden streaming,
And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
From the lips with love-buds teeming.

VIOLETS.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Violets, Blue eyed pets
Of the dews and showers.
Waving fair in the air
Through the summer hours.
Lift your eyes toward the skies
In the sun and rain.

Soon ye'll fade, in the glade,
Ne'er to bloom again.

Always frail, often pale,
On a slender stem.

Moss and grass where we pass,
Hide the fragrant gem.

In the shade, in the glade,
Thou art soonest found.

Where thy leaves beauty weaves
With the flowers around.

Violets, lonely pets
Of the dewy hours,
Bloom and fade in the glade,
Loveliest of flowers.

WEARY.

BY C. FRANCES ORNE.

Weary!

Head and heart and hand
Weary!

Barren is life's burning sand,
Powerless am I to command
One sweet fount of blessing;
All the springs are choked and dry—
Hopes once green, now withered lie—
Gentle hopes, how could ye die?
Vain was my caressing.

Weary—

Toiling hand that long has wrought.
Weary!

Be an end to labor brought;
All thy work has given thee nought,
Ever unrequited.

Be thy cunning all foregone,
Leave thy fruitless task undone,
Vain the prize that lured thee on,
Vainly it delighted!

Weary!

Head with busy projects filled,
Weary!
Earnestly the brain hath willed,
Rocky fields of thought hath tilled,
Sown with idle schemings;
Waste away thy strength no more,
Lofty plans be given o'er,
Chain the wing that wont to soar—
Vain are all thy dreamings!

Weary!

Heart, so full of love and truth,
Weary!
Twining tendrils, strong in youth,
Torn away with little ruth,
Pitiless undoing!
Beat no more with pulses strong—
Thou can'st right no bitter wrong,
Thou hast poured thy wealth too long
Vain requital wooing—
Weary!

GENIUS.

O, GENIUS! what power thy wand can control?
Thou mighty magician! and spark of the soul!
Thy flame will burst forth like the sun-beams of day,
And bear with their glory, detraction away!
Triumphant will blaze with the mind-torch of light,
And hurl down thy foes to the regions of night.

Fashion and Dress.

THE FASHIONS are nearly the same as those for August, and but little alteration has been made in the modes which prevailed during the fashionable season, at the watering places. The variations may be perceived by examining the Fashion Plates, and referring to the descriptions. In our next number the Fall Styles will be introduced.

OUR SEPTEMBER FASHION PLATE presents two elegant promenade costumes. The first figure is of light colored silk, with a plain, full skirt. The basque is made of various materials, and should correspond in color with the dress, so as to be becoming. It is trimmed with velvet braids, and is fastened from the waist to the neck with loops, or passementerie buttons, according to taste. The sleeves are braided in the same style as the body, and fitting close to the upper part of the arm, widen as they descend to the elbow. Rich lace under-sleeves complete the costume.

The other figure differs in having three very large flounces. It is made of rich, figured silk, and is recherche in appearance. The bodice, made from the same material, fits close to the body, and fastens in front, from the waist up. The sleeves are trimmed with deep fringe; descending to the hand, and turn under.

REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS.

Many new styles of mantillas have been lately introduced. Among them, we observe one composed of black silk, trimmed with two deep frills or flounces, scalloped and edged with a row of fringe. The flounces are surmounted by a ruche of ribbon and a row of fringe. The upper edge of this mantelet is ornamented with a border, consisting of narrow rows of velvet, set on in the lozenge pattern, and enclosed by two ruches of ribbon, one above and the other below the velvet trimming. Another mantelet of black silk has the lower part beautifully embroidered in a palm-leaf pattern. It is trimmed with one flounce, set on in box plaits, and headed with a ruche of ribbon. One of the new black lace mantelets is trimmed with five rows of lace, vandyked at the edge, and of graduated widths. Each row of lace is surmounted by a narrow ruche of ribbon.

TRAVELING MANTILLA.

A new mantilla for traveling is just introduced. It is talma-shaped, very deep, and worn with a hood. It is made of linen or tweed, or mixed goods of any light material. It is adapted expressly for traveling in warm weather; and is a pretty, useful and becoming garment.

TRIMMING.

An almost endless variety of fancy trimming has been introduced; including many different kinds of fringe, braid, guipure, bands of figured and stamped velvet, ribbon, &c.

LACE AND MUSLIN ARTICLES.

Articles of lace and worked muslin are now in greater profusion than ever; and it may fairly be said that they surpass those of former seasons both in quality

and design. Jackets of white lace and muslin are becoming more and more fashionable. Many are composed of plain white muslin, prettily trimmed with frills of Valenciennes lace, and bows and runnings of pink ribbon. Among the newest under-sleeves are some composed of muslin. They are finished at the lower part with two narrow puffings which pass round the wrist, and the puffings are surmounted by a turned-up frill of worked muslin. These sleeves are trimmed with colored ribbon. In collars and embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs diversity of pattern is almost endless.

SHAWLS.

Shawls of light texture, suitable for the present season, are constantly appearing. The new tissue, or barge shawls, are superior in pattern and colors to those produced on their first introduction, and may be mentioned as among the favorite novelties.

BALL DRESSES.

The most admired of the new ball dresses include one worn at a fashionable assembly, a few evenings since. It consisted of white gauze, and had three skirts in the tunic form, open on one side, and edged with two rows of gold embroidery in a Greek design. A gold net and crimson flowers were worn in the hair.

RIDING HABITS.

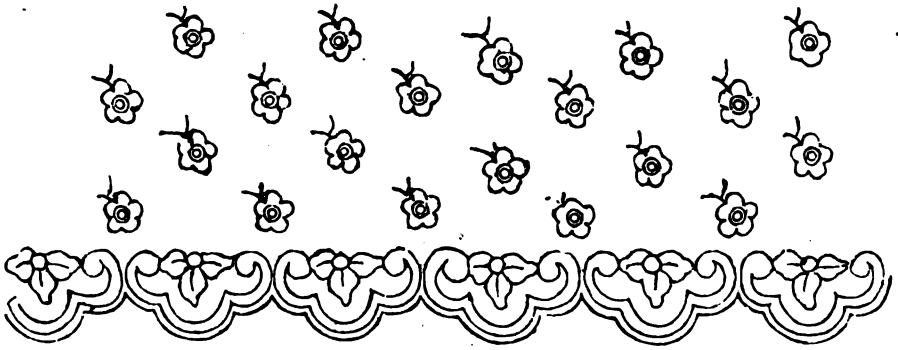
The most fashionable colors for riding-habits are dark mulberry, myrtle green, and black. They are ornamented more or less, as taste may dictate, with braid or embroidery in silk; but the most novel and *distingue* are exceedingly plain. The only ornament on the corsage is a row of passementerie buttons, of the same color as the cloth, which fasten the corsage from the waist to the throat. At the edge of the basque, which is not very long, it is trimmed with a row of braid. The sleeves are plain, and at the upper part they fit rather close to the arm; and at the lower part they widen, the ends being turned up, and finished with a row of the same trimming as that at the edge of the basque. One of the new riding-hats, composed of grey felt, has a broad brim edged with grey ribbon. The brim is turned up a little at the sides; beneath it, at each ear, is a bow formed of loops of ribbon. The crown of this hat is small and round, and is nearly encircled by a long grey ostrich feather.

GLOVES.

A new style of white kid gloves, beautifully embroidered with gold thread or colored silks, has been introduced from Paris. We have seen some of those worked with gold thread; they look pretty.

BONNETS.

Full dress bonnets are of crape, those of light green are embroidered with jet beads, or tulle embroidered with straw. The shape of the crown is sloping, and the curtain is enormously wide, forming almost a point in the middle. Flowers, feathers, marabouts and immensely wide ribbons, are used as ornaments.

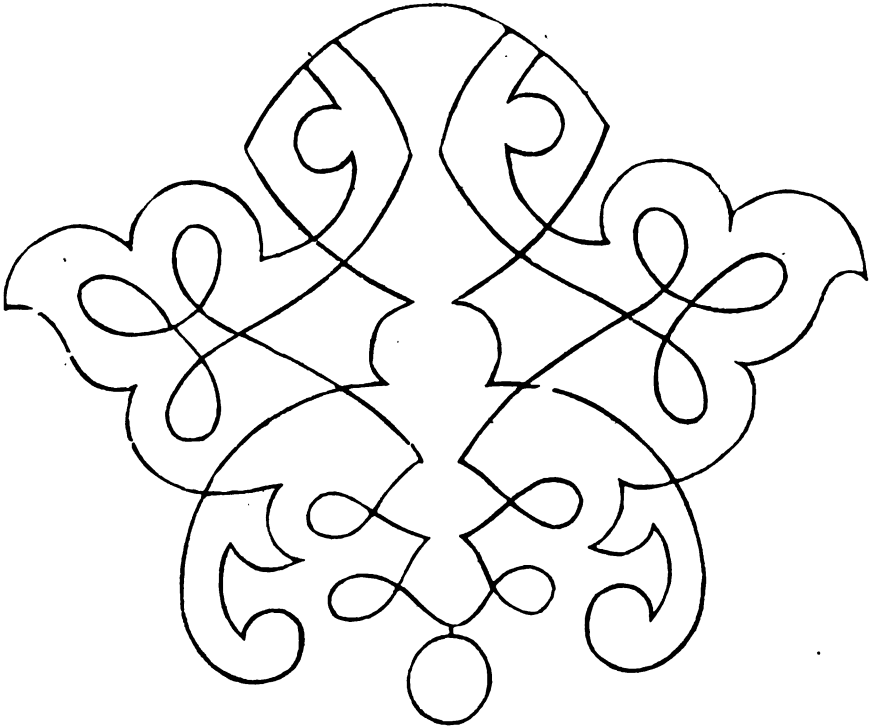


FLOUNCING FOR SKIRT.

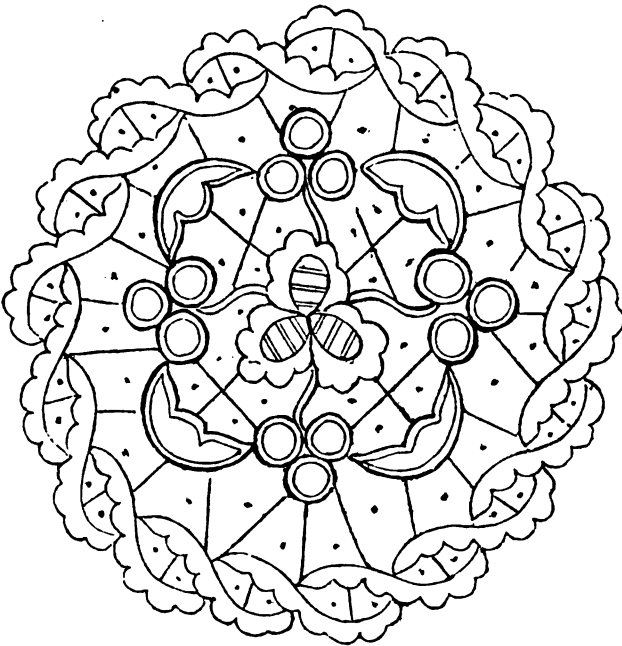


CROCHET TOILET STAND.

May. Ada. Ellen.



PATTERN FOR BRAIDING THE FRONT OF A GENTLEMAN'S SLIPPER.



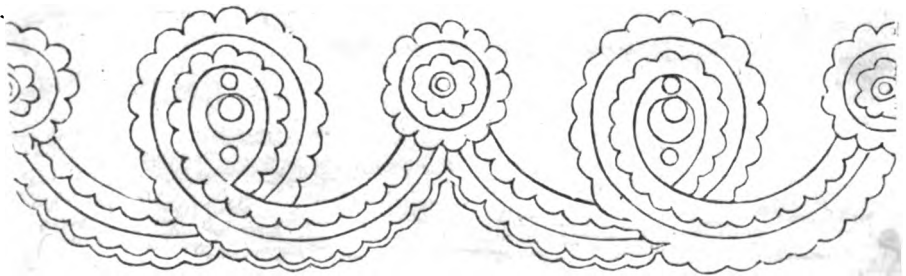
PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERING THE CROWN OF A CHILD'S CAP.



PATTERNS FOR HANDKERCHIEF CORNERS.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING—WORK WITH BUTTON HOLE STITCH.



EMBROIDERY FOR INFANT'S CLOAK.



"Your pardon, sir. I was not cognizant of the fact that the quadruped belonged to you!"



"It is not fish I care so much about; it's the delightful sport."



MARRIAGE OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1856.

No. 4.

ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

ISABELLA, of Castile, was born on the 22d day of April, 1451, at Madrigal. She was the daughter of John II., King of Spain, by his second wife, the Princess Isabella; grand daughter of John I., of Portugal. Her life and character are replete with remarkable incidents, and unquestionably form the most astonishing and interesting portion of modern history. Her father dying when she was but four years of age, she was taken by her mother to a small town named Arevalo, where, in seclusion, and far from the voice of flattery and falsehood, she unfolded the natural graces of her pure mind and lovely person, without their being blighted through the infected influence of the court. She was carefully instructed, by her mother, in lessons of practical piety; and imbued with that deep reverence for religion, which so distinguished her entire life. At the age of sixteen, she was conducted, by the order of the reigning monarch, to the royal palace; but did not forget the early lessons, which her doting mother had instilled into her mind, and the blameless purity of her conduct in this abode of pleasure, surrounded by all the seductions most dazzling to one of her age, shone with additional lustre from the contrast with those around her. Her beautiful person, simplicity of character, and close connexion with the crown, attracted many suitors for her hand. Among the numerous applications that were made by the most noble and distinguished personages in the realm to obtain her in marriage, was that of her kinsman, Ferdinand of Arragon; a person on whom Isabella turned the most favorable eye, and who was destined to be her future husband, though not until the intervention of many annoying and inauspicious circumstances.

She was first betrothed to Carlos, an elder brother of Ferdinand; and upon his death, in accordance with the policy of state, which denies connection or sympathy with personal preferences, was promised by Henry to Alphonso of Portugal. She refused to comply with the royal mandate; and upon being ordered before that monarch, neither threats nor entreaties

could induce her to accede to the union, on account of the disparity between their ages. She displayed her characteristic discretion, even at this early age, by appealing to the nobles of the realm for the annulment of the contract, on the ground that the Infantas of Castile could not be disposed of without their consent. She seemed to fully comprehend the sacrifice which she was called upon to make, for the selfish policy of the government; and her heart was filled with the liveliest emotions of grief and resentment. The Grand Master of Calatrava, the person to whom she was promised in marriage, was noted as a fierce and turbulent leader of faction, and was charged with being one of the most licentious and heartless men of the age.

The nobles feared to interfere with the wishes of the king, and Isabella was notified to comply with the orders which were issued for the ceremonies of her marriage. On receiving them, she confined herself to her chamber, abstained from all nourishment and rest, and implored Heaven to preserve her from the cruel destiny which awaited her, even by death. Her piteous manner so affected her companion, Beatrice de Bobadilla, that she drew a dagger and solemnly vowed to slay the Grand Master upon his first appearance. Fortunately, her resolution was not put to the test. The Grand Master busied himself in making sumptuous preparations for the ceremony of a gorgeous reception, which the high rank of his intended bride rendered imperative. Upon their completion, he started from his residence at Almagro to Madrid, where the nuptials were to be celebrated; and, as if through the dispensation of Heaven, he was attacked with a fatal disease upon the first evening of his departure, which after four days of intense suffering, resulted in death. His last words were curses and imprecations upon the fate, which had robbed him of a royal bride, and prevented the fruition of his highest hopes and ambition. His death was attributed to poison, but not a shadow of imputation has ever been cast upon the pure being, who otherwise was destined to be his victim. This event annulled all the

schemes of the government, and occasioned the greatest consternation and dissatisfaction between the reigning monarch and his subjects. All hope of reconciliation between them was dissipated. The passions, which had been smothered by the expected nuptials, broke forth with redoubled intensity, and it was resolved to decide the question by a battle. The two armies met on the plains of Olmedo, and after an engagement of some hours, the combatants were separated by the shades of night, without either party gaining the advantage. The most frightful anarchy now prevailed; the kingdom was divided by factions, and all hopes of reconciliation seemed to lie in placing Isabella on the throne.

The Archbishop of Toledo was commissioned by the different factions to proclaim her as Queen of Castile; and all looked forward to a final and speedy termination of the troubles and hostilities which prevailed throughout the entire land.

Isabella, with a dignity of character which commanded the admiration and respect of the nation, refused the seductive offer. Nothing could swerve her from the path of duty; and the entreaties of the people only served to make her more firm in purpose. This magnanimous act threw the confederations into new difficulties; and it was only through the intervention of Isabella, that those differences were amicably adjusted. In the negotiations, she was recognized as heir to the crowns of Castile and Leon; and a provision was made, granting her the power to marry any one whom she pleased. An oath of allegiance was repeated by the nobles, who saluted her hand in token of homage.

Now, that Isabella was legitimately proclaimed heir to the throne, the neighboring princes contended for the honor of her hand. The Duke of Gloucester and Duke of Guienne, one the most tyrannical, and the other the most unfortunate of men, were among these royal suitors. They were discarded, however, for Ferdinand of Arragon, then in the bloom of life, and distinguished for his comeliness of person. In all his actions, he exhibited a judgment far beyond his years; and was decidedly superior to his rivals in mind and personal appearance. The match had other advantages besides these considerations, as it would consolidate two nations into one, and raise the rulers to the first rank of European powers. Isabella was aware of all these circumstances; and loving Ferdinand, as she did, every preparation was made to hasten the nuptials. In the meantime, another faction of the royal party was devising a scheme to defeat it. An appeal was instituted before the tribunal of the supreme pontiff, and a placard, exhibiting a protest against the validity of the proceedings, was secretly nailed to the gate of Isabella's mansion. To further the intrigue, a rejected

suitors, Alphonso, King of Portugal, was induced, by misrepresentations, to renew his addresses. He dispatched a pompous embassy, with an Archbishop at its head, to bear his proposals. Isabella, as before, returned a decided though temperate refusal. The royal lover, piqued at his rejection, endeavored to intimidate her into compliance, and threatened her with imprisonment. It was only fear of the people, who openly espoused Isabella's cause, that prevented him from putting his tyrannical threat into execution. They would not have permitted their favorite to be mistreated, without making an effort to avenge her. As it was, they all supported her in her love for Ferdinand; boys paraded the streets, bearing banners emblazoned with the arms of Arragon, and sang verses prophetic of the happy union. Some grew so bold as to insult the ears of the king himself, by repeating satirical odes, which contrasted Alphonso's age with the youth and grace of Ferdinand. This expression of popular opinion encouraged and strengthened Isabella in her determination; and having become indignant at the actions of her persecutors, she concluded to enter into negotiations for her marriage, without any deference to their judgment.

Between parties so favorably disposed, there was but little delay; and the marriage articles were signed and sworn to by Ferdinand a few months afterwards. Isabella's situation was now exceedingly critical. Her most confidential servants were corrupted, and conveyed intelligence of all proceedings to her enemies, who, alarmed at the progress of the arrangements, determined to defeat them at all hazards, for which purpose they finally resorted to the coercive system, and dispatched a large force to secure her person. This was the most unhappy period in her life. Separated from her lover, betrayed by her domestics, and deserted by her friends, who fled affrighted from the scene of danger, she felt the extinction of the hopes which she had so long and fondly cherished. Firmness, however, did not desert her; and she hastened to meet the impending danger with all the means at her command. No reliance could be placed upon the people, who had been commanded by proclamation not to interpose in her behalf; and in the exigency, as a last resort, she appealed to the Archbishop of Toledo for protection. This noble prelate hastily collected a large body of horse, and by forced marches anticipated the arrival of the enemy. Isabella received her friends with unfeigned delight and satisfaction, and bidding adieu to the dismayed guardian placed over her, she was borne off in triumph from her foiled enemies.

Still only half of the object was completed, Ferdinand was in Arragon without the means of

entering Castile to join Isabella; and considerable doubt still hung over the early consummation of their marriage. It was at length determined that Ferdinand should undertake the journey, accompanied by a few attendants, in the disguise of merchants; while another party should proceed in a different direction, in order to divert the attention of the Castilians, with all the pomp and ostentation of a public embassy from one king to another. The greatest circumspection and precaution were necessary, as the intervening country was patroled by squadrons of cavalry for the purpose of intercepting their progress.

The party journeyed in the night; Ferdinand assumed the disguise of a servant; and when they halted on the road, took care of the mules, and served his companions at table. In this guise, with no other disaster, than leaving a purse which contained the funds for the expedition, at an inn, they arrived among the partisans of Isabella. On knocking at the gate, cold and faint with travelling, during the whole time of which Ferdinand had not taken any rest or repose, they were saluted with a stone discharged by a sentinel, which, glancing near the prince's head, had well nigh brought his romantic enterprise to a tragical conclusion. His companions hastened to call out the name of Ferdinand, and he was received with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. The trumpets sounded, the gates were thrown wide open, and the entire force in the castle, formed in array to greet the welcome arrival. He renewed his journey upon the next day before dawn; but he now assumed his rank, and was escorted by a numerous and well armed body of cavalry.

Isabella was filled with joy, when intelligence of his arrival reached her. She busied herself in arranging her little court, so as to afford him a hearty reception, and then transmitted a letter to her brother, the king, stating the presence of Ferdinand in his dominions, and informing him of their intended marriage. She concluded, by soliciting his approbation, but added that no consideration should deter her from consummating her happiness, by marrying Ferdinand.

The meeting of the royal lovers was truly affecting; they had loved with all the ardor and romance of youth, and now met after a long series of persecutions and adversities. Isabella was a year older than her lover. In stature she was somewhat above the medium size, with a form of perfect symmetry, and the most beautiful expression of face. Her complexion was fair, rivalling the bloom of the peach in its rich delicacy and lovely blending of tints; and her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence, love, and sensibility. A distinguished personage of that day states that "she was exceedingly beau-

tiful—the handsomest lady whom I ever beheld, and the most attractive and gracious in her manners." She was dignified in her demeanor, and modest, even to a degree of reserve; the pestilence of the court could not influence the purity of her mind or character; and she was as much distinguished for the high morality of her actions, as she was accomplished and graceful. Intellect and beauty were so harmoniously blended in her features, that her actual charms appear more like the coloring of romance, than reality.

Ferdinand at this time was but eighteen years of age; though his mode of life, high position, and early troubles made him appear much older. His complexion was fair, but softly bronzed, from constant exposure to the sun, giving him a more manly and expressive cast of features. With his large, ample forehead, dark, piercing eyes, and muscular, well-proportioned form, invigorated by the toils of war, and chivalrous exercises in which he delighted, he was the very "beau ideal" of a lover.

The interview lasted some hours, during which time the preliminaries of the marriage were arranged. The lovers renewed vows of affection, and mutually condoled upon their unhappiness during the long separation. Their poverty was so great, that money to defray the expenses of the marriage ceremony had to be borrowed. Such were the humiliating circumstances attending the commencement of a union destined to open the way to the highest prosperity and grandeur of Spanish monarchy.

Their marriage was publicly celebrated on the morning of the 19th of October, 1469, in the palace of Juan de Vivero, the temporary residence of Isabella. The ensuing week was spent in the festivities which follow such occasions; when, according to the custom of the time, they publicly attended the celebration of mass, in the collegiate church of Santa Maria. A dispatch was sent by a special embassy to the king, from the new married couple, soliciting pardon, and repeating assurances of their loyalty and submission to his government. The king coldly replied that "he must advise with his ministers."

It was determined, however, in the councils of the King, to oppose the pretensions of his illegitimate daughter, the Princess Joanna, to those of Isabella. He even went so far as to engage her to the son of Louis XI., the Duke of Guenne, a rejected suitor of Isabella; and, after declaring that she had lost all title to the crown by marrying contrary to his approbation, he, together with his queen, swore to the legitimacy of Joanna, and announced her as his true and lawful successor. The nobles were compelled to take the oath of allegiance, and the ceremony was completed by affiancing her to the Duke of

Guienne. This farce had an unfavorable influence on Isabella's cause, as many of the nobles had previously officiated at the convention held at Tordes de Guisando. It caused the claim of her rival to be recognized by the other powers, as supported by the authority of the court of Castile, with the co-operation of France, as it was no more than natural that Louis XI. would use all means to further the advancement and prospects of his son. Many of the nobles who had sworn allegiance to Isabella, now openly espoused the cause of the Princess Joanna. Still, the northern and a few other provinces loudly declared against the injustice of reviving the illegitimate claim, and with the Archbishop of Toledo, a commanding and resolute prelate of great authority and power, maintained their loyalty to their first allegiance. The archbishop, with all his generous self-devotion, was far from being a pleasant ally. He wished the young couple to consider themselves as his *protégés*; and would have them feel indebted to him for their elevation to the throne. Although Ferdinand and Isabella were so poor as to be unable to defray the ordinary charges of their household, they could not conceal their disgust at the prelate's pretensions; and plainly told him that they would not accept of the throne, if obtained solely by his intercession. This came near causing the archbishop to abandon them entirely, in hopes of increasing his interests by espousing the other cause.

The most frightful anarchy, at this period, prevailed throughout Castile. The court was abandoned to frivolous pleasures; the administration of justice was neglected; and the nobles conducted their feuds with forces which could compete with those of royalty itself. The husbandmen, stripped of their harvests, and driven from their fields, abandoned themselves to idleness and plunder; while every portion of the government was but one bed of loathsome corruption. The whole country waged war, and many sanguinary battles ensued.

During these fearful occurrences, Isabella's prospects were daily brightening. The Duke of Guienne, the destined spouse of her rival, the Princess Joanna, had died in France. Subsequent negotiations for her marriage with two other princes had failed. The doubts which hung over her birth served to deter all from entering into connection with her, and all the horrors of a civil war seemed inevitable. It was now, that Isabella's pure and firm character sustained her. The decorum of her court, contrasting strongly with the license which disgraced that of the king and his consort, led thinking men to conclude that her administration would be far more noble and sagacious than that of her rival; and all who loved their country, desired that it should

be placed under her beneficent sway. The most powerful prelates and nobles of the land flocked to her standard, and sought by every means to open a way for a permanent reconciliation between her and the king. This was finally accomplished, through a meeting, which was arranged by Andre de Cabrera, the Governor of Segovia.

Henry, who was naturally of a diffident and placable temper, received her explanations and vindications with complacency, and even sanctioned her marriage with Ferdinand. To give publicity to the tardy reunion, a succession of fetes and splendid entertainments were given, and the nation welcomed the symptoms of future peace with the greatest joy and satisfaction.

The king, who was pining away under an incurable malady, died a few months afterwards, without making a will or expressing his wishes, as regards the succession. On learning of his death, Isabella caused herself to be proclaimed queen, and on the following morning, the thirteenth day of December, 1474, a numerous retinue, consisting of the highest personages in the realm, in their robes of office, waited upon, and conducted her to the place designed for the ceremony. Isabella, royally attired, rode on a beautiful Spanish jennet, between two high functionaries. After the proclamation, the royal standards were unfurled, and the discharge of ordinance announced the new succession. After the ceremony, she proceeded to the cathedral, and implored the Almighty to strengthen her by his counsels, that she might discharge the high trust reposed in her with equity and wisdom. As upon this, so on all occasions, did Isabella place her trust upon Divine Providence.

Upon Ferdinand's arrival from Arragon, where he was staying at the time of Henry's death, a disagreeable discussion took place, in regard to the respective authority of the husband and wife, in the administration of the government. Each had their partisans, and another difficulty of adjusting the affairs of the kingdom was anticipated; but Isabella wisely referred it to arbitration, and by reminding her husband that the distribution of power was merely nominal, that his will would be her's, and that the principle of the exclusion of females from the throne would disqualify the succession of their only child, a daughter, she succeeded in soothing her offended husband, without compromising the prerogatives of the crown.

Her assumption of the throne, however, revived the pretensions of the late king's illegitimate daughter, Joanna; and under the auspices of an organized coalition, propositions were made to Alphonso V., King of Portugal, to vindicate her title, and by espousing the princess, secure

to himself the rich inheritance. An exaggerated estimate of the resources of this confederation, caused him to enter into the scheme, although he was at the time in war with the French. An embassy was accordingly dispatched to Ferdinand and Isabella, summoning them to resign their crown in favor of the Princess Joanna. Negotiations were entered into with the King of France, offering him a large portion of the conquered territory, provided they succeeded in establishing Joanna on the throne. Early in May, 1475, the combined forces entered Castile. Isabella exerted her utmost power and influence, and placed Ferdinand at the head of forty-two thousand men to meet the enemy. Isabella remained with the forces throughout the campaign; and upon being remonstrated with by her counsellors, replied that, "It was not for her to calculate the perils or fatigues in her own cause, nor by timidity to dishearten her friends, with whom she was resolved to remain until the war was brought to a conclusion." Such an answer was worthy of the heroic woman. Victory followed their arms, and Alphonso was compelled to relinquish the war, and comply with the most humiliating conditions. Joanna's interests were sacrificed, and her pretensions annulled, by the treaty. A short time afterwards she entered the convent of Santa Clara, at Coimbra, where she pronounced the irrevocable vow, which separated her from the world and its aspirations.

From this period, when Isabella was firmly established upon the throne, a complete reformation was made in regard to the administration of the government. The law was recognised, and justice obtained by a new modification of its mandates. The nobles were depressed, and compelled to succumb to the pre-eminence of royal authority. They opposed the suppression of their power, and equipped a large force to maintain their assumed rights. Isabella's presence of mind did not desert her in this new danger. She made every preparation to quell the rising insurrection. Large forces were raised, of which she took the command upon all important and dangerous occasions; and by her indomitable perseverance and firmness, suppressed all the outbursts of the insurgents. She ordered the execution of the law, without respect to wealth or rank, and established the supremacy of justice beyond the possibility of its being corrupted. The royal council was re-organized, and every exertion made to render her subjects happy and contented. So many wise, just, and beneficent arrangements could not fail to have their effect, and the new sovereigns became popular and beloved throughout the entire kingdom. It was for this purpose that Isabella concentrated all the powerful energies of her mind, never suffering herself to be diverted by

any subordinate interests from the one great and glorious object. Her success fully repaid her for the ceaseless efforts that she made, and the throne was firmly established both by the loyalty and love of her subjects. Their attachment to her seemed to be a pervading principle, which animated the whole nation by one common impulse. The chivalrous hearts of the Spaniards did homage to her, as to their tutelar saints, and she exerted an influence over them, such as no man or woman has ever before or since acquired.

Ever mindful of any resource that could advance the country or benefit her people, the spirit of maritime enterprise was fomented, and expeditions were formed to discover new domains, and if possible strike out some new course towards the opulent regions of the East. Ferdinand and Isabella had always shown an earnest solicitude for the encouragement of commerce and nautical science; and now that the Portuguese, under the Infante Don Henry, were making such progress, they determined to exercise all their power in superseding them. Fortunately, at this juncture, Christopher Columbus appeared. He was endowed with astonishing capacities, and stimulated them in conducting the heroic enterprise to a glorious issue. This extraordinary man was a native of Genoa. He received his early instruction at Pavia, where he acquired a strong relish for the mathematical sciences, in which he subsequently excelled. He entered into a sea-faring life when only fourteen years of age, and followed it with little interruption until 1470. At thirty years of age he landed in Portugal, the great theatre of maritime enterprise, to which resorted the adventurous spirits of the whole world. He continued to make voyages to the known countries, and occupied his time in constructing maps and charts, and storing his mind with all the nautical science that the limited knowledge of the day could supply. His reflective mind was naturally led to speculate upon the existence of some other land beyond the western waters, and he conceived the possibility of reaching the eastern shores of Asia by a more direct and commodious route than that which traversed the eastern continent. This idea had become a matter of speculation towards the close of the fifteenth century, when maritime adventures were almost daily disclosing the mysteries of the deep, and bringing to light new regions, which had hitherto only existed in fancy. Yet Columbus's hypothesis rested on much higher ground than a mere popular opinion. What to them was a matter of credulity and speculation, amounted in his mind to a firm conviction, that made him prepared to peril life and fortune on the result. Filled with these thoughts, he was anxious to achieve a discovery which would set-

tle a question of such moment and importance. He therefore submitted to King John II., of Portugal, the theory on which he had founded his conviction in the existence of a western route, and undiscovered territory. He was doomed to encounter the embarrassments and mortifications which so often obstruct the conceptions of genius, too sublime for the age in which they are formed. After long and fruitless negotiations, and a dishonorable attempt of the Portuguese to clandestinely avail themselves of his plan and information; he quitted Lisbon in disgust, happily determined to submit his proposals to Ferdinand and Isabella, relying on their reputed character for wisdom and enterprise.

He arrived in Spain towards the latter part of 1484, which, unfortunately, was the most unpropitious period for the furtherance of his design. The nation was engaged in the heat of the Moorish war, and the great expense of carrying it on, had utterly exhausted all their resources. It, furthermore, was so engrossing in itself, that but little leisure was left for indulging in what then was considered as the delusion of a weak mind. Still Columbus communicated his intentions to the court, and awaited the result of its considerations. Ferdinand and Isabella, anxious of obtaining the views of competent judges, in regard to the merits of Columbus's theory, referred him to a council, selected from the most learned and eminent scholars of the kingdom. Such was the apathy exhibited by this learned conclave, and so numerous the impediments resulting from dullness, prejudice, and scepticism, that years passed before it arrived at a decision. During this time Columbus remained in attendance on the court, and experienced an unusual degree of deference and attention from the sovereigns. His private expenses were paid by disbursements from the royal treasury, and instructions were issued by Isabella to the municipalities of the different towns, that all his wants should be gratuitously supplied, together with lodging and other accommodations.

Columbus, finally, grew weary of this painful procrastination, and pressed the court for a definite answer to his proposition. The council then decided that his scheme was, "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the government." Such was the ineffectual result of Columbus's long and painful solicitations; and, in great dejection of mind, he determined to try some other sovereign. Isabella, unwilling to forego the hope of instituting new discoveries, granted Columbus another interview, and remitted the necessary means for him to repair to the camp. He joyfully availed himself of the welcome intelligence, and arrived in season to witness the surrender of Granada; when every heart, swelling with

exultation at the triumphant termination of the war, was disposed to enter with greater confidence into new adventures.

At the interview, he dwelt upon the arguments on which his hypothesis was based; and endeavored to stimulate the cupidity of his audience, by picturing the realms, which he confidently expected to discover, in all the barbaric splendor of the middle ages. He also stipulated for himself and heirs, the title and authority of admiral and vice-admiral, and one-tenth of all the profits accruing from any lands that might be discovered under his direction and command. This last clause was deemed inadmissible by his friends; but he steadily resisted every attempt to induce him to modify his propositions. It, however, caused the conferences to be broken off; and he had to forego his splendid anticipations, at the very moment when the opportunity so long sought for was thrown upon him, as he preferred sacrificing his ambition, rather than surrender one of the honorable distinctions due to his services. This is but one of the incidents, which occurred during his life, that exhibited that proud, unyielding spirit which sustained him through so many arduous and painful trials, and enabled him in the end to achieve his great discovery in the face of every obstacle that man and nature opposed to its accomplishment.

Fortunately, the misunderstanding was not suffered to be of long duration; and Isabella contemplated the proposals of Columbus in their true light, seeing that they amounted to nothing except in case of success, and refusing to hearken any longer to cold and timid counsellors, she gave way to the natural impulses of her own noble and generous heart. "I will assume the undertaking," said she, "for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate." The treasury had been greatly reduced by the late war with the Moors; but she ordered the receiver, St. Angel, to advance the necessary funds for the expedition from the Arragonese revenues, and place them in the hands of Columbus. According to the capitulations, Ferdinand and Isabella, as lords of the ocean-seas, constituted Christopher Columbus, their admiral, viceroy, and governor-general of all such islands and continents as he should discover in the western ocean, with the privilege of nominating three candidates for the government of each of these territories. An exclusive right of jurisdiction over all commercial transactions within his admiralty was invested in him; and he was entitled to one-tenth of all the products and profits within the limits of his discoveries, and an additional eighth, provided he contributed one-eighth of the

expense. The privilege of prefixing the title of Don to his name, which had not at that time degenerated into a mere appellation of courtesy, was also granted. Now that the arrangements were completed, and the stipulations made satisfactory, Isabella, with her usual characteristic promptness, exerted the most efficient measures to forward and hasten the expedition. So that in three months his little fleet was prepared for sea. The squadron consisted of three vessels, manned by one hundred and twenty seamen, and an armament of two small and one large caravel. All things being prepared, Columbus and his bold crew partook of the sacrament, and on the morning of the 8d of August, 1492, the intrepid adventurers, bidding adieu to the old world, launched forth on that unknown waste of waters where no sail had ever spread before.

We regret that space will not permit us to give a slight synopsis of the trials and hardships of this bold navigator, and the final success of the enterprise commenced so auspiciously, under the patronage of Isabella. It is to her, that the world is indebted for the accomplishment of the expedition; for she undertook the enterprise, not only after it had been explicitly declined by other powers, but contrary to the advice of her council, and when probably no other of that age would have countenanced it. After having once resolved to undertake the expedition, she exerted every means in her power to further its accomplishment, and furnished Columbus with the most ample resources for the prosecution of his glorious discoveries. As is well known, the enterprise proved successful, and that the illustrious navigator, after overcoming the natural difficulties of the voyage, which was much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, discovered land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After exploring the new territory, he hastily made preparations for his return voyage, and embarked in the month of January, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him, so he was compelled to return across the Atlantic, with his seamen collected in the one frail vessel. After a tempestuous voyage, he entered the harbor of Palos, about noon, on the 15th day of March, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his day of departure from that port. His arrival created the greatest agitation; the whole nation joined in one acclamation of praise; thanksgivings were offered up throughout the entire kingdom, and every bell set up a joyous peal in honor of the glorious achievement. Isabella immediately summoned him to her presence, and the bold adventurer hastened joyfully to the interview. His progress was a continual march of triumph; multitudes thronged to gaze upon the extraor-

dinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that day, had revealed the existence of a new world. It was the proudest moment of his life; he had fully established the truth of his long contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, scepticism, and contempt. He had achieved his object, not through chance, but by calculation, and had supported himself in the most adverse circumstances, by his calm, determined course of conduct and action. The honors paid him were a homage to his intellectual powers; and it was his province to be proud. The sovereigns rivaled themselves in their kindness and condescension towards him, and causing him to be seated before them, requested a recital of his deeds. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with the whole court, prostrated themselves in prayer, while the solemn strain of the *Te Deum* poured forth, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

Isabella, elated with the glowing success of the enterprise, determined to prosecute the discoveries on a scale commensurate with their importance, and hastened to perfect arrangements and preparations of the highest order. Seventeen vessels were stored and equipped for the expedition; and on the 25th of September, 1493, Columbus, and fifteen hundred associates, including persons of high rank, sailed from the port of Cadiz, on his second discovery. But a year previous, he had sallied forth like some forlorn knight on a desperate and chimerical enterprise, now he issued grandly forth with all the pomp of a hero and conqueror.

After his departure, Isabella's active mind turned her attention towards the intellectual culture of the nation. She endowed convents with libraries, established schools, and exerted her utmost authority in urging her subjects to take advantage of these new sources of obtaining knowledge. She manifested an earnest solicitude for the education of her own children, and employed the most competent masters, both native and foreign, to give them tuition. Next to her own family, there was no object which Isabella had so much at heart, as the improvement of the young nobility. She engaged the learned Peter Martyr to instruct them, and exerted her power in reclaiming them from the idle and unprofitable pursuits in which, to her great mortification, they consumed their time. Her glorious efforts were crowned with success, and the young nobles from being idle, indolent, and useless, grew to be noted and distinguished—many of them shedding the lustre of letters over the martial glory inherited from their ancestors. The women emulated their example, and contributed by their intellectual endowments to the general illumination of the period. Historians

are lavish of their panegyrics on the writers of that day, and a host of illustrious names are transmitted to an admiring posterity. Nothing could have been more opportune for the enlightened purposes of Isabella, than the introduction of the art of printing into Spain, which occurred at the very commencement of her reign. She saw from the first, all the advantages it promised for diffusing and perpetuating the discoveries of science, and she encouraged its establishment by granting large privileges to those who exercised it, whether natives or foreigners. Many works were printed at her own charge. It was the mind which foresaw these interests, that caused Spain to assume its high and exalted position among the other nations of the earth. Foreign books of every description were allowed to be imported and circulated in the kingdom, free from duties; an enlightened provision made by the comprehensive intelligence of Isabella. In fact, she supervised the entire administration of the interior, and although the sex and genius of Ferdinand, better adapted him for the foreign relations of the government, no prominent or important action was taken without her consent and approbation. Their operations were all directed towards the same point, and were attended with similar results, as they depended upon the royal prerogative of Isabella. Knowledge was diffused; adventures encouraged; papers established; diplomacy practiced, and all that would enhance the prosperity of the kingdom studied, at the instigation of this remarkable woman. Her comprehensive mind seemed capable of grasping all subjects, and her indomitable will had the energy to insure their accomplishment. She furthermore advanced and increased the authority and standing of the crown by the judiciousness she displayed in forming matrimonial connexions for her children. To this important diplomatic policy she devoted great attention, and had not fate interposed, would have established them in positions that the other powers could have only envied. The family consisted of one son and four daughters, whom she educated as befitted their high rank, and the elevated stations their royal births entitled them to fulfill. They inherited many of the noble qualities which distinguished their illustrious mother, and blended great decorum and dignity of manners, with ardent sensibilities and an unaffected piety, which Isabella had striven to instil into their minds. They did not possess their mother's comprehensive mind and energy of character, but had no positive deficiencies in either respect; or if so, it was supplied by their excellent education.

Isabella, considering the future welfare and prospects of her children, entered into and formed the following negotiations for their mar-

riages. Prince John, their only son, then in his eighteenth year, was promised to the Princess Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian; and that the Archduke Philip, his son and heir, and sovereign of the low countries in his mother's right, should marry Joanna, second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella—no dowry to be expected or contracted for in either case. Arrangements were also concluded for the marriage of the youngest daughter of the Castilian sovereigns with the royal house of England, the first example of the kind for upwards of a century. This connexion was necessarily deferred for some time, on account of the youth of the parties, neither of whom exceeded eleven years of age. No impediment existed for the other alliances, and measures were taken to have the nuptials performed at the earliest period.

A fleet of one hundred and thirty vessels, strongly manned and thoroughly equipped, for defence against the French cruisers, was prepared, and dispatched under the command of Admiral Don Fadrique Enriquez, to convey the Infanta Joanna, the second daughter of Isabella, to the home of her destined husband, the Archduke Philip. Isabella was exceedingly grieved at the separation from her beloved child, and deferred it as long as possible, by accompanying Joanna to the place of embarkation. The Infanta happily reached Flanders in safety; and her nuptials with the archduke were soon after celebrated, in the city of Lisle, with all suitable pomp and solemnity. The ceremony was followed by a brilliant succession of fetes, tourneys, and a number of warlike spectacles, in which the matchless chivalry of Spain and Flanders poured into the lists to display their magnificence and prowess in the presence of their future sovereigns.

The marriage of Prince John, the heir apparent, followed soon after, and could not have been celebrated at a more auspicious period. A general peace had been negotiated, and the nation was indulging in a repose, after long and uninterrupted years of war. Isabella was now in the very zenith of her glory, and seemed to have attained the height of human felicity; blessed with the love and affections of her people, and surrounded by all the trophies of a glorious reign, there was nothing left but to enjoy the fruits of her long and ceaseless efforts. Alas, for the uncertainty of human events; she was doomed to receive one of those mournful lessons, which admonish us that all earthly prosperity is but a dream. Tidings were brought of the dangerous illness of their son, Prince John; he had been seized with a fever, in the midst of the public rejoicings to which his alliance had given rise, and the symptoms had assumed an alarming character. He expired on the 4th day of

October, 1497, in the twentieth year of his age, in the same spirit of Christian philosophy which he displayed during his illness. Isabella, who, through all her long career of prosperity, may be said to have kept her heart in constant training for the dark hour of adversity, received the fatal tidings in a spirit of meek and humble acquiescence, testifying her resignation in the beautiful language of scripture, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his name!"

The succession devolved upon Joanna, the Queen of Portugal, Isabella's eldest daughter, but she died previous to being recognized as the heir-apparent. This blow almost crushed Isabella, who had not yet recovered from the shock of her son's death. She endeavored to exhibit the outward signs of composure, testifying the entire resignation of one, who had learned to build her hopes of happiness on a better world, and schooled herself so far, as to continue to take an interest in all public duties, and to watch over the common weal with the same maternal solicitude as before; but her health gradually sunk under this accumulated load of sorrow, which threw a shade of deep melancholy over the evening of her life. She now took a deeper interest in promulgating religious doctrines among her people, and did all in her power to afford them the benefits of the source from which she had drawn so much consolation. About this time Columbus returned from his second expedition, and the event somewhat alienated her thoughts from brooding over her sorrow. The first accounts which came from the great navigator and his companions, served to keep alive the excitement in Spain, as their imaginations were still warm with the novelty of the new world, and the court, joining in the general enthusiasm, did every thing in their power to promote and advance the enterprise. The novelty soon wore off, and alarming accounts of dissatisfaction and disappointment were received from the adventurers. This unfortunate result was imputable, in a great measure, to the misconduct of the colonists themselves. Isabella was daily assailed with complaints of the maladministration of Columbus, and of his impolitic and unjust severities to both Spaniards and natives. She, however, fully appreciating the difficulties of his position, lent an unwilling ear to these vague accusations, and, upon his return to Spain, received him with the most ample acknowledgements of regard. But neither the natives he had brought with him, nor the glowing representations he gave of the expedition, could rekindle the dormant enthusiasm of the nation. The novelty had passed, and their imaginary anticipations ended in disappointment. Isabella still favored the enterprise, and firmly

relied upon the repeated assurances of Columbus, that the track of discovery would lead to other and important regions. She formed a higher estimate of the new acquisitions than any founded on the proceeds of gold and silver, and principally purposed to introduce the blessings of Christian civilization among the heathen who inhabited the newly discovered regions. She also entertained a high estimate of Columbus's merits, to whose serious and elevated character her own bore much resemblance, although the enthusiasm which distinguished each, was naturally tempered in her with somewhat more of benignity and discretion. Columbus received daily marks of her royal favor; and ordinances were passed, granting him powers and privileges of so great importance, that his modesty and prudence combined, forbade him to accept. The language in which these royal gratuities were couched, rendered them doubly grateful to his noble heart, and testified to the unabated confidence of Isabella, in his honor and integrity, although the nation had lost their entire confidence and enthusiasm in the glorious enterprise. A third voyage was arranged, and, upon the preparations being completed, Columbus sailed, with a squadron of six vessels, from the port of St. Lucar, on the 30th day of May, 1498. It was entirely through the efforts and support of Isabella, that the arrangements were completed, and had it not been for the lively interest and spirit she infused into the expedition, the glorious career of Columbus would have ended before he accomplished his most distinguished exploits. It is not necessary to pursue the after actions of this illustrious voyager; his adventures and discoveries are known by all, and we look upon his achievements alike with awe and astonishment.

Spain was now elevated to the first rank among the European powers; but in the noon-tide of her success was destined to experience a fatal shock in the loss of that illustrious personage who had so long and so gloriously presided over her destinies. Isabella's health, as we before noticed, was seriously affected by the series of domestic calamities which befell her family, and her constitution was greatly impaired by incessant personal fatigues, and the unremitting activity of her mind. These ended in a severe illness and dejection of spirits, from which she never recovered. Yet, she did not abandon herself to weak and useless repining, but sought consolation in the exercises of piety, and in the earnest discharge of the duties attached to her exalted station. These strong mental exertion accelerated the decay of her bodily strength, which was gradually sinking under that sickness of the heart which admits of no cure and scarcely of consolation.

The deepest gloom overspread the nation, and sorrow and sympathy were depicted upon every brow—their minds were not prepared for the death of their beloved and renowned sovereign. Isabella, in the mean time, was not deluded by any false hopes. She felt the decay of her health and strength, and resolved to perform what temporal duties yet remained for her while her faculties were still unclouded, and executed that remarkable testament, of so great and world-renowned celebrity, which provided for every emergency that could possibly occur. After performing this duty she rapidly declined, al-

though the powers of her mind seemed to brighten with her approaching dissolution. She had now adjusted all her worldly concerns, and was prepared to devote the brief time that remained to those of a higher nature. At length, having received the sacraments, and performed all the offices of a sincere and devout Christian, she gently expired a little before noon on the twenty-fifth day of November, 1504, in the fifty-fourth year of her age. She ruled thirty years, during the whole of which Spain continued to prosper; and she died universally regretted and lamented by the whole nation.

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I WAS "born and bred" in a city. I was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest importers in my native place, and had received every advantage that money could procure. My mother's health was feeble and we had always, within my recollection, kept a housekeeper.

I had been reading, one day, an essay on the education of woman, and in the closing sentences there occurred this paragraph—"No woman's education can be complete unless she be thoroughly acquainted with the art of housewifery." Now you may be assured, this opinion, coming as it did from so important a person as the author of a book, fell with a great weight upon my mind, and set me to thinking. I glanced around the room. My eye fell on a splendid piano, a tasteful guitar, paintings which my pencil had executed, and embroideries which my skill had wrought. I laid my hand upon a gorgeously-bound book, its gilded leaves unclosed and the glowing thoughts of Dante met my gaze. And I possessed the power to unlock its mysteries—to read in the language which the great poet loved. German and French were familiar to me as my own language, and I had fairly studied through the illimitable concatenation of Latin verbs and supines. But what of that? All these qualifications were valueless! I had never looked at the subject in this light before. I glanced inward at myself. What did I know about housewifery? I smiled as I asked the question. Mortified enough, I was obliged to confess that I did not know a turkey from a chicken, and had not the most remote idea of the manner in which the delicious apple was lodged in the very heart of an apple dumpling!

I was astounded! What an admirable wife I should make! Supposing I should fall in love with a poor man, and as they usually do in novels, elope with him, expressing at the same time a preference for him with an humble cot-

tage, to a palace without him; and supposing that he was unable to supply the kitchen of said cottage with that important appendage—an Irish maiden—well, what then? Aye, sure enough, what then? I absolutely shuddered as I thought of it! Cross words, black frowns and blacker coffee at breakfast—singed steak and mysterious pudding for dinner—burnt bread and smoke-flavored tea at supper—and oh! dear, dear! I could hardly repress my tears as I thought of it.

Just as I was about deciding to go to my room for a regular "school-girl cry," Aunt Hatty and my mother came in from an extensive shopping expedition. Aunt Hatty, good soul! looked all the surprise she felt, as she said, peering at me curiously through her spectacles, "Law sake! child! what upon airth is the matter? Does your tooth ache? If it does, jest vet a piece of cotton as big as a hazel nut with Davis's Pain Killer, and put it in the kivity of the tooth, and it wont be long, I tell you before you'll feel an amasin' sight better."

By way of explanation, Aunt Hatty was my father's sister, a good old fashioned body, having great faith in home medicine practice. In early life she had married George Carroll, a wealthy farmer, and now lived on a farm about ten miles from the city.

"Oh, Aunt!" I faltered forth, "I don't know anything! no, not one thing!" and I bowed my head on the arm of the sofa and sobbed.

Aunt Hatty laughed outright, and my mother smiled as she inquired how long I had been so ignorant.

I explained all to them, and throwing myself on their mercy begged them to tell me what was to be done. Aunt Hatty consulted with my mother in private, while I performed tragedy on the sofa, and the result of the whole matter was that which I most wished. I was to go with

Aunt Hatty to "Pine Glen," Uncle Carrell's farm, and under her guardianship become acquainted with cooking, washing, churning, ironing—in short, with housework.

Papa's consent was readily obtained, and that afternoon I set out for Pine Glen with Aunt Hatty in her pretty buggy. The ride was delightful, and I was in fine spirits. Aunt feared I would be lonely, but when I saw the long, low brown cottage peeping shyly out from its covering of vines and roses, I laughed at the idea of loneliness in such a paradise.

Uncle George and cousin Charles were rejoiced to see me, at least, they said so—and I saw no reason to doubt their declaration.

My lady readers will like a description of cousin Charles, I know, so I'll e'en gratify them. He was a fine specimen of the New England farmer, twenty-three years of age, six feet high; brown, curling hair; broad, white forehead; deep, expressive eyes; handsome mouth, and a "splendid" set of whiskers.

Uncle and aunt Carroll, cousin Charles; and Betsy, a maiden sister of my uncle, composed the family at Pine Glen. There were, besides the family circle, several "work folks," and a smart little girl, who assisted about the house work.

Aunt said that work never was plentier, and there was ample opportunity to bring forth my latent energies.

I slept soundly that night in the great spare chamber—the state-room—of Pine Glen, with its clean, white floor and snowy window hangings. The song of a dear little bird close by my window, in a tall pine, awoke me quite early; and determined not to be thought indolent, I sprang up, and making a hasty toilet, I consulted my watch and found it was only half-past seven. Firmly convinced that not a soul in the house was up, I stole noiselessly down stairs, to avoid disturbing them, and entered the dining-room. The morning meal had evidently been on the table, and the family had, to all appearances, partaken. Mortified enough, I went into the kitchen to find aunt Hatty. The good lady laughed as she saw my consternation and begged me to take my breakfast as soon as possible, for she wished to "clean up." That morning's experience taught me that seven o'clock is *not* considered early in the country.

As it was "baking day," I prepared to receive my first lesson in bread making. Dressed in one of aunt's striped gingham dresses, and with Miss Betsy's best "tow and linen" apron, I commenced operations in right good earnest.

First, there were the tins to be buttered. I showed my consummate skill by merely buttering the outside and leaving the inside clean. Aunt Hatty laughed until the tears fell from under her spectacles, at this inversion of house-

hold laws. To my credit be it said, I did not despair, but set courageously to work to remedy the mishap. I took off my rings and laid them away, rolled my sleeves above my elbows, and put my hands valiantly into the hot dish water, and scrubbed the tins clean. Then followed drying them—after which, I performed the oiling process to aunt's entire satisfaction. The bread was to be mixed with hot water, and the yeast had been put in the night before, "consequently," Miss Betty said, "it was big enough to knead." Kneading was a term I did not exactly understand, so I applied to aunt Hatty for an explanation.

"Lah! Marian, don't you know how to knead bread? Why, I shall begin. You don't know much, after all your boarding-schools and pianer lessons; why, child, put your hands right into the midst of it, and mix together till there aint a single speck of dry meal to be seen."

I followed directions implicitly, and at the end of half an hour the mass before me had not changed the least particle, so I concluded that it must be kneaded enough, and I took it to Miss Betsy for examination. That venerable woman looked at the bread in embryo full a minute with the greatest amazement.

"Would you believe it, Harriet?" she exclaimed; "the poor child's been kneading that dry meal in the flour-bucket more 'n half an hour! Dear! dear! I *am* thankful I warn't born in the city!"

My feelings can be better imagined than described, for sure enough the bread pan sat demurely on a shelf above the stove with its contents undisturbed, while I had been laboring away on the contents of the flour bucket! I could have cried with vexation. Aunt Hatty consoled me by telling me that some great poet had said, "everybody must have their larnin'," and I felt that there was more of truth than poetry in the assertion—in fact, I was a practical illustration of the proverb. After another half hour's work the great smooth loaves were safely deposited on the bright brick floor of the big oven, and as I stood gazing on my great triumph, my heart swelled with a mighty burst of pride! General Taylor, when he first seated his portly body in the Presidential chair, could not have been better pleased with himself.

The bread baked finely, and in spite of the almost intolerable heat and aunt Hatty's kind assurances that she would see to its baking, I was determined not to leave it until it was ready to be drawn from the oven. It was a treasure too priceless to be entrusted to any one's keeping, and with burning face and aching arms, I persevered until the loaves were set on the unpainted table and nicely covered with a clean white cloth. Right glad was I to get into the cool

shaded parlor, though for the world I would not have confessed it, lest I should have been deemed cowardly, but I felt that one great step was taken—I could make bread!

A loaf of that identical bread was cut for dinner, and uncle Carroll and Charles praised its flavor to my entire satisfaction.

"Well, mother," said uncle Carroll to his wife, at the tea table, "what do you think has happened?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned aunt Hatty, thoughtfully. "Let me see; I shouldn't wonder if Squire Jenkins' wife had got a new bonnet; or it may be," she added, and her visage lengthened wonderfully, "it may be that the measles are 'round agin'."

Uncle laughed. "How serious you are Harriet. It is right good news; good for Marion, at least. The new house built by Col. Hayning is to be no longer without an occupant. The Col. himself is coming next week, with his family. A fine young man that son of his! Eh, Marion? There is not a better young man in the State of M—— than Robert Hayning! worth a dozen of your whiskered dandies!" and uncle George's merry black eyes rested knowingly on cousin Charlie's "imperial."

I will confess I was pleased, for Robert Hayning I had long known by report. Known him as an orator and a poet. Enraptured, had I lingered over words which had fallen from his pen, and deep, deep in my heart, had I wondered if he was all he seemed. But, luckily, uncle George didn't know of this, and more, I did not intend he should, so I remained silent.

After dinner was over, I was deputed to wash the dishes, of which task, thanks to the experience with the bread pans, I acquitted myself with honor. Then we took our work and sat on the western piazza until the sun was far down in the sky, and the tall green trees on the far-off hill held up their arms to enfold him. I gazed delighted on the splendid prospect, but was immediately disenchanted by aunt Hatty's summons to the kitchen, to assist her about "tea." The tea-kettle was boiling upon the stove, and the bread for the toast was already of a delicate brown. Aunt passed me the tea-urn, and instructed me to "scald it" with water from the kettle, and I obliged her faithfully, scalding the urn, and a large place on my arm at the same time. Aunt Hatty ran with wheat flour, and Davis's Pain Killer, (in which she placed infallible trust,) and my unfortunate limb was bandaged with an ample sized cloth, and consigned to *inertia* and a "sling," for the time being. Uncle George sympathized with me deeply, but Charlie half-laughed as he was told the particulars of my disaster. Perhaps he thought the blue-eyed Ellen Hall, the daughter of rich farmer

Hall, would never be guilty of a like unskillful act. No matter, Sir Charlie, I thought to myself, I will equal Ellen Hall yet.

The next day was the Sabbath. Calmly and brightly it dawned over the earth. I felt my spirit imbued with a spell of holiness, as I gazed abroad on the green, quiet country. Everything partook of the sweet, solemn stillness! Even the little brooks seemed to glide more softly, and the birds sang their simple hymns in the dark trees. The church was three miles away; so uncle harnessed the white horses into the double wagon, and we all set forth.

New beauties unfolded themselves at every step. The grey old church was the crowning feature in the picture of loveliness! Its little, slender spire glistened brightly in the yellow sunlight—and as the deep hallowed peals of the sonorous bell came breathing over the hills and died into low murmurs along the green valleys, I felt my soul swell with reverence and awe, such as I had never felt in the ornate cathedrals of my own fair city.

The church, like most others in the country, was not enclosed, and cousin Charles drove us to the very steps. Men, women and children were standing about under the shade trees, awaiting the arrival of their pastor, and discussing the state of the crops, politics, etc.

We passed in. The building was old, very old, and the grey-haired servant of God, who addressed us, was in keeping with the whole. And the sermon—would that I could recall it, word for word, that it might be sent out into the world for "the healing of the nations,"

Sunday appeared to be the general visiting day among the people of the vicinity, for as soon as we had returned to Pine Glen, the neighbors began to "drop in," until quite a company had assembled.

I asked aunt if they were going to have a prayer meeting. "Massy! no, Marion, them's only sociable folks come in to stay a spell. I hope Reuben Sargent will come, for he's the nicest beau in the place—leads the singing—don't you remember of seeing him? the tall feller, with the blue coat and red velvet vest. I should'n't wonder if he did come; for he's a great hand to git acquainted with every new-comer.

I sat myself quietly down in one corner of the room, a listener, for I soon found they were talking of topics of which I knew nothing, and I began to think that I wasn't of much use in the world, after all.

I had sat thus but a few moments, when knock! knock!! knock!!! sounded at the front door, loud enough to come from the fist of Hercules. Uncle answered the summons, and forthwith ushered into the room a tall young gentle-

man, with red hair, whiskers ditto, nose *retroussé*, and a *Je ne sais quoi* expression all over, whom he introduced as Mr. Reuben Sargent. Mr. Sargent bowed very gracefully (?) and sat down on the corner of a chair near me, with his hat on his knee. "Remarkable fine day, Miss Eastman; pleasant, quite, for the season," said Reuben, raising his organs of vision tenderly to my face. I assented, and added, that it seemed much pleasanter in the country during the summer than in the city.

"Waal, there!" replied Mr. Sargent, "I a-lers did hear folks say 'twas a nation sight pleasanter in the city than up here; but if you've lived there, of course you know."

Singing was proposed, and immediately the well-worn *Carmina Sacra* was hunted up, and Reuben rose up to "take the lead," with that peculiar professional air which is inseparable from a music teacher. "Turn to the ninety-eighth page—St. Martin's—a grand old tune!—common metre. All ready—sing! Don't you sing, Miss Eastman? Ready! Do-re, ml, fa, sol—sing!" and then followed a tumultuous "combination of sounds," which would have astonished the master builder of the tower of Babel, if he had heard it.

One tune made room for another, and the luckless "Carmina" was ransacked from title to finis. About nine o'clock Mr. Sargent took his departure, promising to "drop in" often. Aunt Hatty was very anxious to hear my opinion of him, but prudence induced me to withhold it.

Monday, with all the terrors of a washing day, dawned upon us, and notwithstanding my *brulure*, I determined to participate. Aunt remonstrated, but I assisted about breakfast, and fed the dear little white chickens so nicely, that Aunt Hatty was convinced that Davis's Pain Killer had been true to its trust.

Donning my Saturday's attire, I was duly encoined behind the wash-tub, with soap and hot water in abundance. Then commenced the "tug of war." I got along very well, with a little of aunt's superintendence, until she told me that I might put the clothes on to boil while she went to the cistern for water, adding, "be sure and soap every thing well!"

I adhered religiously to her suggestions, and was about placing Miss Betsy's nice blue lawn dress in the boiler with the white articles, when aunt Hatty came in. "Wonder upon airth!" exclaimed she, coming forward just in time to rescue the cherished fabric from impending destruction what does the girl mean! Marion, I believe you are the know-nothingest critter about house work that ever I did see! But, la! child, don't take on about it; you'll learn time enough to have Rube Sargent; he won't marry

till his new house is done, and you'll be a first-rate house-keeper by that time."

I felt very thankful for this consoling information, and set about my work with a lighter (?) heart. I had just succeeded in getting my hands and arms thoroughly immersed in the soap-suds, when in marched Nell, the little servant girl, and to my unbounded consternation, just behind her came Oecil Harding and Henry Winslow, two of my "upper tendom" acquaintances, from the city.

It was too late to retreat, for the gentlemen were making their best bows; so nothing remained for me but to meet them bravely.

Mr. Harding was a lawyer, city-bred, with all an "exquisite's" idea in regard to the sphere of woman; and, no doubt, my character fell below zero at this exhibition of my talents as a washer-woman. But little did I care. I knew the really good and noble would not despise the laborer, even though the labor was coarse and ungentle.

The gentlemen remained to dinner, and expressed themselves delighted with Pine Glen.

Tuesday was ironing-day, and never until then, did I realize the truth of what our laundress had said a thousand times, when asking for increased wages, "Ah, ma'am, you see it is such dreadful hard work to iron."

However, I did very well. Burned two holes in a new shirt—made a frightful rent in Miss Betsy's unfortunate blue lawn—broke the handle off a flatiron, by letting it fall upon the stove-hearth, and upset the basket full of stockings into the slop-dish. *Moins que* these trifling mishaps, I took my first lesson in ironing with credit. Aunt said I did well, and Miss Betsy forgave me for tearing her dress.

The next morning, after assisting in putting away the breakfast things, I threw on my bonnet for a while. It was a splendid May morning, and I took the path to the river. Oh, how beautiful in its fresh loveliness did everything appear! The sunshine lay athwart my path, in a golden net-work, and the odors of the gummy pines filled the air with fragrance. I sat down beneath a giant oak, whose roots were washed by the busy little river, and lost in a pleasing revery, in which housework had but a small share, I was unmindful of the lapse of time, until a footstep at my side aroused me. Turning quickly, I beheld a gentleman regarding me with apparent surprise. As I rose from my seat, he advanced towards me, and bowing respectfully, addressed me: "Madam, I have been so unfortunate as to lose my way; can you direct me to the residence of Col. Hayning?" I looked at the stranger—he was tall and commanding—thick, glossy, brown hair flung carelessly back over a pale, thoughtful brow—deep, searching

eyes, which I knew were full of tenderness, and a smile of strange sweetness.

I had no hesitation in walking with him in sight of Col. Hayning's residence; and, as I turned toward Pine Glen, the stranger asked, "Do you reside in this vicinity, madam?" "For the present," I answered. "I hope, then, to have the pleasure of renewing your acquaintance at no very distant period," and he handed me his card. I read the name—*Robert Hayning*.

The dishes were hardly washed after tea, that evening, before Reuben Sargent, with hair and handkerchief redolent of *cologne*, made his *début*. He had called, he said, to ask Miss Eastman to take a little ride with him, as it was pleasant, and he thought, may be, she would like to view the scenery of Pine Glen by moonlight. I excused myself, on the plea of a "cold;" and Mr. Sargent took his departure, with an air of injured innocence.

The weekly churning-day came, and Aunt Hatty was desirous to have me understand the art of butter-making. The churn was one of those ancient "machines," made in the form of a cone; and the butter was brought by means of a "dash," attached to a perpendicular handle. At this dash handle, I was stationed, with instructions to pull up the dash and drop it down again as fast as I could. I followed directions, and at the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, I felt some curiosity to see how *en-cieinte* matters were progressing; so, after considerable exertion, I got off the cover, and peeped cautiously in. A mass of fluid, more nearly resembling hot water than anything I had ever seen, met my astonished gaze. I had heard that in old times, the cream in churns had been bewitched by evil spirits, and I ran with all speed and told Aunt Hatty that the cream had turned to hot water!

"Massy-sakes-alive! Marion," exclaimed my Aunt, opening her eyes to their widest tension, "what is the matter now?" and the good lady dropped the cheese she was preparing for the press, and followed me to the scene of action. She heaved a sigh of relief after she had examined matters, and then gravely informed me that I had been churning all the time on the water which had been put into the churn to scald it, while the cream was safe in its own jar in the milk-room!

Things were speedily put in the right train, and again was I installed monarch of the churn-dash. After pounding away until my hands were blistered, I had the satisfaction of seeing the golden butter lying temptingly in the snow white buttermilk. Aunt stood by me while I beat and salted it, and when I had finished, she pronounced it excellent.

Notwithstanding blistered hands, I was happy

—I could show quite a number of scars obtained in "honorable wars" with domestic drudgery; and never did Revolutionary veteran, when about applying for a pension, look upon his wounds with more complacency, than did I upon my burnt arms and blistered fingers.

When Uncle George came to dinner, he said, with a sly look at me, "Well, mother, you must 'spruce up,' for Robert Hayning is coming here to tea; and I told him that there was quite an agreeable little girl here, learning to do housework, and he had better come up early."

I blushed, (who could help it?) and Uncle teased me with being in love with Reuben Sargent.

Several young ladies and gentlemen rode out from the city that afternoon to see me, but they went away before tea; and scarcely had they done so, when in walked Mr. Sargent, "large as life." I was annoyed, but I exerted myself to do the agreeable to the utmost. I had, to tell the truth, anticipated much pleasure from the expected visit of Mr. Hayning, and did not relish having Reuben spoil my imagined bliss.

At tea-time, Uncle George appeared, accompanied by Robert Hayning. I went through the ceremony of introduction with the air of a stoic. Mr. Hayning barely saved himself from a smile at Uncle's polite, "Permit me to make you acquainted," &c.

Reuben established himself in a chair by my side, and by putting his lower limbs in a very elegant position across the back of another chair, effectually prevented all incursion on what one would have surmised me to be—his legal property.

Uncle and Mr. Hayning talked of the weather, money matters, and the natural features of Pine Glen vicinity. Mr. Hayning said he thought Oak Grove by the river, the most attractive spot that he had visited, particularly, he added, the seat at the foot of the large oak; and he stole an expressive look towards the corner, where sat *Mrs. Sargent prospective*.

"Hem!" ejaculated Reuben, drawing down his mouth in contempt, "you and I don't bleeve any such nonsense, do we?" and he smiled and smiled at me in the most unbearable manner.

"*Vous êtes fou!*" I exclaimed, indignantly, forgetting that Reuben did not belong to the nation of onion soups and garlic lovers. Reuben, to my astonishment, replied, "Who's that fool? did you say?—why haint you had an introduction to him? why it's Robert Hayning, Col. Hayning's rowdy boy!" Surprise forbade my replying.

Tea was shortly after announced ready, and Reuben offered me his coat sleeve, saying, "Shan't I escort you out, Miss Eastman?" I looked unutterable things at him, but he, not-

ing daunted, muttered in an under tone, "Oh, no matter! never mind, she'll come round right in time!"

I could hardly help ejaculating, as aunt did, when completely amazed, "Did you ever!"

After tea, Mr. Sargent proposed singing; and Mr. Hayning, good-naturedly, assented. While the "choir-leader" was hunting over the *Carmina Sacra*, in hopes something new would turn up, Mr. Hayning approached me, and expressed his pleasure at being able to renew his acquaintance with me, adding, "that is, provided Mr. Sargent will allow me."

Quite a chat we had, while Reuben was debilitating between "Uxbridge" and "Greenville;" the choice fell upon the latter, and after the customary scale practice had been gone through with, Mr. Sargent announced, "Ready!" and poor "Greenville" was murdered without mercy.

Mr. Hayning left about sundown; but, in spite of all hints to the contrary, Mr. Sargent remained. He stayed and stayed. Aunt and Uncle retired, and Miss Betsy, soon after, did likewise. Mr. Sargent and I had the parlor to ourselves. Reuben arose, replenished the fire, and sat down on the lounge by my side. I was unacquainted with the details of an up-country courtship, and I had not the most remote idea that he was, as the phrase goes, "attempting to *sourt me*," until, with flourishes *ad infinitum*, he said, "Ahem!—h'm! Miss Eastman"—he had proceeded thus far, when he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, which was prolonged until it became painful to the listener, when he suddenly stopped, caught both my hands in his, and continued, "Miss Eastman, you must have been aware how particular my attentions have been to you, and as I have known you a considerable of a spell—ahem!—h'm! I make bold to inform you that I think of changing my *siterwation*!"—here he broke down with the pertinacious cough again. I could not imagine what the matter was; and instantaneously, I thought of all the stories I had heard of men going mad in a moment, and falling dead in fits, and visions of insane asylums, and portly M. D.'s, with accompanying medicine cases, floated before my distempered vision. I was about calling for assistance, hartshorne and the camphor-bottle, when Mr. Sargent stopped coughing, slid from his chair to the hearth-rug, placed his hand on the region of his stomach, and turning his eyes devoutly up to the plastering, he said, "And, Miss Eastman, need I say that it is you—*you*—that—h'm! that I would take for my pardner on the tilesome journey of life? I have loved you since the first minnit I gazed upon you; and you can't be so ongracious, onhuman as to refuse to become mine—my wife!"

It is better not to record my answer; but in

less than sixty seconds Reuben was on his way to the outer air, muttering as he went, "Confound them ar' stuck up city high-flyers!"

CHAPTER II.

Hayting time came at last. The cool zephyrs of June gave place to the sultry air of July; and the clover blossoms shed an aromatic odor all around.

"Now, Marion," said my aunt, "the busiest time of year has come, and your help will be needed more than ever; do you think you could rake hay?"

"I have no doubt of it," I replied, confidently.

The afternoon of that very day, the sun was curtaigned by a few sable clouds, and a dark silver-edged belt settled along the western horizon. Uncle George came in, and said there was a shower gathering, and he wanted "all hands," men, women, and children, as he expressed it, to turn out and come to the rescue, for he had fourteen tons of hay in the meadow, and as it was the best clover and grass he didn't want it to get wet.

My sun-bonnet was on my head in a moment; and Uncle assisted me into the hay-cart, which was drawn by two brown oxen and a dear good-natured looking white horse, leaving Aunt Hatty and Miss Betsy to follow on foot. Arrived at the meadow, we found the men hard at work, while the perspiration ran like rain down their faces. I looked dubiously at them; but I dare say my countenance brightened, as I saw Mr. Hayning in the midst of them! "Fine fellow, that!" said my uncle; "not a bit stuck up—came along, and found us busy, and was not ashamed to off coat and lend a helping hand. Better set your cap for him, eh! Marion," and Uncle George laughed at his own wit.

Mr. Hayning hastened forward to lift me from the cart, and said, playfully, "I am rejoiced to see you, Miss Eastman, for it is said that wretchedness needs companionship, and am I not wretched in my ignorance?"

I was entrusted with a rake, and told to follow after the load, and rake up all the stray straws. Mr. Hayning assisted me; and I thought to myself, (remember, dear reader, this is in confidence,) how much nobler he looks while engaged in labor, than does Fitzgerald Harrington, or Mortimer Phelps, Jr., in the interesting employment of twirling their parti-colored moustaches, and staring at the ladies.

The black belt along the horizon expanded, and became denser and blacker, until it had nearly reached the zenith, and at intervals the low rumbling of distant thunder fell upon the ear. None seemed to notice it, however, and I would not be the first to propose returning. The other ladies had not come, and probably would not, and I felt a vague terror at the thought of remaining exposed to such a tornado as that which threatened us.

Mr. Hayning started, as a louder peal of thunder vibrated on the heavy air, and said hastily, "Come, Miss Eastman, let us return to the house as quickly as possible; the storm is almost upon us."

The path lay through a dense thicket of alders, and tall old pines, on whose gloomy tops the angry cloud seemed to rest. Louder and more deafening grew the terrific peals, and the lightning was almost blinding. I trembled so that I could hardly sustain myself. Hayning encouraged me; and just as we had reached the darkest, dreariest part of the path, the storm burst upon us in all its fury. Mr. Hayning hurried me into the spreading shadow of some low hemlocks, and throwing his arm around my waist, drew me to his side. Instinctively, I clung to him, (I do not know but I should have done the same thing to Reuben Sargent, if he had been in Hayning's place.) Maiden bashfulness and pride were forgotten—I was oblivious of the fact that I was Marion Eastman, the haughty heiress of C—— Square, whose greatest boast had been, heretofore, the immense distance at which she kept her numerous admirers. I only remember that I hid my face on the broad breast of Robert Hayning, and I felt safe there. I do not know how long the storm continued; but I heard a kind voice calling my name, and I raised my head and looked around. The cloud had passed away, but a slight mist was still falling. I turned to my companion—his deep lustrous eyes were full of that tenderness which I knew *could* dwell there, and I felt the color rising in my cheeks, as my eyes fell beneath that ardent yet respectful gaze. I felt, in fact, heartily ashamed of the terror I had displayed; and as I thought, what could he think of me? I turned away from his offered arm, and said something, which must have sounded very foolish. Mr. Hayning evidently divined my feelings, for a reassuring smile lit up his fine face, as he said, gently, "You were frightened, dear Marion; you tremble now—nay, but you will not refuse my support?" I took his arm silently. Not a word was spoken until we reached the farm-house. Aunt Hatty was dreadfully frightened, and hurried me to a warm room to change my wet clothes.

An evening of radiant loveliness succeeded the afternoon, but aunt would not permit me to

venture out on the piazza, even, lest I should take cold. Peppermint tea was made, and hot-drops forced down my throat, despite my continued declaration that I did not feel "shivery." I was put into a bed, and the thick woolen blankets were piled upon me by aunt's unsparing hand, until I thought I should suffocate. 'Twas no use to demur, so I quietly submitted, inwardly invoking mercy upon my "clay tenement."

The next morning I arose early, and evading the watchfulness of Aunt Hatty, I stole out for a walk. The dew slept bright and fragrant in the bosoms of the flowers, and changed in the sunlight from green to gold, and from gold to crimson. I look back through the long dim vista of years to that one bright morning, and it shines preeminent among many scenes of gladness! Who has not in their heart, the remembrance of some sunny day, when their spirit was all joy, all brightness—all buoyancy? When they seemed but one step from the Land of the Eternal!

I took the path to the river. It was not long before Robert Hayning joined me. We walked along, side by side, with the deep blue sky and golden sunshine all around us. I am not disposed to tell the particulars of that walk; but when I returned to the farm-house, Miss Betsy declared that I looked "suspicious," and Aunt Hatty asked me if Hayning had been "popping the question!"

I remained at Pine Glen all that summer and the following autumn; and I tried hard to learn, and learn I did, I suppose, for Aunt paid me the compliment of giving me a diploma.

Two days before I left the country, I received an invitation to attend the wedding of Mr. Sargent, but "circumstances" forbade my acceptance of the kind compliment. Miss Peggie Sallie Hopkins was the bride; a daughter of Deacon Hopkins, the rich merchant of the miniature village of Pine Glen.

I suppose I might as well tell you what everybody knows, that before the frosts of winter whitened the earth, I was called *wife* by Robert Hayning. Never have I regretted that summer in the country, since it was the means of making me acquainted with him who is now dearer to me than the whole world.

MAPLE LEAVES.

RECEIVED FROM H. W. LONGFELLOW, BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

In no country under Heaven
Can such gorgeous woods be found,
With such bright-hues scattered round,
As the frost to ours hath given—
Richest dyes of red and green,
Dancing in the Autumn shien,

Like the Dolphin's dying hues
These grow brighter to expire,
For their beauty, I would choose
Maple leaves all ting'd with fire;
These the poet sent to me,
Prized and cherished they shall be.

SHANE FADH'S WEDDING.

A HUMOROUS STORY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE neighbors were all assembled about Ned's hearth, in the same manner as on the night preceding. After some preliminary chat—"Well, Shane," said Andy Morrow, addressing Shane Fadh, "will you give us an account of your wedding? I am told it was the greatest let-out that ever was in the country, before or since."

"And you may say that, Mr. Morrow," said Shane, "I was at many a wedding myself, but never at the likes of my own, barring Tim Langan's, that married Father Corrigan's niece."

"I believe," said Andy, "that, too, was a dashing one; however, it's your own we want. Come, Nancy, fill these measures again, and let us be comfortable, at all events, and give Shane a double one, for talking's druthy work—I'll pay for this round."

When the liquor was got in, Shane, after taking a draught, laid down his pint, pulled out his steel tobacco box, and after twisting off a chew between his teeth, closed the box, and commenced the story of his wedding.

"When I was a young man, full of fun and frolic," said Shane, "I was as wild as an unbroken colt—no divilment was too hard for me; and so sign's on it, for there wasn't a piece of mischief done in the parish, but was laid at my door—and the dear knows I had enough of my own to answer for, let alone to be set down for that of other people; but any way, there was many a thing done in my name, when I knew neither act nor part about it. One of them I'll mention: Dick Cuillenan, father to Paddy, that lives at the cross-roads, beyant Gunpowder Lodge, was over head and ears in love with Jemmy Finigan's eldest daughter, Mary, then, sure enough, as purty a girl as you'd meet in a fair—indeed, I think I'm looking at her, with her fair flaxen ringlets hanging over her shoulders, as she used to pass our house, going to mass of a Sunday. God rest her soul, she's now in glory—that was before she was my wife. Many a happy day we passed together; and I could take it to my death, that an ill word, let alone to rise our hands to one another, never passed between us—only one day, that a word or two happened about the dinner, in the middle of lint, being a little too late, so that the horses were kept nigh hand half an hour out of the plough; and I wouldn't have valued that so much, only that it was *Bealcum* Doherty that joined me in ploughing that year, and I was vexed not to take all I could out of him, for he was a real Turk himself.

"I disremember now what passed between us as to words; but I know I had a duck-egg in my hand, and when she spoke, I raised my arm, and nailed poor Larry Tracy, our servant boy, between the two eyes with it, although the cra-thur was sitting his dinner quietly forment me, not saying a word.

"Well, as I told you, Dick was ever after her, although her father and mother would rather see her *under board* than joined to any one of that connection; and as for herself, she couldn't bear the sight of him, he was sich an upsetting, conceited puppy, that thought himself too good for every girl. But there was no putting the likes of him off; so he got a quart of spirits in his pocket, one night, and without saying a word to mortal, off he sets full speed to her father's, in order to brake the thing to the family.

"Mary might be about seventeen at this time, and her mother looked almost as young and fresh as if she hadn't been married at all. When Dick arrived at Finigan's, he got alongside of Mary, and began, of coorse, to pull out her needles and spoil her knitting, as is customary before the young people come to close spaking. Mary, howsomever, had no welcome for him; so, says she, 'you ought to know, Dick Cuillenan, who you spake to, before you make the freedom you do.'

"'But you don't know,' says Dick, 'that I'm a great hand at spoiling the girls knitting—it's a fashion I've got,' says he.

"'It's a fashion, then,' says Mary, 'that'll be apt to get you a broken mouth sometime. 'Then,' says Dick, 'whoever does that must marry me.'

"'And them that gets you, will have a prize to brag of,' says she; 'stop yourself Cuillenan—single your freedom, and double your distance, if you please; I'll cut my coat off no such cloth.'

"'Well, Mary,' says he, 'maybe, if you don't, as good will; but you won't be so cruel as all that comes to; the worst side of you is out, I think.'

"'He was now beginning to make greater freedom; but Mary rises from her seat, and whisks away with herself, her cheek as red as a rose with vexation at the fellow's imperance. 'Very well,' says Dick, 'off you go; but there's as good fish in the *say* as ever was catched. I'm sorry to see, Susy,' says he to her mother, 'that Mary's no friend of mine, and I'd be

mighty glad to find it otherwise; for, to tell the truth, I'd wish to become connected with the family. In the meantime, hadn't you better get us a glass, till we drink one bottle on the head of it, any way.'

"Why, then, Dick Cuillenan," says the mother, 'I don't wish you any thing else than good luck and happiness; but, as to Mary, she's not for you herself, nor would it be a good match between the families at all. Mary is to have her grandfather's sixty guineas; and the two young cows that her uncle Jack left her four years ago has brought her a good stock for any farm. Now if she married you, Dick, where's the farm to bring her to? Surely, it's not upon them seven acres of stone and bent, upon the long Esker, that I'd let my daughter go to live. So, Dick, put up your bottle, and in the name of God, go home, boy, and mind your business; but, above all, when you want a wife, go to them that you may have a right to expect, and not to a girl like Mary Finigan that could lay down guineas where you could hardly find shillings.'

"Very well, Susy," says Dick, nettled enough, as he well might, 'I say to you, just as I say to your daughter; if you be proud, there's no force.'"

"But what has this to do with you, Shane?" asked Andy Morrow; "sure we wanted to hear an account of *your* wedding, but instead of that, it's Dick Cuillenan's history you're giving us."

"That's just it," said Shane; "sure, only for this same Dick, I'd never get Mary Finigan for a wife. Dick took Susy's advice, bekase, after all, the undacent drop was in him, or he'd never have brought the bottle out of the house, at all; but, faith, he riz up, put the whiskey in his pocket, and went home with a face on him as black as my hat with venom. Well, things passed on till the Christmas following, when one night, after the Finigans had all gone to bed, there comes a crowd of fellows to the door, thumping at it with great violence, and swearing that if the people within wouldn't open it immediately, it would be smashed into smithereens. The family, of coorse, were all alarmed; but somehow or other, Susy herself got suspicious that it might be something about Mary; so up she gets, and sends the daughter to her own bed, and lies down herself in the daughter's."

"In the mane time, Finigan got up, and after lighting a candle, openeu the door at once. 'Come, Finigan,' says a strange voice, 'put out the candle, except you wish to make a candlestick of the thatch,' says he, 'or to give you a prod of a bagnet under the ribs,' says he."

"It was a folly for one man to go to bell-the cat with a whole crowd; so he blew the candle out, and next minute they rushed in, and went

as straight as a rule to Mary's bed. The mother all the time lay close, and never said a word. At any rate, what could be expected, only that, do what she could, at the long run she must go. So, accordingly, after a very hard battle on her side, being a powerful woman, she was obliged to travel—but not till she had left many of them marks to remimber her by; among the rest, Dick himself got his nose split on his face, with the stroke of a churn-staff, so that he carried half a nose on each cheek till the day of his death. Still, there was very little spoke, for they didn't wish to betray themselves on any side. The only thing that Finigan could hear, was my name repated several times, as if the whole thing was going on under my direction; for Dick thought, that if there was any one in the parish likely to be set down for it, it was me."

"When Susy found they were for putting her behind one of them, on a horse, she rebelled again, and it took near a dozen of boys to hoist her up; but one vagabone of them, that had a rusty-broad-sword in his hand, gave her a skelp with the flat side of it, that subdued her at once, and off they went. Now, above all nights in the year, who should be dead but my own full cousin, Denis Fadh—God be good to him!—and I, and Jack and Dan, his brothers, while bringing home whiskey for the wake and berrin, met them on the road. At first we thought them distant relations coming to the wake, but when I saw only one woman among the set, and she mounted on a horse, I began to suspect that all wasn't right. I accordingly turned back a bit, and walked near enough without their seeing me to hear the discoorse, and hear the whole business. In less than no time I was back at the wake-house, so I up and tould them what I saw, and off we set, about forty of us, with good cudgels, scythe-sneds, and hooks, fully bent to bring her back from them, come or go what would. And troth, sure enough, we did it; and I was the man myself that rode after the mother on the same horse that carried her off."

"From this out, when and wherever I got an opportunity, I whispered the soft nonsense, Nancy, into poor Mary's ear, until I put my comedher on her, and she couldn't live at all without me. But I was something for a woman to look at then, any how, standing six feet two in my stocking soles, which, you know, made them call me Shane Fadh. At that time I had a dacent farm of fourteen acres in Crocknagooran—the same that my son, Ned, has at the present time; and though, as to wealth, by no manner of manes fit to compare with the Finigans, yet, upon the whole, she might have made a worse match. The father, however, wasn't for me, but the mother was; so after drinking a bottle or two with the mother, Sarah Traynor, her cousin,

and Mary, along with Jack Donnellan on my part, in their own barn, unknownst to the father, we agreed to make a runaway match of it; appointed my uncle Brian Slevin's as the house we'd go to. The next Sunday was the day appointed; so I had my uncle's family prepared, and sent two gallons of whiskey, to be there before us, knowing that neither the Finigans nor my own friends liked stinginess. You all know that the best of aiting and dhrinking is provided when a runaway couple is expected; and indeed there was plenty of both there. My uncle and all that were within welcomed us in earnest; and many a good song and hearty jug of punch was sent round that night. The next morning my uncle went to her father's, and broke the business to him at once; indeed it wasn't very hard to do, for I believe it reached him afore he saw my uncle at all; so she was brought home that day, and, on the Thursday night after, I, my father, uncle, and several other friends, went there, and made the match. She had sixty guineas, that her grandfather left her, thirteen head of cattle, two feather, and two chaff beds, with sheeting, quilts, and blankets; three pieces of bleached linen, and a flock of geese of her own rearing; upon the whole, among ourselves, it wasn't aisy to get such a fortune.

"Well, the match was made, and the wedding-day appointed. So, as the bridegroom's share of the expense always is to provide the whiskey, I'm sure for the honor and glory of taking the blooming young crathur from the great lot of bachelors that were all breaking their hearts about her, I couldn't do less nor finish the thing dacently; knowing, besides, the high doings that the Finigans would have of it—for they were always looked upon as a family that never had their heart in a trife, when it would come to the push. So, you see, I and my brother Mickey, my cousin Tom, and Dom'nick Nulty, went up into the mountains to Tim Cassidy's still-house. where we spent a glorious day, and bought fifteen gallons of stuff, that one drop of it would bring the tear, if possible, to a young widdy's eye, that had berried a bad husband. Indeed, this was at my father's bidding, who wasn't a bit behind hand with any of them in cutting a dash. 'Shane,' says he to me, 'you know the Finigans of ould, that they won't be contint with what would do another, and that, except they go beyant the thing, entirely, they won't be satisfied. They'll have the whole countryside at the wedding, and we must let them see that we have a spirit and a faction of our own,' says he, 'that we needn't be ashamed of. They've got all kinds of atables in cart-loads, and as we're to get the drinkables, we must see and give as good as they'll bring. I myself, and your mother, will go round and invite all we can think

of, and let you and Mickey go up the hills to Tim Cassidy, and get fifteen gallons of whiskey, for I don't think less will do us.'

"This we accordingly complied with, as I said, and surely better stuff never went down the *red lane* than the same whiskey; for the people knew nothing about watering it then, at all at all. Well, at last the day came. The wedding morning, or the bride's part of it, as they say, was beautiful. It was then the month of July. The evening before, my father and my brother went over to Jemmy Finigan's, to make the regulations for the wedding. We, that is my party, were to be at the bride's house about ten o'clock, and we were then to proceed, all on horse-back, to the priest's, to be married. We were then after drinking something at Tom Hance's public house, 'to come back as far as the Dumbhill, where we were to start and *run for the bottle*. That morning we were all up at the shriek of day. From six o'clock, my own faction, friends and neighbors, began to come, all mounted; and about eight o'clock there was a whole regiment of them, some on horses, some on mules, others on raheries and asses; and, by my word, I believe little Dick Snudaghan, the tailor's apprentice, that had a hand in making my wedding clothes, was mounted upon a buck goat, with a bridle of selvages tied to his horns. Anything at all, to keep their feet from the ground; for nobody would be allowed to go with the wedding that hadn't some animal between them and the earth.

"To make a long story short, so large a bridegroom's party was never seen in that country before, save and except Tim Lannigan's, that I mentioned just now. It would make you split your face laughing to see the figure they cut; some of them had saddles and bridles—others had saddles and halthers; some had back-sugawns of straw, with hay stirrups to them, but good bridles; others had sacks filled up as like saddles as they could make them, girthed with hay ropes five or six times tied round the horses' body. When one or two of the horses wouldn't carry double, except the hind rider sat strideways, the women had to be put foremost, and the men behind them. Some of them had dacent pillions enough, but most of them had none at all, and the women were obliged to sit where the crupper ought to be; and a hard card they had to play to keep their seats even when the horses walked aisy, so what must it be when they came to a gallop; but that same was nothing at all to a trot.

"At last we set off in great style and spirits; I well mounted on a good horse of my own, and my brother on one that he had borrowed from Peter Donnellan, fully bent on winning the bottle. I would have borrowed him myself, but I thought it dacent to ride my own horse man-

fully, even though he never won a side of mutton or a saddle, like Donnellan's. But the man that was most likely to come in for the bottle was little Billy Cormick, the tailor, who rode a blood-racer that young John Little had wickedly lent him for the special purpose; he was a tall bay animal, with long small legs, a switch tail, and didn't know how to trot. Maybe we didn't cut a dash, and might have taken a town before us. Out we set about nine o'clock, and went across the country; but I'll not stop to mention what happened some of them, even before we got to the bride's house. It's enough to say here, that sometimes one in crassing a stile or ditch would drop into the *slough*; sometimes another would find himself headforemost on the ground; a woman would be capsized here in crassing a ridgy field, bringing her fore-rider to the ground along with her; another would be hanging like a broken arch, ready to come down, till some one would ride up and fix her on the seat. But as all this happened in going over the fields, we expected that when we'd get out on the king's high-way there would be less danger, as we would have no ditches or drains to crass. When we came in sight of the house, there was a general shout of welcome from the bride's party, who were on the watch for us; we couldn't do less nor give them back the chorus; but we had better have let that alone, for some of the young horses took the *stadh*, others of them capered about; the asses, the sorra choke them, that were along with us should begin to bray, as if it was the king's birth-day; and a mule of Jack Irwin's took into his head to stand stock still. This brought another dozen of them to the ground; so that, between one thing or another, we were near half an hour before we got on the march again. When the blood-horse that the tailor rode, saw the crowd and heard the shouting, he cocked his ears, and set off with himself full speed; but before he had got far he was without a rider, and went galloping up to the bride's house, the bridle hangin' about his feet. Billy, however, having taken a glass or two, wasn't to be cowed; so he came up in great blood, and swore he would ride him to Amerika, sooner than let the bottle be won from the bridegroom's party.

"When we arrived, there was nothing but shaking hands and kissing, and all kinds of *slew-athering*. Another breakfast was ready for us; and here we all sat down; myself and my next relations in the bride's house, and the others in the barn and garden; for one house wouldn't hold the half of us. Eating, however, was all only talk; of coorse we took some of the poteen again, and in a short time afterwards set off along the public road to the priest's house, to be tied as fast as he could make us, and that was

fast enough. Before we went out to mount our horses though, there was just such a hullabaloo with the bride and her friends as there was with myself; but my uncle soon put a stop to it, and in five minutes had them breaking their hearts laughing.

"We were now all in motion once more; the bride riding behind my man, and the bride's-maid behind myself; a fine bouncing girl she was, but not to be mentioned in the one year with my own darlin'; in troth, it wouldn't be aisy getting such a couple as we were the same day, though it's myself that says it. All the time, as we went along, we had the music; but then at first we were mightily puzzled what to do with the fiddler. To put him as a hind rider it would prevent him from playing, bekase how could he keep the fiddle before him an another so close to him? To put him foremost was as bad, for he couldn't play and hold the bride together; so at last my uncle proposed that he should get behind himself, turn his face to the horse's tail, and saw away like a Trojan.

"Well, when we got to the priest's house, there was a hearty welcome for us all. The bride and I, with our next kindred and friends went into the parlor; along with these, there was a set of young fellows, who had been bachelors of the bride's, that got in with an intention of getting the first kiss, and, in coorse, of bateing myself out of it. I got a whisper of this; so by my song, I was determined to cut them all out in that, so well as I did in getting herself; but you know, I couldn't be angry, even if they had got the foreway of me in it, bekase it's an ould custom. While the priest was going over the business, I kept my eye about me, and, sure enough, there were seven or eight fellows all waiting to snap at her. When the ceremony drew near a close, I got up on one leg, so that I could bounce to my feet like lightning, and when it was finished, I got her in my arm, before you could say Jack Robinson, and swinging her behind the priest, gave her the husband's first kiss. The next minute there was a rush after her; but, as I had got the first, it was but fair that they should come in according as they could. When this was over, we mounted again, the fiddler taking his ould situation behind my uncle. You know it is usual, after getting the knot tied, to go to a public house, or *shebeen*, to get some refreshment after the journey; so, accordingly, we went to little lame Larry Spooney's, (grandfather to him that was transported the other day for staling Bob Beaty's sheep;) he was called Spooney himself, for his sheep-stealing, ever since Paddy Keenan made the song upon him, ending with 'his house never wants a good ram-horn spoon;' so that let people say what they will, these things run in the blood. Well, we

went to his shebeen house, but the tithe of us couldn't get into it; so we sot on the green before the door, and, by my song, we *took* decently with him, any how; and, only for my uncle, it's odds but we would have been all fuddled.

"It was now that I began to notish a kind of coolness between my party and the bride's, and for some time I didn't know what to make of it. I wasn't long so, however; for my uncle, who still had his eyes about him, comes over to me, and says, 'Shane, I doubt there will be bad work amongst these people, particularly betwixt the Dorans and the Flanagans; the truth is, that the old business of the law-shoot will break out, and except they're kept from drink, take my word for it, there will be blood spilled. The running for the bottle will be a good excuse,' says he, 'so I think we had better move home before they go too far in the drink.

"Well, any way, there was truth in this; so, accordingly, the reckoning was *ped*, and, as this was the thrate of the weddinners to the bride and bride-groom, every one of the men clubbed his share, but neither I nor the girls, anything.

"There was now a great jealousy among them that were bint for winning the bottle." They were all in a lump—horses, mules, raghe-rays, and asses—some, as I said with saddles, some with none, and all just as I tould you before, the word was given, and off they scoured, myself along with the rest; and devil be off me, if ever I saw such another sight but itself before or since. Off they skelped through thick and this, in a cloud of dust like a mist about us; but it was a mercy that the life wasn't trampled out of some of us; for before we had gone fifty perches, the one-third of them were sprawling a top of one another on the road. As for the women, they went down right and left; sometimes bringing the horsemen with them; and many of the boys getting black eyes and bloody noses on the stones. Some of them, being half blind with the motion and the whiskey, turned off the wrong way, and galloped on, thinking they had completely distanced the crowd, and it wasn't until they cooled a bit that they found out their mistake.

"But the best sport of all was, when they came to the *Lazy Corner*, just at Jack Gallagher's *flush*, where the water came out a good way across the road; being in such a flight, they either forgot or didn't know how to turn the angle properly, and plash went above thirty of them, coming down right on the top of one another, souse in the pool. By this time there was about a dozen of the best horsemen a good distance before the rest, cutting one another up for the bottle; among these were the Dorans and Flanagans; but they, you see, wisely enough, dropped their women at the beginning, and only rode single. I myself didn't mind the bottle,

but kept close to Mary, for fraid that among sich a devil's pack of half-mad fellows, anything might happen her. At any rate, I was next the first batch: but where do you think the tailor was all this time? Why away off like lightning, miles before them; flying like a swallow; and how he kept his sate so long has puzzled me from that day to this; but, any how, truth's best, there he was topping the hill ever so far before them. After all, the unlucky crathur nearly missed the bottle; for when he turned to the bride's house, instead of pulling up as he ought to do, why, to show his horsemanship to the crowd that was out looking at them, he should begin to cut up the horse right and left, until he made him take the garden ditch in full flight, landing him among the cabbages. About four yards or five from the spot where the horse lodged himself, was a well, and a purty deep one too, by my word; but not a sowl present could tell what become of the tailor, until Owen Smith chanced to look into the well, and saw his long spurs just above the water; so he was pulled up in a purty pickle, not worth the washing; but what did he care? although he had a small body, the sorra one of him but had a sowl big enough for Goliath or Sampson the Great.

"As soon as he got his eyes clear, right or wrong, he insisted on getting the bottle; but he was late, poor fellow, for before he got out of the garden, two of them cums up, Paddy Doran and Peter Flanagan, cutting one another to pieces, and not the length of your nail between them. Well, well, that was a terrible day, sure enough. In the twinkling of an eye they were both off the horses, the blood streaming from their bare heads, struggling to take the bottle from my father, who didn't know which of them to give it to. He knew if he'd hand to one, the other would take offence, and then he was in a great puzzle, striving to rason with them; but long Paddy Doran caught it while he was spaking to Flanagan, and the next instant Flanagan measured him with a heavy loaded whip and left him stretched upon the stones. And now the work began; for by this time the friends of both parties came up and joined them. Such knocking down, such roaring among the men, and screeching and clapping of hands and wiping of heads among the women, when a brother, or a son, or a husband would get his gruel. Indeed, out of a fair, I never saw any thing to come up to it. But during all this work, the busiest man among the whole set was the tailor, and what was worse of all for the poor crathur, he should single himself out against both parties, bekase you see he thought they were cutting him out of his right to the bottle.

"They had now broken up the garden gate for weapons, all except one of the posts, and fought

into the garden; when nothing should sarve Billy but to take up the large heavy post, as if he could destroy the whole faction on each side. Accordingly he came up to big Matthew Flanagan, and was rising it just as if he'd fell him, when Matt, catching him by the nape of the neck, and the waistband of the breeches, went over very quietly, and dropped him a second time, heels up, into the well, where he might have been yet, only for my mother-in-law, who dragged him out with a great deal to do; for the well was too narrow to give him room to turn.

"As for myself and all my friends, as it happened to be my own wedding, and at our new place, we couldn't take part with either of them, but we endeavored all in our power to red them, and a tough task we had of it, until we saw a pair of whips going hard and fast among them, belonging to Father Corrigan and Father James, his curate. Well, its wonderful how soon a priest can clear up a quarrel! In five minutes there wasn't a hand up, instead of that, they were ready to run into mouse-holes.

" 'What, you murderers,' says his Reverence, 'are you hint to have each other's blood upon your heads; ye vile infidels, ye cursed unchristian Antherntarians? are you going to get yourselves hanged like sheep-stalers? down with your sticks I command you. If you don't wish me,' says he, 'to turn you into stocks and stones where you stand, and make world's wonders of you as long as you live. Doran, if you rise your hand more, I'll strike it dead on your body, and to your mouth you'll never carry it while you have breath in your carcass,' says he. 'Clear off, you Flanagans, you butchers you, or by St. Dominick, I'll turn the heads round upon your bodies, in the twinkling of an eye, so that you'll not be able to look a quiet Christian in the face again.

" 'Ay, and by St. Pether, they both deserve it as well as a thief does the gallows,' said the little blustering voice, belonging to the tailor, who came forward in a terrible passion, looking for all the world like a drowned rat. 'Ho, by St. Pether, they do, the vagabones; for it was myself that won the bottle, your Reverence; and by this and by that,' says he, 'the bottle I'll have, or some of their crowns will crack for it; blood or whiskey I'll have, your Reverence, and I hope that you'll assist me!'

"So after Billy had told his Reverence all about it, 'Well, Billy,' says Father Corrigan, 'you must get the bottle; and as for you Dorans and Flanagans, I'll make examples of you for this day's work—that you may reckon on. You are a disgrace to the parish, and what's more, a disgrace to your priest. How can luck or grace attend the marriage of any young couple that there's such work at? Before you leave this, you must

all shake hands, and promise never to quarrel with each other while grass grows or water runs; and if you don't by the blessed St. Dominick, I'll *extimate* ye both, and all belonging to you into the bargain; so that ye'll be the pitiful examples and shows to all that look upon you.'

" 'Well, well, your Reverence,' says my father-in-law, let all by-gones be by-gones; and please God, they will before they go, be better friends than ever they were. Go now and cleanse yourselves, take the blood from about your faces, for the dinner's ready an hour ago; but if you all respect the place you're in, you'll show it, in regard of the young crathurs that's going, in the name of God, to face the world together, and of coorse, wishes that this day at last should pass in peace and quietness; little did I think there was any friend or neighbor here that would make so little of the place or people, as was done for nothing at all, in the face of the country.'

" 'Well,' says my uncle, 'there's no help for spilt milk, I tell you, nor for spilt blood either.'

" 'That's right, Brian,' shouts the tailor—that's right; there must be no fighting; by the powers, the first man attempts it, I'll brain him—fell him to the earth like an ox, if all belonging to him was in my way.'

"This threat from the tailor, went farther, I think, in putting them into good humor nor even what the priest said. They then washed and cleaned themselves, and accordingly went to their dinners. Such lashins of corned beef, and rounds of beef, and legs of mutton, and bacon—turkeys and geese, and barn-door fowls, young and fat. They may talk as they will, but commend me to a piece of good ould bacon, ate with crock butther, and phaties, and cabbage. Sure enough, they leathered away at everything, but this and the pudding were the favorites. Father Corrigan gave up the carving in less than no time, for it would take him half a day to sarve them all, and he wanted to provide for number one. After helping himself, he set my uncle to it, and maybe he didn't slash away right and left. There was half-a dozen gorseons carrying about the beer in cans, with froth upon it like barm—but that was beer in earnest, Nancy—I'll say no more.

"When the dinner was over, you would think there was as much left as would sarve a regiment; and sure enough, a right hungry, ragged regiment was there to take care of it, though, to tell the truth, there was as much taken into Finigan's, as would be sure to give us all a rousing supper.—Why, there was such a troop of beggars—men, women, and childher, sitting over on the sunny side of the ditch, as would make short work of the whole dinner, had they got it. Along with Father Corrigan and me, was my father and mother, and Mary's parents; my uncle, cousins, and nearest relations on both sides. Oh, it's Father

Corrigan, God rest his soul, he's now in glory and so he was *then*, also—how he did crow and laugh! 'Well, Matthew Finigan,' says he, 'I can't say but I'm happy that your *Colleen Bawn* here has lit upon a husband that's no discredit to the family—and it is herself didn't drive her pigs to a bad market,' says he. 'Why, in troth, Father, avourneen,' says my mother-in-law, they'd be hard to please that couldn't be satisfied with them she got; not saying but she had her pick and choice of many a good offer, and might have got richer matches; but Shane Fadh M'Cawell, although you're sitting there beside my daughter, I'm prouder to see you on my own fiure, the husband of my child, nor if she'd got a man with four times your substance.'

"'Hah! hah! Shane Fadh,' says Friar Rooney, who just then dropped in on us all of a sudden, 'you *did* them all, I see. You have her there, the flower of the parish, blooming beside you; but I knew as much six months ago, ever since I saw you bid her good night at the hawthorn. Who looked back so often, Mary, eh? Ay, laugh and blush—do—throth, 'twas I that caught you, but you didn't see me, though. Well, a colleen, and if you did, too, you needn't be ashamed of your bargain, any how. You see, the way I came to persuade yees that evening was this—but I'll tell it, by and bye. In the mane time,' says he, sitting down, and attacking a fine piece of corn-beef and greens, 'I'll take care of a certain acquaintance of mine,' says he. 'How are you reverend gentlemen of the *Secularity*. You'll permit a poor friar to sit and ate his dinner in your presence, I humbly hope.'

"'Frank,' says Father Corrigan, 'lay your hand upon your conscience, or upon your stomach, which is the same thing, and tell us honestly, how many dinners you eat on your travels among my parishioners this day.'

"'As I'm a sinner, Michael, this is the only thing to be a called a *dinner* I eat this day—Shane Fadh—Mary, both your healths, and God grant you all kinds of luck and happiness, both here and hereafter! All your healths in general; gentlemen *seculars*!'

"'Thank you, Frank,' said Father Corrigan; 'how did you speed to-day?'

"'How can any man speed, that comes after you?' says the Friar; 'I'm after traveling the half of the parish for that poor bag of oats that you see standing against the ditch.'

"'In other words, Frank,' says the Priest, 'you took *Alihadhawan* in your way, and in about half-a-dozen houses filled your sack, and then turned your horse's head towards the good cheer, by way of *accident* only.'

"'And was it by way of accident, Mr. *Secular*, that I got you and that floquent young

gentleman, your curate, here before me? Do you feel that, man of the world? Father James, your health, though—you're a good young man as far as saying nothing goes; but it's better to sit still than rise up and fall, so I commend you for your *discretion*,' says he; 'but I'm afeard your master there, won't make you much fitter for the kingdom of heaven, any how.'

"'I believe, Father Corrigan,' says my uncle, who loved to see the priest and the friar at it, 'that you've met with your match; I think Father Rooney's able for you.'

"'Oh, sure,' says Father Corrigan, 'he was joker to the college of the *Sorobones* in Paris; he got as much education as enabled him to say mass in Latin, and to beg oats in English, for his jokes.'

"'Troth, and,' says the friar, 'if you were to get your larning on the same terms, you'd be guilty of very little knowledge; why, Michael, I never knew you to attempt a joke but once, and I was near shedding tears, there was something so very sorrowful in it.'

"'This brought the laugh against the priest. 'Your health, Molshe,' says he, winking at my mother-in-law, and then giving my uncle, who sat beside him, a *nudge*; 'I believe, Brian, I'm giving it to him.' 'Tis yourself that is,' says my uncle; 'give him a wipe or two more.' 'Wait till he answers the last,' says the friar.

"'He's always joking,' says Father James, 'when he thinks he'll make anything by it.'

"'Ay!' says the friar, 'then God help you both if you were left to your jokes for your feeding; for a poorer pair of gentlemen wouldn't be found in Christendom.'

"'And I believe,' says Father Corrigan, 'if you depindet for your feeding upon your divinity instead of your jokes, you'd be as poor as a man in the last stage of a consumption.'

"'This threw the laugh against the friar, who smiled himself; but he was a dry man that never laughed much.

"'What makes you say,' says Father James, who was more in earnest than the rest, 'that my unole won't make me fit for the kingdom of heaven?'

"'I had a pair of reasons for it, Jemmy,' says the friar; 'one is, that he doesn't understand the subject himself; and another is, that you haven't capacity for it, even if he did. You've a want of nathural parts—a whackum here,' pointing to his forehead.

"'I beg your pardon, Frank,' says Father James, 'I deny your premises, and I'll now argue in Latin with you, if you wish, upon any subject you please.'

"'Come, then,' says the friar,—'*Kid-eat-ivy mere-eat-hay*.'

"'Kid—what?' says the other.

"'Kid-eat-ivy mare-eat-hay,' answers the friar.

"'I don't know what you're at,' says Father James, 'but I'll argue in Latin with you as long as you wish.'

"'Tut man,' says Father Rooney, 'Latin's for school-boys; but come, now, I'll take you in another language—I'll try you in Greek—*In-mud-eel-is in-clay-none-is in-fir-tar-is in-oak-none-is.*'

"The curate looked at him, amazed, not knowing what answer to make. At last, says he, 'I don't profess to know Greek, bekase I never larned it—but stick to the Latin, and I'm not afeard of you.'

"'Well, then,' says the friar, 'I'll give you a trial at that—*A flat te canis ter—Ferte dux fel flat in guther.*'

"'A flat-tay-cannisther—Forty ducks fell flat in the gutthers!' says Father James,—why that's English!"

"'English!' says the friar, 'oh, good bye to you, Mr. Secular; if that's your knowledge of Latin, you're an honor to your teachers and to your cloth.'

"Father Corrigan now laughed heartily at the puzzling the friar gave Father James. 'James,' says he, 'never heed him; he's only pesthering you with bog-latin; but, at any rate, to do him justice, he's not a bad scholar, I can tell you that.'

"'You see,' says the friar, in a whisper to my uncle, 'how I sobered them in the larning, and they are good scholars for all that, but not near so deep read as myself.'——'Michael,' says he, 'now that I think on it—sure I'm to be at Denis O'Flaherty's *Month's mind* on Thursday next.'

"'Indeed, I would not doubt you,' says Father Corrigan; 'you wouldn't be apt to miss it.'

"'Why, the widdy Flaherty asked me yesterday, and I think that's proof enough that I'm not going unsent for.'

"By this time the company was hard and fast at the punch, the songs, and the dancing. The dinner had been cleared off, except what was before the friar, who held out wonderfully, and the beggars and shulers were clawing and scoulding one another about the divide. The dacentest of us went into the house for a while, taking the fiddler with us, and the rest staid on the green to dance, where they were soon joined by lots of the counthry people, so that in a short time there was a large number entirely. After sitting for some time within, Mary and I began, you may be sure to get unasy, sitting palavering among a parcel of ould sober folks; so, at last, out we slipped, and the few other dacent young people that were with us, to join the dance, and shake our toe along with the rest of them. When we made our appearance, the flure

was instantly cleared for us, and then she and I danced the *Humors of Glin*.

"Well, it's no matter—it's all past now, and she lies low; but I may say that it wasn't very often danced in better style since, I'd wager.

"To be sure, I always loved Mary, but at that minute if it would save her, I think I could spill my heart's blood for her. 'Mary,' says I, full to the throath, 'Mary, the very pulse and delight of my heart, I could lose my life for you.'

"She looked in my face, and the tears came into her eyes—'Shane, achora,' says she, 'amn't I your happy girl, at last?' She was leaning over against my breast; and what answer do you think I made? I pressed her to my heart: I did more—I took off my hat, and, looking up to God, I thanked him with tears in my eyes, for giving me such a treasure. 'Well, come now,' says she, 'to the green;' so we went—and it's she that was the girl, when she did go among them, that threw them all into the dark for beauty and figure: as fair as a lilly itself did she look—so tall and illigant, that you wouldn't think she was a farmer's daughter at all; so we left the priest's dancing away, for we could do no good before them.

"When we had danced an hour or so, them that the family had the greatest regard for, were brought in, unknownst to the rest, to drink tay. It was now that the bride's-cake was got. Ould Sonly Mary marched over, and putting the bride on her feet, got up on a chair and broke it over her head, giving round a liberal portion of it to every young person in the house, and they again to their acquaintances. After tay the ould folk got full of talk; the youngsters danced round them; the friar sung like a thrush, and told many a droll story. The tailor had got drunk a little too early, and had to be put to bed, but he was now as fresh as ever, and able to dance a hornpipe, which he did on a door. The Dorans and the Flanagans had got quite thick after drubbing one another—Ned Doran began his courtship with Alley Flanagan on that day, and they were married soon after, so that the two factions joined, and never had another battle until the day of her berrial, when they were at it as fresh as ever. Several of those that were at the wedding were lying drunk about the ditches, or roaring, and swaggering, and singing about the place.

"'For dear's sake,' says my uncle, running in, in a great hurry, 'keep yourselves quiet a little; here's the Squire and master Francis coming over to fulfil their promise; he would have come up airlier, he says, but that he was away all day at the 'sazes.'

"'Very well,' says Friar Rooney, 'let him come—who's afeard—mind yourself, Michael.'

"In a minute or two they came in, and we all rose up of course to welcome them. The Squire *shuck* hands with the ould people, and afterwards with Mary and myself, wishing us all happiness—then with the two clergymen, and introduced Master Frank to them; and the friar made the young chap sit beside him. The masher then took a sate himself, and looked on while they were dancing, with a smile of good humor on his face; while they, all the time, would give new touches and trebles, to show off all their steps before him. He was landlord both to my father and father-in-law; and it's he that was the good man, and the gentleman every inch of him. They may all talk as they will, but commend me, Mr. Morrow, to one of the ould Squires of former times for a landlord.

"When he sat a while, my mother-in-law came over with a glass of nice punch that she had mixed, at last equal to what the friar praised so well, and making a low curtsy, begged pardon for using such freedom with his honor, but hoped that he would just taste a little to the happiness of the young couple. He then drauk our healths, and shuck hands with us both a second time, saying—although I can't, at all at all, give it in anything like his own words—'I am glad,' says he, to Mary's parents, 'that your daughter has made such a good choice; and I congr—con—gratulate you,' says he to my father, 'on your connexion with so industrious and respectable a family. You are now beginning the world for yourselves,' says he to Mary and me, 'and I cannot propose a better example to you both, than that of your respective parents. From this forrid,' says he, 'I'm to consider you my tenants; and I wish to take this opportunity of informing you both, that should you set up to the opinion I entertain of you, by an attentive course of industry and good management, you will find in me an encouraging and indulgent landlord. I know, Shane,' says he to me, smiling, a little knowingly enough too, 'that you have been a little wild or so, but that's past, I trust. You have now serious duties to

perform, which you cannot neglect—but you will not neglect them; and be assured, I say again, that I shall feel pleasure in rendering you every assistance in my power in the *cultivation* and improvement of your farm.' 'Go over, both of you,' says my father, 'and thank his honor, and promise to do every thing he says.' Accordingly, we did so; I made my scrape as well as I could, and Mary blushed to the eyes, and dropp'd her curtsy.

"'Ah!' says the friar, 'see what it is to have a good landlord and a Christian gentleman to dale with. This is the feeling which should always bind a landlord and his tenants together.'

"They then bid us good night, and we all rose and saw them to the door.

"'Now,' says Father Corrigan, 'before I go, kneel down both of you, till I give you my benediction.'

"We accordingly knelt down, and he gave us his blessing.

"After they went, Mary threw the stocking—all the unmarried folks coming in the dark, to see who it would hit. Bless my soul, but she was the droll Mary—for what did she do, only put a big brogue of her father's into it, that was near two pounds weight; and, who should it hit on the bare scone, but Billy Cormick, the tailor—who thought he was fairly shot, for it levelled the crathur at once; though that wasn't hard to do any how.

"This was the last ceremony: and Billy was well contented to get the knock, for you all know, whoever the stocking strikes upon, is to be married first. After this, my mother and mother-in-law set them to the dancing—and 'twas themselves that kept it up till long after day-light the next morning—but first they called me into the next room where Mary was: and—and—so ends my wedding; by the same token that I'm as dry as a stick."

Thus ended the account of Shane Fadh's wedding; and, after finishing the porter, they all returned home, with an understanding that they were to meet the next night in the same place.

FRIENDS THAT ARE KIND AND TRUE.

BY M. G. CLINGAN.

SWEETER than roses or lilies;
Brighter than drops of dew,
Is a wreath of friends, dear lady,
Friends that are kind and true.
Beauty hath charms for the many:
For the many, and yet how few,
If that is all to commend them,
Will ever be kind and true.

But give me a hand, fair lady,
Let it be rough, 'twill do,
If warm from a heart that is friendly,
'Twill ever be kind and true.
Now on thy footpath, lady,
When life is warm and new;
Then gather some friends around you,
With hearts that are kind and true.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY H. G. A.

"Yes, Alice Lenton is a flirt, a cold-hearted, unfeeling flirt. It's of no use trying to excuse her; hasn't she promised to walk with me this very evening, and now riding with Tom Miles? It is too bad—too much for my nature to bear!"

Thus soliloquized young Charles Somers, as he accidentally met, while on his way to his lodgings, a chaise containing the gentleman and lady of whom he spoke.

Yet what did he care? not a fig! She might ride with Tom Miles if she choose; but what could she see so attractive in such a dandy? True, he was handsome in face and figure; still, were there not others quite as good-looking? (here Charlie cast a glance at his own trim form,)—and had a plenty of cash, not exactly in possession yet, but in the "dim distance." Ah! this was the secret of his influence. With a rich father to supply his purse, what young man could not succeed in the world?

Poor Charlie! this thought was as a thorn in his side, continually annoying him. *He was not rich*—far from it; and, in spite of all hopes, now and then came a dark fear whispering "and never will be."

Charlie Somers—for so everybody called him—though his parents, or rather his mother, intended his name to be Charles Augustus Montgomery Somers; she, good soul, being descended from a noble English family, with true patrician dignity, wished to keep up the custom of naming for her illustrious ancestors, and accordingly bestowed upon her babe the cognomen of a wealthy uncle, now somewhat advanced in years, yet hale and strong, and still actively engaged in mercantile business in London.

But Mrs. Somers was destined to disappointment, for at the baptism, the husband and father, being inclined to absent-mindedness, with a slight leaning towards timidity, could not recall the name, and after hemming and stammering until his beloved wife's face had outrivalled the hue of her bonnet-ribbons, he answered the clergyman's repeated question of "Name this child," with "Charlie!" so Charlie he was, except to his mother; she, much to his annoyance, persisted in calling him Charles Augustus Montgomery—nothing but the whole title satisfying her taste for the noble and grand.

Charlie was poor—only a clerk in the store of Elham and Barkwood; and his little wages not only must support himself, but lessen every week the mortgage by which the old homestead was encumbered. This was a small, neat cottage, with a few acres of land, situated about two miles from the city, where his mother—who

was now a widow—with her two daughters, Mary and Sophia, resided; and here Charlie always hastened on Saturday evening, as soon as the labors of the week were over, eager to spend the quiet Sabbath-hours in their society. Naturally cheerful and light-hearted, looking always for a sunbeam to penetrate whatever cloud hung over his prospects, Charles had, until recently, been perfectly satisfied with his situation as clerk in a hardware store, though many and arduous were his duties, and trials, from which many an older and more experienced spirit would have shrunk, gathered around his daily course.

About two months previous to the time we write, he had met, at the house of a friend, Alice Lenton; and, since then, scarcely a day had passed without their meeting.

There had been no plain statement of the fact, but Alice knew, and he was convinced that she well knew his deep love for her; and she had given him every assurance that a maiden can give without words, that it was reciprocated.

Benjamin Lenton, the father of Alice, was considered one of the merchant princes of the city, and, as the daughter of such a man, of course Alice was the cynosure of all eyes; perhaps the glitter of her father's gold might have added a little to her brilliancy, but she was indeed no ordinary girl; nature had not been sparing of her gifts, either mental or bodily, and at eighteen she was the acknowledged belle of our city—long and widely famed for the beauty of its ladies.

Money—*money*—the golden eagle was the god of Mr. Lenton's idolatry. He, to be sure, imagined that he loved his wife and daughter, for he lavished upon them untold sums in dress and jewelry, but it was only the love of display—an inordinate desire for the admiration, the envy of his less wealthy neighbors. He had a fine house, filled with costly furniture, and rare paintings; numberless servants ran at a nod to his bidding, and the names of many of the most aristocratic of the city he had enrolled in the catalogue of his friends; yet a more miserable man than Benjamin Lenton really was, at heart, could not be found among us. Many were the surmises in regard to his early life—for it was only ten years since he had taken up his abode in our city—and many were the dark hints whispered among the envious, in order to account for the habitual frown upon his countenance, and the constant taciturnity of his disposition; but he was a rich man, and consequently, by the gay and fashionable, he and his were applauded and admired.

Mrs. Lenton was one of those amiable, docile sort of women, with little energy and less principle—her highest ambition being to give the most splendid parties, and to adopt first, a new fashion in furniture or dress.

They had only one child, Alice; and she, though the daughter of such parents, was generous to a fault, frank, open-hearted, and cheerful as the day, caring little for wealth or station, and less for influence. Beautiful in person, and fascinating in manners, she had completely entranced Charles Somers. He had looked forward through all the long hot summer day, to his promised walk with her in the evening; and the pleasure of her society beneath the moonlit skies, in a stroll through the flowery lanes at the west end, he had thought would amply compensate him for the dreary hours he had spent in the close counting-room, pouring over complicated accounts; but now his hopes were blasted. How could he call for her? she had deceived him shamefully; and as he thought over the matter, he remembered how much in their recent conversations she had spoken of Miles. Still, it might possibly be accidental; old Mr. Miles and Lenton were friends, and perhaps some little act of politeness had brought the young people together this afternoon. But the more he mused, the less favorably he felt towards Alice; and, after tea, he repaired to his room, and endeavored to find some solace in the pages of his favorite author.

Miss Lenton had noticed the sad countenance of Charles when they met, and it instantly occurred to her, that he might accuse her of deception, but, upon second thought, she consoled herself with the idea that his noble heart would never harbor such an opinion.

It had long been Mr. Lenton's desire to see his daughter married to the son of his most intimate acquaintance, Miles; and the parents had often spoken of the matter, but privately, lest if the young people knew it, they, rebelling against control in such affairs, should defeat the plans so long and dearly cherished. All Mr. Lenton cared for, was a wealthy husband for his daughter; he never dreamed that she might have a preference of her own.

Mr. Miles, Senior, was well pleased at the prospects of a union between his son Tom and Alice, for his own fortune was fast decreasing. Tom's extravagance had tried his resources to the utmost; and he had given him to understand that he was a welcome suitor at the Lenton mansion. This very day had the father and son conferred upon the matter; and the result of their deliberation was an invitation from Tom Miles to Miss Lenton to visit a mutual friend, residing a short distance from the city, and, of course, she considering it merely as a mark of

friendship, accepted, without thinking what view Charles Somers would take of the matter.

Evening came, and ready for the promised walk, sat Alice Lenton at the window, looking at the passers-by, thinking every moment that the next one would be him; but he came not. Twilight deepened into night, and then, when she became convinced that it was useless to expect him, she recalled the expression of his countenance in the afternoon, and immediately his opinion of the occurrence she knew, as well as if he had told her. She would have given worlds for an opportunity to explain the circumstance. What could she do?—would he never think of her more?—would he so easily forsake her? Oh no! she would not believe it; but, still, how could she exonerate herself from blame? He would certainly think her very forward to address him a note, and then what could she say; he had not told her that he loved her—he had never spoken of others' attentions to her—perhaps she had misconstrued the few expressions of regard and esteem, into tokens of his love, when he had never so intended her to receive them, and she had therefore deliberately deceived her own heart.

CHAPTER II.

Charles Somers in passing back and forth to his place of business, had lately walked by the house of Mr. Lenton at noon; and the next day, as the time of his approach drew near, Alice, prepared with an explanation of her conduct the afternoon previous, (for she had concluded to hold fast her first opinion that he really loved her,) placed herself near a window facing down the street, that she might see him when he turned the corner. Her bonnet and shawl lay on a table near by, ready to take up at the first glimpse of his figure, and then she was to run down town on some trifling errand; so having arranged her plans, she took up a book, and appearing to be absorbed in its contents, her mother, reclining upon the sofa indolently engaged in a piece of needle-work, which had occupied the greater part of her leisure hours for the last three months, forbore to disturb her by conversation.

Though Alice mechanically passed her eyes over the words of the book, not an idea of the author had a resting-place in her mind, and when her mother, the following morning, asked her opinion of the work, she replied that she had never read it—a most incomprehensible statement to Mrs. Lenton.

At last the usual time of his appearance arrived, and Alice nervously closed the book and anxiously awaited his coming; he turned the corner, so she arose and put on her bonnet, and was just adjusting her shawl, as she heard the

street door opened, and the servant immediately announced—"Mr. Miles."

The flush of excited hope that had illumined her countenance, instantly faded, and with faltering lips she passed the usual compliments, completely unaware of her appearance, until he asked:

"Are you going out, Miss Lenton? if so, I shall be most happy to accompany you."

She essayed to speak, and her mother exclaimed—"Why Alice, what is the matter? are you not well? how pale you look!"

"Yes, perfectly well," replied Alice, rousing herself by a strong effort, and hastily removing her bonnet and shawl, the color returned to her pallid face. She had not deigned Miles an answer to his question, but commenced talking rapidly of the news of the morning, until he interpreted her confusion at his entrance, as the embarrassment of love, and a favorable omen of his success.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Lenton, after a slight pause in the conversation, "that our friend Henry Callaby has decided to try the India business, and will probably leave for Calcutta next month?"

"No," replied Miles, "but I think it a very wise conclusion to his scheming career; if he had gone to Calcutta five years ago, instead of trying his hand at so many different things as he has, he would have been vastly rich by this time."

"Why," remarked Alice, "I thought he was a very wealthy man; no one dresses more beautifully, or gives more delightful parties, than Mrs. Callaby."

"Oh, no," said Miles, "Callaby is not rich; far from it. He has hard work to get along; he has contrived, by occasional drafts upon certain firms, which shall be nameless," glancing significantly at Mrs. Lenton, "to keep up appearances, and has dragged through the winter. But now something must be done, and I think it the wisest course he could have taken. Some might have recommended California, but, in my estimation, Calcutta has the preference. I am not sure, but I shall go there myself before the summer. Business is so dull here, and it is high time I was doing something. This idle life I lead will ruin my faculties. Don't you think so, Mrs. Lenton?"

"Well, I don't know," was her reply, as she thought of his habitual indolence, and cast her eyes for a moment on his well-proportioned figure, lazily reclining on the sofa; "I imagined there was plenty to do in the city—the young men from the country find no difficulty in getting employment."

"But, Alice," hastily rejoined Mrs. Lenton, "Mr. Miles is thinking of an establishment of his own, and I suppose there is not much chance

for a young man to make his fortune here, now-a-days."

"Well, I am sure," said Alice, who had Charlie Somers all this time in her mind, "that no enterprising young man—unless he had set his standard of wealth too high—need leave the country for that purpose, and I heard father say yesterday, that where one succeeds, one hundred fail, or, what is worse, find a premature grave in a foreign land."

Miles was evidently disconcerted at the tone which the conversation had taken, and attempted to change it, by asking Alice to accompany him to the concert on Monday evening. She politely, but decidedly declined the invitation, and her mother, with some astonishment, inquired:

"Have you an engagement for that evening, daughter?"

"Not exactly," replied she, "it is an agreement of my own."

"May I be permitted to ask its nature?" said Miles, somewhat annoyed by her formality.

Alice looked sternly at him, as she answered, "it is a duty of a private nature."

Mrs. Lenton completely mystified by her daughter's manner, endeavored to engage Miles in conversation again, but he suddenly recollected an appointment at two o'clock, and hastily left them. Alice returned his parting glance with a haughty bow.

Charles Somers saw Tom Miles enter Mrs. Lenton's house as he past, and then he felt assured that his worst fears were verified, and the last glimmer of hope died out of his heart, as he resolved to think no more of one who could so trifle with the holiest affections. It was Saturday, and at evening, as usual, he went out to his mother's home.

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed Sophia, rushing out to the gate to meet him, "you are sick?" why did you not come home before?"

"Oh, no," replied he, "I never was better."

His mother and Mary stood at the door, and he gaily said, as he grasped their extended hands, "Sophia thinks I look sick, but I am perfectly well—rather tired, it is true, for we have had a hard week's work of writing. So don't look so anxiously at me, I shall be as bright as ever, after a good night's rest in my own little chamber. Do tell me how the garden flourishes," continued he, talking as rapidly as possible, "are the peas that I planted ready for gathering. Mary?" I should like some for dinner to-morrow."

"Yes," replied she, "but you are too bad to guess our secret before we had time to tell you we had one to keep. We gathered them this afternoon, and Sophia and I intended you should know nothing of it until you saw them on the table."

"Well, no matter," said he, "they will be just as good. Now, guess what I have in my valise for mother?"

"Oh, I know," replied Sophia, "it is a new barege dress, or else a parasol—for she was wishing for them last Sunday, when you were here."

"No, wrong," said the brother; "what do you think it is, Mary?"

"The new set of knives that we have talked of so long, or else it is—ah! now I have it, a daguerreotype of yourself."

"Neither. Now, mother, you have waited till these giddy girls have guessed, what do you think it is? what should you like best?"

"Oh, any thing from my son is always acceptable."

"Well, from any one else. It is not from me."

"From some one else?" exclaimed they all together.

"Who is it from? what is it! Oh! you provoking fellow," said Sophia; "do open the valise."

It was accordingly opened, and sundry packages laid aside without untying, Charlie saying, as he handed them forth, "that is not it, that is not *the* present," until at last he held up a letter. The instant that Mrs. Somers glanced her eye over the direction, she exclaimed, "Oh, joy! my children, it is from my uncle Charles, of Dorsetshire, for whom you were named," added she, turning to her son. Hastily breaking the seal, she looked over the contents, and said, "He has just heard of the death of your father, and were it not that pressing business demands his attention in India, he would come immediately to America, instead of writing. He is the last member of the Dorsetshire branch of the Montgomery family, and wishes to spend the remainder of his days with us. He intends closing up his business, and will then take passage for this country, probably in the course of six months, or eight, at the furthest, he will be with us."

"This is the rich uncle, of whom you have told us such long stories," said Sophia.

"The same," replied the mother, "and as good as he is rich."

"How happy we shall be to see him!" said Mary.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Charlie, quite excited by what he had heard. "Maybe, we can redeem the old house at once then, or, perhaps, a better home; and Sophia can have her piano again, and Mary resume her drawing-lessons—out what am I saying? what right have we to his property? Married men, generally, have a great care of their purses, and I am sure I would not be dependant on any one, not even on an uncle! If I could only get a better situation, I might accomplish all this for you and the girls, mother, in a very short time. I do wish I was rich."

"My son, my son," said Mrs. Somers, don't let me ever hear you say that again. You are getting discontented with your station, I fear, and our position in society. Now I have no wish for change; the girls are happier here, in our quiet home, though deprived of some of their old amusements, than they could possibly be in the city, and I hope will never reside there. Be contented and industrious. The sole cause of your father's troubles, was an uneasy habit of contrasting his circumstances with those of others with whom he was acquainted. He was always hoping that our English relations would leave us a legacy—waiting for years for something to turn up, as he expressed it, before he took a fair start in the world—and so, as you very well know, he never started at all."

CHAPTER III.

Weeks went on. Charlie Somers had never spoken with Alice Lenton since the day of the ride. He had met her upon the street walking with her mother; she bowed and smiled just as she always had, but he returned the recognition cold and haughtily.

Tom Miles sailed for Calcutta, and it was reported that he and Miss Lenton were engaged. Summer and autumn passed, and winter, with its long evenings, had commenced. Charlie had now much leisure—for he had found few friends of congenial temperament, and although his taste for literature often led him to the library and lyceum, many an evening hung heavily on his hands—still all the recreation that he enjoyed all the pleasure he could receive, he obtained in his short visits at home, or in the lecture-room.

One evening he had taken his seat to listen to one of New England's ablest lecturers, when his attention was arrested by a gentleman and two ladies, entering the seats directly in front of him. He saw that it was Mr. Lenton, with his wife and daughter; and Alice, he imagined, as he caught a glimpse of her face, looked pale and thin. He cast another glance at those well-remembered features, and their eyes met. A flush, as bright as a June sunset, overspread her countenance, then hastily passed away, as she commenced fanning herself violently. He thought for the moment that she was weeping; she was certainly greatly embarrassed. In an instant his love for her returned; perhaps, after all, he had been mistaken, and he had made a fool of him. If, merely through jealousy of Miles' superior wealth, he said to himself.

From that auspicious evening his thoughts often reverted to the short but happy period of his acquaintance with Alice, but pride and his poverty prevented him from resuming the intimacy, lest he should meet with a repulse from her parents. He occasionally saw her in the

street, and thought she had grown somewhat more serious in appearance, though she had lost none of her beauty; and then he would resolve to speak, but, the recollection of Mr. Lenton's money-bags, and the vision of Miles and Alice, as he saw them riding, would overpower the wish of his heart, until, by a singular providence, (for he would never speak of it as anything less,) on New Year's day they met, on the identical spot where six months before they had so unexpectedly parted.

Determined to test her friendship, he extended his hand, which was warmly seized by her, and while tears filled her eyes, she said, "Then you have not forgotten me?" in a tone of voice which Charlie could not misunderstand.

"Forgotten you? No!" replied he. "Will you walk a few steps with me? It is New Year's day, can we not be friends once more?" She immediately complied; and but few minutes had elapsed, ere he was made acquainted with the truth of those circumstances which had seemed so much against her.

"Then the report of your engagement is false?" said he.

"Yes, there is not the least foundation for such a story. Our parents are friends; but that does not make us lovers," rejoined Alice. "I could scarcely endure him. Such a conceited, shallow-brained puppy, I never met with. But then I was obliged to treat him politely. Father is so particular—no one knows, except mother and myself, what sacrifices of personal comfort we are obliged to make to gratify his whims, and yet there is not a more indulgent parent living."

"And you do not correspond with Miles, as I have heard?"

"No, indeed—not I," replied Alice, indignantly. "The old gentleman always brings his letters over, and reads them to us—so we are informed of all his movements. He is not succeeding so well as he anticipated, and will return in the spring. But there is mother coming, so good-bye," whispered she, and darted down the next street.

Charlie Somers returned to his occupation a different person. All his fellow-clerks observed the sudden change that had taken place, and they attributed it to an appointment to more lucrative business, or a higher salary, or a magnificent present. But we are sure the fair being who held the threads of his destiny in her hands, knew the magical words which had wrought that change.

CHAPTER IV.

Early the next morning, Somers received a letter from home, requesting his immediate presence. The gentleman who held the mortgage of their little farm, had become embar-

rassed in his affairs, and needed the balance of the money now remaining due, and if they could not pay it themselves, it must be sold at auction the following week. So the note ran which he had written the widow, and in her distress she sent for her son. He lost no time in obtaining leave of absence, and hastened home, much perplexed in mind. He had not half money enough to satisfy this demand, and his mother and sisters had nothing, he knew, to assist him with. So, what could he do? the auction sale was inevitable. For himself he did not much care; he thought there were other houses as pleasant, other places as desirable as that which they called their "old home;" but for the sake of his mother and the girls, he determined to do all in his power to keep it.

As he entered the door, his mother held in her hand the cruel note which was wet with her tears—Mary and Sophia looked sad and disconsolate, scarcely gave him a greeting.

"Oh, my son," said Mrs. Somers, "little did I think I should ever come to this; to be driven out of my own house!"

"But, mother," replied Charlie, "I saw a very pretty cottage as I came along, which can be obtained for half the value of this; and I think you and the girls will like it even better than this, it is so much nearer the city."

"*Better than this!* did you say? No, Charlie, no! This was your father's own house; here he brought me on our marriage-day, and here have I always lived. I cannot leave it. He himself planted, and cherished with the love of a parent, these noble trees of which we are all so proud; his hands trained the vine around our door, and his summer-seat in the arbor, remains as he left it. There on the stand, by the window, still lies his Bible, open at the very place where he last read, it cannot, it shall not be closed, or moved. Do not ask me, Charlie, to leave the dear old place. I have not many years to live, and then—then—" She could not go on, but bursting into tears, she threw herself into his arms, and sobbed like a child.

This was too much for our hero, and he resolved to redeem the house, even at a great sacrifice. And after his mother's grief had abated, he said, "Perhaps, Mr. Elham will advance three months of my salary; he has been uncommonly social, and very kind to me lately, and we will live prudently until your uncle arrives; perhaps he will assist us a little."

"Oh, I know he will. If he was only here now, how much unhappiness he would save us?" replied Mrs. Somers.

As soon as possible the widow and her son called upon Mr. Treneau, who held the mortgage. He received them with a condescending air, as if he were doing them great service in deigning

to converse with them. They found that he was inexorable; that the money must be forthcoming that day week, or the house would be sold. So leaving him in his entanglements, Mrs. Somers hastened home to her daughters, while her son proceeded to the city. He at once told the story of his mother's troubles to Mr. Elham, and with great cordiality that gentleman shook him by the hand, and said:

"Why did you not apply to me for assistance before you went to your mother? She shall not be disturbed. I will see Treneau. Sit down, and write home immediately. Say that I will take the mortgage, and make you a New Year's present of the deed."

Poor Charlie! he could not articulate his thanks, and Mr. Elham took up his hat, and left the office.

CHAPTER V.

"When does the *Arabella* sail, asked a stout, bluff-looking Englishman, of a tall, fallow-faced gentleman, who sat reading the *Times* at the breakfast table, one morning, in Calcutta.

"On the twenty-fifth," returned he, and then went on reading the advertisement. "Very good accommodations for passengers, I should say."

"The twenty-fifth!" repeated the Englishman. "Well, I think I shall leave in her; I must go this morning and speak for my passage."

This was no other than the uncle of Mrs. Somers, Mr. Montgomery, about starting for America.

According to promise, the *Arabella* set sail for Boston on the twenty-fifth of January. Mr. Montgomery found there were but two passengers besides himself, both gentlemen; one—Odine by name—had been engaged in a flourishing business for several years, but, now that his health was failing, he concluded that a voyage home would be beneficial to him, yet intended returning the following winter. The other, who was no less a personage than Thomas Miles, Esq., tired of the fagging life of trade, longed for the quiet comfort of his father's fireside.

An acquaintance sprang up between the passengers, and before many days had elapsed, Mr. Montgomery had heard of Miles' adventures, and his plans for the future; he also acquired much information relative to his niece and her children, more especially of our friend Charles; Miles all the while never suspecting that the old gentleman—"Old Rupee," as he spoke of him to Odine—had any connexion or particular interest with them. While Mr. Montgomery heartily despised the fellow, he determined, if possible, to defeat his projects.

The ship *Arabella* safely entered the harbor of Boston, on the twelfth of May, all hands well, and having had a prosperous voyage.

Mr. Montgomery lost no time in reaching his niece's residence, where he was most joyfully welcomed. Charles was immediately sent for, and procuring a substitute for a few days, he proceeded to the cottage with all speed.

Much pleased was the old gentleman with the appearance of his grand-nephew; and when Mrs. Somers said, "This is my son, Charles Augustus Montgomery," he came forward, then laid his hand on his head, and said, "You are an honor to the name, God grant you may always be;" afterward turning to his niece, he added, "Mary, I have made my will, and you shall see it now," so he accordingly took the document from his pocket-book and read it. It was in substance as follows:

Six thousand pounds sterling to Mrs. Somers, and the income of the family estate in Dorsetshire, England, which at her decease should belong to her son Charles.

Five thousand pounds sterling to each of her daughters.

Six thousand pounds sterling to her son Charles Augustus Montgomery Somers.

"This will," continued the uncle, "I made previous to leaving England, in case I should die before reaching America, that there might be no uncertainty in regard to the property; and here are the notes on the Bank of England," opening another pocket-book and proceeding to count them.

Speechless, almost overwhelmed with gratitude to her noble uncle, Mrs. Somers burst into tears, while her children embraced and thanked him again and again.

"And now, nephew," said Mr. Montgomery, after the excited family had resumed their usual serenity, and had told him of the trial in regard to the old house, and the kindness of Mr. Elham, "how do you and Alice Lenton get along?"

Charles blushed crimson, wondering how he could have heard anything about it, and Mrs. Somers and her daughters looked inquiringly, first at one gentleman then at the other, as if for an explanation; at last Charles replied, smiling as he spoke, "Oh, very well—are you acquainted with her?"

"No," said the uncle, "but I have long known her father, and mean to become acquainted with her ere long."

"Ah! I know about her!" suddenly exclaimed Sophia, as if a new ray of light had entered her mind, "she is the pretty lady whom Lizzie Ames met walking with you the other day."

"My son!" ejaculated Mrs. Somers, with an air of offended dignity, "how is this? why have I not been informed of this matter?"

"Mother, forgive me, it is the only secret I have ever kept from you," answered our hero, and then went on to tell the story of his love for

Alice—the interference of Miles—the arrangement of the parents—his estrangement, and subsequent reconciliation—"but," continued he, "Mr. Lenton is immensely rich, and I was poor, so I have scarcely dared think of ever calling her mine, yet, I had not quite given up hope; and now, your generosity, uncle, will, I think, enable me to gain the sanction of her parents."

"If Alice really loves you, and if money can gain the favor of her parents, that shall not be wanting," returned he; "besides, I once *peculiarly* obliged Mr. Lenton, and he cannot refuse me anything. Does he know you? has he ever seen you?"

"I think not," replied Charles.

"All the better then for my plan, I will call upon him to-morrow, and you shall go with me, I will introduce you as my nephew, Charles," said the old gentleman, his eyes sparkling with roguery, "all will then be well."

The very next day, Mr. Montgomery and Charles Somers called at Mr. Lenton's office, he was much surprised to see his old friend, asked how he had prospered, was very cordial in his greeting to the nephew and invited them both to dine with him, which invitation they accepted.

Behold now our friend Charles riding home in the carriage of Lenton the great merchant, to dine with him and his family! The sight of Mr. Lenton's house caused his heart to beat violently, but calmly and without embarrassment he ascended the steps of the mansion, and was ushered into the dining room. When Alice came in, she saw two gentlemen in conversation with her father, and—wonder of wonders!—one of them Charles Somers! to whose remarks her mother was deferentially listening, what could it mean?

Mr. Lenton introduced them as Mr. Montgomery, an old English friend, and his nephew.

"You have often heard me speak of them, daughter," said he.

Alice did not recollect ever hearing the name mentioned before, but thought it best to remain silent, trusting to the future to solve the mystery.

Very demure was Alice during the dinner, but before the gentlemen left she had entered into conversation with Charles, and her mother's attention being required in the parlor, the strange event was clearly explained.

Mr. Lenton urged Mr. Montgomery and his

nephew to grant him the pleasure of their company as often as possible, and the old gentleman—determined to perfect his plans in regard to his nephew—complied with his request, so, accordingly a part of almost every day was passed at his residence. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lenton saw with great pleasure and pride the interest which the young people evinced for each other, and once again the father's scheming mind had planned the future life of his daughter—destined now to be fulfilled. He often spoke of Mr. Montgomery and Charles to his friends Elham and Barkwood, as the eastern nabob and his nephew—little dreaming that this nephew was their quondam clerk—or that Elham was so well informed with the events of his past history as he afterwards discovered. Old Mr. Miles, also, came in for his share of the Lenton version of the Montgomery arrival; his son, Tom, called at Lenton mansion soon after he returned home, but being received coldly by Alice, and imagining that Mr. Montgomery had exposed his folly, he did not repeat his visit, and concluded to try his luck in another quarter, trusting that the eclat of being a returned India merchant, might procure for him the hand of one, who disgusted him with her low notions and affectation of fine manners, but, whose wealth just at this time—his father had become bankrupt—was most desirable.

As for Charles, the world was all sunshine to him, he could not sufficiently thank his uncle for the interest he had taken in him; he had given him the means of commencing business on his own account, (our hero had forgotten his former determination of never being dependent on any one, "not even on an uncle,") and, through his influence, he was now the accepted lover of Alice.

Old Benjamin Lenton laughed a little at the ruse which had been played upon him, but offered no objection to the engagement—felt only too happy to call him son-in-law.

Mr. Montgomery continued to reside with his niece and her family, every member of which, vied with each other in efforts to promote his comfort.

Early in November, a bridal party assembled at the residence of Mr. Lenton, and from that day forward, an elegant house in — Square, bore on its street-door a silver plate with this inscription—C. A. M. Somers.

THE WREATH.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

Yes, fling aside the drooping flowers,
Let them be scattered o'er the ground;
Tho' plucked from off the choicest bowers,
No fragrance in them now is found.

That tho' she now is in her bloom,
And bright as were these flowers at morn
Soon she may sleep beneath the tomb,
To wake but in another morn!



MILDRED ST. JOHN PLANNING HER PARTY COSTUME.

MILDRED ST. JOHN AND HER LITTLE COUSIN.

BY CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

"She is proud and she is noble,
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the
perfumed air;
And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to
trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is sweeping in her
hair."—MRS. BROWNING.

MILDRED ST. JOHN sat in her boudoir, planning her costume for Mrs. Morgan's party, which was to come off on Wednesday week. A rose-colored cashmere morning dress with its swan's down trimmings, brightened her peerless beauty, and the heavy tresses of her dark hair were wound round her haughty head, forming of themselves a most superb head dress. A dress of amber moire antique lay over a lounge. She had just tried it on for the first time since it came from the modistes, and it did not please her. You saw it in the scornful curve of the full pouting lips, and the slight frown which had settled between her arched eyebrows, shading so darkly the full lustrous eyes.

"It will never do, Finnette," she said, at last, to the little French waiting-maid who was laying costly trimmings of gossamer lace over it in the vain attempt to soften the obnoxious shade which had proved so poor an ally to the charms of the brilliant belle. "It will never do, I am determined upon outvying all rivals, and the more I think of it, the more I am satisfied that this dress will never answer. It is not suited to the style I mean to adopt. I want something queenly; something quite in the Cleopatra order. Philip Le Moyne has traveled so much, he has seen so much of beauty and rank and fashion, that I know he deems himself quite invulnerable. If he is ever captivated, it must be by some sudden *coup d'œil*, something novel, unique, dazzling. But what shall it be?"

Finnette knew too well the humor of her mistress to disturb her with suggestions. Mildred was aware that her own taste was faultless, and she seldom consulted that of another, nor did her proud nature brook suggestions very quietly.

"Velvet would answer admirably, only that it is almost too matronly," she continued. "My mother wears velvet better; but there is nothing else so regal. Besides, I am not in my teens, and now that I think of it, he is probably weary by this time of the dawdling, sentimental misses who fill up the drawing rooms of the present day, and would prefer a ripe, high-minded and peerlessly beautiful woman to them all. Yes, I think it must be velvet—maroon velvet—with my new set of pearls. I'll take them to Beele & Black's and have the pendants of my diamonds added to them. Then, I think I shall be splen-

21

didly equipped. Finnette, put away all these things, at once, and dress my hair. I'm going to Beck's immediately. I saw a superb piece of velvet there, the other day, which I think would answer admirably."

At this moment, the heavy door of the apartment swung on its hinges, and Mrs. Mortimer St. John entered. She was a tall, dark woman, with little beauty remaining from her thirty years of fashionable dissipation. But, in fault of it, placing her claim to distinction, upon her wealth, and a certain *à distinguished*, which half the girls of twenty in her set, would have given their fortunes, successfully to have imitated. Her hair was still *en papillote*, and her sallow face as yet unrouged—for she had not dressed since breakfast—and her lowering brow portended grave intelligence.

"What do you think has happened, Mildred," she exclaimed, with a look of annoyance.

"I'm sure I can't imagine. Nothing serious I hope," said Mildred, with a twinge of the face, as Finnette pulled her hair. "Do, pray, be more careful Finnette, you torture me."

"Serious. Yes, quite sufficiently so. I'm excessively annoyed," and the lady drew her soiled *négligé* about her, and seating herself in a luxurious fauteuil, watched the progress of her daughter's toilet.

"Finnette, don't brush the hair quite so much off the forehead. It gives a bold expression to the face, which is not quite becoming."

"Don't alter it Finnette," said Mildred quickly. "It's a fancy of mine, mamma. I mean to change my style a little. I am tired of my *role*. But what is this grave intelligence you have to communicate?"

"It's hazardous, Mildred, to change your style. It says so plainly, you know, that the old one has not been quite successful."

Mildred's lip curled in scorn.

"But the news," continued Mrs. St. John. "You've heard me speak, perhaps, of Mrs. Norman, your father's sister, who resides somewhere in the country, I'm sure I don't know where, for when I married Mr. St. John, I, of course, insisted upon his giving up all those old-fashioned acquaintances of his."

"I don't know indeed," said Mildred. "Yes, I think I have heard of them. But what of them now, I'm sure they are nothing to us."

"They are likely to become so then. It seems Mr. Norman has died, leaving his estate insolvent. He was supposed to be worth a pittance, a few thousands, or so, and Mrs. Norman and her daughter Eva, are left quite poor. Well, as

821

soon as your father heard of it, he took one of his unaccountable freaks, and without even consulting me, wrote and asked them to make their home with us until some further arrangements could be decided upon."

"Ah! said Mildred, rising and surveying herself in a mirror, "and they are coming, of course."

"Yes, they will probably spend the remainder of the winter here. It is very unfortunate."

"Rather, to be sure; but then I don't see that they need to interfere with our arrangements to any considerable degree. Of course, as they are in mourning, they will not go into society, and if they can be made either companionable, which is, I suppose doubtful, or which is more probable, useful, we can tolerate them for two months."

"Well, you always had an easier way of getting along with such things than I, Mildred. But people will make remarks, I'm sure. It is so annoying to have poor relations around. I'm thankful we have no more of them."

Mildred laughed carelessly. "What people say gives me very little trouble, mamma, provided they admire me sufficiently, and accord me my due rank in society, and that I take very good care they shall do. As to their being poor, why I suppose they regret that as much as we do. But how old is this Miss Eva, the new cousin?"

"Seventeen, I believe, and your father says very pretty. It is fortunate we have so good an excuse for not taking her into society. It might prove a disadvantage to you."

"Pardon, mamma," returned Miss St. John, haughtily, "but indeed I don't see how it could in the least affect me."

"Why, of course she couldn't be for a moment considered as a rival, but then her awkward, countrified ways would be very perplexing. Besides there is something extremely inelegant in the very idea of poor relations, especially if they are from the country."

"Well," was the reply, as Finnette brought out a handsome carriage dress, and assisted her mistress in donning it. "I see nothing but to make the best of it. When they are once here, we can tell better what to do with them. I'm going to Broadway now, mamma. Will you go with me?"

"Mildred, you very narrowly escaped your father's easy disposition. It's a mercy that you took enough of the De Vere pride to make you presentable. You owe all your stateliness of manner to your mother, Mildred."

"Thank you, mamma, thank you," laughed Miss St. John. "I hope I am duly sensible of all my obligations to the De Vere's in general, and to you in particular. But about going to Broadway, shall I wait for you?"

"I don't know indeed. It will take me some time to dress," said Mrs. St. John, taking a languid survey of herself in the mirror."

"Well, I'm in no particular haste. I haven't much shopping to do this morning."

"If you can wait, I don't know but I will go. I want to look for something in the way of laces," and Mrs. St. John turned slowly away from the mirror, and left the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

"A brain that's full

Of plots and plans, and selfish scheming thoughts."

"Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts.
Yea, with my life."—*Coleridge*.

It was the morning after Mrs. Morgan's party. The pale winter sunshine streamed in through the uncurtained windows of a little room in the third story of Mr. St. John's elegant mansion. It was early, the rising bell had not rung yet, but Mrs. Norman was unused to fashionable hours, so she rose and looked out upon the sunny streets and the occasional passers by—for Mr. St. John's house was far up town, where the world doesn't wake up as early as down among the thronging, hurrying masses of the laboring poor. She saw the smoke rise gradually from the chimneys which surmounted the great, gray masses of buildings, and marked how the sunbeams pitted with their pale gold, the tall church spires, until it seemed as if they had stretched themselves up and caught a glory from the soft amber clouds which floated through the pure azure sky; and she listened to the clear swelling tones of the early bells, which were ringing out their loud alarm to the mechanic and the day laborer; and then all the varied sights and sounds, mingled in her brain, and grew dim, and faded away like the morning mist; and she saw only the dear home at Glen Cottage, with its tall trees, and the sheltering hills around, and the homelike comfort and ease enshrined within its lonely walls. And from the turf mound beneath the garden seat, where she had seen him buried, seemed to rise up her husband's form, proud, manly, and protecting, and again as of old, she felt the dear arms around her form, the dear eyes looking down into her own, and the dear voice falling on her ear. He was saying once again, the last words she had ever heard him speak.

"Amy, darling, do not weep. God will take care of you—you and Eva. I know that he will—for he has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them; and let thy widow trust in me.' I have committed you solemnly to his care and keeping, and I know, darling, that he will 'never leave you, nor forsake you.'" And she remembered how he had kissed her, and then gone to sleep, so calmly, so sweetly. What wonder that she wept!

"It was not her mother's weeping that wakened Eva, for the tears fell noiselessly. But very soon the child opened her great blue eyes, and pushing back the soft curls which had fallen over her sweet, sunny face, she stretched out her arms, and said:

"Good morning, dear mamma. Is it very late yet? I am afraid I have slept too long."

"There is no one stirring in the house yet, my child," said the mother, bending over and kissing her daughter's cheek. "You know your aunt and cousin were out late last evening, and they will not rise early. Dress yourself quickly, and sit down by me, and we shall have a little time for conversation. I want to talk to you, my child; you are all the comfort I have now."

And the mother folded the sweet, warm-hearted girl to her breast, and gently stroking the soft hair and the blooming peach-like cheeks. She dropped a tear upon the face, as she thought how like the father's it was.

It was late. In the down-town world the business of the day was well under way, when Mrs. St. John and her daughter appeared at the breakfast table. Mortimer St. John, Esq. had taken his cup of coffee and his roll long since, and had gone down town.

Mrs. St. John was decidedly *en dishabille*. She had lived so long only for society, that she was learning to forget even the respect due to herself, in her own home. But Mildred's faultless taste, and the native pride of character which all the conventionalities of her station could prevent, but not destroy, led her to be always even in her own room studiously neat in her personal appearance. This morning a *robe de chambre* of rich dark cashmere, finished with appropriate muslins, set off to good advantage her superb figure. But her cheek was pale, her eyes dull and lustreless, and as she drew a capacious velvet covered arm-chair to the table, and seating herself, comfortably in it, sipped her coffee and broke and buttered the warm roll, one would scarcely have dreamed of all the slumbering pride and tropical fire and fervor which burned along her veins.

Mrs. Norman and Eva, in their simple robes of mourning, ate silently, and with downcast eyes. They did not feel at home amid the splendid surroundings of Mr. St. John's elegant mansion, or in the presence of his superb wife and daughter, and, in truth, they were out of place—quite as much so, as a pot of meek-eyed violets would be, despoiled of all their cool, fresh greenery, and placed alone and unprotected beneath the hot sun, which brings out all the lurid glory of the regal Egyptian lilla.

At last, Mildred raised her eyes to her mother, and her countenance brightened with a languid smile. "Well, mamma, I think last evening proved

a tolerable success. Did the mirror and a host of gallant gentlemen say falsely, or was I really outshining myself.

Mildred wasn't given to courting compliments. She usually held herself above them; but now she had so fully set her heart upon the accomplishment of an object, that she was more keenly alive to the prospect of success than she was wont to be.

"I was never so proud of you, my daughter. I can't tell the number of persons who remarked your wonderful attractiveness. Everybody pronounced you the belle of the evening."

"Yes," she returned, smiling, and tapping the spoon upon the rim of the delicate china cup, "I fancy I made quite an impression upon him. He seemed really charmed."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Manchester, Mildred?"

The red lips dropped in scorn. "No, indeed, mamma; as if I did not know a month ago that he only waited an opportunity to make the dreaded declaration. Bah! he is simply a fool."

"But, Mildred, he is wealthy, and of excellent family."

"Nonsense! mamma. I don't count myself quite a piece of merchandise, to be bartered away for so many acres of city lots, or so many broad pieces of gold. And while, of course, I never shall marry a man who is not my equal in rank and station, neither will I marry one simply because he is an eligible *parti*. I'm unmarried at twenty-five, and I'll be unmarried at thirty-five, before I will make such a sacrifice of myself as that."

"Why, Mildred, how you talk!" said Mrs. St. John, startled at this heterodox declaration.

"Well, mamma, I'm quite in earnest; but you needn't look so horror-stricken; I've no fears of any such catastrophe. Philip Le Moyne is a man whom I should make no sacrifice in marrying, and in two months' time, mamma, I shall have him at my feet. So you can commence the wedding preparations as soon as it pleases you."

She drew the damask napkin through the heavy silver ring, and laying it beside her plate, she rolled her chair a little back from the table, and leaning her elbow upon its arm, and resting her head upon her hand, looked out from beneath her long eye-lashes, at her little cousin Eva.

Meanwhile, Mrs. St. John took the last sip of her coffee, and left the table. If Mrs. St. John reigned as the acknowledged queen of her set, which was certainly in the highest rounds of upper-tandom, she owed the enviable position no more to her wealth and family connections, than to the strong will and a power of shrewd and far-seeing calculation; and this same spirit she carried out in all the details of her domestic economy. If she was extravagant in dress, she

was not thoughtlessly so. She laid out just so much money as was necessary to maintain her position as a leader of the ton, and she showed no small degree of financial skill in the choice of her investments. Her household economy was regulated upon precisely the same system, and she had quite as shrewd an eye to saving, as if she were not a millionaire's wife.

Neither was she altogether of a hard and merciless disposition, although I certainly do not think she ever went out of her way to find an opening for charity. When Mrs. Norman and Eva had first come to her house, she had been much annoyed by the circumstance, but, if her husband's will, which, circumscribed as were the limits of its action, always made a point of being absolute when it was anything at all. If Mr. St. John's will had not decreed that his sister and his child should share his home, so long as they needed its shelter, she still would not ruthlessly have refused them an entrance there. She would not, it is true, receive them upon an equality with her own family; but, if they chose to remain in the state of vassalage which she had assigned them, although she could not welcome them heartily, even to that, she still would not object. Moreover, she saw no reason why she should not avail herself of their capacities, and as they increased her expenses in one way, make them help to lighten them in another. So this morning her calculating propensities, sharpened, perhaps, by the prospective and very interesting event to which Mildred had alluded in terms of such positive prediction, she said to Mrs. Norman: "How do you contrive to amuse yourself, Amy, all the long hours which you pass in your own room?"

Mrs. Norman replied, "That she had been engaged in sewing for herself and her daughter, but that as she had nearly finished the work she had on hand, she had thought of asking Mrs. St. John if she had not something of a similar kind, upon which she might be employed."

"Your proposal comes very apropos," was the reply. "There is a quantity of table-linen requiring to be finished, which has been lying in the housekeeper's basket this long time; so, if you have no objection, I will look it over, and send it to your room during the morning."

Mrs. Norman replied very much as if she were receiving an obligation from her haughty sister-in-law, instead of the contrary, and soon after left the room.

All this time Mildred had not once taken her eyes from her cousin Eva's countenance.

The child, or girl, rather—for she was seventeen—though looking on her fair, sweet face, with its sunny curls, its laughing sprites of eyes, its dimples, and its rosebud mouth, and pearly teeth, one would scarce believe it—the

child was a new revelation to her. Mildred had an eye for beauty, and at first she had been not a little pleased with the sweet, winning, little creature. She had watched her as one would watch the gambols of some playful pet—had wondered where she learned the sweet, unstudied grace, which made every movement beautiful; how she came by the clear, merry, ringing laughter, and if she were conscious of the depth of changing, radiant light which flashed out so incessantly from her eyes when speaking, or the transparent softness of the bird which sailed them when in repose. She had called Eva frequently to her room, and there she had studied her as one studies some rare old painting, or exquisite piece of sculpture, weighing her beauties in the nicely poised scales of artistic taste; not judging her so much by old rules, as forming from her perfect and novel beauty, a new criterion of taste.

Hitherto Mildred had judged grace and symmetry and beauty to be more of art than nature. In Eva she had learned how utterly unapproachable by art, is nature's unalloyed handiwork; and the knowledge surprised her.

This morning, however, the light of a new truth fell athwart her meditations; or rather one of those mysterious intuitions which dwell so strangely within us, began to lift its shadowy form before her. It was not yet so well defined, as to be immediately recognized, and yet it was so strong as to infuse itself into all her musings.

She had been thinking of Philip Le Moyne; not of his houses and lands, and his scrip of bank stock, but of himself; his nature, his capacities, his wants. She felt that he had a deep, strong, earnest soul; and incomprehensible as the thing seemed to her—for she had not yet learned the fullness of satiety—she knew that he was world-weary. She had heard him say it, and she knew that it was the voice of his heart; and fully conscious of her own power as she was, she had a secret suspicion that in regard to him, it was neither deep nor lasting.

But now, as she looked upon Eva, it seemed that in this sweet, soulful outgushing nature, so unschooled by art, the embodiment of one of nature's purest inspirations, lay the very spell which might have power to bind him for a lifetime. Here was the life, which, mingling with his, would round it out into perfect symmetry and beauty.

All this came to her in a dim, vague way. She could not have embodied the thought in language, for her knowledge of the spiritual was only the undeveloped germ which is the birthright of every strong, earnest soul. Trained from her cradle for society, the discipline of her life had never given it culture, and I doubt if she, herself, ever prized it more fully than she did its

offspring, this shadowy, undefined idea, which moved within her. But it haunted her, painfully, this same idea, and it cast its baleful shadow over the just budding affection which Eva's beauty and sweetness had sallied forth. And so it was, that, as she rose from her chair, and walked out of the room, her eye dwelt readingly upon her little cousin, and she didn't ask the child to come into her boudoir, and read to her the last new novel, as had been her wont of late. And so it was, too, that as she bent over her embroidery frame, a sensation that was less fondly, self-conscious, and more strongly tinged with perilous fear than any thing she had ever before experienced, crept around her heart.

Had it been spoken—had the faintest whisper from without but breathed it in her ear, her pride would have been startled. *Eva a rival!* it was absurd. But secretly, unavowedly, perhaps, the heart quailed before the same suspicion.

CHAPTER III.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men,
Gang aft agoe."—BURNS.

The two months had elapsed, and though Philip Le Moyne was still attentive, Mildred's prediction was not yet accomplished. Every day increased her suspense; for a thing had happened to her, which, notwithstanding the numberless array of suitors by which she had been surrounded, was to her a novelty. She had become interested in the gentleman. She liked him; but, though she was manoeuvring with all her skill to bring him to a declaration, and certainly intended to accept him when he did offer, I do not think she loved him. Not only his wealth and station, but his intellectual qualities satisfied her pride. Heart qualities she had not yet learned to measure; so she never thought if she could meet the demands of his social and domestic nature, or if in him her own affections would find their proper resting-place. Like many another mortal, she labored blindly but earnestly, for that, the possession of which would have been only a doubtful good, perhaps a positive evil. Pride would not willingly be conquered; but had she power to win?

Pursuant to her lurking fear of Eva's power, she had carefully excluded her little cousin from the parlor, taking care, after the morning of her first disclosure of her plans, that the subject should never be renewed in Eva's presence, and the name, dropped once so casually in her hearing, faded from her memory. Much of Eva's time was spent in her mother's room, assisting her with the needle; for Mrs. Norman was by this time fully established in her position as Mrs. St. John's seamstress. To the family, if they thought at all about it, it seemed perfectly

natural and proper, and there were no remarks passed upon the subject. Eva's position in the household was less easily defined. She certainly was not regarded as an equal with the family, for she shared none of Mildred's privileges, and yet there was something in her sunny temper and her delicate beauty, which so won upon her cousin, as to make it quite impossible for the haughty belle altogether to ignore or scorn her; so that while so far as their society was concerned, the two young ladies had nothing in common, and, notwithstanding Mildred's secret and unacknowledged jealousy, there was yet a sort of friendly feeling subsisting between them.

I do not know whether it was through some sudden outbreak of Mildred's jealous pride, or the shrewd economy of her mother, or the combined influences of birth, that it was proposed that Eva should be removed from the household. The arrangement was certainly a pleasing one to both those ladies.

It was a sunny morning, early in May, that the announcement came quite suddenly from Mr. St. John, that his friend, Mr. Gordon, who owned a fine place at Staten Island, was in want of a governess for his little daughter Bertha, and that he had given him some encouragement of procuring the services of Miss Eva Norman.

"Eva!" said Mrs. Norman, in mournful amazement. "She is only a child yet."

"Nearly eighteen, is she not, sister?"

"Yes, but so childish, so inexperienced."

"Truly; but how is she to gain experience? Certainly not in her present situation. The truth is, sister, it would be very unwise to introduce her to one society, where her future prospects are so unsuited to it. It would probably be the ruin of her happiness. Her education has, you say, been good. As Bertha Gordon's governess, she will be profitably employing her powers, and will at the same time be gaining some knowledge of the world; for, although her society there will be far more limited than our own circle, still she will have the full advantage of all which Mrs. Gordon enjoys. I have stipulated for so much, and as Mrs. Gordon is represented as being a very amiable and lovely person, I do not doubt but Eva will be very happy there."

The widow raised no further objection, but was thankful for her brother's care and thoughtfulness. If her pillow that night, and many succeeding ones, was wet with tears, no human eye saw it, and no one dreamed that Mrs. Norman did not heartily rejoice in what was called Eva's good fortune.

And so Eva went to Mr. Gordon's.

One pleasant afternoon in June, Miss Norman had taken her little pupil, a child of six years, out into the garden, and sat with her upon a

rustic seat, under an old willow, whose drooping boughs formed a pleasant canopy over their heads. The lessons of the day were over, and Eva held the child upon her lap, and was telling her fairy stories, when suddenly, but silently, the parting of the boughs behind them revealed two gentlemen. Bertha's face being partly turned as she looked up to Eva, she was the first to perceive the intruders.

"Oh! papa," she exclaimed, "I didn't know as you were home yet. Do come here, and hear what charming stories Miss Norman is telling me; and cousin Philip too," and in her eagerness, she had caught a hand of each, and was dragging them toward the seat.

Eva had risen, and now stood blushing confronting her visitors.

"Miss Norman, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Le Moyne," said Mr. Gordon, advancing. "I really hope you will pardon our intrusion upon your happy retreat, but as we came up the garden walk, you seemed so happy here, that we could not forbear taking a nearer peep; besides, I knew my little Bertha would scarcely forgive me, if I did not immediately call her to greet her old friend and spoiler."

Bertha had already climbed into her cousin's arms, and was making very free with him; and Mr. Le Moyne remarked, that as one of the ladies seemed disposed to accord him so full and free a pardon, he was induced to hope that he might not be long in making his peace with the other!

Eva made some blushing reply, and then Mrs. Gordon, who had watched the proceedings from a window, came down the walk to join them, and they all started toward the house.

June had passed and July had come, and still Philip Le Moyne was a frequent visitor at Mr. Gordon's. He was charmed with the location, he said; he would not go to Saratoga, as he had intended, he would take up his residence at Ware-Bank for the summer—that is, if his cousin's did not decidedly object.

Mr. Gordon smiled with the look of a man who knows a great secret, if he chose to tell it, and replied, that he really didn't think they were at all the persons to be consulted; that he bored no one with his civilities so much as Miss Norman, and if she chose to endure him as a permanency, why he—Mr. Gordon—should make no objections, but he really felt bound to protect Miss Eva if she should call for his interference.

Miss Eva blushed, as she had a perfect right to do under such severe raillery, and replied, "That she should be very sorry to be the cause of any persecution toward Mr. Le Moyne;" and there she stopped, and blushed a deeper crimson than before, and Mrs. Gordon, good humoredly, changed the subject.

All this was at dinner; and when they rose from the table, and started out into the grounds, Mr. Le Moyne contrived to draw Eva into the shade of the old willow, under which he had first seen her, and there he made a long confession. The exact nature of it, I don't feel called upon to declare—but Eva entered the house, blushing very sweetly, and looking, Philip thought, a thousand times more charming than ever before.

It was a sultry day in August, Mildred St. John sat in her new room at the United States Hotel. For nearly an hour she had been sitting there, and all that time her thought had been very busy.

Why didn't Philip Le Moyne come to the Springs? He had expressed his intention of doing so most definitely. Had he changed his plans and gone elsewhere, and if so, what had caused the change, and where had he gone? Had her influence over him—for she was sure he had been attracted toward her—suddenly and naturally expired? Such things often happen to men who have seen as much of the world as he—or had some other and more dazzling light sprung up in his path, and decoyed him away?

His long absence piqued her pride far more than it disturbed her heart, but the annoyance she felt made itself manifest in a distaste for society, and a carelessness for her surroundings, which was quite new to her. The truth was, there wasn't a gentleman at the Springs who was so well suited in all points to her fancies, as was Philip Le Moyne. Mildred, as you will have seen before this, was no coquette. Having formed at last a preference, and having set resolutely about gaining the object of it, she could not be easily turned from her purpose; neither could her aspiring nature amuse itself meantime in efforts to flatter tastes less fastidious than the one she chose to please. If she could not win Philip Le Moyne, she cared not to win his inferior.

Finnette entered with the day's mail. There was a letter from Eva. Mildred was strangely interested in her little cousin, and she threw aside a half dozen dainty notes from her fashionable friends, to peruse this plain, unpretending epistle.

It had a look like Eva, that letter. It was written on a fair white sheet, neither tinted or perfumed. The seal was a tiny drop of wax, stamped with the simple, plainly-cut, initial E. The superscription was in a delicate running hand, beautiful, but not characterless. The style of the epistle was still more characteristic. It was frank, outgushing and easy. The first two pages contained an account of her pleasant life, and her delightful home. "The grounds are so beautiful now!" she said, "in their sum-

mer robes; and the ever-restless, ever-glorious ocean—oh! Mildred, I worship it! I would not exchange the delicious view from my window, sweet cousin, for all the fashion and gaiety and dissipation of twenty Saratogas; that would I not!" The third page opened with this startling announcement:

"And now, dear Mildred, I have something strange to tell you. You will hardly believe it at first. I am such a child to be—engaged. But I am, Mildred, that is if uncle does not object, as mamma doesn't, and as I am sure no one can. He is so noble, so good, and withal—though I don't at all care for that—wealthy, and well-connected. He has seen so much of the world too; has traveled, and is so accomplished, it seems very strange that he should love a little ignorant maiden like me. But he does, my Philip. He says he does, and I know he speaks the truth. I have such perfect faith in him, Mildred, I would trust him to the world's end. Mrs. Philip Le Moyne! It sounds very well, doesn't it?"

Mildred crushed the paper in her hands. Her teeth were set firmly, and her eye lighted with scorn. Then she leaned her head upon her hand, and gradually a calmer expression came back to her face.

Mildred had a rather strong sense of right and justice, and she was conscious, in the present instance, that she had nothing really to complain of. Pride was bitterly aggrieved, but reason told her that there was no one to blame but herself. She had been indulging unfounded hopes. Fortunately, she had some time for calm reasoning, before she was interrupted. Very soon, however, the door opened, and Mrs. St. John entered, with a letter in her hand.

"What do you think has happened, Mildred?" said the astonished lady.

"Simply, that Eva Norman and Philip Le Moyne are engaged."

"Ah! you have a letter from her. Are you not amazed? How she must have maneuvered to get him. I did not think the creature could be so artful!"

Even in this moment of disappointment and mortification, Mildred was not unjust. Her lofty nature was above meanness.

"Eva has not maneuvered, mamma, I am confident of it; and it is just that which has made her fortune. Her naturalness was so new, her simplicity of soul so charming, that Philip Le Moyne, man of the world as he was, could not withstand it."

"Well, such matches do once in a while occur, I know, but they were always a mystery to me."

Mildred was beginning to comprehend the mystery.

"I'm sure I am glad she is so well provided for," continued Mrs. St. John; "it will be rather amusing, though, to be questioned about it as we shall be. People will make so many ill-natured observations!"

"When are they to be married?" asked Mildred, without noticing her mother's remark.

"Early in the autumn, I believe; and Mrs. Gordon, who it seems is one of the enthusiastic sort, and has taken a fancy to Eva, insists that the wedding, which is to be a very quiet one, shall be there. I am sure I have no objection. It would be very awkward for us to give it. I am afraid it will give rise to remark, though, for they will be sure to come out very brilliantly this winter."

Mildred had a vague idea that fashionable life would hardly be the height of happiness to either of them, but as the idea of a man of Philip Le Moyne's station seeking any other seemed out of the question, she supposed it would be so. Yet she could not help thinking that it would not be very agreeable to meet Eva as an equal in society, and the wife of Philip Le Moyne.

She thought a moment in silence; at last she said: "It strikes me, mamma, that we shall never find a better time than this winter for our long-talked-of visit to Paris. Suppose we spend the winter there, and next summer on the Continent, and return in the fall."

"It is a very good idea, Mildred; I'll speak to your father about it immediately."

In another week it was settled that they should return at once to New York, and prepare for a speedy departure for Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—TENNYSON.

Two years elapsed before the St. John family returned from abroad. Mildred was now twenty-eight, and no nearer than ever to marriage. Her desires for a return to fashionable life was not very strong; the chord in her heart which Eva Norman had awoken, had not yet quite ceased to vibrate. Besides, her strong mind had improved its opportunities for extensive observation, and had begun to progress, slowly it is true, but not the less surely toward truth. She was neither ardent nor impulsive in temperament; but if she did not make rapid advances in the way, she never retrograded.

The week following her arrival at New York, brought a letter from Mrs. Le Moyne. It was not very different from the letters of Eva Norman. She seemed the same joyous, impulsive creature as of old; the same full fountain of natural unrestrained life and inspiration. Mildred studied the letter, much as she had studied

her child cousin in former years. She turned over every sentence, and viewed it in every possible light. There was no more, no less of it, than at first. It was the frank, earnest out-giving of a warm unschooled heart. She was living in the country, she said, as she had been since her marriage. She would gladly go to New York to welcome her friends to their home after their long absence, but she was a mother now, and her baby must be her apology. But wouldn't Mildred come and see her? The autumn months were very pleasant in their country home, and they would be so happy to see Mildred there. Wouldn't she please to come?

For a long time Mildred held the letter in her hand, musing. At last she seated herself at her writing table, and penned an answer. It was short, but quite to the point. She thanked Eva for her kindness, and for the invitation to visit her. As for the latter, she felt inclined to accept it. Indeed if nothing happened to prevent, she would be with her cousins the next week. She sealed the letter and despatched it.

Mr. and Mrs. St. John expressed much surprise at this sudden determination; but Mildred's will had long been the only rule of her life, so they made no objection.

It was a pleasant afternoon in the Indian summer. Mildred had been a week at Hill Side. Eva sat by her little workstand sewing; the boy, the little Philip, lay in the cradle by her side—for Eva loved to have the care of this, her first little one; so often she sat and sewed, and rocked the cradle with her foot, as many a mother in humbler life has done.

Mildred sat by the window, her finger keeping the place where she had been reading in the book which lay in her lap, and her head supported by one little hand, as she looked out upon the fair prospect which stretched away before her. There were blue hills in the back-ground, which had clothed themselves in hazy mists; there were golden and parti-colored forests, and brown meadows, through which clear streamlets gurgled—and above all, was spread the soft, blue sky, clear as crystal, its golden view resting upon the far off hills. It was a pleasant view, and so Mildred said to herself as she looked off upon it. Soon, looking down among the fine old shade trees, which interspersed the lawn, she saw the little picket gate open, and Philip Le Moyne walked up the avenue. Mildred rose, swung open the casement, and stood awaiting his approach.

"A fine day, isn't it?" he said; "almost as fine as those of Italy."

"Yes. I am enjoying it, more than any I ever enjoyed in Italy."

"I am glad," was the only response; and the hearty tone in which it was spoken, and the

kindly glance of the eyes which accompanied it, made it quite sufficient.

Eva laid down her work, and joined them at the window—and drawing one arm within her husband's, and turning the other around her friend's waist, they all stepped out upon the piazza, which ran along under the window.

They talked awhile of scenery, then of beauty in general, then of happiness. Just then the baby woke, and Eva went in to still its cries.

"You seem very happy, Philip!" said Mildred.

"I am," was the deep, beautiful response; "and you might be."

"Do you think so?" she asked, with a faint, half sad smile.

"I know it"

"Tell me the secret."

"I cannot. Your heart must grow into the knowledge of it, else it will avail you nothing. You have a true heart, Mildred. Why feed it on husks?"

She did not answer, but looked down, tapping the floor with her foot.

At this moment Eva re-appeared, having the child in her arms, all fresh and glowing from his healthful slumber.

"Isn't he a darling, cousin Milly?" said the young mother, as she tossed the laughing boy toward her cousin, before giving him into his father's arms.

Philip took the child, and looked upon him with all a parent's fondness, and there was a depth of mistful thought in his eye, as if he would fain have penetrated the Julin which lay before him.

"How happy you will be here, Eva, this winter, while I am wasting life in crowded saloons of fashion? I half wish I were going to be here," said Mildred, smiling.

Eva looked up, appealingly. "Oh! do stay," she said, "I should be so delighted to have you, and I know Philip would; wouldn't you, darling?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "Cousin Mildred is always welcome here, and I think we need not assure her of it."

"And you wouldn't be at all jealous of me, Eva?" asked Mildred, half laughing, half in earnest.

"Jealous!" repeated Eva, as if smiling within herself at the absurdity. She wound her arms around the beautiful boy, as he sat-up straight and strong in his father's arms, and he cooing and laughing, clinched his little arms in her golden curls and crowed aloud. Eva disentangled his fingers, and then continued: "as if I could be jealous of *any one*, while I have such security as this of my husband's love. How can he help worshipping the darling and loving him; he can not long be faithless to me."

Philip said nothing, but he looked down into his young wife's eyes with a glance, whose significance her heart easily interpreted.

"Do stay with us, Mildred," urged Eva, "we should so love to have you; and beside—" she hesitated.

"What is it, little wife?" said Philip; "speak out—you never have thoughts which you need to blush for."

"It seems to me," she continued, in a low voice, "that since cousin Milly has come back from Europe, she is changed. I don't know exactly how—only I like her so much better than I used to, and I'm afraid if she goes back into the old circle of society, she will never seem to me again just as she does now."

Philip smiled, and Mildred bit her lips.

"Well, I'll think of it," she answered, gaily; "I'm not at all sure that I shouldn't mope to death here, before the winter was over; but it would be a curious experiment to try it, if I could survive it."

Philip smiled hopefully, and Eva was highly delighted.

Mildred stayed. And when the spring came she wrote and begged her father to move early out to their country residence, upon the Hudson, for she did not want to return to the city to live.

Mildred's will was supreme; besides, Mrs. St. John, herself, was becoming weary of fashionable life, and Mildred found little difficulty in persuading her parents to remain altogether in the country hereafter.

And now Mildred began really to *live*—for that is not life which does not call out the highest exercise of mind, and heart, and soul. Her musical talent, hitherto cultivated only for display, became a source of exquisite gratification; and often as she sat in her quiet parlor, and drew forth from the ivory keys the sweet strains of the old masters of song, and her own full, rich voice poured forth their soul-inspiring melodies, she felt, as never before, the harmonizing powers of music. Her knowledge of drawing, too, was revived, and many a happy hour she spent transferring to her sketch book the natural beauties which surrounded her. She read and studied, and the twilight hours she spent in quiet meditation, and the depth of her own mind offered up to her rich stores of pure and unalloyed pleasure.

She did not altogether forsake society. On the contrary, of the small but select and social circle, which surrounded her, she was the soul and centre; and it was one of her chief delights to exercise for the pleasure of her friends, those arts and accomplishments, whose sole end she had once conceived to be the gratification of her own pride and love of admiration.

At thirty, Mildred's personal charms were

scarcely at all abated. Her rich, tropical beauty was more enduring than the frailer charms of fairer belles, and she *was* now, what on the night of Philip Le Moyne's introduction she had desired to *seem*—a ripe, high-souled, and peerlessly beautiful woman.

CHAPTER V.

"What can I give thee back, oh! liberal
And princely given! Who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall,
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse!"

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BROWNING.

"Who is this new neighbor who is coming in at Grove Cottage?" asked Mrs. St. John of her husband, at the breakfast table one May morning.

"No less a personage than Mr. Hastings, the poet and orator," was the reply. "He will be a valuable acquisition to our society."

"I hope his lady may prove as agreeable as he ought from his reputation to be. In that case we shall indeed be highly favored."

"He has no wife living, but is a widower of some years standing, with two children. A female relative is his housekeeper."

"He isn't wealthy of course, or he wouldn't rent the cottage, but then he is famous," was the half soliloquising response; but Mr. St. John was by this time engrossed with his paper and paid no heed to the remark.

It might be that Mrs. St. John's manoeuvring propensities were not yet extinct, but Mildred certainly was no party to them now, for she read on through the paragraph which at that moment engaged her attention, almost without hearing the conversation of her parents.

A week later she had called on the new neighbor; an attention which Mr. Hastings was not long in returning. He was a noble man, a poet soul-trained in the rough school of circumstances, and reaching now after long years of toil and suffering, not a quiet haven of rest, but only a stand point, where he might pause for an instant to gather strength for labors yet more noble and arduous, in behalf of truth and humanity.

There was something in Mildred's frank nobility of nature, which pleased him at the first; and a more intimate acquaintance with her, deepened and strengthened his admiration. At last, with all the impassioned eloquence of a lover and a poet, he told his love: and she listened kindly.

One glorious October evening the village pastor was invited to dine at Mr. St. John's; and when they all stood around the board, Mr. Hastings and Mildred at one end of it, and the pastor at the other, the marriage ceremony was performed, and a blessing pronounced upon it. It was sunset when they rose from the table, and Mildred going into a little summer parlor which

adjoined the dining-room, and which was her favorite apartment, sat down at the organ which stood in a recess, and played the Ave Maria of Schubert. Tearful eyes looked tenderly upon her as she rose, and silent prayers ascended for her future welfare. Then in the gloaming, she kissed her parents and received their benediction; and taking her husband's arm, together, they walked over the hills, and through the rustling many-tinted forests, and down into the silent valley, where nestled the little cottage, which was to be her future home.

Her own letter to Eva and Philip, written a few months after her marriage, will best conclude her story:

"My dear friends:—Do not think that your letter of congratulation, has so long remained unanswered through neglect. It is far otherwise. I have been waiting to assure myself that the happiness, the blessedness of this new life would continue; whether it were of the deep, lasting, satisfying nature, of which it seemed, or whether it were only a dream, fated to be dispelled by some sad waking. I am afraid now, that I have been selfishly happy; but it is such joy to know and feel how necessary I am every day growing to my husband, the noble man, the pure soul, the tried heart; and, how every day, our lives grow more and more into union, into that perfect oneness, which alone, is marriage. People speak of harmony in the marriage relation; the term is misapplied. Harmony implies two distinct natures in *marriage*, there is but one heart, one soul, one life; and that life is so intense, so broad, so deep, so beyond all expression blessed.

"You will smile at such expressions in a bride, who, like myself is on the shady side of thirty, but it is the deep, strong, fervent love of a ripened soul, which can afford the expense of enthusiasm. Then, too, some natures mature sooner than others: and while I, perhaps, was never weak and childish, yet it required years of culture and discipline, and development to draw out all my latent capacities. Oh! had I married in earlier years, before I knew what marriage was, what shipwreck of happiness had there been.

"I have not spoken of my children yet, my dear adopted ones, Harold and Una. Harold has a deep strong spirit, so like mine, that he might

almost be my own child; and I am growing so to love him; oh, how much need of wisdom and patience, and purity of soul, I shall have to train him rightly. I have high hopes of him, the brave boy. Una is much like you, Eva. She reminds me of you constantly, and is to me like yourself, a constant study. So perfect in her blonde beauty, so graceful, so spirited, so sunny-tempered, and yet so unconscious of it all. She is a perfect revelation, a living emanation from the spiritual, inexhaustible in truth and purity. If Harold makes demands upon my stores of strength, she fully supplies them. I draw inspiration from her, every hour I am in her presence.

"They have faults. Harold especially, was inclined to great waywardness, and Una seems so ethereal in all her perceptions and ideas, that I hardly know how to make her sufficiently practical for this material world of ours, without destroying the delicate union of spirituality which encrusts her whole nature. Ah! they are poet children, both of them. But in all these perplexities I have such a wise, beneficent, sympathetic counsellor in their father, and they are growing to love me so dearly, I am amply repaid for all the loving labor I expend upon them.

"You will think I am growing enthusiastic and communicative, but I have a motive in telling you all this. I wanted to make you sensible, how much I owe to you. Are you conscious that all this wealth of happiness is indirectly the result of your influence over me? Ah! Eva, Eva, rightly named, you have indeed been an angel to me, a revelator of divine things. You have been unconscious of the healing which has gone out before your spirit touch, but the miracle has been none the less surely wrought. Sweet little cousin, what gratitude do I not owe to God for giving you to me.

"Thank you for all your good wishes; you see how fully they are realized. You know the world's estimate of my noble husband, and with the love we bear each other, you can guess if we are happy. God knows how every deep fountain of my heart is opened, every strong yearning of my nature quenched. Can you, can any comprehend all this? I believe, you, more than most can; but oh! how few there are with eyes to see, or hearts to understand it.

"Truly yours,

"MILDRED HASTINGS."

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,
To mark the tear with love replete,
To feel the softly breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat.

But oh! a thousand times more sweet,
The praise of those we love to hear;
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

THE PENALTY OF JESSONDA.

THE memorable reduction of the town and fortifications of Algiers, by Lord Exmouth's little squadron of five ships of war and as many gun-boats, is one of those events familiar to all. While the leading nations of Europe were engaged in their desperate game of war, and the thunderous cannon of opposing squadrons sounded from sea to sea, the works and fortresses of Algiers had, almost unnoticed, been improving, progressing, renewing, in strength and vastness, until, at the period referred to, 1816, it could boast of possessing some thirty batteries mounted with single, double, and triple tiers of guns. On the 11th of August, 1816, however, Lord Exmouth, with his comparatively insignificant but compact force, took his place, and opened fire. A few hours settled the affair. He crashed the city, silenced battery after battery, blew up the magazines, fired the shipping, and effectually crippled a merciless and irresponsible power, past all remedy.

Among the Christian prisoners who thus obtained their release, and early enough to do some good service in a rising that took place in the city during the bombardment, was a young French officer of marine, who, wounded in a descent made by his countrymen in the neighborhood of Oran, had been captured and sent to Algiers; but, owing to the interference of the French consul, to whom some deference had always been paid, an unusual lenity had been extended towards him. Freedom, under certain conditions and restrictions under the surety of the consul, was granted him; and, after a few days, Franz St. Michel found that life in Algiers was tolerable, and chiefly for the reasons to be presently given.

Between the fish-market and the sea-wall there lay a low, dirty, and crowded neighborhood, which, if we designate as a sort of Algerine "Wapping," the reader can fill up the details of the picture for himself. In a nook, defying discovery, save to the initiated, stood a house where sailors, corsairs, and such like roving salt-water gentry, usually boarded, and presided over by one Demetry, a wily old Greek from Epirus. Demetry, with the craft of his people, and with a relish in the same that gave it a touch of art, could master the secret of every one that frequented his house—by what means or method matters little to tell. Franz, having acquired a secret of his own by this time, struck up an acquaintance with Demetry, whose house he now occasionally frequented.

When St. Michel, at last grown bolder and more confidential, ventured to inquire of Deme-

try respecting the chartering of some lateen-rigged craft, a felucca, or any quick-going thing with a deck to it, Demetry conjectured that a stroke of business in piracy or contraband was going forward. But he was wrong, though not altogether so; and when Franz confided one-half of his secret (which to Demetry was the whole,) the Epirote pledged himself heart and soul to help him, and Franz empowered him, therefore, to hire the vessel he wanted.

It was to complete the arrangements in progress, that one sultry afternoon found Franz closeted in one of the most stifling holes of Demetry's menagerie, in company with that worthy and three or four swarthy, bearded mariners, the leader of whom would have formed a model of the old pirate, Captain Kidd, while the others were as ferocious looking fellows, as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. Thus enjoying themselves, smoking and drinking, they received part of Franz's money in advance, with many pious imprecations of fidelity, settling the time and place of meeting on the shore towards Bona, where a boat was to be in waiting to convey them to a wicked looking zebec rocking outside the surf, thence to sail for Ajaccio or Marseilles, as fortune and the winds would favor them. This over, Franz took his departure, satisfied with matters so far, and having but one further arrangement to make. After quitting his equivocal companions, Franz, without difficulty passed the Algerine guard at the southern gate, leading from the city to one of the loneliest, wildest, and least frequented of its sylvan suburbs. Heedless of the wild and picturesque beauty of the scene of mingled sky, sea, and earth, offered to his view, and bathed in all the golden splendors of a declining sun, and too intent on the subject of his engrossing thoughts, Franz hurried on, till at last, a few paces before him, he beheld the object of his hopes and worship, and sprang forward to meet her.

It was a woman of some sixteen years of age, with a light, tall, and graceful figure, and whose elastic step showed one accustomed to the vigorous and bracing breezes of the Berber hills. The head was small, and nobly united by an exquisitely moulded neck to her fine shoulders. The almost diaphanous nostrils, distended with quick breathing; the parted lips, exhibiting the even, white, small teeth; the magnificent Orient face, in whose hues the olive and the rose mingled; the splendid profile, the long, silken eyelashes, the sparkle, the freshness, the odorous air which surrounded her, told that if Franz had fallen in love, he had selected one of the most

perfect objects of worship Algiers could probably boast of.

"Franz!" she exclaimed in a voice indescribable, as she hastened to meet him.

"My brave Jessonda!" he returned, clasping her for a moment in his arms. "And you are here before me!" he said in a tone of self-reproach. "It is true that —"

"I seized an opportunity offered me during my duenna's absence of coming unnoticed," exclaimed Jessonda, hurriedly interrupting him; "and you know the terrible penalty —"

"I know the fearful risks you run for me, Jessonda," he gravely replied. "I know something, though not all, perhaps, of what lies in your perilous path; and I know your loving heart scorns it."

"Peril, death, are nought to those who love," she said.

"True, dear Jessonda; and it is now my turn to act and to dare," returned the lieutenant. "All is prepared for our escape, and to-morrow that light vessel will bear us away," and he pointed to the *xebec*, with her peaked lateen yards flashing like so many lances as she rose and fell on the restless waters where she was at anchor.

"To-morrow!" she said, and paused a moment, then added, "Well, be it so. Adieu, father, country, home! Farewell, stern parent, tyrant like thy master! Adieu, home from whence I was to be sold! Lo! I choose for myself; but oh, Franz! Franz!" she exclaimed in a tone of almost passionate entreaty, "do not cease to love me, for then what shall I have left me?"

"I will not. I swear I will not! And now, dear Jessonda," he said, "let me make you understand the arrangements I have made for your comfort and safety," and he proceeded to detail his plans, their place and time of meeting, and the rest. Then they parted to seek the town by different ways.

Hitherto things had gone on smoothly enough, but besides that, the cunning old *Dometry* was in possession of the young officer's secret, another was aware of it also. And this was the duenna whom Jessonda, dreading to confide in, had taken some pains to deceive; but the jealous watchfulness of the latter was not so easily defeated.

The Dey of Algiers, to mark the sense of his hatred against all Christians, and the extent of his power, had forbidden any union, clandestine or public, between any of the Christian inhabitants and his own subjects. The penalties were excessive, and depending upon his own mood. Jessonda, however, with the perversity natural to woman, loved Franz in defiance of this prohibition, and was ready to sacrifice life and liberty for his sake.

Her father, a man of rank and influence, had already assigned her hand to one of the Dey's favorite officers. The intimation had been made to that young lady without the ceremony of asking her opinion, and was received by her with that silent submission which may announce either assent or dissent, refusal or indifference—a sort of "whatever-you-please-papa" kind of recognition of authority. As the stern parent had but one opinion on the subject, and that his own, and put but one construction upon her looks, nothing but the lapse of a moon or two had to be waited for; and, meantime, Marotta, her duenna, a half hag-like, mercenary Moresca, was ordered to keep such watch over her ward as tradition assigns to the habits of these (and other) very respectable people. Jessonda, however, to whom love lent invention, continued to elude all, or believed she did so, and in four-and-twenty-hours more, if the fates were only propitious, would be sailing to the sunny south of *la belle France*, in company with the (soon to be) husband of her choice.

Jessonda returned to her father's house unnoticed, and the lynx-eyed duenna, on entering the young girl's chamber, found her seated there calm, composed, and indifferent. Few words passed between them, but the icy smile and the sinister gleam of the woman's eye, attested to a knowledge which would have filled Jessonda's heart with dismay, had she regarded Marotta's words, look, or manner at all, which she did not, that heart being already too full of other and fonder thoughts.

The night came on, clad in silver and purple, accompanied with stars and glory. Soft winds were mingling with the fountains playing in the marble court-yard without, and whispering like a lover's voice among the orange and pomegranate trees, and the thousand tropic bowers scattered about; and Jessonda slept on her couch—a soft, happy, dreaming sleep, sweet as that of infancy, where neither fear, nor doubt, nor dread ever come to disturb its Elysian repose.

* * * * *

In the neighborhood of the Dey's palace, as the night fell, some guards might have been seen conducting a muffled female form, whose vigorous steps and erect gait betrayed an inexorable energy of purpose. It was Marotta, the young girl's duenna, whose cupidity prompted her to the steps she took. They were bending their steps towards a curtained pavilion belonging to Hamet, so high in favor with the relentless Dey, and who was the intended betrothed of Jessonda. The curtains of the pavilion were lifted up, the officer aroused, and both were left together alone. With that dry, laconic brevity peculiar to her, Hamet, in a few words, was made acquainted with every particular.

Marotta could see by the silver lamp which flung its softened gleams over the barbaric splendor of the pavilion, flashing upon Hamet's arms and gorgeous robe, that his eye grew lurid, his lips livid, and his dusky face dark with fury. "Now I shall have gold," she said to herself; but in another moment, though he ground his teeth and played with the haft of his *jambes*, every vestige of rage and passion was gone. The man of volcanic passions was as cold and calm in appearance as the cone of Hecla.

"That will do," he said, tranquilly seating himself on his cushions again. "If thou art honest, I thank thee; if revengeful, thou art revenged. Go!"

"Go!" repeated Marotta, in surprise, and furious with disappointment. "Dost thou not believe me? Would'st thou have farther proofs that she loves this young Christian?"

"No!" thundered Hamet; "if she loves another, Giaour though he be, Hamet will not stop to contend for her hand. I pity her, and—that is what thou desirest, I doubt not." And he flung with scorn and contempt some pieces of gold to her feet, which she eagerly gathered up. "Go," he said, "and see my face no more."

"Wilt thou not see her father, then save her, and punish *him*?" persisted Marotta, in real surprise and disappointment.

"Seek her father?" echoed Hamet. "Ask me rather if I will not send my own mutes to strangle her. I am no executioner! Go, save her thyself if thou canst. If thou regardest her, save her from dishonor. Yet," he continued, "watch her, and hold thy peace. Speak no word of it. Go!" And with an imperious wave of the hand, he finally dismissed her; and Marotta, conducted as she came, quitted the precincts of the palace.

Exasperated by the contempt and apparent indifference of Hamet, on her return she crept softly into Jessonda's chamber, and saw that the girl still slept; and then she sought the presence of the maiden's father. Short and decisive enough, this time, was their interview.

* * * * *

At midnight Jessonda was awakened.

A hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she started up, uttering a cry of terror at beholding the swarthy, stern, bearded face of her father, with his dark and sullen eyes fixed upon her. She felt her blood becoming cold at her very heart, and a presentiment stealing over her, fast becoming certainty. His gaunt, statuesque form, clad in his flowing, half barbaric dress, stood looming before her like the figure of an inexorable and dreadful fate. Behind him were two mutes, black and deformed, bearing torches, while a gigantic negro, holding loose, dangling folds of thin cord in his hand, might have indi-

cated a horror not to be fully revealed in words. She saw them not, however, at the instant. Her fears and thoughts were a moment far away. When this passed, the cold, impassive face, with its dreadful pallor, alone fascinated her. Presently her eyes began to wander round the chamber, and falling on the mutes, she gave a shuddering sob, and gathering the folds that covered her couch around her, sat white and still as death.

"My daughter," broke in the cold, hard voice of her father, "is it true that thou refusest to be the bride of the noble Hamet, whom the Dey so worthily favors?"

"I do not love him," was her half-whispered answer.

"It is my will," he said, "and the child is cursed that rebels against the parent. What is thy reason?"

"I do not love him," she murmured.

His brow darkened. The gathering storm of wrath was about to burst.

"Thou hast been seen in the grove on the hill, beyond the city, whispering to a man, leaning on his shoulder; his lips have pressed thine. Do you love him?" he asked.

Then Jessonda was aware that she had been watched and betrayed; and, with the calmness of one who knows there is no appeal, no hope, merely bowed her head, and answered, "I do."

"A dog of a Christian!" he exclaimed. "Verily, daughter, thou hast done very ill! Apostate to thy religion, and false to our laws; rebel against thy father's will; dost thou persist? Will nothing change thee, Jessonda?"

Something like emotion there was in his deep voice. It is always affecting to see a stern man moved, and Jessonda felt it.

"What means my father?" she asked, lifting up her eyes.

"Cast this Giaour off; recant—" he said.

"I cannot give up my lover," she began.

"Enough!" he coldly said. "Pray to God—thine or mine. Pray. It is necessary."

She looked around her, then cast into his face a soft, appealing look. It was the look of one that asks for pity where it has the profoundest right of nature to demand it. The short pause grew agonizing. Neither broke it. He was like bronze—she like marble; both immovable. Then her eyes fell, her lips moved, her head lowered. She was praying.

"Come, Arthax," said the father, with a wave of his hand, and pointing to his daughter. The black giant advanced, cord in hand.

"Carry her away," he added a moment after.

* * * * *

The day broke, the morning dawned; noon came and passed away, the delicious evening was advancing, and Franz, burning with impatience to depart, was about to leave his dwelling,

when Marotta entered, and after a few hurried questions and answers, the young lieutenant believed in the duenna's plausible tale, and eagerly consented to follow her to the presence of his beautiful young bride elect, who was *waiting for him*.

He followed her without a word through many a street and turning, until they stopped at a small door leading into a court-yard at the back of a house, which Franz knew to be the dwelling-place of his mistress. This was opened, and closed as he passed in with Marotta, who led him there under a long colonnade, at the corner of which he was startled by suddenly beholding a colossal negro start forth out of the shade. The half-drawn sword was replaced as the duenna informed him that this was Arthax, a faithful slave, who would aid them.

The evening was yet early, but strangely lowering, and the lofty walls and verandahs which ran around cast broad shadows downwards, rendered more gloomy by a cluster of tall and sombre cypresses growing round a fountain that was plashing with a melancholy cadence in the centre. The breezes, too, that made the dark foliage nod and whisper, had something in them so doleful, that a vague dread and distrust stole upon the ardent young Frenchman's heart as he continued to follow his guide by a narrow passage, where a short flight of steps led downwards to a door, entering he knew not where. As it was opened, however, an icy breath swept by, and involuntarily he drew back, exclaiming—

"What does this mean? Where are you leading me, and why does this man follow?"

"I am leading you to Jessonda," returned the woman with her evil smile; "and as for Arthax, you will find him useful. Come, I am taking you to one who has not hesitated in braving all for the man she loved. Do you doubt? do you fear? do you hesitate?"

"No, no; but this strange, dark place—"

"Would you have me lead you through the house, to her father's presence? Well, this way, then. It is the nearest, and a mere passage," and Marotta smiled.

"A passage!" The word haunted him, and the smile more so.

"Yes, a passage. It leads from here—elsewhere. Except by this way, you will not meet your beloved. Choose, therefore, to go forward or remain."

"*En avant!*" cried the gallant young fellow, descending the steps lower, and followed by Arthax. The door shut to with a clang, and the three were in utter darkness.

"Treachery!" cried St. Michel, tugging at his sword, but an iron gripe restrained him, and the cold voice of Marotta reached his ear.

"Do not fear," it said; "wait till a torch is lighted; and, by the Prophet, I swear to lead

you to Jessonda. Be calm. There is time enough. Arthax, give us light." As she spoke, a red glare began to spread around, and the African cast the light of his flaming brand into the farthest recesses of the gloom. The vault—for such it really was—low, arched, and time-eaten, awakened the suspicions of Franz anew.

This time his arm was free, and his sword drawn. In the left hand he held a pistol. "I warn you," said he sternly, "not to trifle with me. I am both doubtful and determined."

"Follow, and do not threaten; and observe the dismal place to which your beautiful betrothed did not fear to come. To the left, Arthax, to the left;" and on Marotta went.

"Oh, my Jessonda, my love!" murmured Franz, and followed farther to where this gloomy vault took far more enlarged and loftier proportions. In the centre of this chamber, he observed that a circular space on the floor was darker than the rest. He fell back with a cry of surprise and horror when he found himself at the edge of a black and yawning pit—a fathomless well! On the edge was a coil of stout cordage, one end of which evidently reached to the bottom.

"Pull, Arthax, pull!" exclaimed Marotta, with her baleful smile; and, when the negro stuck his torch in the soft floor, he caught hold of the rope, and began to haul it up. Some heavy weight St. Michel knew was at its extremity, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. His head was swimming, and he began to experience a deadly sickness at the heart.

It was a deep well, for Franz could hear the plash, plash of water as the rope swayed and swung. Nearer and nearer the dreaded burden came! It appeared! it was laid down almost at the feet of the poor, maddened youth. He uttered a cry, mentioned the beloved name—for there lay what was once Jessonda.

Franz, all of a tremble, knelt down, caught up the darling head tenderly, swept away the dripping tresses, embraced it wildly, kissed the cold lips, and with his eyes seeming turned to stone, muttered—

"Oh, God! It blinds me! it blinds me! Oh, my love!" He kissed her hands, her face, her lips, her eyes, over and over again.

Then a revulsion came. This appalling act, the gratuitous brutality that attended it, roused up all the hot blood to his heart. The mighty weight of wordless sorrow expressed by his wan lips, as with a sort of fading smile he kissed her once more, and rose to his feet, vanished, and was succeeded by the fierce thirst for vengeance.

"Tigress!" he shouted, "take from me an additional reward!" Ere the negro could stop his hand, he had fired, and the bullet pierced the creature's heart, her life departed with the

shriek she uttered. Franz was thinking vaguely of the woman's equivocal words—the passage that led to Jessonda. And Jessonda, the light of his eyes, the star of his existence, was dead—dead! She would never waken more.

Suddenly the sullen roll of Moorish drums was heard, followed by the sound of feet trampling and rushing to and fro. The clatter of barbaric arms, and the clang of many match-locks striking against the ground came next, and the place seemed all on fire with torches. But Franz, fearful now in his great calmness, was again kneeling beside his murdered love.

"Oh, my love! oh, my life!" he murmured, when a voice met his ears:

"Behold the punishment of the apostate!"

Looking up, St. Michel saw and knew the speaker. It was the dey himself, surrounded by his guards. On one side of him stood Demetry, with a pale, affrighted face; on the other, Jessonda's father, cold, immovable—a very stone.

The young lieutenant no longer felt the slightest emotion of fear. A reckless apathy had succeeded, but he felt some stir in his blood still when he met the dark, sullen eyes of the father, and glanced on the form of the relentless executioner—the negro. Against these two he recorded a silent vow of vengeance, and met the frowning looks of the dey with a calmness which awakened that dignitary's wrath.

"Seize him, and remove him," he said; and the next moment two of the guards had manacled his hands, and led the unhappy youth forth, heedless whither he went or what befell him. In a short space, all had again re-assembled in a principal chamber of the house which poor Jessonda had so lately brightened with her presence.

Utterly indifferent, perfectly collected, but drawing in his breath with those deep, shivering sobs that tell of a great agony, Franz stood before the tyrant, who, seated in a chair of state that somewhat resembled his own (for Jessonda's truculent parent was a magnate after their barbaric fashion,) proceeded to hold what "his Greatness" might deem a trial.

"Now, dog off a Greek!" he thundered out to Demetry, "step forth, and tell all you know."

Demetry had a case to make out, and it required all the skill of the clever boarding-house keeper for corsairs generally to give it an aspect most favorable to the dey's terrible eyes; because, having already made his statements—treachery within treachery—he was puzzled how to vary its features, and say something new. He therefore spoke in an abject manner of his duty to the state, his respect for the constitution, his reverence for the sovereign authority, and his cringing adoration of the great dey's fiat in particular. Demetry became rhetorical, which

was a mistake, and had it all his own way for a time, which was an offence against despotism.

"What did the Giaour give you for the aid you engaged to give him?" asked the dey point blank, fixing his eyes upon the knave.

This was turning the tables on Demetry; but, nothing daunted, he tried a bold falsehood, and swore by Allah and the Prophet, by the Koran and his beard, that he had not received a duro, nor ever intended to soil his hand with a grain of the filthy lucre. He knew his obligation to the laws far better, and for this alone had he seemed to acquiesce in the young man's designs.

"What say you to this?" demanded the dey, turning to Franz, struck with the stoical calm that reigned upon the youth's forehead.

"One half of what he has said is true, and the other half false—"

"By Allah, I swear—" and Demetry began to wag his beard with more confidence and greater energy.

"Silence, the Giaour!" thundered the dey, and thereupon the Greek was saluted across the mouth with the heel of a heavy slipper. "Now speak!" addressing St. Michel.

"Let your guards take a paper from my pocket," replied the latter. "It is a receipt for money already advanced, with a stipulation for a further sum that was to have been paid tonight on the deck of the *rebec*," and the prisoner's head sank on his breast, as he thought of what this night had brought him.

"Let the *rebec* be sunk by the fort, with all on board her," said the Algerine coolly. "And as for *you*"—he turned his fierce eye upon Demetry as he spoke, and accompanied the same by a sign.

That luckless paper found on Franz had convicted poor Demetry at once. The Epirote was tripped in a trice, and incontinently bastinadoed. All he was possessed of was subsequently absorbed in a fine, and the miserable wretch found that traitors are sometimes too liberally paid.

Meantime the dey pronounced upon Jessonda's father, for having usurped his (the dey's) functions, a sentence of retirement and fasting for a moon (month), remitting whatever heavier penalties then existing in Algiers for deliberate murder, in consequence of the zeal and firmness exhibited; for it would be too much to say that the man did not feel strange throes for the loss of his child; and this was only human nature fighting against the prejudices of birth, education, and custom. Franz was ordered to the palace prison, until the period when a caravan should be going into the "interior," which means being taken into some region in Central or Eastern Africa, where slavery in its direst forms exists, with no more chances of escape than of grasping the horns of the moon. So, on

the soul of the poor youth fell woe and darkness, unless a thought of vengeance, or a vision of Jessonda in her beatitude, might happen to lighten up his oblivion at any hour, sleeping or waking.

He had already, in a few deliberate words quietly uttered, told the dey that he had for all this his task of vengeance yet to accomplish; and that, from the maiden's father and from the negro, he would exact a stern and uncompromising account, supposing life and liberty were by any turn of fortune to favor him; and the dey almost admired the indomitable spirit which the doomed young officer exhibited.

Before the projected transfer into the interior took place, the dey, enraged at many Christian words and deeds which reproached him, and wearied with consular remonstrances of all kinds, connived, in the month of May of the same year, at an atrocious outrage and butchery upon some industrious and inoffensive people, chiefly Corsicans and Neapolitans, engaged in the coral-fisheries of Bona; and, as England and France were so busily engaged, our "Muley Moloch" fancied that he could act with impunity. Like many a cleverer man, however, he reckoned without his host; for, on the 11th of August, the death-awakening thunder of the British cannon, and the resounding British cheer, were heard mingling together; and, while the dey made a brave and obstinate resistance, his dangers were enhanced by a tumult, as has been stated, among the Christian population, in the midst of which the prison-doors were opened,

and among the rest came forth poor Franz, the wreck of his former self.

When he began to comprehend, though slowly, what this tumult might mean, his thirst for avenging the death of Jessonda was awakened; and, possessing himself of arms, he headed a band of the disaffected, whose object was principally rapine and plunder, and led them rather by chance than design to the house where the ineffaceable tragedy had been acted. *Her* father fell in the fierce fight, despite the furious and raging efforts made by the bereaved youth to slay the slayer himself. Other hands spared him that outrage upon the memory of his beloved, but he had the satisfaction of passing his sword through the body of Arthax, dedicating him to the infernal gods in the name of her whom the poor wretch had deprived of life. He escaped the janissaries by a miracle, and managed to row to an advancing gun-boat, under the whole fire of the Mole, with a temerity that rescues men from the very jaws of death; and joining in the attack, fought like one possessed, when a landing on one occasion was effected and made. Since then he has fought in many an African campaign, seeking the death which always evaded him, but he never forgot Jessonda, and is now an old and feeble man, longing for that hour when he can join her never more to be parted. He spends many an hour in solitude musing over the few *souvenirs* that remind him of her; and the cord which was the agent of her death is treasured as a memorial that will pass with him to his grave.

TOO FAITHFUL.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Ursus watched not at the door-post,
 Ursus slept not in his housing;
 Where was gone the homestead guardian,
 While the early morn was rousing?
 Out below the flowering orchard
 Strode a youth in sportsman's habit;
 Yet no game had need to hide them,
 Whether woodcock, quail, or rabbit.
 Belted flask hung void of powder,
 Shot nor ball was appertaining,
 And his rusted piece would poorly
 Pass review at old May Training.
 Furtive looks are cast behind him,
 Eager looks before he launches,
 Glances at a curtained chamber
 Through the white-flecked apple branches.
 Like some red chief, grimly musing
 On his vanished tribe and glory,
 Midway o'er the quiet fieldslope,
 Towered an elm-tree scathed and hoary.
 In its trunk an olden hollow
 Might have served as wild-bees' closet—

'Twas the hive for sweeter honey,
 Of sprite Cupid's own deposit.
 Dusk by dusk the secret post-box
 Gave a maid her love-note treasure,
 Dawn by dawn the harmless hunter
 Hasted for responsive measure.
 Ha! a growl—a baying, waxing
 Fiercer as the youth advances;—
 Verily may this scene be counted
 'Mong fond lovers' dire mischances.
 "What! the brute in league against me?
 Will the Fates forever curse us?
 What! denied both house and manor?
 Hush! be friendly, noble Ursus."
 Firm he answers threat and coaxing,
 Looks up toward the mansion proudly,
 Shakes his shaggy coat of dew-drops,
 Shows white tusches, raves more loudly.
 "Off! be off! young wicked robber!
 I my mistress fair attended,
 Left she here a precious something—
 With my life it is defended!"



MY DOG AND GUN.

MY DOG AND GUN.

THEY are my boon companions in the shooting season—my dog and gun. I love them both. If anything, Rol, with his black head and white nose, is my favorite. How he fawns upon the master whose steps he has followed so faithfully and so long. Were he not allowed to sleep at my chamber door at night, he would vent in dismal howls his disappointment.

My uncle Ralph used to have a little negro boy, who would follow him everywhere over his broad acres, and never lose sight of him as long as it was possible to be with him. Wherever my uncle was seen, there little Sam was sure to be. He stood behind his chair, waited on him at table, gratified all his whims, and served as a sort of miscellaneous audience for Ralph to be funny, serious, sentimental, eloquent, indignant, charitable, philanthropic, and political to. A most appreciative audience he was, too, always understanding, or pretending to do so, and always agreeing with him. Ralph sometimes likened my dog to his sable follower. They were both black—for little Sam was "darkly, deeply, beautifully black," the genuine, unadulterated African black. Uncle Ralph says that charcoal would make a white mark upon him.

Sometimes Uncle Ralph and I went out shooting together; and then, as both our black followers went with us, there was a struggle for the game. Ralph says that Sam "could beat the bugs" at running. Another favorite boast of his is, that Sam "can shin it like a white-head." I never could precisely make out the amount of speed thus indicated. But certainly Rol got ahead of Sam. My dear old uncle, himself a capital sportsman, and many a time when he was wont to tell of his exploits with his double-barrelled fowling piece. I never contradicted him, for it was his only weakness—a slight fault in a nature otherwise so excellent. But he managed to claim the credit of shooting my game, when we went out together. If he fired at a rabbit and missed it, the next one I killed was sure to have been the one he had wounded; so that when we returned, the most of the trophies were in his possession, and I got the credit of being a miserable sportsman. One that was a good shot at a barn door.

This exactly chimed in with the prejudices of my darling little wife, who abominated guns, powder, shooting, and everything else connected with field sports. I must give her the credit, however, to say that she enjoyed, with the zest of an epicure, the wild ducks, partridges, or other game with which my gunning excursions replenished her larder. But as these were only the fruits of my solitary excursions, and never

of those made with my uncle, my dear Dora had a shrewd suspicion that I bought them of the professional gunners, in order to hide my want of skill. She never knew before we were married that I was fond of gunning. But since she has found it out, all the ills of the household, including my own personal infirmities, are sure results of that unfortunate passion. My rheumatic touches she felt convinced were caught while gunning. I do try hard to keep my neat cottage home, in the environs of the city, looking trim and graceful, but if any thing goes wrong, my dog and gun are the luckless causes.

Dora has her sex's fear of loaded fire arms; and as my gun always hangs against the wall, ready loaded for an emergency, her fears are ever on the alert. If the servants or the children should take it down, and should point it at the shrubbery, and it should go off, how awful it would be. The newspapers—confound them—are continually hashing up some such "melancholy catastrophe," or "shocking event," or "fatal tragedy;" and as I take several of the city journals, daily and weekly, I am doomed to hear all these untoward accidents read over carefully, with due emphasis, and commented on as warnings which ought to be heeded by all who keep loaded guns in their houses. Human nature is prone to obstinacy. I confess that I am not of that yielding class of men, who will give up all their manly recreations to suit the whims of the softer and perhaps better sex. I honor the whole of womankind, and would not say a harsh word to one of them, and least of all to Dora. But I love the wild woods, the green fields, the tangled thicket, the reedy marsh, and the pleasurable excitement of hunting. I feel that I was not made entirely for books, and parlors, and the joint-stiffening idleness of a fine gentleman.

One summer day I was obliged to pay a short visit, on business, to a distant city, and taking the railway train, was soon flying away at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Dora was left at home alone with the servants; but, as I only intended to be gone one night, she said she did not fear the absence of protection. At this unwonted display of courage I laughed, and told her that there against the wall was my gun, which she could use in case of necessity.

"The plagued thing," said my dear little wife; "I would as lief touch a rattlesnake!"

"What would you do then, if a robber should come; request him mildly to depart?"

"Maybe I might ask him to walk in and make himself comfortable, as there would be no one to prevent it."

Dora retired to her chamber early that night, and locked her door with a decision that made her breathe more freely after it. About a half hour subsequently, my black cook, Rose, came pounding alarmingly at the chamber door.

"Oh! la! missus! git right up. Dar's somebody tryin' to git in de house."

Dora was not yet asleep. At this warning, she sat bolt upright in bed as suddenly as if raised by electricity.

"Is that you, Rose?"

"Yes, ma'am. Come right away. I is most skeert to death!"

"Wait a minute;" and Dora, though timid enough when I was about, felt her pride concerned in appearing courageous before her servant. She got up, threw on a dressing-gown, tied the tasselled cord around her waist, put her feet in her slippers, and sallied out, lamp in hand, saying, "where is it, Rose?"

"I do 'no', ma'am, but some one's been a fumbmlin' at my window, an' I looked out and seen a pnsion in de grape vine."

A renewal of the noise was now heard, but it seemed as though the person was attempting to raise a window sash in the cook's room, which was right over the kitchen. No time was now to be lost; but what was to be done was the mystery, as all were in a flurry of excitement. Cook wanted Dora to take my gun, which was loaded, and fire away at the thief without more ado; and as Dora was afraid to meddle with that dangerous weapon, she rushed up and got it herself. Taking the gun to the landing, near her room, she levelled and fired it at the person whose form she saw groping about in the dark.

A sharp cry suddenly arose. Some one was shot.

"Oh, Lawd! Murder! Oh, mas'r! Oh, Lawd! Murder! Murder!" exclaimed a negro voice from the cook's room.

"Why, Rose," said Dora, "that's little Sam's voice. Haw did he get in there?"

"Sam!" ejaculated Rose, unable to answer for her astonishment at the supposition of having shot Uncle Ralph's black boy.

Dora proceeded with her light to the room where Sam was roaring with pain. "One thing is certain," said she, "he is not fatally wounded, or he could not make so much noise." On examination, they found that Sam had received the charge in the calf of his leg. The weight of my gun had prevented Rose from shooting higher, or probably Sam would have been laid out cold. It appeared that Uncle Ralph had sent him over to the house to serve as some sort of a guard during my absence. He had rung the bell, but no one answered it. Then he had rattled the door-knob, and made all sorts of noises; but no one came, and not being inclined to give it up that way, he undertook to climb the grape vine arbor and wake the cook.

Poor Sam! The gun was loaded with buck shot, and his leg was dreadfully peppered with them, so that he could not trot after my Uncle Ralph for some time. Rose went to my neighbor Blackwood, roused him up, and got him to dress the leg, as he had a smattering of surgical knowledge. And when I returned, Dora pointed to the unfortunate little darkey, as an irrefutable argument against keeping loaded firearms in the house.

But I still take my "day's shooting."

SONGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FALLERSLEBEN, BY W. W. CALDWELL.

I.

O, maiden of the wild-wood,
With darkly waving hair
And dress of softest azure,
Thou art so wondrous fair!
I would beside thy pathway
Some little floweret be,
Thy steps mid dew and sunshine
At early morn to see.
Or some light-winged insect,
In field and wood to stay,
That I might flutter near thee
The long, long summer day.
Or bird to hover round thee,
Go wheresoe'er you will,
In green leaves nestling o'er thee
When thou remainest still.
O, maiden of the wild-wood,
Thou mayest happy be!
But here in pain and sorrow
I wander without thee.

II.

I chose a star in heaven,
My guiding-star to be,
And oft as I looked thither
It brightly shone on me.
There saw I every evening
Its constant, loving smile,
And felt sweet rest and comfort
Descend on me the while.
It was my guide so faithful,
In many a gloomy night,
And oft thro' unseen dangers
Led all my steps aright.
But now, alas! hath vanished
The star that on me shone,
Though many still are gleaming,
Its radiance hath gone.
Thou wast that star, beloved,
And thine the friendly ray
That once did smile upon me,
But now hath passed away.

THE JAGUARS OF BRAZIL.

A FAMILY of Peruvian exiles, forced to flee from political persecution in the land of Pizarro, and the Incas, endeavored to enter Brazil, by crossing the immense forest lying at the base of the mighty Andes, known in that region as the Mantana, and ultimately the rocky barrier itself. The family consisted of Don Pablo, his wife, his young son Leon, and an Indian attendant, or guide, named Guapo. The Mantana is a terrible wilderness, the vegetation blooming in all the tangled excesses of tropical luxuriance, teeming with serpents of the most deadly character, and ferocious beasts. Under the burning sun of the equator, all kinds of life, animal and vegetable, multiplies with wondrous fecundity.

For a time after entering the forest, none of the exiles had seen any striking indications of the terrible jaguar, and Don Pablo began to believe that there were none in that district of country. He was not allowed to remain much longer in this belief, for an incident occurred shortly after proving that at least one pair of these fierce animals was not far off.

It was near the end of the summer, and the cinchona trees on the side of the river, one of the tributaries of the stream, on which stood the house where the exiles temporarily lodged, had been all cut down and "barked." It became necessary, therefore, to cross the stream in search of others. Indeed, numerous "man-chas" had been seen on the other side, and to these the "cascajilleros" now turned their attention. They, of course, reached them by crossing the tree bridge, and then keeping up the stream on the farther side.

For several days they had been at work in this new direction, and were getting bark in by the hundred weight.

One day Guapo and Leon had gone by themselves—Guapo to fell the trees as usual, and Leon, who was now an expert bark peeler, to use the scalping knife. Don Pablo had remained at home, busy with work in the great magazine, for there was much to do there in the packing and storing.

An hour or two after Guapo was seen to return alone. He had broken the handle of his axe, and, having several spare ones at the house, he had returned to get one. Leon had remained in the woods.

Now, Leon had finished his operations on such trees as Guapo had already cut down, and, not finding a good seat near, had walked towards the precipice which was farther up the hill, and sat down upon one of the loose rocks at its base. Here he amused himself by watching the parrots

and toucans that were fluttering through the trees over his head.

He noticed that just by his side there was a large hole or cave in the cliff. He could see to the farther end of it from where he sat; but curiosity prompted him to step up to its mouth, and give it a closer examination. On doing so, he heard a noise not unlike the mew of a cat. It evidently came from the cave, and only increased his curiosity to look inside. He put his head to the entrance, and there, in a sort of nest upon the bottom of the cave, he perceived two creatures, exactly like two spotted kittens, only larger. They were about half as big as full-grown cats.

"Two beauties," said Leon to himself; "they are the kittens of some wild cat—that's plain. Now, we want a cat very much at home. If these were brought up in the house, why shouldn't they do? I'll warrant they'd be tame enough. I know mamma wants a cat. I've heard her say so. I'll give her an agreeable surprise by taking this pair home. The beauties!"

Without another word Leon climbed up, and then taking hold of the two spotted animals, returned with them out of the cave. They were evidently very young creatures, yet for all that they growled, and spat, and attempted to scratch his hands. But Leon was not a boy to be frightened at trifles; and, after getting one under each arm, he set off in triumph, intending to carry them direct to the house.

Guapo was in front of the house, busy in new hafting his axe. Don Pablo was at work in the store room. Dona Isidora and the little Leona were occupied with some affair in the porch. All were engaged one way or other. Just then a voice sounded upon their ears, causing them all to stop their work and look abroad. It even brought Don Pablo out of the house. It was the voice of Leon, who shouted from the other side of the lake, where they all saw him standing, with a strange object under each arm.

"Hola!" cried he. "Look, mamma! See what I've got! I've brought you a couple of cats—beauties, ain't they?" And as he said this, he held the two yellow bodies out before him.

Don Pablo turned pale, and even the coppery cheek of Guapo blanched at the sight. Though at some distance, both knew at a glance what they were. Cats, indeed! *They were the cubs of the jaguar!*

"My God!" cried Don Pablo, hoarse with affright. "My God! the boy will be lost!" and as he spoke he swept the upper edge of the lake with an anxious glance.

"Run, little master!" shouted Guapo. "Run for your life; make for the bridge—for the bridge!"

Leon seemed astonished. He knew by the words of Guapo, and the earnest gestures of the rest, that there was some danger—but of what? Why was he to run? He could not comprehend it. He hesitated, and might have staid longer on the spot, had not his father, seeing his indecision, shouted out to him in a loud voice—

"Run, boy, run! The jaguars are after you!"

This speech enabled Leon to comprehend his situation for the first time; and he immediately started off towards the bridge, running as fast as he was able.

Don Pablo had not seen the jaguars when, he spoke; but his words were prophetic, and that prophecy were speedily verified. They had hardly been uttered when two yellow bodies, dashing out of the brushwood, appeared near the upper end of the lake. There was no mistaking what they were. Their orange flanks and ocellated sides were sufficiently characteristic. *They were jaguars!*

A few springs brought them to the edge of the water, and they were seen to take the track over which Leon had just passed. They were following by the scent—sometimes pausing, sometimes one passing the other—and their waving tails and quick energetic movements showed that they were furious and excited to the highest degree. Now they disappeared behind the palm trunks, and the next moment their shining bodies shot out again like flashes of light. Dona Isidora and the little Leona screamed with affright. Don Pablo shouted words of encouragement in a hoarse voice. Guapo seized his axe—which fortunately he had finished hafting—and ran towards the bridge, along the water's edge. Don Pablo followed with his pistols, which he had hastily got his hands upon.

For a short moment there was silence on both sides of the river. Guapo was opposite Leon, both running. The stream narrowed as it approached the ravine, and Leon and Guapo could see each other, and hear every word distinctly. Guapo now cried out: "Drop one! young master—*only one!*"

Leon heard, and, being a sharp boy, understood what was meant. Up to this moment he had not thought of parting with his "cats"—in fact, it was because he had *not* thought of it. Now, however, at the voice of Guapo, he flung one of them to the ground, without stopping to see where it fell. He ran on, and in a few seconds again heard Guapo cry out, "*Now the other!*" Leon let the second slip from his grasp, and kept on for the bridge. It was well he had dropped the cubs, else he would never have reached that bridge. When the first one fell the

jaguars were not twenty paces behind him. They were almost in sight, but by good fortune the weeds and underwood hid the pursued from the pursuers. On reaching their young, the first that had been dropped, both stopped, and appeared to lick and caress it. They remained by it but a moment. One parted sooner than the other—the female it was, no doubt, in search of her second offspring. Shortly after the other started also, and both were again seen springing along the trail in pursuit. A few stretches brought them to where the second cub lay; and here they again halted, caressing this one as they had done the other.

Don Pablo and Dona Isidora, who saw all this from the other side, were in hopes that, having recovered their young, the jaguars might give over the chase, and carry them off. But they were mistaken in this. The American tiger is of a very persistent nature. Once enraged, he will seek revenge with relentless pertinacity. It so proved. After delaying a moment with the second cub, both left it, and sprang forward upon the trail, which they knew had been taken by whoever had robbed them.

By this time Leon had gained the bridge—had crossed it—and was lifted from its nearer end by Guapo. The latter scarce spoke a word—only telling Leon to hurry towards the house. For himself he had other work to do than run. The bridge he knew would be no protection. The jaguars would cross over it like squirrels, and then —

Guapo reflected no further, but, bending over the thick branch, attacked it with his axe. His design was apparent at once. He was going to cut it from the cliff.

He plied the axe with all his might. Every muscle in his body was at play. Blow succeeded blow. The branch was already creaking, when, to his horror, the foremost of the jaguars appeared in sight on the opposite side. He was not discouraged. Again fell the axe—again and again; the jaguar is upon the bank; it has sprung upon the root of the tree! It pauses a moment—another blow of the axe—the jaguar bounds upon the trunks—its claws rattle along the bark—it is midway over the chasm! Another blow—the branch crackles—there is a crash—it parts from the cliff—it is gone! Both tree and jaguar gone—down—down to the sharp rocks of the foaming torrent!

A loud yell from the Indian announced his triumph. But it was not yet complete. It was the female jaguar, the smaller one, that had fallen. The male still remained—where was he? Already upon the opposite brink of the chasm!

He had dashed forward just in time to see his mate disappearing into the gulf below. He saw and seemed to comprehend all that had

passed. His eyes glared with redoubled fury. There was vengeance in his look, and determination in his attitude.

For a moment he surveyed the wide gulf that separated him from his enemies. He seemed to measure the distance at a glance. His heart was bold with rage and despair. He had lost his companion—his faithful partner—his wife. Life was nothing now; he resolved upon revenge or death!

He was seen to run a few paces back from the edge of the chasm, and then, turning suddenly, set his body for the spring.

It would have been beautiful to have beheld the play of his glistening flanks at that moment, had one been out of danger; but Guapo was not, and he had no pleasure in the sight. Guapo stood upon the opposite brink, axe in hand, ready to receive him.

The Indian had not long to wait. With one desperate bound the jaguar launched his body into the air, and, like lightning, passed to the opposite bank. His fore feet only reached it, and his claws firmly grasped the rock. The rest of his body hung over, clutching the cliff.

In a moment he would have sprung up, and then woe to his antagonist! But he was not allowed that moment, for he had scarcely touched the rock when the Indian leaped forward and struck at his head with the axe. The blow was not well aimed, and although it stunned the jaguar, he still clung to the cliff. In setting himself for a second blow, Guapo came too near, and the next moment the great claws of the tiger were buried in his foot.

It is difficult to tell what might have been the result. It would, no doubt, have been different. Guapo would have been dragged over, and that was certain death; but at this moment a hand was protruded between Guapo's legs—the muzzle of a pistol was seen close to the head of the jaguar—a loud crack ran through the ravine, and when the smoke cleared away the jaguar was seen no more!

Guapo, with his foot badly lacerated, was drawn back from the cliff into the arms of Don Pablo.

On another occasion, a curious incident was witnessed by the same party, being nothing less than a fight between a jaguar and a crocodile. A drove of capivaras, or guinea pigs, as they are sometimes called, were observed issuing from the woods, making for the water as fast as their legs would carry them. A crocodile lay directly across their path; but their black eyes, large and prominent, seemed to be occupied with something behind; and they had run up almost against the body of the reptile before they saw it. Uttering a sort of squeak, they made a half pause. Some sprang up and leaped over; others attempted to go round. All succeeded except

one; but the crocodile, on seeing their approach—no doubt it was for this he had been in wait all the morning—had thrown himself into the form of a half moon; and as they passed he let fly at them. His powerful tail came "flap" against the nearest, and it was pitched several yards, where, after a kick or two, it lay upon its side, as dead as a herring, a door nail, or even Julius Cæsar; take your choice.

The chiguires that escaped past the crocodile the next instant plunged into the river, and disappeared under the water. They would come to the surface for breath in ten or twelve minutes, but at such a distance off that they needed no longer fear pursuit from the same enemy.

Our travelers took no notice of them from the moment they were fairly out of the bushes. They saw that the crocodile had knocked one of them over; but the eyes of Guapo and Don Pablo were directed upon a different place—the point at which the chiguires had sallied out of the underwood. They knew that the animals had not issued forth in their natural way, as if they were going to the stream to drink, or in search of food. No—quite different. Their bristles were erect—they were excited—they were terrified—beyond a doubt they were pursued!

Who or what was their pursuer! *The jaguar!* As they stood gazing with looks full of apprehension, the leaves of the underwood were seen to move, and then a beautiful but terrible object, the spotted head of a jaguar, was thrust forth. It remained a moment as if reconnoitering; and then the whole body, bright and glistening, glided clear of the leaves, and stood boldly out in front of the underwood. Here it halted another moment—only a moment. The crocodile had turned itself, and was about closing its jaws upon the body of the chiguire, when the jaguar, seeing this, uttered a loud scream, and, making one bound forward, seized the dead animal almost at the same instant.

They were now face to face—the great lizard and the great cat; and their common prey was between them. Each had a firm hold with his powerful jaws, and each appeared determined to keep what he had got. The yellow eyes of the jaguar seemed to flash fire, and the black, sunken orbs of the saurian glared with a lurid and deadly light. It was a terrible picture to look upon.

For some seconds both remained apparently gazing into each other's eyes, and firmly holding the prey between them. The tail of the jaguar vibrated in sudden angry jerks, while that of the crocodile lay bent into a semicircle, as if ready to be sprung at a moment's notice.

This inaction did not last long. The fury of the jaguar was evidently on the increase. He

was indignant that he, the king of the American forest, should thus meet with opposition to his will; and, indeed, the crocodile was about the only creature in all the wide Montana that dare oppose him in open fight. But he was determined to conquer even this enemy, and for that purpose he prepared himself.

Still holding on to the capivara, and watching his opportunity, he sprang suddenly forward, throwing one of his great paws far in advance. His object was to *claw the eye* of his adversary; for he well knew that the latter was vulnerable neither upon its long snout, nor its gaunt jaws, nor even upon the tough scaly skin of its throat. Its eyes alone could be injured, and these were the objects of the jaguar's attack.

The thrust was a failure. The crocodile had anticipated such a manoeuvre, and, suddenly raising himself on his fore legs, threw up one of his great scaly hands and warded off the blow. The jaguar, fearing to be clutched between the strong fore arms of the saurian, drew back to his former position.

This manoeuvre and its counter manoeuvre were repeated several times; and although each time the struggle lasted a little longer than before, and there was a good deal of lashing of tails, and tearing of teeth, and scratching of claws, still neither of the combatants seemed to gain any great advantage. Both were now at the height of their fury, and a third enemy approaching the spot would not have been heeded by either.

From the first the head of the crocodile had been turned to the water, from which he was not distant over ten feet. He had, in fact, been carrying his prey towards it when he was interrupted by the attack of the jaguar; and now at every fresh opportunity he was pushing on, bit by bit, in that direction. He knew that in his own proper element he would be more than a match for his spotted assailant, and no doubt he might have escaped from the contest by surrendering his prey. Had he been a smaller crocodile he would have been only too glad to have done so; but trusting to his size and strength, and perhaps not a little to the justice of his cause, he was determined not to go without taking the capivara along with him.

The jaguar, on the other hand, was just as determined he should not. He, too, had some rights. The capivara would not have been killed so easily had he not frightened it from behind; besides, the crocodile was out of his element. He was poaching on the domain of the forest monarch.

Bit by bit, the crocodile was gaining ground—at each fresh pause in the struggle he was forging forward, pushing the chiguire before him, and of course causing his antagonist to make ground backwards.

The jaguar at length felt his hind feet in the water; and this seemed to act upon him like a shock of electricity. All at once he let go his hold of the capivara, ran a few feet forward, and then, flattening his body along the ground, prepared himself for a mighty spring. Before a second had passed, he launched his body high into the air, and descended upon the back of the crocodile just over his fore shoulders. He did not settle there, but ran nimbly down the back of the saurian towards its hinder part, and his claws could be heard rattling against its scaly skin. In a moment more he was seen close squatted along the crocodile's body, and with his teeth tearing fiercely at the root of its tail. He knew that, after the eyes, this was the most vulnerable part of his antagonist, and if he had been allowed but a few minutes' time, he would soon have disabled the crocodile; for to have seriously wounded the root of his tail, would have been to have destroyed his essential weapon of offence.

The jaguar would have succeeded had the encounter occurred only a dozen yards farther from the water. But the crocodile was close to the river's edge, and perceiving the advantage against him, and that there was no hope of dismounting his adversary, he dropped the capivara, and, crawling forward, plunged into the water. When fairly launched, he shot out from the shore like an arrow, carrying the jaguar along, and the next moment he had dived to the depth of the stream. The water was lashed into foam by the blows of his feet and tail; but, in the midst of the froth the yellow body of the jaguar was seen rising to the surface, and after turning once or twice, as if searching for his hated enemy, the creature headed for the bank and climbed out. He stood for a moment looking back into the stream. He appeared less cowed than angry and disappointed. He seemed to vow a future revenge; and then seizing the half-torn carcass of the capivara, he threw it lightly over his shoulder and trotted off into the thicket.

Our travelers had not watched this scene either closely or continuously. They had been too busy all the time. From its commencement they had been doing all in their power to get away from the spot; for they dreaded lest the jaguar might either first overpower the crocodile and then attack them, or, being beaten off by the latter, might take it into his head to revenge himself by killing whatever he could. With these apprehensions, therefore, they had hastily carried every thing aboard, and, drawing in their cable, pushed the balza from the shore. When the fight came to an end, they had got fairly into the current, and, just as the jaguar disappeared, the raft was gliding swiftly down the broad and rippling stream.

THE PERI'S LOVE.

BY M. A. SHEERWOOD.

He lives alone!
My wizard love—in his castle fair,
His "castle by the sea,"
I never climbed the "porphyry stair,"
I never saw its beauties rare—
His love is all to me!
When the waves sigh to the eve star's ray,
I hear from the "topmost tower,"
A call so sweet that I cannot stay,
And I float from my home away, away
Up to the mortal air!
He clasps me in his strong embrace,
And I cover with kisses that wizard face
To me so very fair—
And I laugh with glee as his dear eyes gleam
On my sea-weed tangled hair!
Oh, the dear night hours!
Hushed on his heart till the red moon wanes
I list to his voice and the moaning sea—
I think of my home and my sea-elf throne,
And I think how sweet 'twould be
To give them all for his love alone
He is so dear to me!
Oh! many, there's many beneath the sea,
Far down in my coral realm,
Who would give to-night
All the sea's delight,
For a jest or a smile from their queen,
But not one of them all
In my gem-lit hall,
Hath a glance from me I ween!
I ask not why up the "porphyry stair"
Thou guid'st me never!
I care not that its wonders are
Sealed to me, ever!
Its walls, though very fair to see,
Are but the casket, love, to me,
And thou the gem!
Tough rough and rude they chanced to be,

They would be just the same to me,
Both thou and them!
Oh! what were worth the sea maid's love
Could she for this unfaithful prove?
"Alone" thou say'st? Oh! never, never!
List to the wind's low tone,
When it is sad, it ever
Sighs with a groan!
How could it forget the bright hued flowers
It clasped on its way to thee?
The sorrowing wind in its moody hours
Should certainly *truthful* be,
And tell of the happiness it knew
In climes far away from thee,
Where it also told of this tale of ours,
And thy "castle by the sea!"

Gaze on me love! I drink from thine eyes
All hope, all love, all light,
For beside them dim grow the starry skies,
And the waning, pale moonlight!
Gaze on me, till my heart grows strong
For the loneliness of the day,
When up from the depths of ocean swells
The sound I must *obey*!

Oh! love, to leave thee—and to go alone
Back to a home where heart hath little place,
To pine all day, with an unuttered moan,
For one more look of thy dear, faithful face!
How can I leave thee—though the day-star shines,
And the bright tints of coming morn I know?
Oh! that the heart on which my heavy head reclines
Beat not so calmly—as from thee I go!
And yet the pain that cleaves my very inmost life,
Were a poor armour for thee, in thy wizard strife!
I go dear love! and fall thou not to call
With thy sweet "crystal clarion," at the evening's fall,
Then, swift ascending from the bright waves flow,
I'll come to thee sweet love! dear love! I go!

BALLAD.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

Beside the sea, beside the sea,
Where the breezes are blowing, fresh and free,
And the rollers, with regular swell subside,
From the beaten beach with the shrinking tide;
And the sands grow purple with evening light,
And the stars peep out ere the fall of night;
Oh, there! oh, there!
With the one o'er all that is dear to me,
How sweet is the zephyr, how soft the sea!

But not on the sea, the restless sea,
That can never a moment contented be;
Where the zephyr itself can rise to rage,
And moonlight and starlight both fall to usage;
Where, mocking the heart's most loving prayer,

The ocean smothers the young and fair;
Not there! not there!
But beside the sea, in its gentlest guise,
Let me gaze at dusk in the loved one's eyes.

A cottage for me, by the summer sea,
With ever-green coppice and shady tree,
And a glorious lawn of tufted green,
Stretching down where the gray sands spread between;
When the billows with loving moans entreat
The zephyr to wander on twinkling feet:

Oh then! oh there!
With the one o'er all that is dear to me,
How precious the sunset, how sweet the sea!

WEST POINT.

BY NEY.

WEST POINT, the seat of our National Military Academy, and the scene of many romantic incidents connected with the war of Independence, is situated on the west bank of the Hudson river, about fifty miles above New York, and seven south of Newburg. It is one of our government military posts, and as such, has ranked among the first in importance ever since the erection of the fortresses whose rains crown the beautiful hills surrounding the plain. The peaks of the Highlands, sometimes clothed in the mists that hang low down by the river, and at others tipped with the gold of sunset, are seen; some rising near at hand, others half lost near the horizon, where the azure of the sky blends with that of distance. Standing on the bank near the library, or on the parapet of Fort Clinton, you have on one side Crow Nest, Cold Spring, Canterbury, and Newburg, with the Catskills to limit the view; and, on the south, the river, winding through a terraco-like valley, until finally it seems shut in by the hills, with "Anthony's Nose" towering above all the rest. The Hudson here before you, makes a sharp curve, and, sweeping past Gee's Point, leaves Constitution Island on the left, and the Chain Battery on the right; while above Flirtation Walk rises Dade's Monument, and higher up, Kosciusko's, at least 200 feet above the river. Passengers on the steamers, as they catch glimpses of the monuments peeping through the cedars, or perchance espy a cadet on Flirtation Walk, standing near one of the rocks inscribed with the names of our Mexican victories, are apt to indulge in a wish to visit the place of which they have heard so much. Indeed, it is not history alone that attracts so many to the "Point," but something that breathes far more of the present. Fashion has discovered there the union of the romantic, the healthful, and the amusing—an association in which each component seems so accurately proportioned, that people, even in the "first circles," can pass very pleasantly a summer at West Point.

Shut out from the busy world by the rocky barriers on every side, it is here that the military student, as a cadet, learns the rudiments of his noble profession. Unlike other students, he is deprived of the pleasures and gaieties which throw such a charm around the season of youth; and yet, I am much mistaken, if he leaves the academy without a strong feeling of love for the place of his four years exile from the world.

The village is divided into two portions. The lower composed of dwellings for the detachments

of artillery, and two barracks, one for the engineer soldiers, and the other for the dragoons. The detachment of artillery is employed mainly as a police force, and performs the duties of laborers. The company of engineers is permanently stationed here, and in the practical part of military engineering, assists in carrying out the plan of education adopted for the army. The dragoons, besides being instructed in the duties of their profession preparatory to going to other posts, have the charge of the horses used by the cadets in their cavalry and artillery exercises. Dwellings for the band, and a neat hospital for enlisted men, with the commissary's store, constitute a portion of the lower village. The upper portion consists of the officers' residences, the cadet barracks, the hotel, chapel, library, cadets' mess-hall, and hospital, all built on the wide plateau that overlooks the river. The first building that meets the stranger's eye, as he passes up the wide road, leading from the dock below the hotel, is the laboratory. An hour could be pleasantly passed in the yard and shops enclosed within its turreted wall. Here are stored guns captured in the Revolution and Mexican wars. Mortars and coehorns from Saratoga and Stony Point, side by side with long forty-twos, bearing the arms of Castile and Culvern's, ornamented with the Fleur de Lis. Some howitzers and twenty-fours bear the name of Southampton, pretty strong evidence that our Mexican antagonists at one time received very material aid from our English friends. Near the laboratory is the siege battery, and to the rear and on the plain, is the mortar battery, both used by the cadets in their target practice. The hotel stands prominently out on the highest and northern part of the plain, while a little to the south-east are the ruins of Fort Clinton. At the southern extremity of the plain, the cadet barracks are built; the style is Gothic, and the appearance of the building, surrounded by tall trees, is decidedly imposing. The chapel and library stand a few paces east of the barracks, and the mess-hall a few rods to the south. The library building contains an observatory, besides the offices of the superintendent, treasurer, and quartermaster of the post.

Commanding the plain and a portion of the river, on either side of the "Point," are the ruins of Fort Putnam—the key-point of the defences that our country came so near losing when Arnold deserted our cause. Every reader of American history who visits West Point, un-

less he is a military man, is somewhat puzzled, no doubt, to discover why it was that so much pains were taken to make this place impregnable to any force the British could bring against it. A few links of a chain in the laboratory yard, a ruined redoubt on each hill, and here and there the remnant of a stone wall in the neighborhood of an old road, are all that remain of the prize for which England was to pay, through Sir Henry Clinton, some thousands of pounds. A few words on this subject may not be amiss, and will perhaps serve as an answer to the often repeated inquiry, "why does the government not keep the defences in repair?" During the Revolution, we were placed entirely on the defensive for a considerable length of time, and the best our army could do was to strike when their enemies were weakened by being divided. The main, and almost only channel of communication between the northern and southern parts of New York at that time, was the Hudson. To keep this in his possession, so that he could readily concentrate his forces at any point or communicate with reinforcements from Canada, was the English commander's first wish. This river closed to him, the Englishman would find his forces divided and open at any moment to an attack from a superior army. The engineers in the service of Congress soon saw the importance of placing an impassable barrier on the river, and an appropriation was made for the purpose, but in the attack on Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the British were so successful as to be able to open the river, and yet the slight delay that the works caused them, undoubtedly enabled the Americans to be successful elsewhere. Soon after this, West Point was selected as the best position to fortify, and instead of squandering money at several points on the river by erecting obstructions, which, though collectively strong, could alone offer but a slight resistance, it was determined to expend the most of the sum appropriated in making West Point strong enough of itself to oppose the enemy in his attempt to penetrate to the north, or open a passage for his reinforcements from the St. Lawrence. There had been previously to this some redoubts thrown up, and other measures for defence adopted, but all were subordinate to Forts Clinton and Montgomery, some eight miles below, so that when they fell, Gen. Putnam was forced to abandon everything, and leave the river clear to the British forces. The year 1779 saw West Point fortified on a scale that required about 2500 men for its defence, exclusive of those to work the guns that frowned from its batteries. There was no want of artillery, though the calibre of the pieces was not the heaviest, and men were constantly at work improving the advantages of the position. The country on either

side was not as favorable to the passage of an army as that which had proved so fatal to Burgoyne, and it was hardly to be supposed that the enemy would attempt it after such a lesson. The result fully answered, and, though the enemy dared not attempt to possess themselves of it by force of arms, yet so conscious were they of the immense advantage it was to us, not to speak of the moral strength it imparted to "the cause," that they strove to obtain it by treachery. Every one is acquainted with the history of that attempt.

Circumstances are so entirely different now from what they were when the Revolution broke out, that in case of war at the present day, we would find ourselves in a position that would preclude the necessity of an inland fortress—at least, one so far from the frontier as West Point.

We have on the seaboard and on the frontier a population so numerous, that not the slightest difficulty would be experienced in raising an army in the very neighborhood of the invader wherever he might first step on the country's soil, an army outnumbering his own, and superior in point of *discipline* to the one that arose so mysteriously from the wilderness round about Bennington. I should except from this our north-western frontier, however, that is well defended by nature—for an army might march and countermarch over wood and prairie for months, and then find nothing to win but a pathless wild.

We need, and have at present, a few strong fortifications on the sea-coast at the points most likely to be assailed by an enemy, and likewise, on the northern frontier three or four substantial forts. I do not think these are all we need, nor do I say so; but they will serve the purpose for which they were erected, and before many years we will probably find public opinion in favor of increasing the number, so as to make a chain of defence mark our boundary line, preventing a possibility of such a thing as an enemy penetrating to the interior.

One word about the Cadets. They are often spoken of, frequently criticised, and yet very little is known of their daily life. A few rumors of severities practiced float about—and though, most frequently, without a shadow of foundation, serve to form the general opinion of the place. Then, too, the minds of estimable people are sometimes prejudiced against the institution by the conduct of some person who may have graduated at the academy, or lived for a year or two at the Point, as a cadet, and from thinking it perfection itself, they change their opinion to one considerably farther from the truth.

Visitors witness a "guard-mounting," or "dress-parade," on which occasions they see the cadets "marching beautifully to the music," or

drawn up in a line, and "standing just like statues." And then, perhaps, the spectator visits the hall, where he sees the young soldier skipping about in white pants and very thin shoes, with his comrade's sister or cousin, but ready at any time and in any place, to impart information to the "cit." In spite of these means of acquiring clear ideas on the doubtless, most interesting subject to him, the stranger leaves with a hazy idea that the cadet is a strange animal, with peculiar habits, and living under severe restrictions—wearing queer, little coat-tails, and a superfluity of big buttons, that little girls like very much to receive as presents, turned out, just as it happens to "walk post" in the moonlight or thunder shower, the hour, unfortunately, not depending, in the slightest degree, on the weather, finally, getting paid like a prince to the tune of twenty-four dollars per month, and found in—nothing, save tuition and rent. After being among

them for some time as a visitor, one would naturally learn much of their habits and sentiments, as a mass; and it is only in this manner that a stranger can get any other than false notions of the corps. To say that the institution has fulfilled to the utmost all that was ever hoped for, would be to utter a truism—it has done more. Brought from all sections of the country, and from the middle classes principally, a body of young men are here educated, fed, and clothed, as one family, until they graduate, when they leave to enter the army with a love for the Union that nothing can change, and a disposition to preserve it at all hazards.

It would take too much space to tell of the enjoyments, the occupation, and daily routine peculiar to cadets; and, besides, dear reader, it is getting late, for it is two hours since I heard the mellow notes of the bugle sounding the cavalry "tattoo" from the other side of the plain.

NEVER SAY DIE.

THERE wasn't in the whole city of New York, a happier or more contented character than Mr. Ezra Nealby. He had for many years kept a small flour store, and by his slow, but sure way of doing business, he was getting together quite a nice little property. He had seen so many people ruined by speculation, and had witnessed so much dishonesty in speculators, that he never ventured to undertake any of those wild performances. His naturally contented disposition, was another reason why he always continued to act in a prudent manner.

People liked to hear him talk. He had a figure slightly inclined to corpulency, and a face to which a pair of bushy whiskers of decidedly American cut, gave a character of inexpressible dignity. The solemnity of his tones while speaking, joined with this physical advantage of "presence," made him quite an oracle among his companions, and a doughty adversary to flour merchant-politicians of different sentiments.

"Nealby," said a speculation-loving friend, "I am very much surprised to see a man of your talents, a usin' yourself up in such an inferior position. Why don't you make money a little quicker? Here you have been in business for thirteen years, and some men in two have beat you in making money. Yet not one of them has a better head."

"Prehaps not," said Nealby, with a facetious pronunciation. "But more haste less speed, sometimes."

"Still," continued his friend, "that should not prevent a feller from trying to run fast."

"No," said Nealby, apparently struck by the remark.

"Now look here, old buffer," said his friend, "flour in New York, is dreadful low."

"And its gettin' lower."

"True—but this can't last long. The time must come, when it will rise again. In Canada, it is tremendously low, and can't get lower no-how you can fix it."

"Wall, pile on steam—proceed."

"Wall—now mind. In New York, flour is seven dollars or six-and-a-half. Just now, the way things are in the old country, it must begin to rise soon. I venture to bet—in a week, flour will be at nine."

"Shoo, now!"

"In Canada we can get it at six dollars, and perhaps, five-and-a-half. Do you twig?"

"I bite," said Nealby, trying to conceal a leetle rising enthusiasm.

"Now, old covey, what's to prevent you from pitching into it, just for once, 'specially when there's such a splendid chance?"

By dint of much persuasion, Nealby's friend actually induced him to enter upon a great flour speculation. Telegraph notices were interchanged between these ambitious men and Montreal brokers; the result of which was that several thousand barrels of Canadian flour were soon on their way to New York.

Flour, during this time, had been getting lower and lower. On the day previous to the arrival of Nealby's lot it had risen slightly. The next day, however, it fell, and when the flour which

they had obtained in Montreal at six dollars, had arrived at the city, the two speculators found it at five-and-a-half in New York.

Nealby bore the disappointment with calmness. They quietly warehoused it in expectation of a rise. Two weeks passed. There was no change. The flour could not be kept longer.

"Good thunder!" was the exclamation of of Nealby's friend, one morning, as he came rushing into the modest shop of that unambitious flour dealer. His eyes were open wide and his face had an expression of horror.

"Wot's to pay?" said Nealby.

"The flour's sour!" hissed the excited man.

"Hey," said the phlegmatic Nealby. "Hey, sour? Then we're gone suckers."

"We're ruined—ruined!" cried the one, stamping the floor.

"We're dished," said the other, pocketing his hands.

"I've lost jest four thousand dollars. I have some notes to take up—I can't do them—I won't."

"I've lost eight thousand," said Nealby. "My notes are waiting me to pay. It will take nearly all I have left to pay them. Well, I'll pay 'em. Never say die. Better luck next time."

Nealby sold his stock, paid his bills, shut up his shop, left his circle of friends, and hired a large three story house with the small surplus of his money.

"What are you going to do now," cried his friends in amazement, "are you going to retire from business?"

"I'm goin' to keep a hotel," said Nealby.

He called his place, "The Canadian House," partly on account of the name, partly to remind him of his loss, and chiefly to allure there the natives of that remarkable country.

A month passed, and Mr. Nealby had entertained just fourteen men. Three months rolled on, and looking over the books, he found fifty-four names there. "Fifty-four men for three months. It don't pay now," said Nealby, "it don't pay."

He liked hotel-keeping. He could get a crowd of people around him sometimes in the bar-room, and entertain them in his favorite manner by talking politics. But keeping it in that way wasn't the thing. He suddenly concluded to enter upon a system of repairs. He induced his landlord to fix up the premises by offering to pay one half. He supposed that he would then have more guests, even than he could accommodate. On attempting to fix it up, the beams were found so rotten, and the house generally so wretchedly decayed, that the half which Mr. Nealby promised to pay used up every cent he had in the world.

"Ah, well—never say die," said he.

Not more than two days after, he was seen in a brickyard among a crowd of Irish laborers

wheeling his barrow with his usual dignity. In fact the astonished friend who first discovered him there perceived even an accession of dignity in his air.

"Thunderation," cried the discoverer.

"Well, said Nealby. "How do you do? Are you unwell?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Making bricks and earning a dollar and a quarter a day," said the undaunted Nealby.

"Whew!" said his friend, "can't you do anything better than this? Why do you not set up shop again? Have you no tin?"

"Not a red."

The friend, who, at first seemed to think it a joke of Nealby's, when he heard this, suddenly found an excuse to go.

"Never say die," said Nealby, as he watched him going away.

About four months after this time, the speculative friend of Nealby's (who had failed and made money by it,) was looking for a wagoner.

"Want a cart sir?" said a strangely familiar voice.

He turned. He started, uttering his usual expression of "good thunder!"

"Want a cart?" said Nealby, for it was he who, dressed up like a wagoner, thus hailed the astonished flour dealer. Whipping up his horses smartly he dexterously brought the wagon up to the side of his former friend.

"How under Heavens did you come to this?"

"Through that famous flour speculation," said Nealby, "but don't talk of that now, I can't waste any time talking, sir. Will you hire me?"

And Nealby actually went to haul flour for his former friend.

He afterward declared that a wagoner is the happiest man alive, except, perhaps, a brick worker, and that wagoners generally are more sensible men and better acquainted with politics, than any other class which he has ever met with. He continued this independent life for more than a year, and what is better, he made money at it—"though it was a precious slow way of doing it," said he. At last a number of monied men, with whom he was once acquainted, completed a suspension bridge, and hearing that there was to be a toll, Mr. Nealby applied for the situation of toll keeper. They offered to set him up in business, to do they didn't know what, but the valorous Nealby refused, and preferred to be what he called independent. He would pick up a little, and live from hand to mouth, and make money. He had a comfortable little house, and here he sat, not looking like Marius among Carthaginian ruins, but like the Phoenix rising from its ashes.

After a year of occupation, he heard of a vacancy in one of the Brooklyn ferries. Could

he not be toll gatherer there. He didn't see any thing to prevent it. He applied, and got it. He entered upon his new duties with greater majesty and "aplomb" than ever, and in the performance of them he still lives.

From earliest dawn, till late at night, generally with a short, black clay pipe, the undaunted Nealby, may be seen gathering tolls and talking politics. Upon the bowl of his best pipe, he has carved the words "never say die!"

BATTLE BETWEEN TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A VISION.

TO IMPED^E virtue by misrepresentation, and blacken innocence by calumny, has been the clandestine employment of vice in every age and nation; and though the hand of time has endeavored to detect the forgeries of falsehood, and the pen of satire has been drawn in the cause of truth and integrity; yet, even their united forces have proved insufficient to retard the celerity of scandal, or stop the current of detraction. One would almost be inclined to imagine that there was an evil principle in our nature, exciting every man to consider his neighbor's wisdom, as a reproach of his own folly, and his neighbor's exaltation as an obstacle to his own happiness. Hence arise the burnings of envy, the malice of comparison, and the bickerings of animosity; to this we must, in a great measure, attribute the removal of merit, the progress of folly, and the retrogression of wisdom and knowledge. The celerity of one writer draws after it the abuse and aspersion of a thousand; and the beauty of one distinguished female calls forth all the arrows of censure, and gives vent to all the poison of malevolence; the prying eye of envy is continually looking through the wrong end of the perspective, to magnify every blemish, diminish every perfection; no incitements are left to animate languor, or encourage virtue; to disentangle sophistry, or investigate truth; while the great and good are only rendered more miserable by their accomplishments, and incur a punishment where they had deserved a reward.

Such were my last night's meditations on the hard lot of mankind, when sitting in my elbow chair, I indulged the dark suggestions of melancholy, and listened to the dictates of experience, lamenting evils which I could not remove, and probing wounds which I could not heal, when that sleep which I had long in vain solicited, stole at length insensibly upon me, and conveyed me, in a moment, to the ideal regions where imagination wanders without restraint, and Reason resigns her sceptre into the hands of Fancy. I found myself on a sudden transported into a fair and spacious plain, where I saw, at a distance, two armies prepared for action, and on the point of engaging with each other. I stood

for a while undetermined, whether I should proceed to the field of battle, or retire to some place of safety, when a celestial form, with looks of sweetness and complacency, approached towards me. "Mortal," said the aerial being, with a smile, "I read your uncertainty, and know your doubts; behold in me the genius of instruction. I am come to calm thy fears, and withdraw the veil of ignorance from thy understanding. Know, then, the place thou seest before thee is the spot appointed to determine the fate of mankind in this decisive day, between the rival powers of Truth and Falsehood, who have been long contending for the empire of the world. Come with me to yonder eminence, whence thou mayest view the conflict unhurt and undiscovered. Follow me and be safe." I obeyed with cheerfulness the command of my heavenly guide, who conducted me to the promised asylum, which hung immediately over the field of battle, and whence I could perceive the disposition of the armies, and be an eye-witness of every motion.

The forces of Truth were commanded by those illustrious generals, Merit, Learning, and Time, who were joined by two powerful female allies, Modesty and Beauty; those of Falsehood were led by Calumny, Ignorance, and Malice; Envy and Detraction were employed as aid-de-camps, and were, as I afterwards found, of infinite service in the engagement. And now,

together rush'd
Both armies main with ruinous assault
And undistinguishable rage.

The first attack was made by Falsehood's right wing, under the conduct of Calumny, on the left wing of Truth, commanded by Merit, who, by dint of courage and conduct, kept the field for some time, and seemed to imbibe fresh spirit from the enemy's spears, which fell blunted to the ground. Calumny, observing this, listened to the advice of Experience, changed her weapons, and ordered her troops to make use of poisoned arrows, which fell in such irresistible showers, that the troops of Merit were forced to give way, and yield to superior force. Time, who was in the rear, advanced immediately to the assistance of Merit, and endeavored to rally his distressed friends, but was too slow in his

motions to counteract the vigilance and activity of his adversary.

I could not help observing upon this occasion, that the success of Falsehood was in a great measure owing to the assistance of Ridicule, who, from a subaltern in the service of Calumny, had lately raised himself, by art and chicanery, to a distinguished rank in the army; his troops, also, like those of the general under whom he fought, used poisoned arrows, which they shot in the manner of the Parthians, so that they seemed to fly from the enemy while they attacked him.

In the midst of the battle, I remarked, with a mixture of surprise and indignation, a warrior who, by the splendor of his dress, and the gaiety of his appearance, seemed no inconsiderable personage; but who several times, to my great astonishment, deserted from Truth to Falsehood, and from Falsehood to Truth, shifting sides almost every moment, and who was yet received by each with an equal degree of satisfaction. I found, upon inquiry, that the name of this hero was Wit, and soon learned that he had more of Thersites than Ajax in his composition, and served rather to divert and entertain both armies, than to be of any real consequence or importance to either.

From this ridiculous object my senses were soon called off to another part of the field, to mark the bold and successful attacks of Learning, on Ignorance, whom he could have put to flight with the utmost facility, had he not listened to the dictates of Pride, and pushed his victory too far; the fatal consequence of which was, that ambushes were laid by the enemy, into which he fell with precipitation, and could not escape from them without danger and difficulty.

Though the two amazons, Modesty and Beauty, most heartily engaged in the defence of their beloved monarch, I could not help observing the

former was greatly deficient in conduct, and the latter failed in point of courage, so that their forces were easily subdued by Impudence and Malice. Their defeat, indeed, would have occasioned a general overthrow, and determined the victory in favor of Falsehood, had not Virtue arrived very seasonably to the relief of Truth, with a considerable reinforcement. At his approach every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with delight. Merit rallied his scattered troops, and even Modesty grew bold under his auspices. Beauty smiled with fresh charms, and Learning once more took the field with reanimated vigor. Integrity, who had the first command under this new ally, had brought with him a quantity of shields, proof against the spears of Malice, and impenetrable by the arrows of Calumny; with these the army of Truth was soon equipped, and renewed the battle with fresh ardor and redoubled courage.

Falsehood began now, in her turn, to despair; her forces retreated on every side, and Victory was just on the point of declaring herself the patroness of Truth, when the half subdued combatant, by the advice of Cunning, whom she always consulted, took a dangerous and desperate resolution, which proved but too successful. She clothed herself in the habit of Truth, assumed her air, gesture and discourse, and coming to the enemy's camp, insinuated herself into the hearts of the soldiery, and seduced the whole army over to her territories, where it was some time before the captives discovered the fraud, and found themselves the deluded victims of Treachery and Dissimulation. The cries made by the unhappy prisoners on a sudden awakened me, to lament once more the undeserved fate of Truth, thus doomed to fall a sacrifice to the stratagems of Falsehood, who has the insolence to boast her perpetual triumphs over the united efforts of Learning, Merit, and Virtue.

MORNING SONG.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

From the nights, Sapphire halls, blushing Hebe advancing

In her chariot of gorgeousness, beams on the sight;
Her radiant steeds prancing, o'er mountain-tops glancing,

From their manes scatter dew-drops and sparkles of light.

Like a censer far up in the firmament beaming,
One lingering star-ray illumines the blue;
While with golden rays gleaming, morn's arrows are streaming,

And earth's flower-queens wake from their dreams 'mid the dew.

From the halls of the morning, the day-beam ascending—

Heaven, earth, sky, and ocean, look glad and rejoice,

And myriads of hearts blending, with worship unending,

United, exalt to the heavens their voice.

Hail! glorious morning! Earth's green fields adorning—

The human soul leaps forth to meet the glad day;
Life's heart-sorrows lightening—its waning hopes brightening,

The clouds of existence melt swiftly away.

Thus with firm hearts still urging, through the darkness emerging,

Firm, hopeful, descend to the tourney of life
With couraging, unceasing, might ever increasing

Till the bright sunny triumph shall dawn over the strife!

ORNAMENTAL HOMES.

As MANY persons, who do business in the cities, make their family homes in the suburb or adjacent rural neighborhood, a few hints in regard to the different styles of architecture may prove very useful and important to them. We have designated the homes to suit every class of persons, who desire to make such arrangements, by the terms of the villa, mansion, and cottage. Though the peculiarities of these would justify placing them under distinct heads, they are frequently so blended, and trench each upon the other in such a manner, that it is exceedingly difficult to exactly define to which class a house in question may belong.

THE VILLA.

Custom has given a somewhat different meaning to this term to what its precise application would allow. The word originated with the Italians, who applied it to those pleasure-houses built in the vicinity of their larger towns, by men of wealth and leisure. The Cardinals exhibited their riches and taste in the construction of many such buildings in the environs of Rome, and to the present day, their erections serve as models of a style of architecture, that has met with great favor in every part of modern Europe. They were not houses of constant residence, and, although the term remains now, its meaning has become somewhat modified. The modern villa is understood to mean a home, partaking in its form and arrangements both of the town-house and the country residence. It has the compactness of arrangement of the former, and the liberal accommodation of the latter, and herein the small villa, whether in suburb or open country, differs from the cottage inasmuch as its outlines are usually bounded by a parallelogram, nearly regular, and it exhibits a somewhat more severely studied style of architecture, whilst the cottage adapts itself exactly as it may be required, to the peculiarities of the site, and is usually both irregular in outline upon the ground, and in its style conforms less to set rules of art than to a general picturesqueness and fitness with the scenery around, and the materials of which it is composed.

In the strict architectural sense of the term, the villa should resemble the early buildings which gave it birth, and would, therefore, be of Italian design; but modern modes of life having changed the home requirements that now demand supply, there is no impropriety in shaping the building into any style, that the circumstances of each particular case seem in good taste to permit. A Gothic villa appears a misnomer, and yet the pointed style being only an exponent of a peculiar principle, there need be no viola-

tion of architectural propriety in giving to the building, which if in Italian finish would without cavil be called a Villa, the general character of the Gothic domestic buildings, of which there are so many specimens extant in all parts of Europe. The Gothic, or any other style, would only be inappropriate where its proper development conflicted with the honest and natural expression of the building under consideration, and this argument should ever present to the mind of the reader, that an architectural style is only fitting when it permits a perfect embodiment of the intention of the building, and should so appeal to the senses as to impress with the conviction that any other expression or form and design would have been inadequate.

THE SMALL VILLA IN THE SUBURB.

The villa may be of different size, and may be planned to suit a small suburban lot, or the widely-spread lawn. The small villa near a town only differs from the larger residence of the man of wealth and leisure in its extent and cost; the same rules govern its design, and, in similar circumstances of site and material, the same style would be appropriate to each.

Such a villa should be neither a small city house nor a country cottage, and yet the circumstances that it seeks to accommodate, necessarily give it something of the character of both. The requirements of social life are nearly the same in the suburb as in the city, but the conveniences of domestic arrangements not so easily subserved. Hence the kitchen offices and adjuncts to the house must be, as compared with the parlor accommodation of the villa, on a somewhat more liberal scale than the city building would need. The limits of ground, however, not permitting so widely spread a plan as the country cottage might without inconvenience possess, a distribution of the space must be so carefully made as to result in a compactness nearly equal to that required in the town.

The style of finish, too, would take its tone from its city neighbor, at least so far as to show a studied completeness of parts, and external adaptation to the evidences of artificial elaboration around, in the shape of more frequently seen smoothly paved sidewalks, trim stone walls, or ornamental railings, and the carefully dressed gardens of the suburb. Adjacent to a large city, a certain unobtrusive elegance should be given to the villa, rather than an effect sought to be obtained by boldness and relief; and, where the building occupies the entire width of the lot, there should be as few breaks or angles from its line of front as possible, so as to obtain all the effect of breadth that its size will permit, and at

the same time show an economical use of the ground.

Compactness of plan, such as is meant, does not necessarily imply squareness of outline upon the ground—in fact, space may often be sacrificed in such an arrangement—the proper method being to first locate the position of the several rooms, in special reference to the peculiarities of the site, and then arrange the hall and other means of connection in such a manner as economy of space, with convenient access, will point out.

Such houses should always be studied upon the ground, and where that seems to be difficult on account, perhaps, of distance, a gentleman, contemplating building, should furnish the architect he may consult with a rough plan of the site, writing down every circumstance, however trivial it may seem, that presents itself. A few words on this may not be out of place, to put the reader in possession of those hints which professional experience has shown will be valuable in giving instructions by letter, or otherwise, to an architect who may be distant from the spot where it is proposed to erect a small country villa.

Does the ground fall from or towards the road from which the place is entered;—what are the points of compass;—in which direction are the pleasant views;—do high ground, or trees, or neighbors' buildings protect from the quarter from which blow cold winds;—what the nature of the soil;—and what the material;—how is it proposed to supply the building with water? These will suffice for the local directions as to the interior, in addition to which the personal views of the owner should be given as to mode of living—nature of the several rooms, etc.

Then may be noted down such items as the following, to guide in sketching the exterior. Are there trees immediately near the proposed site;—if so, on which sides;—what kind and of what size are they;—standing the proper distance from the spot where the building would be, is there any feature in the landscape, such as higher ground or trees, that would be above its probable highest point, so as to form a background, or will the outlines of the house stand out alone and sharp against the sky only;—what is the general character of the scenery about, bold, rocky, well-wooded, farm-like, undulating, or level;—are there any very marked features in the landscape in the immediate vicinity of the building—such as lofty rock, or knoll, or grove of trees which will be seen in conjunction with it;—what is the style of the buildings in the neighborhood?

In conclusion, the small villa near a city, or in the country, will owe its chief excellence and beauty to its honest obtainment of effect. This can only be done by sedulous denial of all merely extraneous ornamentation, by the thought, that

first of all, the *house* must be achieved, and that no finery of outside effect compensates for one atom of comfort sacrificed within. All parts of a building, if evidently necessary and fitly arranged, have that inherent quality resulting from propriety, that they cannot fail to produce a certain beauty; and if elaboration of details and ornamentation of construction are not permitted to the architect, he can still thank those unwavering laws that regulate the beauty of fitness for endowing his structure with a homely loveliness, which no want of ornament can take away.

The *out-buildings* belonging to suburban or country villas should partake of the same character as the house itself. In some cases such buildings are connected with the villa, forming a wing upon the one side, balanced frequently by a conservatory or other feature upon the other. The objection, however, of too near neighborhood, does not permit such an arrangement to be common; and when seen, such a grouping of the villa and its belongings usually is found in the suburb, rather than in the open country.

THE MANSION.

It is but recently that attention has been directed to the architectural style of the country mansion; and but little attempt was previously made to blend eligibility with effect.

The first principle upon which beauty depends in the design of a large private dwelling in the country, is unity of effect. This is obtained when the leading parts are so arranged that the attention is successively struck by them in gradation, from the most essential to the least important feature. The general idea of the whole mass should be understood at once, and a more intimate acquaintance with its parts should never lead the mind away once from the whole image first received. This is not done by making all one bold and tame outline, but simply by giving each portion of the building just exactly that same importance in architectural effect as common sense would assign to it in use. A building is, in fact, as it were a human body; its parts are all dependent one upon the other, and progressive in degree, and yet they are members of one united whole—imperfect if one be removed or not fully developed. There is no axiom in art more imperative, than that unity of design is essential to magnificence, and to preserve it, the inferior parts should not form independent compositions. Another axiom is of singular significance. Unity, without variety, produces uniformity and insipidity. From variety, without unity, result confusion and distraction. The whole effect should be obtained more by elegant proportions, and proper selection of sites, than by an extravagant outlay.

The true American country mansion should be situated on a farm, and yet not be a farm-house.

The buildings, such as barns, grist-mills, farmer's house, and cottages, should be separately provided, and so situated as not to interfere with the home enjoyment and partial seclusion of the lawn and pleasure gardens. Upon extensive lands the mansion should be seated in such a central position as not only to have a wide range of prospect before it, but to scan the whole length and breadth of the place, and keep a master's eye around. Shelter for the building must with this be sought; the summit of a hill has an exposure too bleak; a dead flat, a landscape too limited; so the house should stand either upon the rise of some gentle undulation that is shielded by the woods or higher ground, or be upon the long slope of a hill, the upper range of which serves to protect from cold.

A large building should be removed from the eye, and the lawn or meadows in front rise towards it, so as to make a base for the building, and lead attention gradually to its well-adjusted proportions, so it should not stand too near the public road, but rather have the farm buildings between the road and it. They may be, and should be sheltered by trees, and the farm-buildings may be so grouped as to present their most attractive features towards the eye—the yards and cattle inclosures being on the other side. In fact, farming operations, properly conducted, and with the carefulness and neatness that they should have to make them perfectly successful, are anything but unsightly, and a gentleman, whose taste and knowledge has resulted in obtaining a farm, whose every features are carefully finished, will find so much to take honest pride in, he will not care to keep them entirely from view.

There is great danger always in arranging garden grounds and lawns about a house so characteristic, of frittering away the effect, by multiplicity of little parts. Terraces, and winding-walks, and garden-beds, are all very well in their way, but they must be upon a grand and stately scale to harmonize with such a building; better a ten-acre lawn than a ten-feet rose-bed; and in providing scattered spots for flower cultivation, they should be thrown here and there, wherever the natural undulations of the surface leaves a rising knoll or a natural dimple for such floral adornment. Especially should many small gravel walks be avoided; they cut up the lawns, and destroy all breadth of effect. It is true that, under an overhanging bank, or skirting a natural ridge, or following the curve of some winding hollow, pathways are both beautiful and useful; and, where necessary to lead to some peculiar feature upon the place, their presence tells its own tale; but for merely the sake of affording tracks for walking, without object, and frequently so disposed that the exerciser returns

in the same path, through devious windings, to the point from which he started, such gravel walks are in bad taste.

THE COTTAGE.

As in other matters, extremes meet in architecture. The cot of the humble laborer inspired some faithful lover of the picturesque to build a home like the ideal of a cottage externally, but plentifully provided within with all those etcetera that go to make life comfortable and luxurious. Years ago, it was the fashion so to build; and all over Europe, at one time, the fancy spread of seeking to exhibit, in the most whimsical manner, how, with a semblance of cottage form, palace habits could be accommodated in a building. Wealthy men vied with each other in building such little toy-houses, to be pleased in for one season, and then abandoned to damp and spiders and rapid decay from the next. At this time was the rage for fancy dairies, ornamental cow-houses, and all the occupations of the farm were sought to be sentimentalized; but the followers of this fashion soon grew weary of it, and, like other follies, it had its day.

But out of all this, good resulted. Attention was drawn to the possibility, even in farm belongings, of combining utility with beauty, and farm-life became less rude, and its more elevating influences sedulously cultivated. The whimsical erections, too, gave birth to a happy irregularity and picturesqueness of building, immeasurably an improvement on the square brick house, that before seemed the only form in which the residence for those occupying the middle rank in life could be cast.

The outbuildings should partake of the same general character as the cottage. The stables, situated so as partially to be concealed from the house, and yet near enough for convenience, should not be too high, or the cottage itself will be dwarfed; the sharp pitch of the roofs will give loft-space enough, without the posts being too high, and as the building would probably be placed upon sloping ground, a portion of the stable may, perhaps, be below the principal floor. Near at hand should be an ice-house with truncated roof, shingled in an ornamental manner, and its apex terminated by a ventilator.

About the place rustic seats, bark flower-baskets, and other ornamental features, in harmony with the scenery, should be disposed, and as the rocky character of the site would only permit partial flower cultivation, creepers and flowering parasites should be trained round the trunks of the trees, and in sunny exposures many fragrant lichens and other plants, suitable to rock culture, should be cherished.

To secure its entire effect, the cottage should be seen against a background; and therefore seated upon a hill-side, with woods behind it.

THE FORTUNES OF A SOLDIER.

I was passing through the north of France, and stopped to dine at Sedan, where a French cavalry regiment, three thousand strong, were quartered. Some repairs that were necessary to my carriage detained me till the next day; and as I strolled along the shady boulevards in the evening, I met an old soldier-like person, beside whom I dined at the table-d'hôte. He was the very type of a *chef-d'escadron* of the Empire, and such he really proved to be.

After a short preamble of the ordinary common-places, we began to talk of the service in which he lived, and I confess it was with a feeling of surprise I heard him say that the old soldiers of the Empire had met but little favor from Louis Philippe; and I could not help observing that this was not the impression made upon us in England, but that we inclined to think it was the especial policy of that monarch's reign to conciliate the affections of the nation by a graceful acknowledgement of those so instrumental to its glory.

"Is not Soult as high, or rather is he not far higher, in the favor of his sovereign, Louis Philippe, than ever he was in that of the Emperor? Is not Moncey a man nobly pensioned as Captain of the Invalides?"

"All true! But where are the hundreds—I had almost said thousands, but that death has been so busy in these tranquil times with those it had spared in more eventful days—where are they, the old soldiers, who served in inferior grades, the men whose promotions for hard fighting at Montreuil and Chalons needed but a few days more of prosperity to have confirmed, but who saw their best hopes decline as the sun of the Emperor's glory descended? What rewards were given even to many of the more distinguished, but whose principles were known to be little in accordance with the new order of things? What of Pajol, who captured a Dutch fleet with his cavalry squadrons? ah! charged the three-deckers as they lay ice-locked in the Scheldt, dismounted half of his force and boarded them, as in a sea fight? Poor Pajol! he died the other day, at eighty-three or four, followed to the grave by the comrades he had fought and marched beside, but with no honors to his memory from the king or his government. No, sir, believe me, the present people never liked the Bonapartists; the sad contrast presented by all their attempts at military renown with those glorious spectacles of the Empire, were little flattering to them."

"Then you evidently think, Soult and some others owe their present favor less to the eminence of their services than to the plasticity of their principles?"

"Who ever thought Soult a great general?" said he, abruptly answering my question by this transition. "A great military organizer, certainly—the best head for the administration of an army on the Emperor's staff—but nothing more. His capacity as a tactician was always third rate."

I could not help acknowledging that such was the opinion of our own great captain, who has avowed that he regarded Massena as the most accomplished and scientific general to whom he was ever opposed.

"And Massena's daughter," cried the veteran, indignantly, "lives now in the humblest poverty, the wife of a very poor man, who cultivates a little garden near Brussels, where *femmes de chambre* are sent to buy bouquets for their mistresses! The daughter of a *Maréchal de France*, a title once that kings loved to add to their royalty, as men loved to ennoble station by evidences of high personal desert!"

"How little fidelity, however, did these men show to him who had made them thus great! how numerous were the desertions!—how rapid too!"

"Yes, there was an epidemic of treason at that time in France, just as you have seen at different epochs, here, other epidemics prevail: in the Revolution the passion was for the guillotine; then came the lust of military glory—that suited us best, and lasted longest; we indulged in it for twenty years; then succeeded the terrible revulsion, and men hastened to prove how false-hearted they could be. Then came the Restoration—and the passion was to be Catholic; and now we have another order of things, whose worst feature is, that there is no prevailing creed. Men live for the day and the hour. The King's health, the state of Spain, a bad harvest, an awkward dispute between the commander of our squadron in the Pacific with some of your admirals—anything may overturn the balance, and our whole political and social condition may have to be built up once more."

"The great remedy against this uncertainty is out of your power," said I; "you abolished the claims of sovereignty on the permanent affection of the people, and now you begin to feel the want of 'Loyalty.'"

"Our kings had ceased to merit the respect of the nation when they lost it."

"Say, rather, you revenged upon them the faults and vices of their more depraved but bolder ancestors. You made the timid Louis XVI. pay for the hardy Louis XIV. Had that unhappy monarch but been like the Emperor, his court might have displayed all the excesses of the

regency twice told, and you had never declared against them."

"That may be true; but you evidently do not, I doubt, indeed, if any but a Frenchman and a soldier can, feel the nature of our attachment to the Emperor. It was something in which personal interest partook a large part, and the hope of future advancement, *through him*, bore its share. The army regarded him thus, and never forgave him perfectly, for preferring to be an Emperor rather than a General. Now, the very desertions you have lately alluded to, would probably never have occurred if the leader had not emerged into the monarch. There was a fascination, a spirit of infatuating ecstacy in serving one whose steps had so often led to glory, that filled a man's entire heart. One learned to feel, that the rays of his own splendid achievements shed a lustre on all around him, and each had his portion of undying fame. This feeling, as it became general, grew into a kind of superstition, and even to a man's own conscience it served to excuse many grave errors, and some direct breaches of true faith."

"Then, probably, you regarded Ney's conduct in this light?" said I.

"I know it was of this nature," replied he, vehemently. "Ney, like many others, meant to be faithful to the Bourbons when he took the command. He had no thought of treachery in his mind; he believed he was marching against an enemy until he actually saw the Emperor, and then —"

"I find this somewhat difficult to understand," said I, dubiously. "Ney's new allegiance was no hasty step, but one maturely and well considered. He had weighed in his mind various eventualities, and doubtless among the number the possibility of the Emperor's return. That the mere sight of that low-cocked hat, and the *redingote gris*, could have at once served to overturn a sworn fealty and a plighted word —"

"Have you time to listen to a short story?" interrupted the old dragoon, with a degree of emotion in his manner that bespoke a deeper interest than I suspected in the subject of our conversation.

"Willingly," said I. "Will you come and sup with me at my hotel, and we can continue a theme in which I feel much interest?"

"Nay; with your permission, we will sit down here—on the ramparts. I never sup: like an old campaigner, I only make one meal a day, and mention the circumstance to excuse my performance at the table d'hôte; and here, if you do not dislike it, we will take our places under this lime-tree."

I at once accepted to this proposal, and he began thus:

"You are, perhaps, aware that in no part of

France was the cause of the exiled family sustained with more perseverance and courage than Auvergne. The nobles, who, from generation to generation, had lived as *seigneurs* on their estates, equally remote from the attractions and advantages of a court, still preserved their devotion to the Bourbons as a part of religious faith; nor ever did the evening mass of a château conclude without its heartfelt prayer for the repose of that "Saint Roi," Louis XVI., and for the blessing of heaven on him, his rightful successor, now a wanderer and an exile.

In one of these antique château, whose dilapidated battlements and shattered walls showed that other enemies than mere time had been employed against it, lived an old Count de Vitry: so old was he, that he could remember the time he had been a page at the court of Louis XV., and could tell many strange tales of the Regency, and the characters who flourished at that time. His family consisted of two grandchildren, both of them orphans of his two sons. One had fallen in La Vendée; the other, sentenced to banishment by the Directory, had died on the passage out to Guadaloupe. The children were nearly of the same age—the boy a few months older than the girl—and regarded each other as brother and sister.

"It is little to be wondered at if these children imbibed from the very cradle a horror of that system, and of those men which had left them fatherless and almost friendless, destitute of rank, station, and fortune, and a proportionate attachment to those who, if they had been suffered to reign, would have preserved them in the enjoyment of all their time-honored privileges and possessions. If the members of the executive government were then remembered among the catalogue of persons accursed and to be hated, the names of the royal family were repeated among those saintly personages to whom honor and praise were rendered. The venerable Père Duclos, to whom their education was confided, certainly neglected no available means of instilling these two opposite principles of belief; and if Alfred de Vitry and Blanche were not impressed with this truth, it could not be laid to the charge of this single-hearted teacher; every trait and feature that could deform and disgrace humanity being attributed to one, and all the graces and ennobling virtues of the race associated with the name of the other. The more striking and impressive to make the lesson, the Père was accustomed to read a comment on the various events then occurring at Paris, and on the campaigns of the Republican army in Italy; dwelling, with pardonable condemnation, on the insults offered to the Church and all who adhered to its holy cause. These appeals were made with peculiar force to Alfred,

who was destined for an ecclesiastic, that being the only career which the old Count and his chaplain could satisfy themselves as offering any hope of safety; and now that the family possessions were all confiscated, and a mere remnant of the estate remaining, there was no use in hoping to perpetuate a name which must sink into poverty and obscurity. Blanche was also to become a member of a religious order in Italy, if, happily, even in that sacred land, the privileges of the Church were destined to escape.

"The good Père, whose intentions were unalloyed by one thought unworthy of an angel, made the mistake that great zeal not unfrequently commits—he proved too much; he painted the Revolutionary party in colors so terrible, that no possible reality could sustain the truth of the portraiture. It is true, the early days of the Revolution warranted all he did or could say; but the party had changed greatly since that, or, rather, a new and a very differently minded class had succeeded. Murat, Danton and Robespierre, had no resemblance with Sieyès, Carnot and Bonaparte. The simple-minded priest, however, recognised no distinction, he thought that, as the stream issued from a tainted source, the current could never become purer by flowing; and he delighted, with all the enthusiasm of a *dévoté*, to exaggerate the evil traits of those whose exploits of heroism might have dazzled and fascinated unthinking understandings.

"Alfred was about sixteen, when one evening, nigh sunset, a peasant approached the Château in eager haste to say that a party of soldiers were coming up the little road which led towards the house, instead of turning off, as they usually did, to the village of Puy de Dôme, half a league further down the valley.

"Père Duclos, who assumed absolute authority over the household since the old Count had fallen into a state of childlike dotage, hastened to provide himself with the writ of exemption from billet the Directory had conferred on the Château—an *amende* for the terrible misfortunes of the ruined family, and advanced to meet the party, the leading files of which were already in sight.

"Nothing could less have suggested the lawless depredators of the Republic than the little column that now drew near. Four chasseurs-à-pied led the van, their clothes ragged and torn, their shoes actually in ribbons; one had his arm in a sling, and another carried his shako on his back, as his head was bound up in a handkerchief, whose blood-stained folds showed the marks of a severe sabre-cut. Behind them came a litter, or, rather, a cart with a canvass awning, in which lay the wounded body of their officer; the rear consisting of about fourteen others, under the command of a sergeant.

"They halted and formed as the old Père ap-

proached them, and the sergeant, stepping to the front, carried his hand to his cap in military salute; and then, without waiting for the priest to speak, he began a very civil, almost a humble apology, for the liberty of their intrusion.

"‘We are,’ said he, ‘an invalid party, en route for Paris, with an officer who was severely wounded at the bridge of Lodi.’ And here he lowered his voice to a whisper: ‘The poor lieutenant’s case being hopeless, and his constant wish—his prayer—being to see his mother before he dies, we are pushing on for her Château, which is near St. Jean de Luc, I hear. Perhaps the mention of the word Château—the claim of one whose rank was even thus vaguely hinted at—had nearly an equal influence on the Père with the duties of humanity. Certain is it, he laid less stress than he might have done on the writ of exemption, and blandly said that the out-offices of the Château should be at their disposal for the night; apologising if late events had not left its inhabitants in better circumstances to succor the unfortunate.

"‘We ask very little, Père,’ said the sergeant, respectfully—‘some straw to sleep on, some rye-bread and a little water for supper; and to-morrow, ere sunrise, you shall see the last of us.’ The humility of the request, rendered even more humble by the manner in which it was conveyed, did not fail to strike the Père Duclos, who began to wonder what reverses had overtaken the ‘Blues’ (the name the Republicans were called,) that they were become thus civil and respectful; nor could he be brought to believe the account the sergeant gave of a glorious victory at the Ada, nor credit a syllable of the bulletin which, in letters half-a-foot long, proclaimed the splendid achievement.

"A little pavilion in the garden was devoted to the reception of the wounded lieutenant, the soldiers bivouacked in the farm-buildings, some even in the open air, for it was the vintage-time, and the weather delightful. There was nothing of outrage or disturbance committed by the men; not even any unusual noise disturbed the peaceful quiet of the old Château; and, except that a lamp burned all night in the garden-pavilion, nothing denoted the presence of strangers.

"Before day broke the men were mustered in the court of the Château; and the sergeant, having seen that his party were all regularly equipped for the march, demanded to speak a few words to the Père Duclos. The Père, who from his window was watching these signs of approaching departure with some anxiety, hastily descended on hearing the request.

"‘We are about to march, reverend father,’ said the sergeant, saluting, ‘all of us, save one—our poor lieutenant; his next billet will be for another, and we hope, a better place.’

"Is he dead?" asked the Père, eagerly.

"Not yet, father, but the event cannot now be far off. He raved all through the night, and this morning the fever has left him, but without strength, and evidently going fast. To take him along with us would be inhuman, were it even possible—to delay would be against my orders; so that nothing else is to be done than leave him among those who would be kind to his last hours, and minister to the wants of a death-bed." The Père, albeit very far from gratified by his charge, promised to do all in his power; and the sergeant, having commanded a 'present arms' to the Château, wheeled right-about and departed.

"For some days the prediction of the sergeant seemed to threaten its accomplishment at every hour. The sick man, reduced to the very lowest stage of debility, appeared at moments as if struggling for a last breath; but by degrees these paroxysms grew less frequent and less violent; he slept, too, at intervals, and awoke seemingly refreshed; thus between the benefits derived from tranquility and rest, a mild and genial air, and his own youth, his recovery became at length assured, accompanied, however, by a degree of feebleness that made the least effort impossible, and even the utterance of a few words a matter of great pain and difficulty. If, during the most sad and distressing periods of the sick bed, the Père indirectly endeavored to inspire Alfred's mind with a horror of a soldier's life—depicting, by force of the terrible example before him, the wretchedness of one who fell a victim to its ambition—so did he take especial care, as convalescence began to dawn, to forbid the youth from ever approaching the pavilion, or holding any intercourse with its occupant. That part of the garden was strictly interdicted to him, and the very mention of the lieutenant at last forbidden, or only alluded to when invoking a christian blessing upon enemies. In this way matters continued until the end of autumn, when the Père, who had long been anxiously awaiting the hour when the sick man should take his leave, had one morning set off for the town to make arrangements for his departure, and order post-horses to be ready on the following day.

"It was a calm and mellow day of autumn, and Alfred, who had at first determined to set out on a fishing excursion, without any reason, changed his mind, and sauntered into the garden. Loitering listlessly for some time, from walk to walk, he was at length returning to the Chateau, when he beheld, seated under the shade of a walnut tree, a young man, whose pale and languid look, at once bespoke the invalid, even had not the fact been proclaimed by his dress, the uniform of a *Lancier rouge*. Mindful of the Father's precept, and fully impressed with an

obedience never violated, the youth was turning hastily away, when the wounded man slowly arose from his seat, and removing his cap, made a salute of deep and most respectful meaning. Alfred returned it, and stood irresolute. The eyes of the sick man, full of an expression of mild and thankful beaming, were on him. What should he do? to retire without speaking would be a rudeness, even a cruelty; beside, what possible harm could there be in a few words of friendly greeting with one so long their guest? Ere he could resolve the point, the wounded officer was slowly advancing towards him, still uncovered, and in an attitude betokening a most respectful gratitude.

"I pray you will permit me, Mons. le Comte," said he, 'to express my heartfelt thanks for the hospitality and kindness of your treatment. I feared that I should leave this without the occasion of saying how grateful I feel for the remnant of life your care has been the means of preserving.'

"Alfred tried to answer; but a dread of his disobedience and its consequences, and a strange sense of admiration for the stranger, whose manner and appearance had deeply impressed him, made him silent.

"I see," said the lieutenant, smiling, 'that you are indisposed to receive an acknowledgment for what you set such small store by—a kindness to a mere 'soldier of the Republic;' but when you wear a sword yourself, Mons. le Comte, as you will doubtless one of these days—'

"No, said Alfred, hastily interrupting him, 'never! I shall never wear one.'

"How, never! What can you mean?"

"That I shall never be a soldier," said Alfred. 'I am to be a priest.'

"A priest! You, Mons. le Comte de Vitry, of the best blood of Auvergne—you, a monk!"

"I did not say a monk," said Alfred, proudly, 'there are other ranks among churchmen. I have heard tell of Prince-bishops and Cardinals.'

"And if one were to begin life at the age they usually take leave of it, such a career might not be held so cheaply; but for a young man of good birth and blood, with a heart to feel proudly, and a hand to wield a weapon—no, no, this were a shame not to be thought of.'

"Stung alike by the severity of the sarcasm, and animated by the old spirit of the Père's teaching, Alfred hastily answered: 'And if men of rank and station no longer carry arms as their forefathers did, with whom lies the blame? Why do they now bend to adopt a path that in former days was only trodden by the weak-hearted and the timid? Because they would not draw the sword in a cause they abhor, and for a faction they despised; neither would they shed their blood to assure the triumph of a rable.'

"Nor would I," interposed the lieutenant, while a slight flush colored his cheek. "The cause in which I perilled life was that of France, my country. You may safely trust, that the nation capable of such conquests will neither be disgraced by bad rulers, nor dishonored by cowardly ones."

"I have no faith in Republicans," said Alfred, scornfully.

"Because they were not born to a title, perhaps! But do you know how many of those who now carry victory into foreign lands belong to this same class that includes all your sympathy?—prouder, far prouder, that they sustain the honor of France against her enemies than that they carry the blazon of a marquis or the coronet of a duke on their escutcheon! You look incredulous! Nay, I speak no more than what I well know; for instance, the humble lieutenant who now addresses you can claim rank as high and ancient as your own. You have heard of the Liancourts?"

"Le Duc de Liancourt?"

"Yes; I am, or rather I was, the Duc de Liancourt," said the lieutenant, with an almost imperceptible struggle; my present rank is Sous-Lieutenant of the Third Lancers. Now listen to me calmly for a few moments, and I hope to show you, that in a country where a dreadful social earthquake has uprooted every foundation of rank, and strewed the ground with the ruins of everything like proscription, it is nobler and better to show that nobility could enter the lists, unaided by its prestige, and win the palm, among those who vainly boasted themselves better and braver. This we have done, not by assuming the monk's cowl and the friar's cord, but by carrying the knapsack and the musket; not by shirking the struggle, but by confronting it. Where is the taunt now against the nobility of France? whose names figure oft-est in the lists of killed and wounded? whose lot is it most frequently to mount first to the assault or the breach? No, no, take to the alb and the surplice if your vocation prompt it, but do not assume to say that no other road is open to a Frenchman because his heart is warmed by noble blood."

"If Alfred was at first shocked by hearing assertions so opposed to all the precepts of his venerated tutor, he was soon ashamed of offering opposition to one so far more capable than himself of forming a just judgment on the question, while he felt, inwardly, the inequality of the cause for which he would do battle against—that glorious and triumphant one of which the young officer assumed the companionship.

"Besides, De Liancourt's history was his own; he had been bred up with convictions precisely like his, and might, had he followed out the path

intended for him, been a priest at the very hour that he led a charge at Lodi.

"I was saved by an accident," said he. "In the march of Berthault's division through Chalons, a little drummer-boy fell off a wagon when asleep, and was wounded by a wheel passing over him: they brought him to our Château, where we nursed and tended him till he grew well. The Curé, wishing to snatch him as a brand saved from the burning, adopted him, and made him an acolyte; and so he remained till one Sunday morning, when the '*Chasseurs gris*' marched through the town during mass. Pierre stole out to see the soldiers; he heard a march he had often listened to before; he saw the little drummers stepping out gaily in front; worse, too, they saw him, and one called out to his comrades '*Regarde donc le Prêtre; ce petit drole là—c'est un Prêtre.*'"

"Du tout," cried he; tearing off his white robe, and throwing it behind him, '*Je suis tambour comme toi,*' and snatching the drum, he beat his '*Ran tap-plan*' so vigorously and so well, that the drum-major patted him on the head and cheek, and away marched Pierre at the head of the troop, leaving Chalons, and Curé, and all behind him, without a thought or a pang.

"I saw it all from the window of the church; and suddenly, as my eyes turned from the grand spectacle of the moving column, with its banners flying and bayonets glistening, to the dim, half-lighted aisles of the old church, with smoky tapers burning faintly, amid which an old decrepid priest was moving slowly, a voice within me cried—'*Better a tambour than this!*' I stole out, and reached the street just as the last files were passing: I mingled with the crowd that followed, my heart beating time to the quick march. I tracked them out of the town, further and further, till we reached the wide open country.

"Will you not come back, Pierre?" said I, pulling him by the sleeve, as, at last, I reached the leading files, where the little fellow marched, proud as the tambour-major.

"I go back, and the regiment marching against the enemy!" exclaimed he, indignantly; and a roar of laughter and applause from the soldiers greeted his words.

"Nor I either!" cried I. And thus I became a soldier, never to regret the day I belted on the knapsack. But here comes the Père Duclos: I hope he may not be displeased at your having kept me company. I know well he loves not such companionship for his pupil—perhaps he has reason.

"Alfred did not wait for the priest's arrival, but he darted from the spot and hastened to his room, where, bolting the door, he threw himself upon his bed and wept bitterly. Who knows if these tears decided not all his path in life?"

"That same evening the lieutenant left the Château; and in about two months after came a letter, expressing his gratitude for all the kindness of his host, and withal a present of a gun and a chasseur's accoutrement for Alfred. They were very handsome and costly, and he was never weary of trying them on his shoulders and looking how they became him; when, in examining one of the pockets for the twentieth time, he discovered a folded paper; he opened it, and found it was an appointment for a cadet in the military school of St. Cyr. Alfred de Vitry was written in pencil where the name should be inscribed, but very faintly, and so that it required sharp looking to detect the letters. It was enough, however, for him who read the words: he packed up a little parcel of clothes, and, with a few francs in his pocket, he set out that night for Chalons, where he took the *malle*. The third day, when he was tracked by the *Perè*, he was already enrolled a cadet, and not all the interest in France could have removed him against his consent.

"I will not dwell on a career which was in no respect different from that of hundreds of others. Alfred joined the army in the second Italian campaign—was part of Dessaix's division at Marengo—was wounded at Aspern, and finally accompanied the Emperor in his terrible march to Moscow. He saw more service than his promotion seemed to imply, however; for after Leipsig, Dresden, Bautzen, he was carried on a litter, with some other dying comrades, into a little village of Alsace—a lieutenant of hussars, nothing more. An hospital, hastily constructed of planks, had been fitted up outside the village; there were many such, on the road between Strasburg and Nancy; and here poor Alfred lay, with many more, their sad fate rendered still sadder by the daily tidings, which told them that the cause for which they had shed their blood was hourly becoming more hopeless. The army that never knew defeat now counted nothing but disaster. Before Alfred had recovered from his wound, the allies bivouacked in the Place Carrousel, and Napoleon was at Elba! When little dreaming that he could take any part in that general joy by which France, in one of her least-thinking moments, welcomed back the Bourbons, Alfred was walking listlessly along one of the quays of Paris, wondering within himself by what process of arithmetic he could multiply seven sous—they were all he had—into the price of a supper and a bed; and while his eyes often dwelt with lingering fondness on the windows of the *restaurants*, they turned, too, with a dreadful instinct towards the Seine, whose eddies had closed over many a sorrow and crime.

"As he wandered thus, a cry arose for help: an unfortunate creature—one whose woes were

greater, or whose courage to bear them, less than his own—had thrown herself from the Pont-Neuf into the river, and her body was seen to rise and sink several times in the current of the rapid stream. It was from no prompting of humanity—it was something like a mere instinct, and no more—mayhap, too, his recklessness of life had some share in the act; whatever the reason, he sprang into the river, and after a long and vigorous struggle, he brought her out alive; and then, forcing through the crowd that welcomed him, he drew his miserable and dripping hat over his eyes. He continued his road—Heaven knows he had little purpose or object to warrant the persistence!

"He had not gone far when a number of voices were heard behind him, calling out: 'That is he!—there he is!' and at the same instant an officer rode up beside him, and, saluting him politely, said that her royal highness the Duchess of Berri desired to speak to him;—her carriage was just by.

"Alfred was in that humor when, so indifferent is every object in life, that he would have turned at the bidding of the humblest *gamin* of the streets, and, wet and weary, he stood beside the door of the splendid equipage.

"'It was *thou* that saved the woman?' said the Duchess, addressing him, and using the conventional 'Du,' as suitable to his mean appearance.

"'Madame,' said Alfred, removing his tattered hat, 'I am a gentleman! These rags were once—the uniform of the Guard.'

"'My God!—my cousin!' cried a voice beside the Duchess; and, at the same instant, a young girl held out her hands towards him, and exclaimed: 'Knowest thou not me, Alfred? I am Alice—Alice de Vitry—thy cousin and thy sister!'

"It would little interest you to dwell on the steps that followed, and which, in a few weeks, made of a wretched outcast—without a home or a meal—an officer of the *Guard du Corps*, with the order of St. Louis at his breast. Time sped on and his promotion with it; and at length his Majesty, graciously desiring to see the old nobility resume their place and grade, consented to the union of Alfred with his cousin. There was no violent love on either side, but there was sincere esteem and devoted friendship; and if they neither of them felt that degree of attachment which becomes a passion, they regarded each other with true affection.

"Alice was a devoted Royalist: all that she had suffered for the cause had endeared it to her; and she could forgive, but not forget, that her future husband had shed his blood for the Usurper.

"Alfred was what every one, and with reason, called a most fortunate fellow: a colonel at

twenty-eight—a promotion that, under the Empire, nothing but the most distinguished services could have gained—and yet he was far from happy. He remembered with higher enthusiasm his first grade of ‘corporal,’ won at Aspern, and his epaulettes that he gained at Wîlma. His soldiering had been learned in another school than in the parade-ground at Versailles, or the Avenue of the Champs Elysées.

“Come, *mon ami*,” said Alice, gaily to him one morning, about ten days before the time appointed for their marriage; ‘thou art about to have some occasion for thy long-rusting sword: the Usurper has landed at Cannes.’

“The Emperor at Cannes!”

“The Emperor if thou wilt—but without an empire.”

“No matter. Is he without an army?” said Alfred.

“Alone, with some half-dozen followers, at most. Ney has received orders to march against him, and thou art to command a brigade.”

“This is good news!” said Alfred; for the very name of war had set his heart a throbbing; and as he issued forth into the streets, the stirring sounds of excitement and rapid motion of troops increased his ardor.

“Wondering groups were gathered in every street, some discussing the intelligence, others reading the great placards, which, in letters of portentous size, announced that ‘the Monster’ had once more polluted by his presence the soil of France.

“Whatever the enthusiasm of the old Royalists to the Bourbon cause, there seemed an activity and determination on the part of the Bonapartists who had taken service with the king to exhibit their loyalty to the new sovereign; and Ney rode from one quarter of Paris to the other, with a cockade of most conspicuous size, followed by a staff equally remarkable.

“That same day Alfred left Paris for Lyons, where his regiment lay, with orders to move to the south, by forced marches, and arrest the advance of the small party which formed the band of the invader. It was Alice herself fastened the knot of white ribbon in his shako, and bade him adieu with a fondness of affection he had never witnessed before. From Paris to Lyons, and to Grenoble, Alfred hastened with promptitude. At Lesseim, at last, he halted for orders.

“His position was a small village, three leagues in advance of Lesseim, called Dulaure, where at nightfall, on the 18th of March, Alfred arrived with two companies of his regiment, his orders being to reconnoitre the valley towards Lesseim, and report if the enemy should present himself in that quarter.

“After an anxious night on the alert, Alfred lay down to sleep towards morning, when he was

awoke by the sharp report of a musket, followed immediately after by the roll of the drum and the call for the guard to ‘turn out.’ He rushed out, and hastened towards the advanced picket. All was in confusion: some were in retreat; others stood at a distance from their post, looking intently towards it; and at the picket itself were others again, with piled arms, standing in a close group. What could this mean? Alfred called out, but no answer was returned. The men stared in stupid amazement, and each seemed waiting for the other to reply.

“Where is your officer?” cried De Vitry, in an angry voice.

“He is here!” said a pale calm featured man, who, buttoned up in a grey surtout, and with a low *chapeau* on his head, advanced towards him.

“You the officer!” replied Alfred, angrily; ‘you are not of our regiment, sir.’

“Pardon me, Colonel,” rejoined the other; ‘I led the twenty-second at Rovigo, and they were with me at Wagram.’

“Grand Dieu!” said Alfred, trembling; ‘who are you then?’

“Your Emperor, Colonel de Vitry!”

Alfred stepped back at the words. The order to arrest and make him prisoner was almost on his lips. He turned towards his men, who instinctively had resumed their formation; his head was maddened by the conflict within it; his eyes turned again towards Napoleon—the struggle was over—he knelt and presented his sword.

“Take mine in exchange, *General De Vitry*,” said the Emperor; ‘I know you will wear it with honor.’

“And thus in a moment, was all forgotten—plighted love and sworn faith—for who could resist the Emperor?”

“The story is now soon told. Waterloo came, and once more the day of defeat descended, never to dawn upon another victory. Alfred, rejected and scorned, lived years in poverty and obscurity. When the fortunes of the Revolution brought up once more the old soldiers of the empire, he fought at the Quai Voltaire and was wounded severely. The Three Days over, he was appointed to a sous-lieutenancy in the dragoons. He is now *chef-d’escadron*, the last of his race, weary of a world whose vicissitudes have crushed his hopes and made him broken-hearted.”

The relator of this tale was Alfred de Vitry himself, who, under the name of his maternal grand-father, St. Amand, served in the second regiment of Carabiniers. He had his own theory of war—where the enemy should be met, and how; in what manner certain places should be defended; how to unite scattered forces; views of strategy and tactics, which he was ever eager to explain when an opportunity offered.

THE BEGGAR OF ALGIERS.

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, a Greek merchant resided at Algiers, who used every year to make a voyage to Tunis, or Egypt, to dispose of the commodities he had purchased from the Moors and the trading ships from Europe. While he continued to carry on this branch of commerce, a countryman of his paid the debt of nature, left him his executor, and among his legacies, ordered a certain sum of money to be disposed of among the indigent and distressed. One morning, as the merchant was passing through the street, he saw a Moor sitting on a piece of mat, lame and almost blind. Struck with an object that seemed an epitome of human miseries, the Greek listened to his moving tale, and beheld, with a pleasing satisfaction, that this deplorable object employed himself in making thread laces, by which, and the charity of the benevolent, he procured a scanty subsistence. So unusual a sight, where wretchedness and industry were so remarkably blended in the same object, excited the compassion of the merchant, who, with a generous tear of humanity, dropped him a handful of aspers. Astonished at so unexpected an instance of kindness, the beggar followed the merchant on his crutches, calling upon Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on his head. He told all he met, how exceedingly bountiful that christian had been to him. Struck with this instance of liberality, the populace joined the cripple in his applauses. This, said they, is indeed an instance of universal benevolence, because extended to a person whose religion is different from his own.

The beggar followed his patron till he discovered the house in which he resided, and took his post for the future in a place where the merchant passed daily by him. Next day the beggar repeated his request, and the merchant his charity. He was persuaded he could not discharge the will of his late friend better than by giving to this distressed object, as it seemed to have a tendency to make the infidels in love with the benevolent teachings of the gospel; he therefore continued his daily charities, till the time of his departure for Egypt.

The beggar still kept his post, but missing his benefactor, he made inquiry after him, and had the mortification to be informed that he was not in the kingdom. Whenever his clerk passed by the beggar, he always lifted up his hands to Heaven, and prayed for his master's safe return, which did not happen till near six months after. The beggar expressed his joy at seeing him; but, when the merchant, in return for his kind expressions, was going to repeat his usual benevo-

lence, the cripple declined accepting it, saying it was better to pay him all his arrears at once. Confounded at so strange a refusal, the merchant asked what he meant by arrears? To which the Moor replied, that, as he had been absent near six months, his daily benevolence, which had been omitted during his voyage, now amounted to one hundred and eighty rials, which was the sum he now owed him. The Greek smiled at the impertinent answer of the beggar, and was for some time in doubt whether it merited contempt or chastisement. But, thinking the latter would be considered as cruel by the people, he left him without deigning to return him an answer.

The beggar, however, laid his complaint before the Dey, and the merchant was sent for to make his defence. The Moor alleged that the merchant, during a whole month, had daily given him a rial, but that his charity had not been thrown away; it had greatly augmented the number of his customers, and proved to him an increasing fund of riches; that so considerable an income had induced him to lay aside his business of making thread laces, which was to him a very painful operation, as he had almost lost his sight; that the merchant went away without giving him the least warning that his pension was to cease, and he had, therefore, constantly kept his post, where he had daily offered up his prayers for his safe return; that, relying on the payment of his pension, he had contracted some debts which he was unable to discharge; and that, when he had demanded his arrears, he had laughed at him, and even threatened to chastise his insolence. The merchant admitted that the account given by the Moor was literally true; but insisted that, alms being a voluntary action, its continuance depended wholly on the donor. After a discussion of the affair in council, the merchant was condemned to pay the beggar a rial for every day since his departure to the time of this decision, with a plaster extraordinary as a recompense for his reproaches. But he was told he was at liberty to declare that his intention was not to give him any alms or gratuity for the time to come. This the merchant protested against, adding that such a sentence would not soon be forgotten.

A MAN was arrested by a farmer for stealing ducks, who said he should know them anywhere. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner, "I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely," said the farmer, "they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

THE PREVALENT RUSSIAN WEAKNESS.

THE Russian has capacity and talent for everything. Of all peoples, he has, perhaps, the greatest amount of practical ability in acquiring a position adapted to him. But that which is so peculiar to, and characteristic of, the German—an attachment and love for his position, his profession, his work—is unknown to the Russian. The true German loves his position in the world; he would not exchange it for any other; to the profession or trade to which he has devoted himself he remains faithful, pursues it with constancy, with love, and with a certain pride; he thinks it honorable to perfect himself in it, and rejoices in the successful work of his hands; he believes that he sees in his position a distinct appointment of Providence, to which he is bound to remain faithful.

Not so the Russian; accident mostly decides which of the talents a boy possesses shall first be developed. The landed proprietor, without much examination, chooses, among the boys of his serfs, who is to be a shoemaker, who a smith, who a cook, who a clerk, etc. Prudent landowners, in order to acquire better workmen, sometimes give the boys to master artisans, under a contract for three to eight years, to teach and exercise them in their work. The colonel of a regiment orders at once, and without much investigation, that so many men shall be saddlers, so many smiths or wheelwrights; these shall be musicians, those clerks. And they become all these, and almost invariably with ease and dexterity; and from them proceed in general the most solid and best artificers, workmen, and artists, because, being appointed and constrained by outward authority, they remain in the occupation they have adopted. In the case of the crown peasants, on the other hand, the boy receives the first impulse from his parents or relatives, or chooses an occupation for himself. After adopting his calling, there is no question of any education such as the German artisan receives, nor of the settled apprenticeship with regular masters, nor advancement from the position of apprentice to that of journeyman, and ultimately, on examination and trial, to that of master, participating in important privileges. He learns as he can, from observation or accident, attempts and invents himself, and seeks employment wherever he can find it. Of love or veneration for his position or calling, there is never any question: he has no fixed tariff of the price of his work, but takes what he can get. Of the feeling of duty or honor in the production of a good substantial piece of work he is

ignorant; he works only for appearance, only to dispose of his commodity, and his reputation is quite indifferent to him.

If an artisan fails in one handicraft or profession, he adopts another. How often does a man commence as a shoemaker or tailor, then leave his work, and become perhaps a *kalatchi* carrier, (running about the streets of St. Petersburg or Moscow with pastry for sale,) then, after having made some money, and provided himself with horses and a cart, he turns carrier, and wanders about the whole empire. He enters, too, into small speculations as a hawker, and at last establishes himself in some spot; and, if fortune is favorable, becomes perhaps, a rich merchant. The career of most of the large merchants and manufacturers, if examined, will be found to correspond with this description.

But, even when the Russian has become a rich merchant or manufacturer, he does not therefore grow attached to his position and profession: he regards the latter merely as a means of acquiring wealth. If he has children, he perhaps educates one for his own profession, but solely in order to have a faithful assistant in his business; upon the others he endeavors to bestow an education qualifying them for the military or civil service, and thus giving them hope of acquiring the rank of noble; for the love of money and distinction are the rocks upon which in Russia every character is shipwrecked. The common man, the peasant, is estimable, and good at heart; but, as soon as he acquires money, and becomes a speculator or merchant, he is ruined and metamorphosed into an arrant rogue.

The government is aware of the injurious consequences of this fluctuation, and has made various attempts to restrain it within certain limits. It is anxious to form a stable class of citizens, and the law regarding the institution of honorary citizens is a striking proof of this.

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON.

ALL over the north of Russia, almost in every citizen's house in the towns, and also in almost every substantial peasant's house, a portrait of Napoleon. In the picture-shops of the larger towns, in which are all sorts of legends, tales, and fables, represented by popular pictures and caricatures—principally woodcuts of genuine Russian work and invention—Napoleon appears in a thousand forms. No name, no historical figure is better known and more popular with the common Russian than Napoleon. Whilst during the war in Russia deadly hatred inflamed all hearts against him, and he became after his downfall the object of ridicule and irony, he has

now become the hero of popular story, a fabulous mythical hero; every trace of hatred has vanished. I found in Moscow one of these contemptuous songs and caricatures, in which he appears as a dancer, and dances with one nation after another. The explanatory song relates that Napoleon first danced a Francaise with much skill and great applause, then an Allemande, then a Polonaise; when he commenced the Anglaise, he began rather to limp; then Kutuzof said to him, "We do not understand foreign dancing in Russia, come, dance a Cosaque with me!" At last Kulenkorski (Caulaincourt) said, "This fellow Kutuzof dances too well; there is nothing for us here, we must now dance gipsy fashion," (striking with the hands upon the heels and soles of the feet.)

STEPPATHERS.

Stepfathers love their stepchildren just as much as their own offspring; a Russian stepfather never oppresses, neglects, or defrauds them. In the popular songs there is no word for the stepfather, but the wicked stepmother, the "matchikha," frequently plays a part in them! Nay, if a stepfather had a son of age by the first marriage, he would become, after the father's death, the head of the family, and provide for his half-brothers and sisters as if they were his own children.

THE COSSACK AND HIS HORSE.

The Cossack is unsurpassed in roving excursions. No European calvary can make such long marches, without sacrificing their horses. In his campaigns in the West, the Cossack had sometimes a pack-horse with him, but even without this he can perform wonders, and forty miles a day is quite an ordinary achievement for him: he and his horse must be seen to understand this. The Cossack is generally a powerful man, and appears too heavy for his horse, although this is not really the case. The sharp withers, the handsome head and stag-neck, the long, well-formed bones of the shoulders and pelvis, and the short bones of the legs, the handsome chest, the fine and firm hoof, display all the qualities of a good animal. Persons versed in such matters will sometimes question his power of carrying a heavy weight, on observing his apparently long, though broad loins; but these animals have not unfrequently two ribs additional to other horses, and thus the great distance between the withers and loins is not necessarily a sign of weakness.

A rough exterior often conceals the well-bred descent of the Cossack horse; he has to scrape his fodder in winter from under the snow in the Steppe, and anything he can procure is welcome—bread, oats, barley, rye, grass, straw, good or bad hay, and hard work. He can climb the hill

and swim the stream. The Cossack has also a peculiar way of managing his horse; he rides in the Oriental manner, with the knee bent, the stirrup short, the saddle high. The bridle is slack; the horse having been bred in the open air, is left to his practised instinct, examining the way with his head close to the ground, and exercising his intelligence to obey his master, with as little trouble as possible. Although the knee of the horse is often bent, he rarely stumbles. People in the East cannot understand why we tie up our horse's heads, and bestow so much care in guiding an animal, which is not unfrequently cleverer than its master.

The bit as well as the bridle of the Cossack is simple and convenient; he speaks to his horse, who understands his master's language. The Cossack himself displays unwearied activity, dismounting and leading his horse whenever practicable; the latter is accustomed to feed at any time of the day, and his rider never neglects an opportunity of feeding him. Whenever there is a halt, even under fire in battle, the Cossack may be seen reaching something to his horse, who never despises his food, however indifferent its quality and unusual the time and place in which he receives it. Whoever has once experienced the vexation of seeing his faithful charger, after a severe day's battle, refuse his fodder; whoever has seen a noble animal grow daily weaker under him from rejecting his food, and seen the effect of bivouacking, hard riding, and fodder of indifferent quality, will be able to appreciate the value of this peculiarity of the Cossack horse. He is treated affectionately and managed easily by his master, who possesses a knowledge of his animal which practice alone can give. The Cossack is the model of a groom and rider of his own horse, as the Englishman is of the high-bred race-horse. The Cossack is bred with his horse—a hearty attachment exists between them, and their common road through life might be regarded as the model of a happy union.

BRANDY.

Three systems prevail in Russia with regard to the distillation of brandy. In Finland, the Baltic Provinces, and Little Russia, the right of distilling is given on payment of a duty to the landowners, Cossacks, etc.; in Russia Proper it is a monopoly of the crown. The government in the latter farms out the right of distilling and selling the brandy. As there is no monopoly among the Little Russians, their brandy is better, and near the frontier the Great Russians frequently attempt to smuggle it; but the heaviest punishments awaits this—Siberia and service in the army! A curious state of things is this in the same country, and among the same people, which must naturally awaken a sense of injustice. The Russian rarely drinks to excess.

Housekeeper's Assistant.

WEDDING CAKE.

Four pounds of flour, four pounds of butter, four pounds of sugar, one pound of stoned box-raisins, one pound of citron, six pounds of currants, twenty eggs; one half-ounce of mace, one half-ounce of cloves, one-half ounce of cinnamon; one gill of wine, one half-gill of brandy, one half-gill of rose-water, one and a half teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one table-spoonful of molasses.

POUND CAKE.

Beat a pound of sugar and one of butter together to a cream, adding gradually to it, while beating, the strained juice of a lemon. Beat seven eggs, the yolks and whites separately, to a froth, and add them, then take a handful from a pound of sifted flour and stir in the remainder of the pound; add the grate of two nutmegs, or sift in a blade or two of pounded mace.

SPONGE CAKE.

Ten eggs, the weight of ten eggs in sugar, the weight of six eggs in flour, the strained juice of one lemon. Break the eggs over the sifted sugar, beat them till it is quite light, and rises in the pan; beat the flavoring in, and just before it goes to the oven stir in very gently the sifted flour. Have the pan buttered. Tin pans with divisions of oblong squares are the nicest for sponge cake. Bake quickly in a brisk oven.

MUSHROOM CATCHUP.

Gather the large, juicy, flap-mushrooms, that are too ripe for pickling or stewing. Remove all decayed matter and foreign substances, and put the mushrooms into an earthen jar, with a little salt sprinkled over each layer. Cover and leave them near the fire for twenty-four hours. Strain off the liquor into a clean saucepan. Let it boil over a good fire for half an hour, then add to every quart of liquor two teaspoonfuls of black peppercorns, one teaspoonful of allspice, three small slices of fresh ginger, a few blades of mace, three or four cloves, and a sprinkle of Cayenne pepper. Let it simmer till reduced one half. Take it off and cover it. When sufficiently cool, fill small glass bottles quite full. Dip off the liquid without disturbing the sediment, which can be saved for soups, or fish-sauces, or put into a linen bag for the top of the pickle-pot. Cork closely and lay the bottles on their sides in a dry, cool closet.

STEWED OYSTERS.

Wash the oysters from their liquor; allow the latter to settle, then strain it carefully, and add to it some whole pepper, a blade or two of mace, and three cloves, and set it over a moderate fire in a clean black-tin sauce-pan; mix a little flour into a piece of butter, stir it into the liquor, cover the pan, and when the liquor begins to heat, put the oysters in, and let them simmer very gently about five minutes. Have your dish hot, and covered with slices of bread that have been dried, toasted, and well buttered, and pour the oysters over them.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Wash the oysters from their liquor, dry them in a cloth. Beat two eggs, and grate into another dish a few crackers. Wash each oyster in the egg, and roll them up and down in the grated cracker. Fry them in hot lard or clarified butter. When they are of a delicate brown, put them into a warm dish.

ROASTED OYSTERS.

Just before they are to be served, put them unopened on a gridiron, which place over a moderate fire. When the shell opens, they are cooked. Be careful to keep the liquor in the shells. Serve on coarse trays with napkins, or on a hot plate with butter.

CRABS IN THE SHELL

Take the meat from the claws and body, mince it very fine, and season it with salt, white pepper, and a little pounded mace. Have the shell nicely cleaned, and sprinkle bread-crumbs into it with pieces of butter, put the meat of two crabs into the shell, and bake in a moderate oven.

OMELETTES.

These preparations, to be successful, require practice, and an omelette or small frying-pan for cooking.

Break five eggs in a dish, season with a little salt, a dust of pepper, half a tea-spoonful of boiled chopped parsley, the same quantity of young onion, also chopped very fine, and beat all well together. Melt in the frying-pan two ounces of butter, and pour the egg in. Stir it, but when it shows signs of hardening, begin to shape it with the spoon, and by tipping the pan up so that the egg may occupy only a small part of the pan. When a very delicate brown is supposed to be obtained, turn it upon a dish, with the browned side top. Omelettes should not be overdone. They may be varied to almost any amount. Delicate vegetables, such as boiled cauliflower, or herbs, or boiled chopped ham, may be beaten into the egg.

Omelettes should be served on the table hot.

CELERY.

Beside its uses as an accompaniment to white soups and for salads, is often dressed as asparagus, boiled, cut into pieces of six or seven inches, and served on buttered toast. It is also cut in small pieces and stewed in butter, and a little pepper and salt added, and cream sauce poured over it just before it is sent to the table. Celery and celery seed make a nice flavoring for light soups.

CUTLERY.

Steel should be kept as dry as possible, yet dry furnace-heat often splits the handles.

To remove rust, rub the knives well with mutton-suet or fowl's grease, and let it remain a day or two, when dry rub with unslacked lime finely powdered, or with emery. Clean cutlery with powdered Bristol brick on a board, rubbing with a cork wet occasionally in a vessel of soft water. Wipe dry with wash-leather, and clear with a clean knife-cloth.

Recipes for the Toilet.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

EXERCISE is unquestionably one of the very best means for the preservation of health; but its real importance is unknown, or but too lightly considered by the majority of females. Were they, however, to be made fully sensible of its extraordinary power in preserving the vigor of the body, in augmenting its capability to resist disease, in promoting its symmetrical development, in improving the freshness and brilliancy of the complexion, as well as its influence in prolonging the charms of beauty to an advanced age, they would shake off the prejudices by which they have been so long enthralled, and not voluntarily abandon means so completely within their power, and so simple, of enhancing all their physical perfections. One of the very best species of exercise to which a female can have recourse, is walking. It is the one which most equally and effectually exercises every part. It calls into action not only every limb, but every muscle, assisting and promoting the circulation of the blood throughout the whole body, and taking off from every organ that undue pressure and restraint to which all are subjected by a sedentary position, when long continued. Riding on horseback is another useful as well as graceful means of exercise, too much neglected by young females. Though we cannot say that a professed female equestrian is exactly the woman we should most admire, yet we could wish to see imparted to our young ladies some portion of a similar enthusiasm for active sports. A canter for a few miles is a most admirable promoter of beauty and of health. The cheeks, the eyes, the lips and every feature of the fair equestrian, when she dismounts, possess that fresh and sparkling grace which is one of the most important requisites in female loveliness, and which can be imparted only by the purity of the blood and its brisk and equal circulation, which are produced by temperance and exercise.

FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.

Take four drachms of camphor, one ounce of tincture of myrrh, one ounce of tincture of bark, and one ounce of rectified spirits of wine; mix them, and put thirty or forty drops in a wine-glass of water. Pour a little of this upon your brush before you apply it to the powder, and when the teeth are clean, wash the teeth, mouth, and gums with the remainder. It will, in ordinary cases, prevent toothache.

EXCELLENT TOOTH POWDER.

One table-spoonful of Peruvian bark to two spoonfuls of pulverised charcoal, mixed to the consistency of paste with cologne or rose water, is decidedly the best dentifrice for the teeth and gums that we have ever used. This recipe is very simple, and like the generality of such things, is very good.

ROSE WATER.

Put roses into water, and add one or two drops only of vitriolic acid. The water assumes the color, and becomes impregnated with the flowers.

364

TO RESTORE THE HAIR.

When ill-health has removed it, care should be taken to keep the roots moist and free from scurf. One of the simplest is olive oil, slightly scented, or pomatum, made of beef or mutton suet and fresh lard, with the marrow from the bones; the latter is very efficacious. Onions rubbed on the scalp will stimulate the growth of the hair, but this is an unpleasant application. Many of the scented oils advertised give a fine gloss to the hair, but should be used with caution. Oil of walnut is much recommended for restoring the hair.

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FALLING OFF.

Put one pound of unadulterated honey into a still, with three handfuls of the tendrils of grape-vine, and the same quantity of rosemary tops. Distill as cool and slowly as possible. The liquor may be allowed to drop till it tastes sour.

REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

The only method of effectually removing superfluous hair, is by means of small forceps made for the purpose. Only five or six should be removed at once, in the course of twenty-four hours, and those not close together. The parts should afterwards be washed in spirits of wine.

SALVE FOR THE LIPS.

Melt together one ounce each of white wax and beef marrow, and three ounces of white pomatum; to these add a few bits of alkanet root, tied in a piece of muslin.

FOR CHAPPED LIPS.

Take two spoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender water, or any other more agreeable perfume. Mix, and anoint the lips frequently.

JESSAMINE POMATUM.

Melt a pound of fresh, sweet lard; skim it, and when cold, wash it three times with spring water. Free it from water, and spread it an inch thick on a plate; strew it thickly with jessamine flowers.

PERFUMED OILS.

These are prepared by soaking cotton in fine olive oil, and spreading it in layers, over which such flowers as violets, jessamine, or roses, should be lightly strewn. The oil will thus imbibe the scent of the flowers, and should then be pressed from the cotton, and, if necessary, filtered through flannel. Most of the French scented oils are made by this process.

TO CURE FRECKLES.

Muriate of ammonia 1 drachm, dissolved in spring water a pint, to which add 2 drachms of lavender water; apply with a sponge twice or thrice a day. Or the following: sweet cream 1 oz., new milk 8 oz., juice of one lemon, brandy or cologne 1 oz., alum 1 oz., sugar 1 drachm; boil and skim. This may be used as the preceding, and is an innocent and efficacious remedy.

Flower and Garden Hints.

ARRANGEMENT OF ORNAMENTAL TREES.

Two or three trees of the mountain ash, placed among the darker evergreens surrounding a dwelling, will afford a pleasing contrast in winter, by their brilliant scarlet berries. It is recommended that the deciduous trees should be placed within, though not wholly so, and be somewhat mixed with them, that there may be a natural gradation from one to the other—for which reason, also, some of the finer formed and most symmetrical or graceful evergreens should be occasionally placed in the inner parts of the grounds. The hemlock, balsam, fir, American arbor-vitæ, white and black spruce, and Austrian pine, may be introduced and variously intermingled. Among the smaller evergreens that may be placed towards the inner side of the plantings, are the common juniper, the red cedar, the tree-box, ravin, etc. Of course, the whole appearance of the premises—both the ground and the dwelling—depends greatly upon the taste and skill displayed in this matter. It is as essential that the arrangement of ornamental trees around a garden spot and dwelling be properly attended to, as that flower plants be suitably intermingled, according to their height and color.

A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN FLOWER.

THE Chrysanthemum is a most beautiful autumn flower, which has been greatly improved of late by the production and importation of new varieties. Its culture is more simple than that of the dahlias, because the plants may be left in the ground during winter. The most common error is the failure to divide the roots sufficiently in the spring. A single shoot or cutting, placed in a small pot and started in a hot bed, will make the best show in the fall. But small divisions of the plant, set single in the open ground, and watered occasionally in dry weather, will do nearly as well. Some of them should be taken up in September, or before severe frosts occur, and they will bloom freely in the house for two months or more.

HYACINTHS.

It is urged that water should not touch the bulbs of hyacinths, for the reason that if the plant is growing slowly, the organisable matter of the bulb is distended with fluid before it can decompose it, and so becomes putrid, when it communicates disease in all directions, by virtue of its contagious properties. On the contrary, if the roots are active, and the leaves are beginning to grow, what water is taken up is immediately converted into some of the matter that hyacinths feed on. At any time, that is to say when the leaves are green, a lump of charcoal as large as an egg may be advantageously dropped into the water; it will prevent the water becoming putrid, and will, besides, act as a fertiliser. None of these precautions can, however, be of any avail unless the hyacinths are kept close to light continually, from the time when the leaves are first turned green. In this way, a healthy growth and vigorous head of flowers will be secured.

NOVEL MODE OF PRODUCING PLANTS.

It has been recently discovered that collodion may be made of great utility in producing plants and shrubs from cuttings. On making the cutting, the varnish is applied to the part cut, which immediately becomes closed, or, so to speak, heated, and the cutting is then planted in the ordinary way. In an experiment with twenty-six cuttings of hot-house plants, to which collodion was applied, twenty-three struck root, whereas, out of the same number, to which it was not applied, only twelve succeeded. With plants kept in greenhouses, and in those in the open air, even more satisfactory results have been obtained; and also in grafting, the article has been most advantageously employed. Collodion is made by dissolving cotton-powder in ether, and it then forms a varnish which sticks fast, dries quickly, is impermeable to water, and impenetrable to air.

SEEDS IN HOT-BEDS.

SOME gardeners make their beds on the level ground, but it is more judicious to make them in pits from eighteen inches to two feet deep; in order to do this, the pits should be dug in the autumn, or a mass of manure may be deposited on the ground intended for the beds before the frosts set in, and good earth may be obtained from the pits without difficulty. After the frame has been properly set over the pit, and fastened, fresh animal manure should be spread regularly in the pit to the depth of twenty to twenty-four inches; if the manure be in a good heating condition, cover it six or eight inches deep with mould, then lay on the rushes, and protect the bed from the inclemency of the weather. In two or three days, the rank steam will pass off; it will then be necessary to stir the mould before the seed be sown, to prevent the growth of young weeds that may be germinating; then sow the seed either in shallow drills, or broadcast.

DIFFERENT COLORED FLOWERS.

In the location of flowers, no slight regard should be had to a proper diversity of colors. To diversify with the best effect, requires no little share of taste and of practice. To mingle properly the reds, purples, whites, yellows and blues, with all their inter-blending shades, calls for an eye delicately sensitive to the effects of color, and for a hand that is patient to make repeated trials before the attainment of a final satisfactory result. It is of little consequence what be the color of the first flower in a row—whether purple, or blue, or red, or simply the green of leaves—the chief object should be to produce a pleasing contrast. It is well known that at particular seasons of the year a monotony of color prevails, not only in the broad face of nature, but in the hues and shades of individual flowers. For instance, dull blues and purples are apt to be prevalent in July, and whites and yellows should then be sought and carefully arranged to break the preponderance of the more numerous. On the other hand, blues and reds are less frequent in autumn, and should be used to diversify the superabundant yellows.

Editorial Melange.

OCTOBER! Month of glorious sunsets, when one can sit in the retirement of a pavilion, and ponder over the lengthening shadows as they stretch across the fields, when

"With russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown."

How delightfully romantic and poetic, and sentimentally inspired we ought to feel at the mere thought of the season. And so we might, if youth were eternal and business a matter of choice. But, somehow, the poetic fire dies into embers when the period of adolescence lapses into that of maturity. It is not consonant with splendid moonlights, glorious sunsets, and sublime prospects, to have one's thoughts running on books and machinery, and the cost of living and the art of doing things.

There was a time—ah! yes, there was, "once upon a time," a happier era, before grim-visaged care claimed us for his own, when we could

"Hang over the leaning boat,
And ponder the silver sea;
For love was under the surface hid,
And a spell of thoughts had we."

Ah! what a time that was! We could die away in ecstasy over the shimmer of moonbeams upon the waters—discern "i' the mind's eye" whole legions of mischievous fays riding upon the slant beams, dancing on the waters and playing hide and seek among the beetling cliffs. A beautiful prospect was to us a whole epic. Rainbows bent over the mud puddles. Treasures sparkled in every dirt heap. Every mangy oar wagged his tail romantically. Not a cow lowed, but it was the music of nature. The frogs snored sublimely. We listened entranced to the song of the mosquitoes until our face and hands were terribly peppered with their bites. Ah! well—one is not always so happy. That was in the time when everything was dolent of beauty to us—the time of love. And now—alack!

"Poor love! dear love! the mourners say."

DID EVER any body read a more delightfully ridiculous book than "Rachel in America?" So utterly nonsensical, so witty, so perfect a caricature of a book of travels, so heels over head—any-howish? one feels at the close almost like saying to the author, "you comical rogue, you," though he has been observing every thing American, high and low. For the matter of that, we don't care a fig about his opinions, nor how many of his countrymen come over to put forth exactly similar ones, provided always, they are dished up in the refreshing style of Lean Beauvallet's "Rachel in America." The reader who has not read the volume, perhaps would like to know the secret of its charm. We do not know that we can explain it. Did you ever meet with a clever private correspondent, whose letters pleased every body, simply for their exuberance of spirit, reckless absurdity, exaggeration, and familiarity? Just such a writer is Lean Beauvallet. He

comes before you, so to speak, with hat, coat, vest, cravat, and collar off, a cigar in his mouth, and an entire freedom from all restraint. It is not rudeness, nor vulgarity—for it is all done with infinite grace and ease. Many an artist will labor for months, wearily, in perfecting a picture which will still be poor; while another, with a masterhand, will seize his brush in a moment, and dash off a mere outline sketch of exquisite charm. As the stump orators say, just so it is with Beauvallet. He makes no pretensions to finish or correctness. All his ideas are caricatures. Every thing is distorted and exaggerated in the most fantastic style, and that, strange to say, is one of the charms of the book. One says, at every page, what a mass of nonsense, and yet reads irresistibly. Not even in the smallest detail does he pretend to accuracy. If a mosquito bites him, he is fairly eaten up, and driven distracted by them. One sleepless night is magnified into a whole month of them. When he would complain of the extortionate charges of the New York cabmen, he tells us that the cab in which he rode from the steamboat to the hotel, contained nine grown persons. Where they all sat, he does not say. Nevertheless, it is all very amusing; and as we enjoy a good laugh, whenever we can, we feel exceedingly obliged to Monsieur Beauvallet for his eccentricities.

DURING the month of September over eleven hundred newspapers, of all political complexions, have strongly urged the claims of "Graham" to fill the first place in the hearts of all lovers of good reading. "We are totally opposed to fusion! always have been, and always will be," says one editor. "Better to sink with those we love, than swim with those we hate," says another. "During a period of twenty-five years that we have edited this journal our voice has always been loud and long in opposition to fusion," says a third. "What are we to gain by fusion?" asks a fourth; and so, we might go on and repeat the sentiments of nearly every editor in the country in relation to fusion—and we will guarantee that ninety-nine out of every hundred is totally opposed to anything of the kind. Yet, by a strange revolution of public opinion, such as only occurs once in a life-time, the very editors who, a month ago, so strenuously opposed fusion, now as heartily advocate it as the only means of giving the people good, cheap, instructive and interesting reading, and with one unanimous voice recommend a fusion of all the old parties into one "grand party," whose sole object shall be the diffusion of popular knowledge among all classes of the people; and as the best means of accomplishing this much desired object is to support a good monthly periodical—so they recommend to all ladies and gentlemen, who have the good of the country and their own happiness and pleasure at heart, to go to the nearest post office, provided with a letter containing these talismanic words: "Messrs. WARREN & Co.: 'Please

find inclosed three dollars, for which send a copy of Graham's Illustrated Magazine for one year. (Here insert name, residence, post office, county and State.)

Or, if more convenient, the parties can fuse before going to the post office, in the following manner: Where two club together, only five dollars will be required to secure to each a copy of this excellent Magazine for one year. Or if three join together, six dollars will secure the desired object; but still better if six join in the club, then only ten dollars is needed, and so on, for any amount of copies. Now, dear readers, although not a prophet, nor the son of one, we predict that by December next there will be but one party, and that *the* party who will elect "Graham," by at least one hundred thousand subscribers. Our march is onward!

WE WISH IT TO BE DISTINCTLY understood that we stand upon our dignity. If we are a Magazine, we see no reason why we should be styled "Mag." It does not make it a bit less agreeable to tag on to it "Dear Mag," or "My Dear Mag," or "Very Dear Mag," nor any such humbuggery. We object to the "Mag." If we had a wife named Margaret, and any fellow were to call her "Mag," we'd knock him into the middle of next week in less than no time. "Liz" is just about as bad, and as for "Moll" we feel pugnacious whenever we hear a lady addressed thus. "Lissie," with a French touch is passable, but as for "Mollie" and "Maggie"—well, it don't matter just at present, as we have none of these names in our household. Think of the stately and high sounding Margaret contracted into the abominable "Mag," or the exquisitely beautiful Mary into "Moll," or the queenly Elizabeth into "Liz." We fancy we can see, just now, in our mind's eye, an elderly gentleman coming in from an obscure seat in a back parlor, to rebuke sternly, the presumptuous young squirt who had called his daughter "Liz." "Young gentleman," quoth he, "my daughter's name is Elizabeth, not Liz. If you cannot call her rightly, you had better call somewhere else." And we fancy we can see the aforesaid young squirt subsiding through a gimlet hole in the floor.

As for the Frenchifying of names—it's fashionable, we suppose, and that makes it all right. But it's a good thing that it is confined to the ladies. For if by any chance we were to have a son, who were to be a good looking, graceful, well-to-do, agreeable sort of person—like his father, and his name were to be John, and he were to go courting the girls, and some envious scamp were to call him Johnny, and he were not to flog him on sight, we rather think we should feel a contempt for him for ever afterwards. But we have no John, and consequently, we shall not be subjected to that mortification. Lucky, isn't it?

It may be an eccentricity on our part, but we cannot join in the general praise of the French female dressing, and the general ridicule of American female dress. Admitting that the taste of the French women is all that it is described (though really, we never yet have seen a French woman in the United States, who was even tolerably dressed, and we have

seen numbers of them abominably done up,) how does it happen that the Americans who copy the Paris fashions almost literally, never can entitle themselves to the poor compliment of dressing as well as those whom they copy after? So it is. The same identical style of dress, in the same stuffs and colors, will be pronounced beautiful on a French woman, while on an American it will be only tolerable. Can it be the making of the dress—more than half of our dressmakers are French. In the fashionable circles of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, some ladies of great wealth have their dresses all made in Paris, and yet these same dresses are ridiculed by the ignorant herd who reiterate the cant about the bad taste of Americans in dress. Our ladies very generally take the Magazines and newspapers which give them any information on the subject. They patronize French goods, and French dressmakers, follow French fashions implicitly; but somehow, the cant about ill dressing is as general as ever. Who can explain?

THE BOY OF THE TIMES.—We like an active boy—one who has the impulse of the age—of the steam-boat in him. A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he don't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas. Men think quick, eat, sleep, court, marry and die quick—and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead, if you burst your boiler!" is the motto of every one—and he succeeds the best who has the most of "do or die" in him. Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing your eyes as if you were half asleep—but be wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you will be somebody before you die. Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act, but think quickly closely, and when you have fixed your eye upon an object, spring for the mark at once. But above all things be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in the marble—if a merchant write it in your ledger. Let honesty be your guiding star.

ECHO ANSWERING.—"What must be done to conduct a Magazine right?"—"Write." "What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?"—"system." "What would give a blind man the greatest delight?"—"Light." "What's the best council given by a justice of the peace?"—"Peace." "Who commits the greatest abominations?"—"Nations." "What cry is the greatest terrifier?"—"Fire."

THE EARLY WEANING OF CHILDREN is a subject that should receive attention from every mother. The propriety of weaning is utterly a matter of health. So notorious is the feebleness of full one half of our American women, that we do most emphatically believe that if every mother in America were obliged to wean her child at two months of age, and feed it on cow-milk, the chances of escaping death from the summer-complaint of infancy, and its great competitor in the destruction of life, dropy, or congestion of the brain, would decrease in an immense ratio. A child dependent on its mother for nourishment, has double the chances of

falling sick which an adult has, or even an older child; for not only are its organs more delicate and therefore more liable to disease, but it is at the mercy of its parents' imprudences in diet, nay, in all things. If the mother is overheated, if she is fretted or vexed, if she herself is ailing, or if she commits excesses in eating or drinking, the child, instead of imbibing healthy nourishment, takes in poison. Yet thousands of the thoughtless, ignorant, or selfish parents thus imperil the lives of their infants continually. Many mothers, without being aware of what they are doing, many even who are reckless for the time of the danger, are in this way the remote causes of the sickness, and often of the death of their offspring. Mothers not entirely healthy and free from a bad and fretful temper, are not fit to nourish a healthy child, but should bring it up on cow's milk, diluted with one third of pure water. This will give it a better constitution and a better temper; and from an observation of twenty-five years, remarks an eminent physician, we sacredly believe it would diminish infantile diseases one-half.

CLEANLINESS should be among the earliest and most imperative of our teachings to our children; not external cleanliness, but that which is most promotive of health—cleanliness of the skin and the garments which are nearest to it. With what contempt would we look on the best dressed and handsomest person on the street, if we could know that the feet had not been washed for a week, nor the inner garments for a month; and yet it is undeniable that many persons are satisfied that the outer garment should be unexceptionably clean; if that be whole and without a rent, it matters not how soiled and tattered those out of sight are. Let mothers especially charge it upon their daughters from earliest life, that it is actually as discreditable to have a hole in the stocking as in the silk dress; that a splotch or stain, or grease spot on an inner garment, is not less unpardonable than if found on a shawl or cloak, or bonnet. Let every mother feel that spotless cleanliness of person, and purity of mind, are absolutely inseparable.

THE NEW PUBLISHERS of "Graham's Illustrated Magazine," are winning golden opinions from the public.—*The Morgan Gazette*.

"OF ALL THE ILLS that flesh is heir to" consumption is the most prevalent—and yet not a day passes that some genius, who has the welfare of mankind at heart and an eye to the dollars, does not offer some certain and speedy remedy, which, if taken as directed, will be sure to eradicate the disease in less than no time. On the contrary, many doctors of high repute venture to say that consumption is incurable. Be that as it may, we lay before our readers the very latest cure, which is nothing less than "Duck Shooting." We find it recorded in the Scalpel, a medical work published in New York.

"The patient was a perfect picture of consumption. I saw him in consultation with a gentleman of the highest station in the medical profession, and we both agreed there was nothing to be done. This

opinion was communicated to the patient's friends, and he was advised to return to the country. In about eighteen months afterwards, a tall and healthy-looking man, weighing at least twelve stone, entered my study with a very comical expression of countenance: 'You don't know me, Doctor,' he said. I apologized, pleading an inaptitude that belongs to me for recollecting faces. 'I am,' he said, 'the person whom you and Dr. — sent home to die last year. I am quite well, and I thought I would come and show myself to you.' I examined him with great interest, and found every sign of disease had disappeared. 'Tell me,' said I, 'what have you been doing?' 'Oh' he replied, 'I found out from the mistress what your opinion was, and I thought as I was to die I might as well enjoy myself while I lasted, and so I just went back to my old ways.' 'What was your old system of living?' said I. 'Nothing particular,' he said, 'I just took what was going.' 'Did you take wine?' 'Not a drop,' he replied, 'but I had my glass of punch as usual.' 'Did you ever take more than one tumbler?' 'Indeed I often did. 'How many: three or four?' 'Ay, and more than that—I seldom went to bed under seven!' 'What was your exercise?' 'Shooting,' he said, 'every day that I could go out.' 'And what kind of shooting?' 'Oh! I would not give a farthing for any shooting but the one.' 'What is that?' 'Duck shooting.' 'But you must have often wetted your feet.' 'I was not very particular about my feet, for I had to stand up to my hips in the Shannon for four or five hours of a winter's day following the birds.' So, gentlemen, this patient spent his day standing in the river, and went to bed after drinking seven tumblers of punch every night; and if ever a man had recovered from consumption, he had done so when I saw him on that occasion, and his recovery may be fairly attributed to the tonic and undepressing treatment which he adopted for himself, and which his system so much required, to enable him to throw off the disease."

THAT editors are men of discernment everybody knows that knows anything, and what they say may be relied on, except, as a matter of course, when they talk politics. In proof of this we have only to quote the following notice of "Graham" from the "Tribune and Telegraph," Kenosha, Wisconsin, to show our readers what a capital fellow presides over the destinies of that first class journal. "Among the periodicals that find their way to our table, there are few that meet a warmer welcome than "Graham's Illustrated Magazine." The August No. sustains, in every respect, the promise of the new publishers, when they took it in charge. It has never presented a more satisfactory list of contents, or possessed more of the elements of popularity than it does now. Its literary matter is from the best talent of the country. The steel Engravings, colored Fashion plates, and Illustrations, are each in the highest style of the art. If we were in the habit of giving advice, we should say to those in want of a capital Magazine, subscribe at once for "Graham." Terms, single copy per year, \$3; 2 copies \$5; 6 copies, \$10. Address WATSON & Co., Philadelphia.

Chit-Chat

WITH READERS, FRIENDS, CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.

AN INSTITUTION for the encouragement of American authors ought to be established. As a primary necessity of its continued existence, it should have an inexhaustible fund of capital. Without that, it could not succeed. It should publish every thing offered it by aspiring genius—of course, every author must be a genius—in his own estimation. No alterations should be made in the manuscript. No bad grammar must be corrected; no redundancies purged away; no faults of expression amended. All such things are “flat burglary,” in a literary sense. If the authors all write treatises on the art of extracting soft-soap out of newspapers, they must all have their productions published at the same time. No writer must be refused his own price for his works, no matter what that price may be. An institution, conducted on these principles, would be satisfactory to the authorial fraternity, however it might be to the public.

THE EDITOR of the Daily Transcript, published at Portsmouth, Norfolk County, Virginia, is not personally known to us, but we venture to say he belongs to one of the F. F. V. Who else could say so much in so short a space. Hear him:—

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The August number of this favorite magazine has been on our table for several days, laden with its usual variety of original prose and poetical productions, from the pens of some of the best talent in the country. The variety which Graham maintains is a capital feature in his magazine—it gives articles on literature, fashion, science, art, historical tales, legends, romances, sketches of travel, etc.,—indeed something to please all tastes and ages. Send in your cash and your names.

OH! FOR A SUBJECT, as the doctors in the medical college say. It is not every slave of the pen who can find his subject to dissect. We have known many a newspaper editor sit and scratch his head and bite his pen, and walk restlessly, and swear a bit (editors do swear, “odds bodikins,” and “darn it,” and such ripping.) We had a great deal to say, when we sat down to write. But we have been interrupted so often by calls of all sorts, that our ideas have gone a wool gathering. If we find out any of them before we get to the end of this chapter, reader, we'll let you know. Oh! ah! yes, now we have one of them, and —

Our literary friends have laid us under great obligations by their profuse favors. We have all our drawers full, and our pigeon holes running over, and our head full, too, with reading them. But in the midst of all these bundles, neatly tied up with red tape, or clasped by India rubber, we cannot, one time in ten, find anything of the kind we want. Nearly all the articles we receive are excellent—we find no fault on that score. But they are similar to the houses in Philadelphia, as seen by a certain Frenchman—“too much alike.” We search in vain in all

the piles of literature about us, for the requisite variety. Too little attention is paid to style. Authors go to work to write a story in as sober a way as they would if they were writing an account of a business tour. A good plot, often proves a dead failure in the hands of a prosy writer. There is much in dress in literature, as in the every day world. Magazine articles should not be done in as grave a manner as a history or a treatise, for as the length of them, must necessarily be limited, a great deal of spirit should be condensed in a small space. Let our story writers take a word of advice. They had much better begin in the middle of their stories, than to labor through a long dull introduction.

Now, good brethren, and *sistren* too, of the pen, if you must write, and must needs send your productions to Graham, try and send us a few less love stories, and a few more of something else.

For instance, rating the number of you at about seven hundred, which is not far wide of the mark, suppose we set apart one hundred for writing love stories, one hundred for moral tales, one hundred for sketches of travel, hunting, natural history, geography, etc., one hundred for sea stories, tales of murder, revenge, etc., one hundred for biographies, and the rest divide themselves out miscellaneously on ballads, historical romances, revolutionary stories, tales of the terrible, mysterious, supernatural, criticisms on literature and art, stories of chivalry and the crusades, fairy tales, humorous yarns, etc. We have an editor who can write all these things with wonderful ease and rapidity—a personage from Sheffield, and like us of the plural number, named Scissors. But we don't care to patronize his productions.

THE GOVERNESS, by Helen Lewis, will appear in an early number.

ALLEN.—We are not in want of an epic poem of two hundred and sixty odd lines.

“THE BUNGALOW BALL, a Sketch of Connecticut Life, by Jeremy Loud,” will be published in the November number.

“TO A DYING SISTER,” by Invisia, of Royalton, Vt., is accepted. We must decline giving our opinion as to the capability of any one to become a good writer. The man of talent must feel the immortal spark burning within him, and know by inspiration what he can do. Those who give the most promise oftenest prove the worst failures, while those from whom nothing is expected, astonish everybody.

“ROUGH HAWK” asks us in so friendly a tone for a criticism of his verses on Laurel Hill Cemetery, that we know not how to refuse, and yet we have not space to spare for it at this moment. If he wishes, we will take up his verses in our next number, publish them in full, and point out in detail our ideas as to their defective structure.

JOSEPHINE TO NAPOLEON—The writer of this should revise and improve it. In poetry the expressions should be lofty, and all tame and common place phrases should be avoided. The rhythm is in many places very labored and harsh, and there are grammatical and other inaccuracies. To publish the piece in its present shape would do no credit to the writer.

"NATURE'S TEACHINGS"—The author of this desired it to appear in our September number, which was all prepared before the piece came to hand. The matter for the present number was also laid out. This is a fast age, friend, and as you live away down east in the Yankee State of Maine, you ought to know it. The piece is accepted and will appear soon.

"TO T. APOLEON" is accepted. We are not partial to the publication of such occasional verses addressed to particular persons but this effort has merit, and the ideas are beautiful. Apoleon's reply is not so felicitous.

A STAGGERER—There is thought to be a dearth of fresh literary talent in the field just now; but if any doubter could be the editor of a Magazine for a month or two, this illusion would speedily be dispelled. Here right at our hand, for instance, is a valentine in *fourteen hundred lines*, the verse jingling along so pleasantly that we could fall asleep and wake up and fall asleep again any number of times over it without the slightest inconvenience. It is a great pity that Graham's Magazine is so limited in capacity, or we might make it a perfect museum of "the curiosities of literature." We have commenced the mummification of some of these specimens.

"THE POOR SCHOLAR" and **"BLACK MILLY"** remind us of a dictionary thrown into "pi," being nothing but a jumble of words without beginning, middle, or ending. We have seldom or ever received two articles with less merit.

A. W. H.—Thirty lines of doggerel verse will not pay for a year's subscription to "Graham," but three dollars will.

H. New York—Graham's Magazine is the oldest periodical of its class now published in the United States. It was established in 1827; thirty years ago. Twelve hundred dollars were paid for one story alone, published in this Magazine. Bayard Taylor, Hon. Judge Conrad, Joseph R. Chandler, and George R. Graham, were at one time the editors of this periodical.

SUBSCRIBERS for "Graham" through the Cosmopolitan Art Association, who do not receive the Magazine regularly, will please notify C. L. Derby, the Secretary of the Association, Sandusky, Ohio.

PATTERNS for Collars, neatly stamped on fine muslin, ready for working, can be bought in this city at prices varying from fifteen to thirty cents, which, when worked, readily sell for ten dollars. No

lady who wears a collar but should be able to work one herself, and being able, no lady should be without one worked by herself. "What a pretty piece of needlework," remarked a gentleman to a lady the other evening, in our hearing. "Do you think so? I have employed my leisure time on it for the last six weeks. It is just finished." Maybe that lady didn't rise in our estimation.

LETTERS addressed to Napoleon at St. Helena, by a young poetess of *five* years of age, we will try and find room for in our next, as a specimen of what the rising generation can do in the way of poetry. The fair young poetess says if we cannot publish her lines in "Graham" we may *sell* them to any other respectable publisher and keep the *money*, if we will send our Magazine to her address for one year. That girl possesses one requisite for an authoress.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL—This periodical, commenced in July of the present year, is issued quarterly in quarto form, printed on fine white paper, containing artistic news and items of interest concerning the movements of the Cosmopolitan Art Association. The latter is doing much to diffuse a correct taste for the fine arts throughout the interior of the country.

WE HAVE not space at present to notice in detail the various articles declined. We shall do so at length in our next number.

OUR proposal to get up a Graham party, to take charge of all the odds and ends of public patronage, is well received by the press of the interior. Graham clubs are becoming all the rage. We have engaged a select assortment of stump orators for the canvass, who will take occasion to visit the people in their homes, and dilate upon the excellencies, virtues, merits, recommendations, beauties, interest, costliness, etc., of Graham. We intend to give an "office" to every one of our constituents. Not that we would bribe any one for his or her suffrage—we scorn the imputation—but only as a sort of inducement.

FOR THE LADIES—An English invention which reflects the back of the head on the toilet glass as perfectly as the face, will, no doubt, be hailed as a great achievement by the ladies, as the back of the hair can thus be arranged with the greatest ease and precision. This invention, called "Le Mirror face et unique," consists simply of a brass telescopic rod attached to the top of an ordinary toilet glass, with a circular mirror suspended from it. When drawn out, the back of the head is reflected from the mirror on the toilet glass simultaneously with the face—a great acquisition in the difficult operation of head dressing. When not required, the circular mirror is easily placed out of the way, so as not to interfere with the ordinary use of the glass.

CERISE VANNIER, a Tale of Woman's Trials, by Helen Maria Arian. This is a story of great interest and very well written. It will be published in the November number.

Contents of an Editor's Drawer,

TAKEN AT RANDOM.

THE GRAY-BEARD'S REDE.

THIS is the title of a somewhat pretentious poetic effort by H. H. B. Judging by the use of quaint terms and classical allusions, and trite explanations, we take the author to be a collegian scarcely emerged from his books. In the eyes of our testotal friends the Gray-Beard's Rede will be found to bear a questionable moral, for while it tells men to abstain from drunkenness, it plainly justifies the use of liquors moderately. This is a question we do not wish to discuss, but as it is rather amusing than otherwise to find it gravely put into verse, and a gray old hermit evoked to labor through several stanzas with such things, we here subjoin H. H. B.'s effort:

THE GRAY-BEARD'S REDE.

BY H. H. B.

Whilom, ere yet the toge of white
Had girt me with its folds,
I walked within a forest old
To pluck me marigolds:
A mound of maiden marigolds,
Sweet myrtle, mosses gray,
Wild vervine, wips of Eglantine,
And blowing buds of bay.
It so befell, that to a dell,
Where chastened darkness clung,
My footsteps turned, the while my heart
The "O Venite" sung.
Within the dell that rifts the wold,
I saw beside a well
An aged man, and in his hand
Were sprigs of asphodel.
"Go cool thy lips and bless His gift,
Then give me patient heed,
And seat thee on this grassy couch,
To hear an old man's rede.
These flow'rs of fate were plucked for me,
For thee the laurels bloom,
The lesson taught with blessings fraught,
I go to meet my doom."
Meanwhile full fledged for fairer fields,
His form so featly grew,
I looked to see beneath the veil
An angel flutt'ring through.
And this his lore—"Abstain, endure,
These words I charge on thee,
Thy guidons in the strife of life,
O let them ever be.
"When Psyche's child shall beck thee on
To share her flowing bowl,
Tis right to sip and taste the sweets,
They will not soil thy soul.
For all the goodly gifts of God,
Man's heart were made to cheer,
If rest of these, so dear the way,
Life's load 'twere hard to bear.
"But when unlawful pleasure elings
With kisses round thy neck,
And rings thee in her winning arms,
But little reck's thy wreck.
Abstain, abstain! 'tis deadly strain,
Quick seek the Holy Grail,
Fly! 'tis for life, thy soul's at stake,
Clasp close the altar-rail.
"From loathsome sin, coarse, gross, and gaunt,
Thou need'st not seek defence,

The griselled features, gorgon-head,
Will shock thy attic sense.
But when in angel guise, the fiend
Would lure thee to his lair,
Refrain thy steps—abstain, abstain!
And drink not dark despair.

"Whene'er thy conscience shrinks in pain,
With conscious shame—abstain!
Thy glory's claim, untaint with stain,
Rich gain, if thou abstain."
I yearned to love that gray-haired man,
And clasp'd his trembling knees,
The face, the scene! sure oft I'd seen
Carved on some fancied frieze.

Again his precious pearls he strews,
"When God flung wide the door
Of Heaven to man, and sped to earth,
He came but to endure.
All flesh that's flushed with Adam's blood,
Must sure the ban endure,
By sorrow fined, it must sublime,
Ere we can hope to soar.

"And some when bid the beaker lift,
And quaff the draught of blight,
Will spurn the boon, contend with doom,
E'en with the Godhead fight.
But thou look up, accept the cup
On loyal, reverent knee,
His grace implore, with faith endure,
And drain the venomous lees.

"Endure the rack, though heaven be black,
The earth beneath thee quake,
Though jealous rivals round thee smile,
Thy body at the stake!
While faithless friends will fain rejoice
To see thy fortunes wane,
The more endure, serene, supreme,
Nor let them dream thy pain.

"And still endure, though round thee roar
Fell fends thy faith to flight,
When God deems right, one flash of light
Shall force thy foes to flight.
Endure, endure, like Him endure,
Who bore thy nature's stain:
Though flesh may shrink, O soul, be bold,
Thy pain is glorious gain.

"These words my breath exhausts to speak,
Seal deeply on thy heart,
The sands are run, my work all done,
'Tis meet that we should part."
He rose and kissed me on the cheek,
His palms upon my head;
Then vanished in the queasily dell—
Ere long I kissed the dead!

Perhaps it is hardly worth while to criticise this production, but nevertheless a few remarks may be useful to our poetising friends. The first verse contains no less than three words which are not likely to be understood by the miscellaneous reader. These are toge, mound, and vervine. There are some persons who admire such oddities. We do not. Verse which has its recommendations only in out-of-the-way words is not worth much. The reader does not like to stop to refer to explanations, and unless he does, not one in ten would be likely to understand

these words. Again: H. H. B. has a singular propensity to alliteration. In the first verse we have

"To pluck me maiden marigolds,
A maund of maiden marigolds,
Sweet myrtle, mosses grey.

while the last line has

"Blowing buds of bay."

Still further on the thing grows worse, for we have

"Meanwhile full fledged for fairer fields,
His form so feebly grew,"

And "Goodly gifts of God," "Drink not dark despair," etc.

A fault of the same tendency is the continual recurrence of similar sounds. In the first stanza there are four successive lines ending with old or olds. This might be overlooked in a good poem, but when we meet "little recks thy wreck," and worse than all, the following:

"Whene'er thy conscience shrinks in pain,
With conscious shame, abstain!
Thy glory's claim untaint with stain,
Rich gain if thou abstain."

The thing is past toleration. Our friend "H. H. B." must tell his grey-beard to study a little more.

THE TWO MONITORS.

This piece of verse has point and spirit, but is not fully worked out. There is an air of incompleteness about it. The rhythm, too, is rough, but the effort is promising.

THE TWO MONITORS.

The one without and the other within,
Two monitors in the silence and din,
In the winter's cold and the summer's heat,
Each one with its own peculiar beat,
Told the same tale to a gay young man,
As his moments to pleasure uselessly ran;
One telling with muffled beat and low,
That time was passing in endless flow;
The other ceaselessly saying "tick! tick!
Young man! thy moments are passing quick!"

One cavern'd deep in a bony den,
With a heavy tread as of muffled men;
The other golden and richly set,
Lying close above it, and ever yet,
In the silence and din, in the cold and heat,
Each spoke in its own peculiar beat:
One telling, with muffled beat and low,
That time was passing in endless flow;
The other ceaselessly saying "tick! tick!
Young man! thy moments are passing quick!"

He often gazed on the golden face,
Where the moments in silence their circuit trace;
And he heard them toll, as a solemn bell,
The passing moment's funeral knell;
As the monitors both kept beating away,
And speaking to him whether grave or gay:
One telling with muffled beat and low,
That time was passing in endless flow;
The other ceaselessly saying "tick! tick!
Young man! thy moments are passing quick!"

Though thus Eternity spoke through Time,
With a solemn and ever-sounding chime,
Though the golden face still silently told
Its solemn tale as it had of old,
As though the finger of God should trace
The flight of Time as it passed o'er the face;
Yet his eye was heavy, and dull his ear,
Nor paused the young man in his gay career,
But like thousands before him lived and died,
With the monitors beating close at his side!

Perhaps the young man mistook the voice of the monitor which kept saying "Tick! Tick!" A great many do, and so go on "tick" altogether, until they come to the settlement of that last great debt of all, which must be paid on demand, and for the satisfaction of which the best credit in the world is unavailable.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

This is called a sketch. We give it as a specimen of many things we receive:

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

A SKETCH.

HOME—dear home—if I could only die there, murmured the invalid wife—as she turned her eyes wearily to the dark brick buildings which fronted her window. That country home where had fled the pleasant years of her early married life, where the smile of her baby boy had first awakened in her heart gratitude to God; that home where each spire of grass and each blushing flower told of the time when she had thought life one gay dream, ever to be brightened by the companionship of him whom she called husband; but the gentle generous lover had now become the toiling slave of ambition, and seldom he sought that chamber whose drawn curtains and hushed breath told of the destroyer's tread.

"Hush mammy, walk easy, mama is sleep so nice," said little Freddy to the old nurse. Softly, very softly crept in the old woman to gaze upon that form she had loved and caressed from its earliest infancy. "Yes," she muttered, "Massa Walter's child most gone, but I'll watch her to the last; she's most angel now." Suddenly the invalid awakened and asked for Mr. Wilmer—the husband came, and even his own strong heart was bowed as he saw the labored breathing of her who had ever been to him all tenderness and love. "How is my darling, this morning?" he asked, as she extended her cold wasted hand.

"Weak, very weak, but I've just been dreaming of Millwood, and even the dream makes me better, have you any objection to my going there this evening? the doctor thinks I could stand the ride, and the train you know goes out at such a pleasant time."

"Yes, but my love I should feel so uneasy: however you may go this evening, and I'll be out in the morning." The arrangement was made, and the husband bent down to kiss the fair brow of the sufferer, then remembering the thick massive volumes which still awaited him, crept softly from the chamber.

He has gone, and the recording angel registers in heaven the prayer of this invalid wife, a prayer glowing with gratitude for this new mercy, that she was going to die at that old country home. Full well she knows the "sands of life" are nearly spent, earth has lost its attractiveness, save that maternal solicitude still clings to her only child. Oh! God, be near my boy in trial, and claim him for thine own, she faintly prays. Slowly rose a little head from the bed upon which it had been buried to gaze upon the mother's form; and months, years, nay, eternity itself shall never obliterate from that young heart the holy expression of that emaciated face.

Amid the accumulated learning of ages sat the student, but his eloquent eye rested not upon the

page before him. Listless and weary, he seemed even of study, the idol of his soul. Impatiently tossing his book from him, he exclaimed, "how nervous I am, my poor wife's kiss still burns upon my lips, and even now I feel the cold clasp of her wasted hand. But away with this weakness; to-night I must advocate the cause of this great political party, and surely amid the applause of thousands this fearful foreboding will leave me." Erring, ambitious man, how vain are thy reckonings; the prayers of a dying wife even now are answered—as God's hand is stretched forth to show you the vanity and folly of all earthly fame, for the shadow of coming sorrow shall haunt you amid the frenzied plaudits of the populace, and chase from your heart all the glory and pleasure of that triumphant hour.

Early dawn found the anxious husband upon the threshold of his country seat. All was hushed and dark, save the pale lamp's glimmer from his once bridal chamber. Hastily he passed on to that room, but no voice, no smile awaited him; for there, wrapped in the habiliments of the grave, lay the wife of his early manhood. Yes, she had gone, all her gentleness and love were lost to him forever! O! what a crushing weight fell upon that husband's heart, how darkly desolate seemed his future life.

Most fearful are the footprints of death, how does his awful presence pervade the very atmosphere and continually murmur, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and yet it should not be thus, for often from the grave of one many spring up—the glory and immortality of many.

The stately marble monument may be all that remains visible to the human eye, but the holy influence of a Christian spirit must be immortal, and the golden fruit of piety must dwell upon earth long after the body has mouldered away. So when Frederick Wilmer stood forth upon the world's broad arena, to baffle with vice and stem its mighty current, trusting solely in the strength of Jehovah's great arm. Then his mother's dying prayer ever rung upon his heart, and his future life loudly proclaimed that noble truth: "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much."

Now, the title of this sketch does not agree with the text. It shows in no possible manner anything of "Woman's Influence." Just fancy a good angel of a wife prostrate in her last illness, and her husband leaving her in that condition to go and make a stump speech at a political gathering! Bah! it should be styled "The Politician's Mania," and have a paragraph at the end saying, that the indignant neighbors of this wretch, on learning of his heartless act, gave him a coat of tar and feathers. "Woman's Influence" indeed. No true woman ever sent her husband from her deathbed to preach politics to a mob of brandy drinkers.

KATE MONTAGNE sends us two short pieces, one with rhyme and the other without. The former is bad—very bad. It pains us to the heart to say it, sweet Kate, but we cannot help it. And lest we might be thought of doing an ungallant piece of injustice to so fair a lady, we subjoin your verses:—

FADED FLOWERS.

BY KATE MONTAGNE.

How keenly they recall to me
Hours that are past and gone,
Of which alone in memory
Their beauty has not flown.
Faded tokens of the past,
Their fragrance has not gone;
'Tis true their freshness could not last,
But their beauty has not flown.
It is with him who gave me these,
Freshness from his cheek has gone,
All passed, like the summer leaves,
But their beauty has not flown.
As transient beauty takes its flight,
Like fragile flowerets lone;
Our souls are ever bright,
Their beauty has not flown.

We like the recurrence of sweet sounds, and it is a happy trick of rhymesters which sometimes repeats the same good line or two at every verse. But good Kate, dear Kate, sweet Kate, your verses contain the quintessence of nothing done up in small parcels, and the repetition is dismal. Happily the other piece by Kate is in prose, and breathes so loveable a spirit as to make amends for Faded Flowers. Here it is:

MY OLD HOME.

BY KATE MONTAGNE.

I have visited the dear old homestead that sheltered me in my childhood days from the world's storms. There it stands with its roof so low and ungainly, and the verdant woof of the maple still hangs heavily over it as of yore. The broad branches of the apple trees still cast their shade upon the door, and the sun-light steals through them and falls warm upon the floor.

While I stood thus gazing around me, bright visions of the past came crowding swiftly o'er my spirit, and then faded away as fast, for when I think of glowing prospects in happy days of the future, the tears I shed when leaving our old home, I half forgot them.

And now as evening casts its heavy mantle upon the world, leaving memory's banner broad, bright and unfurled, I trace the wood-path through glade and flower-gemmed dale with joy, wherever music soft and dreamy echoed thro' the fountain rill, I wandered as of old, down the grassy hill-side, culing the fairy flower ere the tiny leaves were unfolded. And sweetly the low and sparkling streamlet glides by, as when in my childhood I listened to its sigh. And again the branches of the willows that looked in the darkened twilight like bearded plumes for the dead, trail low about my head. And I gaze with tearful eyes up through the waving foliage to the changing skies and dream of my future life.

Some correspondent has undertaken to improve the sacred narrative of Scriptura. Here is Esau's sale of his birthright done up in the modern style:

THE SUPPLANTER;

OR SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PATRARCH.
SCENE 1ST.—THE BIRTHRIGHT.

It is evening, the shades of twilight are beginning to fall upon yon beautiful oriental landscape, which bathed in the mild light of evening, presents a scene

of beauty that might almost woo an angel down to earth. The herdsmen are slowly gathering in their flocks, and folding them for the night; while at the door of yonder tent sits one in the garb of a shepherd, watching his frugal meal that he has placed over the little camp-fire before him. His manly form, his intellectual brow, and speaking eye indicate his noble and princely origin.

But hark! he speaks: "It must be so, come what may, that glorious inheritance must be mine, an inheritance promised to Abraham, to Isaac, and to their seed; why should it be given to Esau, my brother, merely because he is the first born. He values it not as I would do; what cares he for the promise made to Abraham: 'That in thee and in thy seed all the nations of the earth shall be blessed.' What cares he that from the seed of Abraham shall spring the promised 'seed of the woman, who shall bruise the serpent's head.' Yes! that glorious promise must be mine. How glorious the thought that from me shall spring God's chosen people, and that Prince and Saviour, of whose kingdom there shall be no end."

But hark! a footstep. There approaches one in the garb of a hunter; his step is slow and languid, and although in the vigor of manhood he seems to be weary and faint with hunger. He speaks: "Jacob I am weary and faint from travel and fatigue, I have wandered far in pursuit of game, and since yesternoon no food hath passed my lips, my faint and weary limbs refuse to bear me farther towards my father's tent; give me to eat of thy mess of pottage, ere I die." A sudden light kindles in Jacob's eye, as he replies: "Why comest thou to me, whom thou hast ever despised as being unworthy to be called

thy brother, why comest thou now to me for food? Thou hast taken from me all of a father's love, thou art the heir to all my father's possessions, and now dost thou come to rob me of even the little portion that is left me, wouldst thou rob me of even the humble mess of pottage which mine own hand hath soddened; nay but sell me thy birthright, and I will give thee of my pottage."

"What," replies Esau, indignantly, "sell thee my birthright? never, Jacob! never! can I do this; never can I thus despise that glorious inheritance." "There, go thy way and perish, my mess of pottage thou shalt not share."

Esau turns sadly away, but as he looks upon the savory pottage, and its grateful odor reaches his nostrils, he pines. "Behold (says he) I am at the point of death, and what profit shall this birthright be to me, I perish with hunger." Jacob seeing his hesitation with ready guile said: "Swear unto me this day." And thus despising that which Jacob so eagerly coveted, he fills himself with the savory pottage, and rising, turns away from that inhospitable tent. His reflections, who may tell, his hunger is satisfied, and no longer presses upon him, and now conscience awakes and begins to reproach him with his dark and shameful sin, in thus bartering away a birthright so honorable, so glorious, for a momentary gratification. And anon as he reflects upon the crafty inhumanity of Jacob, his own brother, who could take such an advantage of his famishing condition, and tempt him to that dark sin, the deep feelings of bitter repentance that were beginning to spring up under the stings of an awakened conscience, were swept away by the fierce wrath that was unkindled against his crafty brothers.

Literary Notices.

ENGLISH TRAITS, by R. W. Emerson. Boston, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. This book furnishes an account of Mr. Emerson's first visit to Europe to begin with. It occurred in 1833, when Emerson was comparatively an obscure man. He then saw English society without being troubled by the inconvenience of its honing propensities. In this first visit he describes some incidents worthy of note. Here is something about Greenough, the sculptor,—which will be news to our art readers:

"At Florence, chief among artists, I found Homæus Greenough, the American sculptor. His face was so handsome, and his person so well formed, that he might be pardoned, if, as was alleged, the face of his Medora, and the figure of a colossal Achilles in clay, were idealisations of his own. Greenough was a superior man, ardent and eloquent, and all his opinions had elevation and magnanimity. He believed that the Greeks had wrought in schools or fraternities,—the genius of the master imparting his design to his friends, and inflaming them with it, and when his strength was spent, a new hand, with equal heat, continued the work; and so by relays, until it was finished in every part with equal

fire. This was necessary in so refractory a material as stone; and he thought art would never prosper until we left our shy jealous ways, and worked in society as they. All his thoughts breathed the same generosity. He was an accurate and a deep man. He was a votary of the Greeks, and impatient of Gothic art. His paper on Architecture, published in 1843, announced in advance the leading thoughts of Mr. Ruskin on the morality in architecture, notwithstanding the antagonism in their views of the history of art. I have a private letter from him,—later, but respecting the same period,—in which he roughly sketches his own theory. 'Here is my theory of structure: A scientific arrangement of spaces and forms to functions and to site; an emphasis of features proportioned to their graduated importance in function; color and ornament to be decided and arranged and varied by strictly organic laws, having a distinct reason for each decision; the entire and immediate banishment of all make-shift and make-believe.'"

There is also some amusing talk of Coleridge's, but as every body has by this time read abundance of the vaticinations of that odd genius, we do not

care to repeat Coleridge's pompous sayings to Emerson. The reader will remark how the American transcendentalist has searched out persons of the same kidney abroad. His account of the talk of Greenough, Coleridge, and Landor sounds like extracts from his own effusions. Perhaps something of this is attributable to the medium through which the talk is conveyed to the public. Here is Carlyle, too, another of the tribe.

"From Edinburgh I went to the Highlands. On my return, I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome, inquired for Craigenputtock. It was a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles distant. No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern ascent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor, which floated every thing he looked upon. His talk playfully exalting the familiar objects, put the companion at once into an acquaintance with his Lars and Lemurs, and it was very pleasant to learn what was predestined to be a pretty mythology. Few were the objects and lonely the man, 'not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore;' so that books inevitably made his topics.

"He had names of his own for all the matters familiar to his discourse. 'Blackwood's' was the 'sand magazine;' 'Fraser's' nearer approach to possibility of life was the 'mud magazine;' a piece of road near by that marked some failed enterprise was the 'grave of the last sixpence.' When too much praise of any genius annoyed him, he professed hugely to admire the talent shown by his pig. He had spent much time and contrivance in confining the poor beast to one enclosure in his pen, but pig, by great strokes of judgment, had found out how to let a board down, and had foiled him. For all that, he still thought man the most plastic little fellow in the planet, and he liked Nero's death, '*Qualis artifex pereo!*' better than most history. He worships a man that will manifest any truth to him. At one time he had inquired and read a good deal about America. Landor's principle was mere rebellion, and that he feared was the American principle. The best thing he knew of that country was, that in it a man can have meat for his labor. He had read in Stewart's book, that when he inquired in a New York hotel for the Boots, he had been shown across the street, and had found Mango in his own house dining on roast turkey.

"We talked of books. Plato he does not read, and he disparaged Socrates; and, when pressed, persisted in making Mirabeau a hero. Gibbon he called the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. His own reading had been multifarious.

Tristram Shandy was one of his first books after Robinson Crusoe, and Robertson's America an early favorite. Rousseau's Confessions had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German, by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted.

"He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing. Hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the eve of bankruptcy.

"He still returned to English pauperism, the crowded country, the selfish abdication by public men of all that public persons should perform. 'Government should direct poor men what to do. Poor Irish folk come wandering over these moors. My dame makes it a rule to give to every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next house. But here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and nobody to bid these poor Irish go to the moor and till it. They burned the stacks, and so found a way to force the rich people to attend to them.'

"We went out to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down, and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle's fault that we talked on that topic, for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. 'Christ died on the tree: that built Dunscore kirk yonder: that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.'

"He was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar's appreciation. London is the heart of the world, he said, wonderful only from the mass of human beings. He liked the huge machine. Each keeps its own round. The baker's boy brings muffins to the window at a fixed hour every day, and that is all the Londoner knows or wishes to know on the subject. But it turned out good men. He named certain individuals, especially one man of letters, his friend, the best mind he knew, whom London had well served."

This first visit to Europe occupies two chapters. The rest of the book is filled with Emerson's account of his second visit. The reader will remark that the description of Greenough places him in Italy, yet Emerson puts it first in his "visit to England." Landor, too, was met in Italy when Emerson describes him. This is an odd, flighty way of doing things. He jumps about from one thing to another without any apparent desire for connectedness. There is a peculiar interest in all he writes, and yet it is an effort to comprehend him sometimes. The main ideas of the following passage is put forth more strongly than he usually allows himself to write.

"A wise traveller will naturally choose to visit the best of actual nations; and an American has

more reasons than another to draw him to Britain. In all that is done or begun by the Americans towards right thinking or practice, we are met by a civilisation already settled and overpowering. The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims. A nation considerable for a thousand years since Egbert, it has, in the last centuries, obtained the ascendant, and stamped the knowledge, activity and power of mankind with its impress. Those who resist it do not feel it or obey it less. The Russian in his snows is aiming to be English. The Turk and Chinese also are making awkward efforts to be English. The practical common-sense of modern society, the utilitarian direction which labor, laws, opinion, religion take, is the natural genius of the British mind. The influence of France is a constituent of modern civility, but not enough opposed to the English for the most wholesome effect. The American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions, more or less propitious.

"See what books fill our libraries. Every book we read, every biography, play, romance, in whatever form, is still English history and manners. So that a sensible Englishman once said to me, 'As long as you do not grant us copyright, we shall have the teaching of you.'

"But we have the same difficulty in making a social or moral estimate of England, as the sheriff finds in drawing a jury to try some cause which has agitated the whole community, and on which every body finds himself an interested party. Officers, jurors, judges have all taken sides. England has inoculated all nations with her civilisation, intelligence, and tastes; and, to resist the tyranny and prepossession of the British element, a serious man must aid himself, by comparing with it the civilisations of the farthest east and west, the old Greek, the Oriental, and, much more, the ideal standard, if only by means of the very impatience which English forms are sure to awaken in independent minds.

"Besides, if we will visit London, the present time is the best time, as some signs portend that it has reached its highest point. It is observed that the English interest us a little less within a few years; and hence the impression that the British power has culminated, is in solstice, or already declining.

HOUSEHOLD MYSTERIES; a Romance of Southern Life, by Lizzie Petit, of Virginia, author of "Light and Darkness." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. If Lizzie Petit had not told us at the start that she was "of Virginia," some of the expressions and allusions in this pleasing story of hers might have been taken for the offspring of a prejudiced mind. The book furnishes a lively, varied and interesting picture of social life of persons of wealth in Virginia, never touching upon slavery at all, but busier, like the novels of Mrs. Southworth, only with the romance of white society.

There is a peculiar charm about the dignified repose of Virginia life which runs all through these "Household Mysteries." As specimens of the style we extract the following.

THE KITCHEN AT HUNTINGWILD.

The department of business of that high functionary, the cook at Huntingwild, presented the usual spectacle of a Southern kitchen, a goodly portion of dirt,—confined, however, principally to the floor, and excluded rigorously from the viands—a great confusion of pots and kettles, three or four small, grinning woolly heads ensconced in each corner of the enormous fire-place—though the day was melting—the cook—a fat woman, privileged to scold, up to her elbows in dough, and alternating her conversation between storming at the unfortunate negro boy who officiated as scullion, and gossip with an aged crone, who, with head enveloped in crimson turban and lips puffing a cloud of smoke from the short corn-cob pipe between her lips, was seated to the infinite danger of falling through, on what was once a split-bottomed chair, but was now very nearly destitute of any bottom at all.

"Here I've got all the trouble of gittin' supper a hour sooner'n common, cause that Delham and Marsden want the moon to ride home by. Wonder what that Delham come here for so much, any way. No worf wile him danglin' arter Miss Ida dis way. She never have him in the 'varsal worl. You Sambo! you outdacious scurf o'de earth, ef you don't make haste dar, I'll break your head wid dis biskit roller. You needn't stand grinnin' at me. I'll do it mun, before you know it. A spilt nigger as ever I did see. No. I don't b'lieve Miss Ida have him."

"I reckon you'd think so, ef you had seed what I seed yistiddy, a good deal arter this time in the evenin'," said a tall quadroon, who had stepped in from the wash-house, and stood clapping muslins.

"What you see, Diek? what you see?" inquired the venerable specimen of antiquity rejoicing in the crimson turban and unique smoking piece, who seemed from her manner and appearance a privileged character.

"Why, jest this," and the quadroon lowered her voice confidentially. "Yestiddy evenin', nigh upon ten o'clock, I was comin' from Dinah's room, whar I'd been stayin, to spin some yarn for my old man's socks, goin' home to my children. I passed not far from the bower down on the border of the yard, and sure as you're born I seed Miss Ida come out o' de bower and go to de house, and Mass' Cameron Houghton wid her."

"De lor—or—or!"

"Den he lef her at de house door, and—but my lor, here's one de children."

The cook, angry at the interruption, turned round with an air of dignified authority as little Minnie entered.

"What you want?"

"A biscuit, Aunt Cleopatra, please."

"Clar out, think I gwine give you biskits, for the white folks come say I steal 'em."

"Oh, Aunt Cleo, you know mamma never accused her servants of stealing."

"Well, cause she aint never done it it's no sign she never will. Clar out, I say, 'fore I send for your ma. Got no business in de kitchen, no how."

Minnie retreated, and Egypt's queen rolled up the

whites of her eyes, at what she considered a *coupe de main*.

"Go on Dick."

Thus adjured, the effeminate Dick proceeded. "Well, as I was sayin', Mass' Cameron pass right by me, and when he seed me dem black eyes o' his'n flashed wors'n lightnin', and he sorter stopped, but I went on like I nebber seed him, I didn't want him git hold o' me, so he kep' on too. Nebber seed sich eyes in a man's head. Clar, one look he can put on is wors'n a whippin' from some folks. God knows I hope Miss Ida never will have him. If she do, I'll be sorry for her."

"De folks at de Park say Mass' Cameron very kind," said the cook, turning a hoe cake.

"Never b'lieve it in de worl. Nobody aint good wid sich eyes. Mass' Delham's the man, sich a nice, sweet-spoken gemman, always got a bow ready for white and black. Fact is, niggers, Mistis' was'n dreamin' last night 'bout Miss Idy takin' that moonlight walk. Leastways I dont b'lieve she was, for Randy says Miss' sooner see Miss Idy in her grave than to marry that man. God knows, I don't blame her."

"Hi! hi! what that you say?" interrupted Judith, the turbaned woman, who had been listening with absorbing interest.

"I say Mis' rather see Miss Idy in her grave than see her marry Mass' Cameron Haughton."

"Does you think there's any danger of that?"

"I reckon, I does. I b'lieve Miss Idy likes him frustrate, and as I said I dont b'lieve Miss Idy let Miss' know 'bout that moonlight walk. I see Randy carry in tea to Miss' chamber, say she wa'n't well, and Massa I 'spose was at that everlastin' chist game wid old Haughton. Another white buera I don't like, walk the earth like ground wasn't fit for him to tread, got not so much as a word to throw away on a nigger. Miss Kate and Mass' Noble come to spend the evenin' at the Duboles', or whatever their name is, and so Miss Idy thought she'd steal a march on the old folks. Hi! Aunt Judy, was you goin'? You don't git here so often; you might stay longer when you does come."

"No, thanks, my old bones stiff enough now. Must get home 'fore the dews get too heavy," and taking a crutch from the corner she hobbled off.

Aunt Judith had formerly been the favorite and confidential servant of Mrs. St. John, had accompanied her from the far South, previous to her present marriage, and had been Ida's nurse. When age and infirmities displaced her from her office in the household, a comfortable cabin was assigned her, where she contented herself with such light employment as picking wool, knitting socks for "the hands," etc.; receiving occasionally friendly visits from her mistress, and inquiries after her rheumatism from the young people.

Old Judith entered her cabin with feeble steps, and sunk down in a chair in deep meditation. At length she rose, and proceeding to a small chest in a remote corner of the room, she produced an old, rusty key from some unknown sanctum about her person, and opening the chest, took from its innermost recesses a carefully wrapped bundle. Open-

ing this she discovered a baby's dress of blue delaine, tastefully embroidered, as if the work had beguiled the idle hours of some fair lady, and a tiny chemise of the finest linen, on which was traced, in small, delicate characters, "Emily Carlton." She sat with these clothes open before her, musing, as if in doubt, and occasionally uttering disjointed sentences half aloud.

"I thought I'd never tell her, but if things take such a turn, maybe I'll be obliged to do it. Well, I'll watch, I'll watch, and inquire how things go on. It's no use to get myself into trouble for nothing. No it isn't, that's a fact."

At last, with an ominous shake of the head, she re-folded the bundle and returned it to its hiding place. From this chapter the reader may gather a hint of the story.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE; including letters from the time of their marriage until the death of Josephine, and also several private letters from the Emperor to his brother Joseph, and other important personages, with numerous illustrative notes and anecdotes. By John S. C. Abbott, published by Mason Brothers, New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., No. 211 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Mr. Abbott tells us in the preface the whole purport of this book in the following passage.

The authenticity of these letters are beyond all controversy. Hortense had received them from her mother, and authorized their publication. The confidential correspondence of Napoleon with his brother Joseph has recently been translated and published in this country. "These perfectly unreserved and brotherly confidential letters," says the Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, "several hundred in Napoleon's own hand-writing, written before he became great, will demonstrate his real sentiments and character when too young for dissembling, and quite unreserved with his correspondent. Joseph relied upon them to prove, what he always said, and often told me, that Napoleon was a man of warm attachments, tender feelings, and honest purposes." These are now before the public. They are mostly purely business letters. From them a few have been selected, for the present volume, which reflect light upon the social and domestic character of Napoleon.

Napoleon was so extraordinary a character that every thing which he has said or done excites lively interest. These letters present him in entirely a new aspect—in an attitude in which he has never before been seen by the American public. We are familiar with him as the warrior, the statesman, the great administrator—but here we behold him as the husband, the father, and the brother, moving freely amid all the tender relations of domestic life. His heart is here revealed, with all its intense and glowing affections.

These letters were written in the midst of the turmoil of the most busy and tempestuous career through which a mortal ever passed. They were often written on the field of battle, enveloped in the smoke of the conflict, and while the thunders of the

retiring cannonade were still reverberating. Though often so overwhelmed with pressing responsibilities and cares that he could allow himself no quiet meal, no regular repose, sleeping in the open air for a fortnight, neither taking off coat or boots, galloping from post to post of the army, through mud, and rain, and snow, he seldom allowed a day to pass without writing to Josephine, and he often wrote to her twice a day.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.—THE ESPOUSALS.—Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. This is a narrative poem, covering in the modern style 200

pages. It is a sequel to another narrative of the same size, called the "Betrothal," which we have not seen nor read. The present volume is consequently incomprehensible to us, and the wonder is why the two were not printed together, we have made a desperate endeavor to understand "The Angel in the House," but there is a defect some where either in our mind or in the book. We have waded, and waded, and waded, but it is all shoal water, and whether there is or is not anything deeper beyond where we stopped, we'll be shot if we can tell. If the author will prefix an "argument" to each section, to tell us what he is driving at, perhaps we may begin again.

The Work-Table.

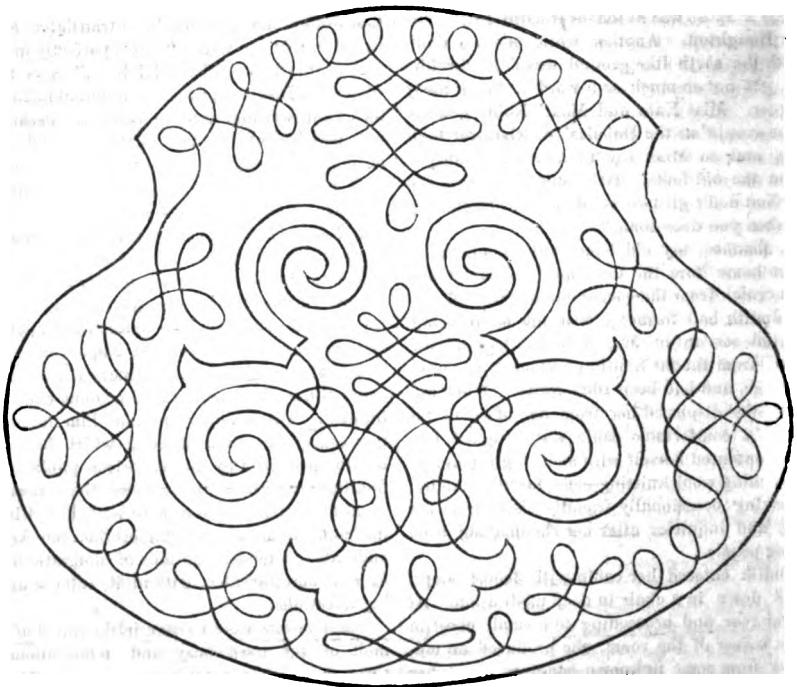
OUR lady friends will have noticed that the patterns published by us are all intended for use. We insert no design that any lady at all conversant with needlework cannot transfer and work with ease. This department of "Graham" is richly deserving the attention of ladies of taste and accomplishments. Below we give a few hints in relation to the proper kind of material required to work the patterns:

Chenille is generally used in canvas work, and being one of the richest and most beautiful materials used in embroidery, it shows to the best advantage on silk, satin or velvet.

To embroider on merino, cloth, or fine flannel, or any other material requiring washing, it is neces-

sary to use three-corded or saddler's silk. Floss silk is used on any fine material that does not require washing. When velvet, cloth, or any dark-colored silk is to be embroidered, the pattern should be drawn on white tissue or blotting-paper, and the paper lightly tacked on the right side of the velvet. The embroidery is to be executed over the paper, and when the work is completed the paper is carefully torn away.

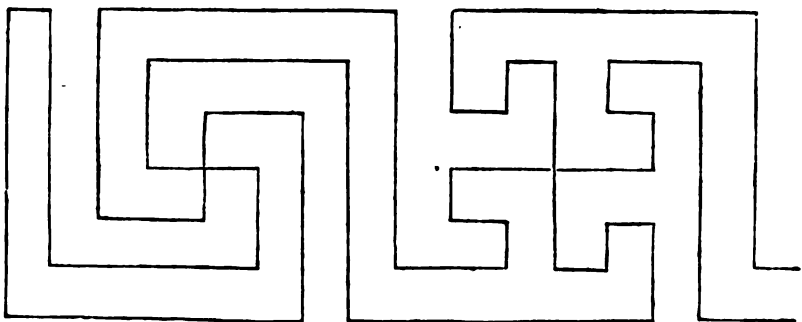
For worsted work rather coarse darning-needles should be used, and for floss silk a fine one. A large round-eyed needle is necessary for chenille and three-corded silk. If the needle is too large, besides being clumsy, it will make a hole in the work.



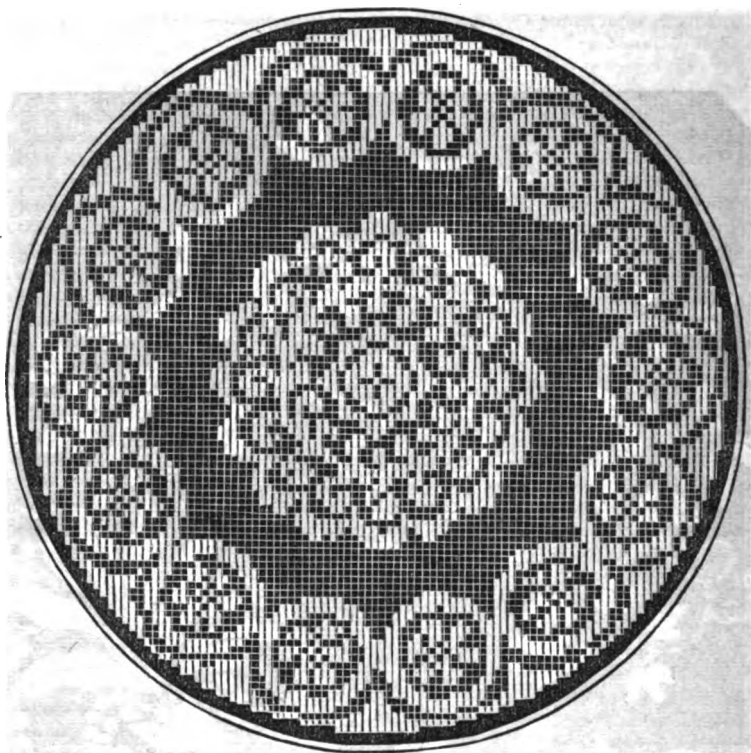
DESIGN FOR BRAIDING A PURSE.



CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF.

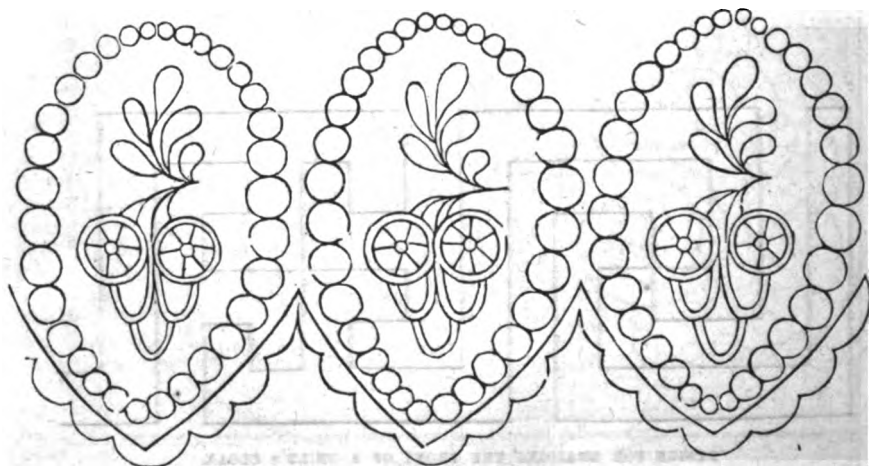


DESIGN FOR BRAIDING THE FRONT OF A CHILD'S CLOAK.

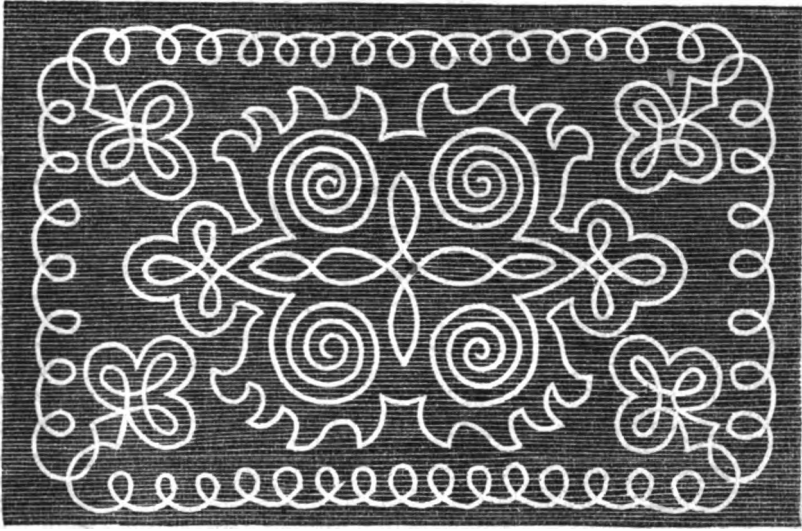


DESIGN FOR MUSIC-STOOL COVER IN NETTING.

Materials.—The Boar's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 4; flat bone mesh; with Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 8. As our readers are already aware, an octagon is the nearest approach to a perfect round that can be made in netting without cutting. An octagon can be made of any dimensions, according to the following scale:—If you begin with 25 stitches, do 50 rows, (that is, doubling in rows the number of stitches,) increasing at the end of every row; then the same number of rows without increase or decrease; and again the same number, decreasing, by doing two together at the end of every row, which terminates it. It is then to be washed, starched, and put in a frame to be darned; after which, work three rounds of plain netting all round it, and finish with a deep fringe, to be knotted in. Done with finer cotton and mesh, this would make a pretty cake doyley, or top for a pincushion. No. 16 or 20 Boar's-head Cotton and a steel mesh should be used.



PATTERN FOR SKIRT FLOUNCING.

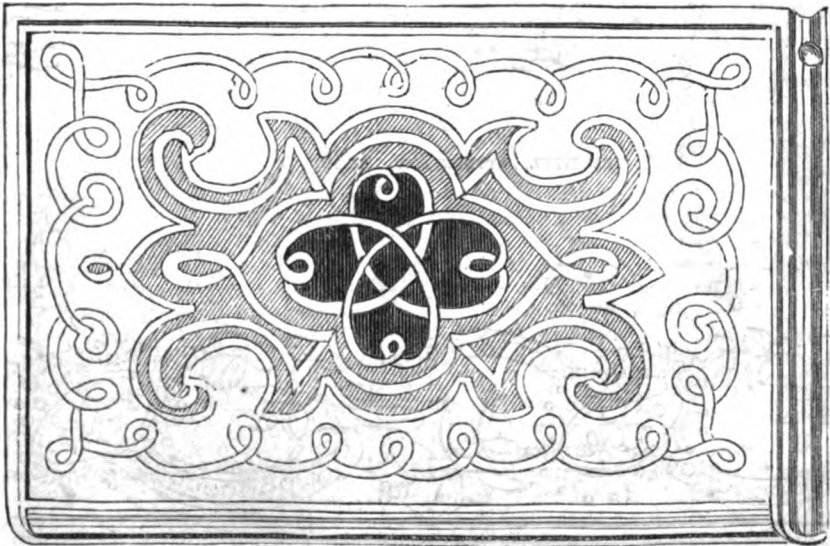


DESIGN FOR SMALL SACHET.

Materials.—White net, thick crochet silk or chenille, of any color. Follow the lines on a running stitch with the silk or chenille, and finish the edges with a small cord to match.

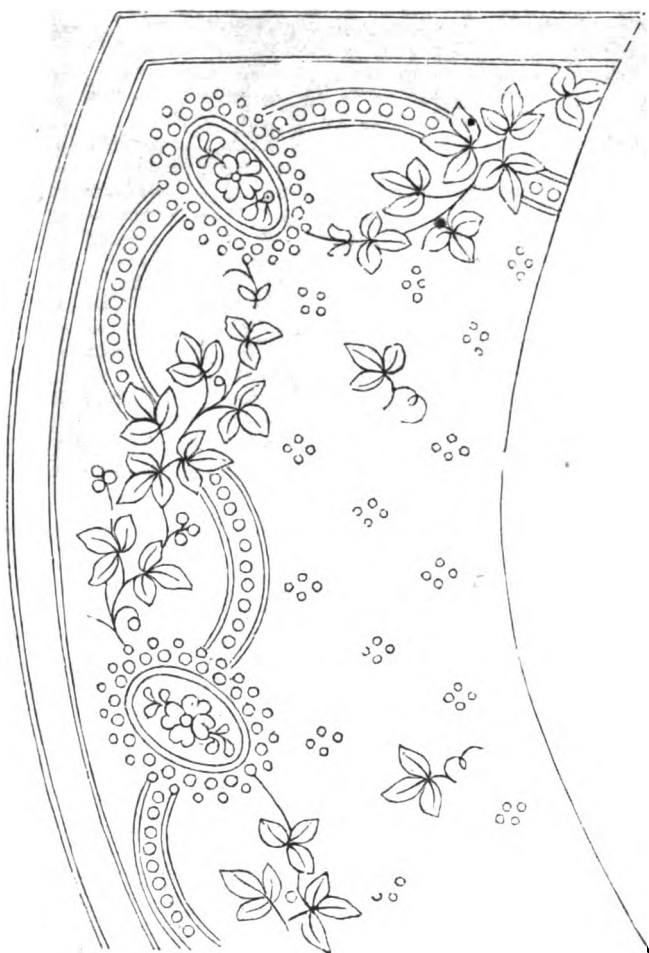


INITIALS.

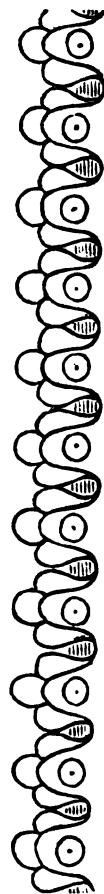


LADIES' CARD CASE.

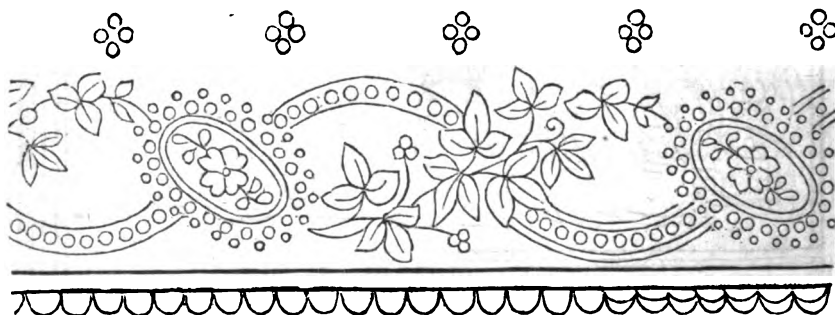
Work with gold or any fancy colored thread, on Silk, Velvet or Kid ground.



BEAUTIFUL PATTERN FOR COLLAR.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



PATTERN FOR INSERTION TO MATCH COLLAR.

Fashion Gossip.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

FIGURE FIRST is a Louise blue *gro des Indes* silk. One deep flounce almost covers the skirt. This is headed by a puffing of the silk, finished with rich black lace. The corsage is made high to the throat, fastened by a row of lava buttons, and without a basque. The shoulders are ornamented with bretelles of black lace put on full. The upper part of the sleeve is formed of small puffs made lengthwise instead of the usual way, and finished with a frill, falling below the elbow. The under sleeves consist of three puffs finished at the wrists with cuffs or needle work.

FIGURE SECOND is a walking dress of green Glacé silk. The skirt is plain. The trimming is put on longitudinally. It is formed of narrow Guipure lace. The corsage is made high with a basque, ornamented with bretelles of the narrow Guipure lace, put on to correspond with that on the skirt. The sleeves are plain almost to the elbow, where they terminate in a frill. The basque is ornamented in a manner similar to the skirt and sleeves. A row of medallion buttons is put on up the front of the skirt, continuing up the front of the corsage to the throat. The bonnet is formed of alternate rows of black lace and black velvet ribbon, with full side trimming of chenille. The strings are made of cherry colored ribbon with black edge. The inside trimming is formed of a narrow ribbon similar to the strings.

NOVELTIES.

BONNETS are getting to be worn larger than was the fashion last winter and spring, and coming more upon the head, seem like what they were designed for rather than the odd looking articles which then hung upon the extreme back part of the head. We hail this as a return to rationalism, though in the matter of fashions we must really admit that the standard is more capricious than reason. There is more ornament upon the bonnets, and their capes are worn deeper than ever.

HOOPS are still the rage, and in the centers of fashion in Europe and America, they have increased to stupendous dimensions. One of the belles at the Court of the Empress Eugénie, in Paris, lately while marching in the column leading to supper with a very small gentleman for a gallant, was unable to get through the wide doorway in consequence of the hoops, and in endeavoring to swing them aside the skirt of the dress went over the head of the little beau, to the infinite amusement of the Empress. A grocer in Baltimore who does a large business with the wealthy circles, has been obliged to tear out the whole front of his store and enlarge his doorways, to make room for the ladies' hoops, as many of his customers were unable to enter in consequence of the balloony character of their skirts. Whalebone and crinoline are in great demand everywhere. This fashion has got more into the dress of little girls than it had previously, and now their dresses stand out like those of the figures in Hogarth's pictures. Flounces are in great vogue, generally made quite heavy with trimming woven in the fabric around

the edges. Basques grow more elaborate and are very much worn. Some of them look very graceful, but in this matter as in that of the hoops all depends upon the taste of the wearer. The hoops are too frequently worn so as to betray to the spectator their exact position. This is a defect which ladies complain of and should remedy, though very many of them are unable to do so. Sleeves are still worn wide with heavy frills. Scarfs are much worn for walking dresses.

EVENING DRESSES.

Among those which have received the greatest share of approbation may be mentioned one composed of India muslin, over a slip of mallow-color silk. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces of muslin, ornamented with a wreath of chrysanthemums worked in satin stitch. These flounces are lined with mallow-color silk, and at the top of each flounce there is a ruche of ribbon of the same hue as the silk. The corsage, which is composed of muslin over silk, is half high, open in front, and edged round with a ruche of ribbon. A front piece in the opening of the corsage has a basque ornamented with needlework, and lined with silk. The sleeves are trimmed with three frills of worked muslin. A chemisette, with a richly-embroidered collar, and under-sleeves edged with frills worked in the same pattern, are worn with the dress. A dress of plain white muslin, just prepared for a young lady, is trimmed with three flounces of graduated width. Each flounce is finished by a hem through which a pink ribbon is run. A cape of white lace is worn, trimmed with a frill with ribbon in the hem, and fastened in front with a bow of pink ribbon.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Several elegant out-door costumes, suitable for the carriage drive and morning visits, have appeared. Of two of these costumes we offer a description:—A dress of rich malachite green silk, with flounces shaded in black and maroon. With this dress is to be worn a mantelet of black Chantilly. It is of the shawl form, and has a broad flounce of lace. A Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with maize-color ribbon and bouquets of corn-flowers and wheat-ears, completes the costume. A dress of bright blue glacé, of that peculiarly brilliant tone of color which is distinguished in Paris by the name of *bleu de Sèvres*. The skirt has two broad flounces, edged with a trimming consisting of a trellis-work of black velvet. The corsage has bretelles of black velvet, and is open in front, the opening being filled up by narrow black velvet bands. A mantelet of black silk, trimmed with a deep fall of Chantilly, headed by a trellis of black velvet.

BALL COSTUMES.

Several white dresses have been prepared for ball costume. One of white crape has three skirts looped up by sprays of ivy-leaves sprinkled with gold. A wreath of ivy leaves ornaments the hair. Another ball-dress, composed of white silk, is made with two skirts nearly covered with ruches of tulle illusion. The head-dress consists of a wreath of coral sprays



A bilious in favor of the real master of the house.



Mr. Power has a little addition to his family—He is obliged to get his meals anywhere—And

GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

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No. 5.



RENSSELAER HARBOR.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE adventures, perils, and discoveries of Dr. Kane, in his exploration of the Arctic regions in search of the lost navigator, Sir John Franklin, have become so famous throughout Europe and America as to have excited a great curiosity to know something of the details of his last expedition to a region, which, of all others, is most truly "terra incognita." It seems a peculiarity of the Anglo-American character to be extravagantly fond of bold exploits, to be daring and reckless in the pursuit of any object, whether of fame, riches, adventure, or discovery. There is a national longing for the heroic—for deeds of high enterprise that shall raise the performer above the level of the mediocre world. Thus we find Americans the most fearless and undaunted of explorers from the days of Lewis and Clark, and the unfortunate Pike down to Fremont and Kit Carson. The appalling dangers of the savage wilderness quenched not the impetuous spirit.

25

And thus, too, we find upon the world of waters that our countrymen are the most pre-eminent navigators. From Lieutenant Maury, who has mapped out the winds, currents, shoals, and floor-way of the mighty deep to the humblest Yankee skipper, they are all men of rare penetration and sagacity, who go where others have never gone and who see what others never saw before.

Of these, the latest and most brilliant example is undoubtedly Dr. Kane, whose conduct of the American expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, have won for himself and his country such a noble fame. Other men have gone in the same pursuit without earning a tithe of the reputation of this young American. In fact, while faithfully adhering to the object of his voyage, he yet made his daring and adventurous spirit serve the cause of science by a series of geographical discoveries such as will long perpetuate the record of his undertakings. The account of his second

385

expedition, which is now in press, and will soon be issued by Messrs. Childs and Peterson, Philadelphia, is certainly one of the most interesting narratives we have read for many years. And we rejoice to say, that it is gotten up in a style worthy of the subject, profusely illustrated with engravings drawn in spirit and engraved in the very best style of art.

This expedition sailed from New York on the 30th of May, 1853. It was projected by Mr. Grinnell, through whose munificent liberality the first expedition had been sent out, but the officers belonged to the United States navy, and were ordered by the department upon this service. On the 18th of July the expedition entered the harbor of Fiskernaes, on the coast of Greenland. This is one of the Danish settlements, all of which have been located with reference to trading in furs with the Esquimaux. To those who know Greenland only as a region of snow and ice, the Dr.'s account of the pleasant homes of the Danes on that coast, will be something new. We have not space to follow the *Advance* and her brave crew in the numerous adventures in that remote and dreary clime. The winter quarters pitched upon by Dr. Kane were at Rensselaer Harbor. To enable our readers to form some idea of the life of the Arctic navigators during the long and dreary winter of the polar regions, we extract, by permission of the publishers, the following chapter from that portion of the first volume, describing the commencement of the winter camp:

"The winter was now approaching rapidly. The thermometer had fallen by the 10th September to fourteen degrees, and the young ice had cemented the floes so that we could walk and sledge round the brig. About sixty paces north of us an iceberg had been caught, and was frozen in: it was our neighbor while we remained in Rensselaer Harbor. The rocky islets around us were fringed with hummocks; and, as the tide fell, their sides were coated with opaque crystals of bright white. The birds had gone. The sea-swallows, which abounded when we first reached here, and even the young burgomasters that lingered after them, had all taken their departure for the south. Except the snow-birds, these are the last to migrate of all the Arctic birds.

"September 10, Saturday.—We have plenty of responsible work before us. The long 'night in which no man can work' is close at hand; in another month we shall lose the sun. Astronomically, he should disappear on the 24th of October if our horizon were free; but it is obstructed by a mountain ridge, and, making all allowance for refraction, we cannot count on seeing him after the 10th.

"First and foremost, we have to unstow the hold, and deposit its contents in the storehouse

on Butler Island. Brooks and a party are now briskly engaged in this double labor, running loaded boats along a canal that has to be recut every morning."

"Next comes the catering for winter diet. We have little or no game as yet in Smith's Sound; and, though the traces of deer that we have observed may be followed by the animals themselves, I cannot calculate upon them as a resource. I am without the hermetically-sealed meats of our last voyage; and the use of salt meat in circumstances like ours is never safe. A fresh water pond, which fortunately remains open at Medary, gives me a chance for some further experiments in freshening this portion of our stock. Steaks of salt junk, artistically cut, are strung on lines like a countrywoman's dried apples, and soaked in fustoons under the ice. The salmon-trout and salt codfish which we bought at Fiskernaes are placed in barrels, perforated to permit a constant circulation of fresh water through them. Our pickled cabbage is similarly treated, after a little potash has been used to neutralize the acid. All these are submitted to twelve hours of alternate soaking and freezing, the crust of ice being removed from them before each immersion. This is the steward's province, and a most important one it is.

"Every one else is well employed; McGary arranging and Bonsall making the inventory of our stores; Ohlsen and Petersen building our deck-house; while I am devising the plan of an architectural interior, which is to combine, of course, the utmost ventilation, room, dryness, warmth, general accommodation, comfort—in a word, all the appliances of health.

"We have made a comfortable dog-house on Butler Island; but though our Esquimaux *canaille* are within scent of our cheeses there, one of which they ate yesterday for lunch, they cannot be persuaded to sleep away from the vessel. They prefer the bare snow, where they can couch within the sound of our voices, to a warm kennel upon the rocks. Strange that this dog-distinguishing trait of affection for man should show itself in an animal so imperfectly reclaimed from a savage state that he can hardly be caught when wanted!

"September 11, Sunday.—To-day came to us the first quiet Sunday of harbor life. We changed our log registration from sea-time to the familiar home series that begins at midnight. It is not only that the season has given us once more a local habitation; but there is something in the return of varying day and night that makes it grateful to reinstate this domestic observance. The long staring day, which has clung to us for more than two months, to the exclusion of the stars, has begun to intermit its brightness. Even Aldebaran, the red eye of the Bull, flared out



BUTLER'S ISLAND STOREHOUSE.

into familiar recollection as early as ten o'clock; and the heavens, though still somewhat reddened by the gaudy tints of midnight, gave us *Capella* and *Arcturus*, and even that lesser light of home memories, the *Polar Star*. Stretching my neck to look uncomfortably at this indication of our extreme northerness, it was hard to realize that he was not directly overhead; and it made me sigh, as I measured the few degrees of distance that separated our zenith from the Pole over which he hung.

"We had our accustomed morning and evening prayers; and the day went by, full of sober thought, and, I trust, wise resolve.

"September 12, Monday.—Still going on with Saturday's operations, amid the thousand discomforts of house-cleaning and moving combined. I dodged them for an hour this morning, to fix with Mr. Sontag upon a site for our observatory—and the men are already at work hauling the stone for it over the ice on sledges. It is to occupy a rocky islet, about a hundred yards off, that I have named after a little spot that I long to see again, '*Fern Rock*.' This is to be for me the centre of familiar localities. As the classic Mivins breakfasted lightly on a cigar and took it out in sleep, so I have dined on salt pork and made my dessert of home dreams.

"September 13, Tuesday.—Besides preparing our winter quarters, I am engaged in the preliminary arrangements of my provision-depots along the Greenland coast. Mr. Kennedy is, I believe, the only one of my predecessors who has used October and November for Arctic field-work; but I deem it important to our movements during the winter and spring, that the depots in

advance should be made before the darkness sets in. I purpose arranging three of them at intervals—pushing them as far forward as I can—to contain in all some twelve hundred pounds of provision, of which eight hundred will be pemmican."

My plans of future search were directly dependent upon the success of these operations of the fall. With a chain of provision-depots along the coast of Greenland, I could readily extend my travel by dogs. These noble animals formed the basis of my future plans; the only drawback to their efficiency as a means of travel was their inability to carry the heavy loads of provender essential for their support. A badly-fed or heavily-loaded dog is useless for a long journey, but with relays of provisions I could start empty, and fill up at our final station.

My dogs were both Esquimaux and Newfoundlanders. Of these last I had ten; they were to be carefully broken, to travel by voice without the whip, and were expected to be very useful for heavy draught, as their tractability would allow the driver to regulate their pace. I was already training them in a light sledge, to drive, unlike the Esquimaux, two abreast, with a regular harness, a breast-collar of flat leather, and a pair of traces. Six of them made a powerful traveling-team; and four could carry me and my instruments, for short journeys around the brig, with great ease.

The sledge I used for them was built, with the care of cabinet-work, of American hickory thoroughly seasoned. The curvature of the runners was determined experimentally; they were shod with annealed steel, and fastened by copper rivets which could be renewed at pleasure. Ex-

cept this, no metal entered into its construction. All its parts were held together by seal-skin lashings, so that it yielded to inequalities of surface and to sudden shock. The three paramount considerations of lightness, strength, and diminished friction, were well combined in it. This beautiful, and as we afterward found, efficient and enduring sledge was named the Little Willie.

The Esquimaux dogs were reserved for the great tug of the actual journeys of search. They were now in the semi-savage condition which marks their close approach to the wolf; and according to Mr. Petersen, under whose care they were placed, were totally useless for journeys over such ice as was now before us. A hard experience had not then opened my eyes to the inestimable value of these dogs; I had yet to learn their power and speed, their patient, enduring fortitude, their sagacity in tracking these icy morasses, among which they had been born and bred.

I determined to hold back my more distant provision parties as long as the continued daylight would permit, making the Newfoundland dogs establish the depots within sixty miles of the brig. My previous journey had shown me that the ice-belt, clogged with the foreign matters dislodged from the cliffs, would not, at this season of the year, answer for operations with the sledge, and that the ice of the great pack outside was even more unfit, on account of its want of continuity. It was now so consolidated by advancing cold as to have stopped its drift to the south; but the large floes or fields which ormed it were imperfectly cemented together,

and would break into hummocks under the action of winds, or even of the tides. It was made still more impassable by the numerous bergs which kept ploughing with irresistible momentum through the ice-tables, and rearing up barricades that defied the passage of a sledge.

It was desirable, therefore, that our depot parties should not enter upon their work until they could avail themselves of the young ice.

This now occupied a belt, about one hundred yards in mean breadth, close to the shore, and, but for the fluctuations of the tides, would already be a practicable road. For the present, however, a gale of wind or a spring tide might easily drive the outer floes upon it, and thus destroy its integrity.

The party appointed to establish this depot was furnished with a sledge, the admirable model of which I obtained through the British Admiralty. The only liberty that I ventured to take with this model, which had been previously tested by the adventurous journeys of McClintock in Lancaster Sound, was to lessen the height and somewhat increase the breadth of the runner; both of which, I think, were improvements, giving increased strength, and preventing too deep a descent into the snow. I named her the "Faith." Her length was thirteen feet, and breadth four. She could readily carry fourteen hundred pounds of mixed stores.

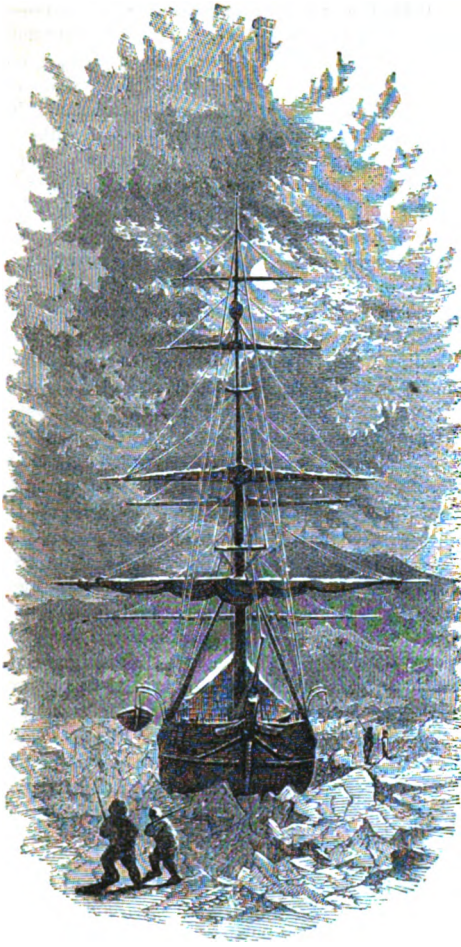
This noble old sledge, which is now endeared to me by every pleasant association, bore the brunt of the heaviest parties, and came back, after the descent of the coast, comparatively sound. The men were attached to her in such



SLEDGE DRAWN BY NINE MEN



LITTLE WILLIE AND NEWFOUNDLANDERS.



BRIG IN HARBOR.

a way as to make the line of draught or traction as near as possible in the axis of the weight. Each man had his own shoulder-belt, or "rue-raddy," as we used to call it, and his own track-line, which, for want of horse-hair, was made of Manila rope; it traversed freely by a ring on a loop or bridle, that extended from runner to runner in front of the sledge. These track-ropes varied in length, so as to keep the members of the party from interfering with each other by walking abreast. The longest was three fathoms, eighteen feet, in length; the shortest, directly fastened to the sledge runner, as a means of guiding or suddenly arresting and turning the vehicle.

The cargo for this journey, without including the provisions of the party, was almost exclusively pemmican. Some of this was put up in cylinders of tinned iron, with conical terminations, so as to resist the assaults of the white bear; but the larger quantity was in strong

wooden cases or kegs, well hooped with iron, holding about seventy pounds each. Surmounting this load was a light India-rubber boat, made quite portable by a frame of basket willow, which I hoped to launch on reaching open water.

The personal equipment of the men was a buffalo-robe for the party to lie upon, and a bag of Mackinaw blanket for each man to crawl into at night. India-rubber cloth was to be the protection from the snow beneath. The tent was of canvas, made after the plan of our English predecessors. We afterwards learned to modify and reduce our traveling gear, and found that in direct proportion to its simplicity and our apparent privation of articles of supposed necessity were our actual comfort and practical efficiency. Step by step, as long as our Arctic service continued, we went on reducing our sledging outfit, until at last we came to the Esquimaux ultimatum of simplicity—raw meat and a fur bag.

While our arrangements for the winter were still in progress, I sent out Mr. Wilson and Dr. Hayes, accompanied by our Esquimaux, Hans, to learn something of the interior features of the country, and the promise it afforded of resources from the hunt. They returned on the 16th of September, after a hard travel, made with excellent judgment and abundant zeal. They penetrated into the interior about ninety miles, when their progress was arrested by a glacier, four hundred feet high, and extending to the north and west as far as the eye could reach. This magnificent body of interior ice formed on its summit a complete plateau—a *mer de glace*, abutting upon a broken plain of syenite. They found no large lakes. They saw a few reindeer at a distance, and numerous hares and rabbits, but no ptarmigan.

"September 20—Tuesday.—I was unwilling to delay my depot party any longer. They left the brig, McGary and Bonsall, with five men, at half-past one to-day. We gave them three cheers, and I accompanied them with my dogs, as a farewell escort, for some miles.

"Our crew proper is now reduced to three men; but all the officers, the doctor among the rest, are hard at work upon the observatory and its arrangements."

The island on which we placed our observatory was some fifty paces long by perhaps forty broad, and about thirty feet above the water line. Here we raised four walls of granite blocks, cementing them together with moss and water and the never-failing aid of frost. On these was laid a substantial wooden roof, perforated at the meridian and prime vertical. For pedestals we had a conglomerate of gravel and ice, well rammed down while liquid in our iron-hooped pemmican-casks, and as free from all

vibration as the rock they rested on. Here we mounted our transit and theodolite.

The magnetic observatory, adjoining, had rather more of the affectation of comfort. It was of stone, ten feet square, with a wooden floor as well as roof, a copper fire-grate, and stands of the same Arctic breccia as those in its neighbor. No iron was used in its construction. Here were our magnetometer and dip instruments.

Our tide-register was on board the vessel, a simple pulley-gauge, arranged with a wheel and index, and dependent on her rise and fall for its rotation.

Our meteorological observatory was upon the open ice-field, one hundred and forty yards from the ship. It was a wooden structure, latticed and pierced with auger-holes on all sides, so as to allow the air to pass freely, and firmly luted to its frozen base. To guard against the fine and almost impalpable drift, which insinuates itself everywhere, and which would interfere with the observation of minute and sudden changes of temperature, I placed a series of screens at right angles to each other, so as to surround the inner chamber.

The thermometers were suspended within the central chamber; a pane of glass permitted the light of our lanterns to reach them from a distance, and a lens and eye-glass were so fixed as to allow us to observe the instruments without coming inside the screens. Their sensibility was such that, when standing at 40 and 50 degrees below zero, the mere approach of the observer caused a perceptible rise of the column. One of them, a three-foot spirit standard by Taliabue, graduated to 70 degrees minus, was of sufficiently extended register to be read by rapid inspection to tenths of a degree. The influence of winds I did not wish absolutely to neutralize; but I endeavored to make the exposure to them so uniform as to give a relative result for every quarter of the compass. We were well supplied with thermometers of all varieties.

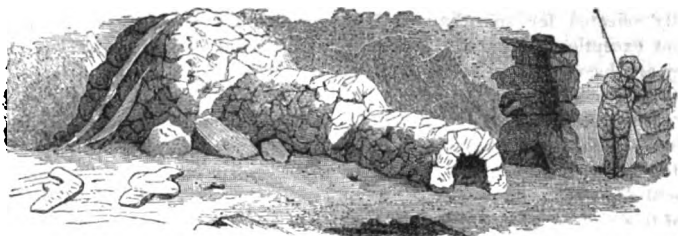
I had devised a wind-gauge to be observed by a tell-tale below deck, but we found that the condensing moisture so froze around it as to clog its motion.

"September 30, Friday.—We have been terribly annoyed by rats. Some days ago, we made a brave effort to smoke them out with the vilest imaginable compound of vapors—brimstone, burnt leather, and arsenic—and spent a cold night in a deck-bivouac to give the experiment fair play. But they survived the fumigation. We now determined to dose them with carbonic acid gas. Dr. Hayes burnt a quantity of charcoal, and we shut down the hatches, after pasting up every fissure that communicated aft, and starting three stoves on the skin of the forepeak.

"As the gas was generated with extreme rapidity in the confined area below, great caution had to be exercised. Our French cook, good Pierre Schubert—who to a considerable share of bull-headed intrepidity unites a commendable portion of professional zeal—stole below, without my knowledge or consent, to season a soup. Morton fortunately saw him staggering in the dark; and, reaching him with great difficulty as he fell, both were hauled up in the end—Morton, his strength almost gone, the cook perfectly insensible.

"The next disaster was of a graver sort. I record it with emotions of mingled awe and thankfulness. We have narrowly escaped being burnt out of house and home. I had given orders that the fires, lit under my own eye, should be regularly inspected; but I learned that Pierre's misadventure had made the watch pretermitt for a time opening the hatches. As I lowered a lantern, which was extinguished instantly, a suspicious odor reached me, as of burning wood. I descended at once. Reaching the deck of the forecabin, my first glance toward the fires showed me that all was safe there; and, though the quantity of smoke still surprised me, I was disposed to attribute it to the recent kindling. But at this moment, while passing on my return near the door of the bulkhead, which leads to the carpenter's room, the gas began to affect me. My lantern went out as if quenched by water; and, as I ran by the bulkhead door, I saw the deck near it a mass of glowing fire for some three feet in diameter. I could not tell how much farther it extended; for I became quite insensible at the foot of the ladder, and would have sunk had not Mr. Brooks seen my condition and hauled me out.

"When I came to myself, which happily was very soon, I confided my fearful secret to the four men around me, Brooks, Ohlsen, Blake and Stevenson. It was all-important to avoid confusion: we shut the doors of the galley, so as to confine the rest of the crew and officers aft; and then passed up water from the fire-hole alongside. It was done very noiselessly. Ohlsen and myself went down to the burning deck; Brooks handed us in the buckets; and in less than ten minutes we were in safety. It was interesting to observe the effect of steam upon the noxious gas. Both Ohlsen and myself were greatly oppressed until the first bucket was poured on; but as I did this, directly over the burning coal, raising clouds of steam, we at once experienced relief: the fine aqueous particles seemed to absorb the carbonic acid instantly. We found the fire had originated in the remains of a barrel of charcoal, which had been left in the carpenter's room, ten feet from the stoves, and with a bulkhead separating it from them. How it had been



THE ESQUIMAUX HUTS.

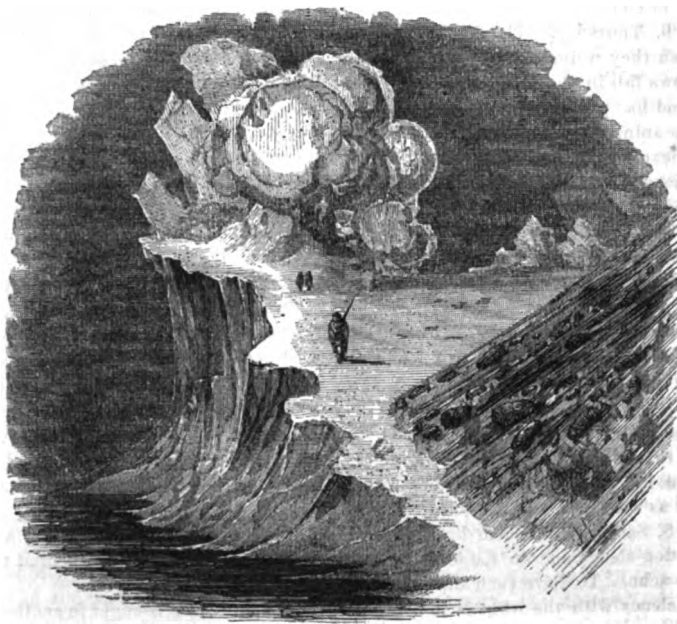
ignited it was impossible to know. Our safety was due to the dense charge of carbonic acid gas which surrounded the fire, and the exclusion of atmospheric air. When the hatches were opened, the flame burst out with energy. Our fire-hole was invaluable; and I rejoiced that in the midst of our heavy duties, this essential of an Arctic winter harbor had not been neglected. The ice around the brig was already fourteen inches thick.

"October 1, Saturday.—Upon inspecting the scene of yesterday's operations, we found twenty-eight well fed rats, of all varieties of age. The cook, though unable to do duty, is better; I can hear him chanting his *Béranger* through the blankets in his bunk, happy over his holiday, happy to be happy at everything. I had a larger dose of carbonic acid even than he, and am suffering considerably with palpitations and vertigo. If the sentimental asphyxia of Parisian charcoal resembles in its advent that of the Arctic

zone, it must be, I think, a poor way of dying.

"October 3, Monday.—On shore to the southeast, above the first terrace, Mr. Petersen found unmistakable signs of a sledge-passage. The tracks were deeply impressed, but certainly more than one season old. This adds to our hope that the natives, whose ancient traces we saw on the point south of Godsend Ledge, may return this winter.

"October 5, Wednesday.—I walked this afternoon to another group of Esquimaux huts, about three miles from the brig. They are four in number, long deserted, but, to an eye unpractised in Arctic antiquarian inductions, in as good preservation as a last year's tenement at home. The most astonishing feature is the presence of some little out-huts, or, as I first thought them, dog-kennels. These are about four feet by three in ground plan, and some three feet high; no larger than the *pologs* of the *Tchuschi*. In shape they resemble a rude dome; and the stones of



ICE-BELT OF OCTOBER.

which they are composed are of excessive size, and evidently selected for smoothness. They were, without exception, of waterwashed limestone. They are heavily sodded with turf, and a narrow slab of clay-slate serves as a door. No doubt they are human habitations,—retiring chambers, into which, away from the crowded families of the hut, one or even two Esquimaux have burrowed for sleep—chilly dormitories in the winter of this high latitude.

"A circumstance that happened to-day is of serious concern to us. Our sluts have been adding to our stock. We have now on hand four reserved puppies of peculiar promise; six have been ignominiously drowned, two devoted to a pair of mittens for Dr. Kane, and seven eaten by their mammas. Yesterday, the mother of one batch, a pair of fine white pups, showed peculiar symptoms. We recalled the fact that for days past she had avoided water, or had drunk with spasm and evident aversion; but hydrophobia, which is unknown north of 70 degrees, never occurred to us. The animal was noticed this morning walking up and down the deck with a staggering gait, her head depressed and her mouth frothing and tumid. Finally she snapped at Petersen, and fell foaming and biting at his feet. He reluctantly pronounced it hydrophobia, and advised me to shoot her. The advice was well-timed: I had hardly cleared the deck before she snapped at Hans, the Esquimaux, and recommenced her walking trot. It was quite an anxious moment to me; for my Newfoundlanders were around the housing, and the hatches open. We shot her, of course.

"October 6, Thursday.—The hares are less numerous than they were. They seek the coast when the snows fall in the interior, and the late southeast wind has probably favored their going back. These animals are not equal in size either to the European hare or their brethren of the North American continent. The latter, according to Seamann, weigh upon an average fourteen pounds. A large male, the largest seen by us in Smith's Sound, weighed but nine; and our average so far does not exceed seven and a half. They measure generally less by some inches in length than those noticed by Dr. Richardson. Mr. Petersen is quite successful in shooting these hares: we have a stock of fourteen now on hand.

"We have been building stone traps on the hills for the foxes, whose traces we see there in abundance, and have determined to organize a regular hunt as soon as they give us the chance.

"October 8, Saturday.—I have been practising with my dog-sledge and an Esquimaux team till my arms ache. To drive such an equipage a certain proficiency with the whip is indispensable, which, like all proficiency, must be worked

for. In fact, the weapon has an exercise of its own, quite peculiar, and as hard to learn as single-stick or broadsword.

"The whip is six yards long, and the handle but sixteen inches—a short lever, of course, to throw out such a length of seal-hide. Learn to do it, however, with a masterly sweep, or else make up your mind to forego driving sledge; for the dogs are guided solely by the lash, and you must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but to accompany the feat also with a resounding crack. After this you find that to get your lash back involves another difficulty; for it is apt to entangle itself among the dogs and lines, or to fasten itself cunningly round bits of ice, so as to drag you head over heels into the snow.

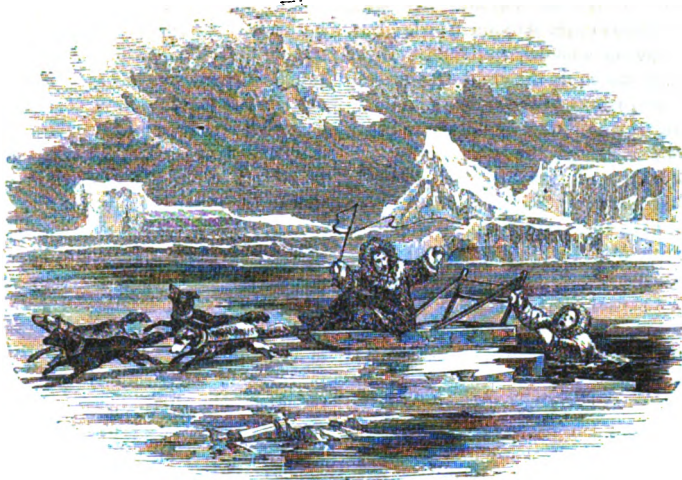
"The secret by which this complicated set of requirements is fulfilled consists in properly describing an arc from the shoulder, with a stiff elbow, giving the jerk to the whip-handle from the hand and wrist alone. The lash trails behind as you travel, and when thrown forward is allowed to extend itself without an effort to bring it back. You wait patiently after giving the projectile impulse until it unwinds its slow length, reaches the end of its tether, and cracks to tell you that it is at its journey's end. Such a crack on the ear or fore-foot of an unfortunate dog is signalized by a howl quite unmistakable in its import.

"The mere labor of using this whip is such that the Esquimaux travel in couples, one sledge after the other. The hinder dogs follow mechanically, and thus require no whip; and the drivers change about so as to rest each other.

"I have amused myself, if not my dogs, for some days past with this formidable accessory of Arctic travel. I have not quite got the knack of it yet, though I might venture a trial of cracking against the postillion college of Lonjumeau.

"October 9, Sunday.—Mr. Petersen shot a hare yesterday. They are very scarce now, for he traveled some five hours without seeing another. He makes the important report of musk or ox tracks on the recent snow. Dr. Richardson says that these are scarcely distinguishable from the reindeer's except by the practised eye: he characterizes them as larger, but not wider. The tracks that Petersen saw had an interesting confirmation of their being those of the musk ox, for they were accompanied by a second set of footprints, evidently belonging to a young one of the same species, and about as large as a middle-sized reindeer's. Both impressions also were marked as if by a hair growing from the pastern joint, for behind the hoof was a line brushed in the snow.

"To-day Hans brought in another hare he had shot. He saw seven reindeer in a large valley



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG TEAM.

off Bedevilled Reach, and wounded one of them. This looks promising for our winter commissariat.

"October 10, Monday.—Our depôt party has been out twenty days, and it is time they were back: their provisions must have run very low, for I enjoined them to leave every pound at the depôt they could spare. I am going out with

supplies to look after them. I take four of our best Newfoundlanders, now well broken, in our lightest sledge; and Blake will accompany me with his skates. We have not hands enough to equip a sledge party, and the ice is too unsound for us to attempt to ride with a large team. The thermometer is still four degrees above zero."

I found little or no trouble in crossing the ice



PASSING THE CRIMSON CLIFFS.

until we passed beyond the northeast headland, which I have named Cape William Wood. But, on emerging into the channel, we found that the spring tides had broken up the great area around us, and that the passage of the sledge was interrupted by fissures, which were beginning to break in every direction through the young ice.

My first effort was of course to reach the land; but it was unfortunately low tide, and the ice-belt rose up before me like a wall. The pack was becoming more and more unsafe, and I was extremely anxious to gain an asylum on shore; for, though it was easy to find a temporary refuge by retreating to the old floes which studded the more recent ice, I knew that in doing so we should risk being carried down by the drift.

The dogs began to flag; but we had to press them: we were only two men, and, in the event of the animals failing to leap any of the rapidly-multiplying fissures, we could hardly expect to extricate our laden sledge. Three times in less than three hours my shaft or hinder dogs went in; and John and myself, who had been trotting alongside the sledge for sixteen miles, were nearly as tired as they were. This state of things could not last; and I therefore made for the old ice to seaward.

We were nearing it rapidly, when the dogs failed in leaping a chasm that was somewhat wider than the others, and the whole concern came down in the water. I cut the lines instantly, and, with the aid of my companion, hauled the poor animals out. We owed the preservation of the sledge to their admirable docility and perseverance. The tin cooking apparatus and the air confined in the India-rubber coverings, kept it afloat until we could succeed in fastening a couple of seal-skin cords to the cross-pieces at the front and back. By these John and myself were able to give it an uncertain support from the two edges of the opening, till the dogs, after many fruitless struggles, carried it forward at last upon the ice.

Although the thermometer was below zero, and in our wet state we ran a considerable risk of freezing, the urgency of our position left no room for thoughts of cold. We started at a run, men and dogs, for the solid ice; and by the time we had gained it we were steaming in the cold atmosphere like a couple of Nootka Sound vapor-baths.

We rested on the floe. We could not raise our tent, for it had frozen as hard as a shingle. But our buffalo-robe bags gave us protection; and, though we were too wet inside to be absolutely comfortable, we managed to get something like sleep before it was light enough for us to move on again.

The journey was continued in the same way; but we found to our great gratification that the

cracks closed with the change of the tide, and at high-water we succeeded in gaining the ice-belt under the cliffs. This belt had changed very much since my journey in September. The tides and frosts together had coated it with ice as smooth as satin, and this glossy covering made it an excellent road. The cliffs discharged fewer fragments in our path, and the rocks of our last journey's experience were now fringed with icicles. I saw with great pleasure that this ice-belt would serve as a highway for our future operations.

The nights which followed were not so bad as one would suppose from the saturated condition of our equipment. Evaporation is not so inappreciable in this Arctic region as some theorists imagine. By alternately exposing the tent and furs to the air, and beating the ice out of them, we dried them enough to permit sleep. The dogs slept in the tent with us, giving it warmth as well as fragrance. What perfumes of nature are lost at home upon our ungrateful senses! How we relished the companionship!

We had averaged twenty miles a day since leaving the brig, and were within a short march of the cape which I have named William Wood, when a broad chasm brought us to a halt. It was in vain that we worked out to seaward, or dived into the shoreward recesses of the bay; the ice everywhere presented the same impassable fissures. We had no alternative but to retrace our steps and seek among the bergs some place of security. We found a camp for the night on the old floe-ices to the westward, gaining them some time after the darkness had closed in.

On the morning of the 15th, about two hours before the late sunrise, as I was preparing to climb a berg from which I might have a sight of the road ahead, I perceived far off upon the white snow a dark object, which not only moved, but altered its shape strangely—now expanding into a long black line, now waving, now gathering itself up into a compact mass. It was the returning sledge party. They had seen our black tent of Kedar, and ferried across to seek it.

They were most welcome; for their absence, in the fearfully open state of the ice, had filled me with apprehensions. We could not distinguish each other as we drew near in the twilight; and my first good news of them was when I heard that they were singing. On they came, and at last I was able to count their voices, one by one. Thank God, seven! Poor John Blake was so breathless with gratulation, that I could not get him to blow his signal-horn. We gave them, instead, the good old Anglo-Saxon greeting, "three cheers!" and in a few minutes were among them.

They had made a creditable journey, and were, on the whole, in good condition. They

had no injuries worth talking about, although not a man had escaped some touches of the frost. Bonsall was minus a big toe-nail, and plus a scar upon the nose. McGary had attempted, as Tom Hickey told us, to *pluck* a fox, it being so frozen as to defy skinning by his knife; and his fingers had been tolerably frost-bitten in the operation. "They're very horny, sir, are my fingers," said McGary, who was worn down to a mere shadow of his former rotundity, "very horny, and they water up like bladders." The rest had suffered in their feet, but, like good fellows, postponed limping until they reached the ship.

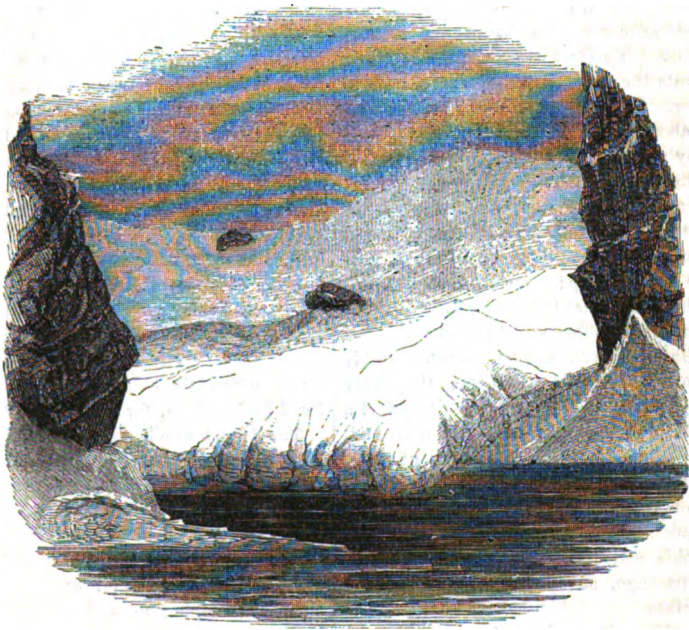
Within the last three days they had marched fifty-four miles, or eighteen a day. Their sledge

being empty, and the young ice north of Cape Bancroft smooth as a mirror, they had traveled, the day before we met them, nearly twenty-five miles. A very remarkable pace for men who had been twenty-eight days in the field.

My supplies of hot food, coffee, and marled beef soup, which I had brought with me, were very opportune. They had almost exhausted their bread, and, being unwilling to encroach on the depot stores, had gone without fuel in order to save alcohol. Leaving orders to place my own sledge stores in *cache*, I returned to the brig, ahead of the party, with my dog-sledge, carrying Mr. Bonsall with me.

I return to my journal.

"The spar-deck, or, as we call it from its



IMALIK.

wooden covering, the 'House,' is steaming with the buffalo robes, tents, boots, socks, and heterogeneous costumings of our returned parties. We have ample work in repairing these and restoring the disturbed order of our domestic life. The men feel the effects of their journey, but are very content in their comfortable quarters. A pack of cards, grog at dinner, and the promise of a three days' holiday, have made the decks happy with idleness and laughter."

I give the general results of the party, with the detailed account of Messrs McGary and Bonsall.

They left the brig, as may be remembered, on the 20th of September, and they reached Cape Russell on the 25th. Near this spot I had, in

my former journey of reconnoissance, established a cairn; and here, as by previously-concerted arrangement, they left their first cache of pemmican, together with some bread and alcohol for fuel.

On the 28th, after crossing a large bay, they met a low cape about thirty miles to the north-east of the first depot. Here they made a second cache of a hundred and ten pounds of beef and pemmican, and about thirty of a mixture of pemmican and Indian meal, with a bag of bread.

On the twenty-fifth day of their outward journey, they met a great glacier, which I shall describe hereafter. It checked their course

along the Greenland coast abruptly; but they still endeavored to make their way outside its edge to seaward, with the commendable object of seeking a more northern point for the provision depot. This journey was along the base of an icy wall, which constantly threw off its discharging bergs, breaking up the ice for miles around, and compelling the party to ferry themselves and their sledge over the cracks by rafts of ice. One of these incidents I give nearly in the language of Mr. Bonsall.

They had camped, on the night of the 5th of October, under the lee of some large icebergs, and within hearing of the grand artillery of the glacier. The floa on which their tent was pitched was of recent and transparent ice; and the party, too tired to seek a safer asylum, had turned in to rest; when, with a crack like the snap of a gigantic whip, the ice opened directly beneath them. This was, as nearly as they could estimate the time, at about one o'clock in the morning. The darkness was intense; and the cold, about 10 degrees below zero, was increased by a wind which blew from the north-east over the glacier. They gathered together their tent and sleeping furs, and lashed them, according to the best of their ability, upon the sledge. Repeated intonations warned them that the ice was breaking up; a swell, evidently produced by the avalanches from the glacier, caused the platform on which they stood to rock to and fro.

Mr. McGary derived a hope from the stable character of the bergs near them; they were evidently not adrift. He determined to select a flat piece of ice, place the sledge upon it, and, by the aid of tent-poles and cooking utensils, paddle to the old and firm fields which clung to the bases of the bergs. The party waited in anxious expectation until the returning daylight permitted this attempt; and, after a most adventurous passage, succeeded in reaching the desired position.

My main object in sending them out was the deposit of provisions, and I had not deemed it advisable to complicate their duties by any organization for a survey. They reached their highest latitude on sixth of October; and this, as determined by dead reckoning, was in latitude seventy-nine degrees fifty minutes and longitude seventy-six degrees twenty minutes. From this point they sighted and took sextant bearings of land to the north, having a trend or inclination west by north and east by south, at an estimated distance of thirty miles. They were at this time entangled in the icebergs; and it was from the lofty summit of one of these, in the midst of a scene of surpassing desolation, that they made their observations.

They began the third or final cache, which was the main object of the journey, on the tenth of

October; placing it on a low island at the base of the large glacier which checked their further march along the coast.

Before adopting this site, they had perseveringly skirted the base of the glacier, in a fruitless effort to cross it to the north. In spite of distressing cold, and the nearly constant winds from the ice-clothed shore, they carried out all my instructions for securing this important depot. The stores were carefully buried in a natural excavation among the cliffs; and heavy rocks, brought with great labor, were piled above them. Smaller stones were placed over these, and incorporated into one solid mass by a mixture of sand and water. The power of the bear in breaking up a provision cache is extraordinary; but the Esquimaux to the south had assured me that frozen sand and water, which would wear away the animal's claws, were more effective against him than the largest rocks. Still, knowing how much trouble the officers of Commodore Austin's Expedition experienced from the destruction of their caches, I had ordered the party to resort to a combination of these expedients.

They buried here six hundred and seventy pounds of pemmican, forty of Borden's meat biscuit, and some articles of general diet; making a total of about eight hundred pounds. They indicated the site by a large cairn, bearing E. half S. from the cache, and at the distance of thirty paces. The landmarks of the cairn itself were sufficiently evident, but were afterwards fixed by bearings, for additional certainty.

The island which was so judiciously selected as the seat of the cache was named after my faithful friend and excellent second officer, Mr. James McGary, of New London.

"October 28, Friday.—The moon has reached her greatest northern declination of about thirty-five degrees thirty-five minutes. She is a glorious object: sweeping around the heavens, at the lowest part of her curve, she is still fourteen degrees above the horizon. For eight days she has been making her circuit with nearly unvarying brightness. It is one of those sparkling nights that bring back the memory of sleigh-bells and songs and glad communings of hearts in lands that are far away.

"Our fires and ventilation fixtures are so arranged that we are able to keep a mean temperature below of sixty-five degrees, and on deck, under our housing, above the freezing-point. This is admirable success; for the weather outside is twenty-five degrees below zero, and there is quite a little breeze blowing.

November 7, Monday.—The darkness is coming on with insidious steadiness, and its advances can only be perceived by comparing one day with its fellow of some time back. We still read the



THE FIRST KAYAK.

thermometer at noonday without a light, and the black masses of the hills are plain for about five hours with their glaring patches of snow; but all the rest is darkness. Lanterns are always on the spar-deck, and the lard-lamps never extinguished below. The stars of the sixth magnitude shine out at noonday.

"Except upon the island of Spitzbergen, which has the advantages of an insular climate and tempered by ocean currents, no Christians have wintered in so high a latitude as this. They are Russian sailors who make the encounter there, men inured to hardships and cold. I cannot help thinking of the sad chronicles of the early Dutch, who perished year after year, without leaving a comrade to record their fate.

"Our darkness has ninety days to run before we shall get back again even to the contested twilight of to-day. Altogether, our winter will have been sunless for one hundred and forty days.

"It requires neither the 'Ice-foot' with its growing ramparts, nor the rapid encroachments of the night, nor the record of our thermometers, to portend for us a winter of unusual severity. The mean temperatures of October and September are lower than those of Parry for the same months at Melville Island. Thus far we have no indications of that deferred fall cold which marks the insular climate.

"November 9, Wednesday.—Wishing to get

the altitude of the cliffs on the southwest cape of our bay before the darkness set in thoroughly, I started in time to reach them with my Newfoundlanders at noonday.

"Fireside astronomers can hardly realize the difficulties in the way of observations at such low temperatures. The mere burning of the hands is obviated by covering the metal with chamois-skin; but the breath, and even the warmth of the face and body, cloud the sextant-arc and glasses with a fine hoar-frost. Though I had much clear weather, we barely succeeded by magnifiers in reading the verniers. It is, moreover, an unusual feat to measure a base-line in the snow at fifty-five degrees below freezing.

Our space will only permit us to select from the rest of the work the following chapters, giving an account of the conclusion of the expedition:

It was the 18th of July before the aspects of the ice about us gave me the hope of progress. We had prepared ourselves for the new encounter with the sea and its trials, by laying in a store of lumme; two hundred and fifty of which had been duly skinned, spread open, and dried on the rocks, as the *entremets* of our bread-dust and tallow.

My journal tells of disaster in its record of our setting out. In launching the Hope from the frail and perishing ice-wharf on which we found our first refuge from the gale, she was precipi-

tated into the sludge below, carrying away rail and bulwark, losing overboard our best shotgun, Bonsall's favorite, and worst of all, that universal favorite, our kettle—soup-kettle, paste-kettle, tea-kettle, water-kettle, in one. I may mention before I pass, that the kettle found its substitute and successor in the remains of a tin can which a good aunt of mine had filled with ginger-nuts two years before, and which had long survived the condiments that once gave it dignity. "Such are the uses of adversity."

Our descent to the coast followed the margin of the fast ice. After passing the Crimson Cliffs of Sir John Ross, it wore almost the dress of a holiday excursion—a rude one perhaps, yet truly one in feeling. Our course, except when a protruding glacier interfered with it, was nearly parallel to the shore. The birds along it were rejoicing in the young summer, and when we halted it was upon some green-clothed cape near a stream of water from the ice-fields above. Our sportsmen would clamber up the cliffs and come back laden with little auks; great generous fires of turf, that cost nothing but the toil of gathering, blazed merrily; and our happy oarsmen, after a long day's work, made easy by the promise ahead, would stretch themselves in the sunshine and dream happily away till called to the morning wash and prayers. We enjoyed it the more, for we all of us knew that it could not last.

This coast must have been a favorite region at one time with the natives—a sort of Esquimaux Eden. We seldom encamped without finding the ruins of their habitations, for the most part overgrown with lichens, and exhibiting every mark of antiquity. One of these, in latitude 76 degrees 20', was once, no doubt, an extensive village. Cairns for the safe deposit of meat, stood in long lines, six or eight in a group; and the huts, built of large rocks, faced each other, as if disposed on a street or avenue.

The same reasoning which deduces the subsidence of the coast from the actual base of the Temple of Serapis, proves that the depression of the Greenland coast, which I had detected as far north as Upernavik, is also going on up here. Some of these huts were washed by the sea or torn away by the ice that had descended with the tides. The turf, too, a representative of very ancient growth, was cut off even with the water's edge, giving sections two feet thick. I had not noticed before such unmistakable evidence of the depression of this coast: its converse elevation I had observed to the north of Wostenholme Sound. The axis of oscillation must be somewhere in the neighborhood of latitude 77 degrees.

We reached Cape York on the 21st, after a tortuous, but romantic travel through a misty atmosphere. Here the land-leads ceased, with the exception of some small and scarcely-practicable

openings near the shore, which were evidently owing to the wind that prevailed for the time. Every thing bore proof of the late development of the season. The red snow was a fortnight behind its time. A fast floe extended with numerous tongues far out to the south and east. The only question was between a new rest, for the shore-ices to open, or a desertion of the coast and a trial of the open water to the west.

We sent off a detachment to see whether the Esquimaux might not be passing the summer at Episok, behind the glacier of Cape Imalik, and began an inventory of our stock on hand. I give the result—

Dried lumme.....	195 birds.
Pork slash.....	112 pounds.
Flour.....	50 "
Indian meal.....	50 "
Meat-buisouit.....	80 "
Bread.....	348 "

Six hundred and forty pounds of provision, all told, exclusive of our dried birds, or some thirty-six pounds a man. Tom Hickey found a turf, something like his native peat, which we thought might help to boil our kettle; and with the aid of this our fuel-account stood thus—

Turf, for two boilings a day.....	7 days.
Two sledge-runners.....	6 "
Spare oars, sledges, and an empty caak... 4 "	

Seventeen days in all; not counting, however, the Red Boat, which would add something, and our emptied provision-bags, which might carry on the estimate to about three weeks.

The return of the party from Imalik gave us no reason to hesitate. The Esquimaux had not been there for several years. There were no birds in the neighborhood.

I climbed the rocks a second time with Mr. McGary, and took a careful survey of the ice with my glass. The "fast," as the whalers call the immovable shore-ice, could be seen in a nearly unbroken sweep, passing by Bushnell's Island, and joining the coast not far from where I stood. The outside floes were large, and had evidently been not long broken; but it cheered my heart to see that there was one well-defined lead which followed the main floe until it lost itself to seaward.

I called my officers together, explained to them the motives which governed me, and prepared to re-embark. The boats were hauled up, examined carefully, and, as far as our means permitted, repaired. The Red Eric was stripped of her outfit and cargo, to be broken up for fuel when the occasion should come. A large beacon-cairn was built on an eminence, open to view from the south and west; and a red flannel shirt, spared with some reluctance, was hoisted as a pennant to draw attention to the spot. Here I deposited a succinct record of our condition and purposes,

and then directed our course south by west into the ice-fields.

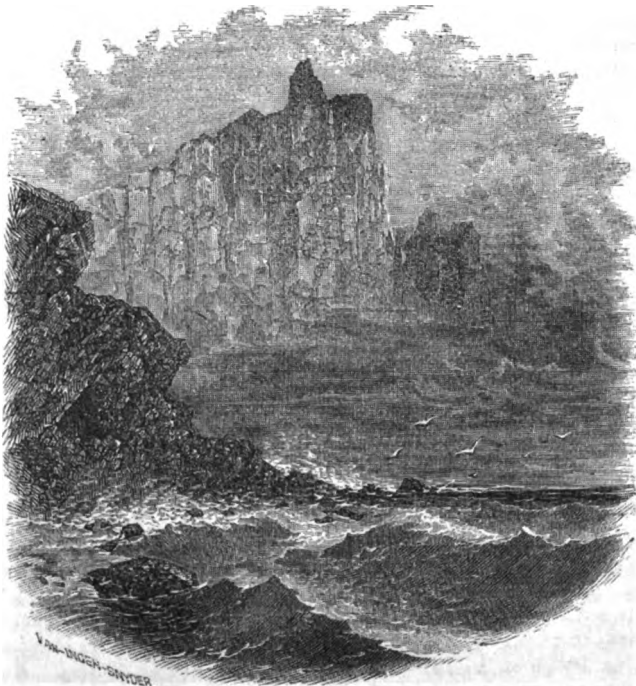
By degrees the ice through which we were moving became more and more impacted; and it sometimes required all our ice-knowledge to determine whether a particular lead was practicable or not. The irregularities of the surface, broken by hummocks, and occasionally by larger masses, made it difficult to see far ahead; besides which, we were often embarrassed by the fogs. I was awakened one evening from a weary sleep in my fox-skins, to discover that we had fairly lost our way. The officer at the helm of the leading boat, misled by the irregular shape of a large iceberg that crossed his track, had lost the main lead some time before, and was steering shoreward far out of the true course. The little canal in which he had locked us was hardly two boats' lengths across, and lost itself not far off in a feeble zigzag, both behind and before us; it was evidently closing, and we could not retreat.

Without apprising the men of our misadventure, I ordered the boats hauled up, and, under pretence of drying the clothing and stores, made a camp on the ice. A few hours after, the weather cleared enough for the first time to allow a view of the distance, and McGary and myself climbed a berg some three hundred feet high for the purpose. It was truly fearful; we were in the deep recesses of the bay, surrounded on all

sides by stupendous icebergs and tangled floe-pieces. My sturdy second officer, not naturally impressible, and long accustomed to the vicissitudes of whaling life, shed tears at the prospect.

There was but one thing to be done—cost what it might, we must harness our sledges again and retrace our way to the westward. One sledge had been already used for firewood; the *Red Eric*, to which it had belonged, was now cut up, and her light cedar planking laid upon the floor of the other boats; and we went to work with the rue-raddies as in the olden time. It was not till the third toilsome day was well spent that we reached the berg which had bewildered our helmsman. We hauled over its tongue, and joyously embarked again upon a free lead, with a fine breeze from the north.

Our little squadron was now reduced to two boats. The land to the northward was no longer visible; and whenever I left the margin of the fast to avoid its deep sinuosities, I was obliged to trust entirely to the compass. We had at least eight days' allowance of fuel on board; but our provisions were running very low, and we met few birds, and failed to secure any larger game. We saw several large seals upon the ice, but they were too watchful for us; and on two occasions we came upon the walrus sleeping—once within actual lance-thrust; but the animal charged in the teeth of his assailant and made good his retreat.



ENTERING THE DANISH SETTLEMENT.

On the first of August, we sighted the Devil's Thumb, and were again among the familiar localities of the whalers' battling-ground. The bay was quite open, and we had been making easting for two days before. We were soon among the Duck Islands, and, passing to the south of Cape Shackleton, prepared to land.

"Terra firma! Terra firma!" How very pleasant it was to look upon, and with what a tingle of excited thankfulness we drew near it! A little time to seek a cove among the wrinkled hills, a little time to exchange congratulations, and then our battered boats were hauled high and dry upon the rocks, and our party, with hearts full of our deliverance, lay down to rest. And now, with the apparent certainty of reaching our homes, came that nervous apprehension which follows upon hope long deferred. I could not trust myself to take the outside passage, but timidly sought the quiet-water channels running deep into the archipelago which forms a sort of labyrinth along the coast.

Two days after this, a mist had settled down upon the islands which embayed us, and when it lifted we found ourselves rowing, in lazy time, under the shadow of Karkamoot. Just then a familiar sound came to us over the water. We had often listened to the screeching of the gulls or the bark of the fox, and mistaken it for the 'Huk' of the Esquimaux; but this had about it an inflection not to be mistaken, for it died away in the familiar cadence of a 'halloo.'

'Listen, Petersen! oars, men!' "What is it?" and he listened quietly at first, and then, trembling, said, in a half whisper, "Danne-markers!"

I remember this, the first tone of Christian voice which had greeted our return to the world. How we all stood up and peered into the distant noods; and how the cry came to us again, just as, having seen nothing, we were doubting whether the whole was not a dream; and then how, with long sweeps, the white ash cracking under the spring of the rowers, we stood for the cape that the sound proceeded from, and how nervously we scanned the green spots which our experience, grown now into instinct, told us would be the likely camping-ground of wayfarers.

By-and-by (for we must have been pulling a good half hour) the single mast of a small shallop showed itself; and Petersen, who had been very quiet and grave, burst out into an incoherent fit of crying, only relieved by broken exclamations of mingled Danish and English. "'Tis the Upernavik oil-boat! The Fraulein Flaischer! Charlie Mossyn, the assistant cooper, must be on his road to Kingatok for blubber. The Mariane (the one annual ship) has come, and Charlie Mossyn—" and here he did all over again, gulping down his words and wringing his hands.

It was Charlie Mossyn, sure enough. The quiet routine of a Danish settlement is the same year after year, and Petersen had hit upon the exact state of things. The Mariane was at Proven, and Charlie Mossyn had come up in the Fraulein Flaischer to get the year's supply of blubber from Kingatok.

Here we first got our cloudy vague idea of what had passed in the big world during our absence. The friction of its fierce rotation had not much disturbed this little outpost of civilization, and we thought it a sort of blunder as he told us that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church. He was a good Lutheran, this assistant cooper, and all news with him had a theological complexion.

"What of America? eh, Petersen?" and we all looked, waiting for him to interpret the answer.

"America?" said Charlie; "we don't know much of that country here, for they have no whalers on the coast; but a steamer and a barque passed up a fortnight ago, and have gone out into the ice to seek your party."

How gently all the lore of this man oozed out of him! he seemed an oracle, as, with hot-tingling fingers pressed against the gunwale of the boat, we listened to his words. "Sebastopol ain't taken." Where and what was Sebastopol?

But "Sir John Franklin?" There we were at home again—our own delusive little speciality rose uppermost. Franklin's party, or traces of the dead which represented it, had been found nearly a thousand miles to the south of where we had been searching for them. He knew it: for the priest (Pastor Kragg) had a German newspaper which told all about it. And so we "out oars" again, and rowed into the fogs.

Another sleeping-halt has passed, and we have all washed clean at the fresh-water basins and furbished up our ragged furs and woollens. Kassarsoak, the snow top of Sanderson's Hope, shows itself above the mists, and we hear the yelling of the dogs. Petersen had been foreman of the settlement, and he calls my attention, with a sort of pride, to the tolling of the workmen's bell. It is six o'clock. We are nearing the end of our trials. Can it be a dream?

We hugged the land by the big harbor, turned the corner by the old brew-house, and, in the midst of a crowd of children, hauled our boats for the last time upon the rocks.

For eighty-four days we had lived in the open air. Our habits were hard and weather-worn. We could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation. But we drank coffee that night before many a hospitable threshold, and listened again and again to the hymn of welcome, which, sung by many voices, greeted our deliverance.



MR. AND MRS. SHADBLOW DISCUSSING THE MERITS OF A DANCING SCHOOL.

THE BUNGALOW BALL.

A SKETCH OF CONNECTICUT LIFE.—BY JEREMY LOUD.

AUTHOR OF "GABRIEL VANE," "DOVECOTE," ETC.

SITTING together by the fireside one evening, late in the autumn, Mrs. Shadblow clicking her bright needles against one another, in the process of footing an old stocking-leg, and her husband paring a dish of apples to be converted into sauce for the morning meal, says she to him, pausing and running her disengaged needle into a cob that stuck out from her apron string, "Mr. Shadblow, I don't see why you won't let Patty go to dancin'-school this winter! There's goin' to

be one agin, you know, and most all the young folks is goin'."

Patty was a little orphan girl Mrs. Shadblow had rather smuggled into her childless family, with the idea of bringing her up. Mr. Shadblow, it seems, had hardly come over to her idea yet.

"Dancin'-school!" he muttered, contemptuously, while he shaved twice as deep into his apple as before.

"Why," pursued his better-half, resuming her needle, after a brief study of the coals beneath the forestick, "she never'll have so good a chance agin, as I see; for the Bungalows' are the best o' teachers: and everybody goes, you know; and they'll have a big school here in Huckabuck, this winter, and all the children will be there, the boys and girls, and a good many of their fathers and mothers, too, I warrant ye! It almost makes me young ag'in, I do declare, thinkin' of the times they'll have, all mixed up so, in that old hall together. I declare, It's too bad to keep a young girl shet up to home, Mr. Shadblow, when the expense is so little, as Patty's would be. Why won't you say she may go, Mr. Shadblow?"

He stopped paring the apple he had just began on, and looked straight into his wife's face. "Because I won't," said he; "and for me, that's reason enough." So it was indeed; and so his wife knew it to be. But it was no part of her policy to tell him what she thought of such a reason.

"I've been to expense enough for that gal, a'ready," he went on. "And what is it all goin' to amount to? It's takin' from ourselves, to give to others, and that's the way prudent and forehanded folks never think o'doin'. I've asked you time and ag'in, Mrs. Shadblow, how much longer you meant to keep her; but you never seem to act as if you knew much about it, and keep puttin' me off, and puttin' me off. Now, I'd like to know, once for all, when you really cal'late to send her away?"

"Oh, well," answered she persuasively, drawing out her needle again with a smile and an uneasy hitch in her chair, "let me have my own way about that, Mr. Shadblow. We've talked it over about enough, I think; and let that drop for now. But this *dancin'* business was what I was a-comin' at. I think myself,"—with an emphasis on the last word, "that Patty will be all the better for a quarter's teachin' in dancin', and that you'd orter let her have the same chance as other girls have. She's a-growin' up, Mr. Shadblow. She'll pretty soon be a great large girl, and will, most likely, want to know somethin' about manners. A young person appears dreadful ork'ard, you know, if they don't learn these graces, and attitudes, and balances, and all that sort o'thing, when other folks do; and as long's we've done so much, Mr. Shadblow, towards bringin' up the child, I'm sure, I don't see why we hadn't orter give her all the privileges we can. Come, husband!" the knitting needles went like drumsticks now—"jest say for once she may go! It won't cost so very much; and I'll be bound she and I both will work all the harder to make it up ag'in to you. May she go, Mr. Shadblow? Mayn't I tell her in the mornin' that you've said yes?"

"You may tell her what you like," said he, crowding a junk of apple into his mouth, and passing it over to the rather unsafe custody of his cheek. "I've said all I'm goin' to say about it. I've said no; and I sho'd think by this time you'd know what that means!"

She certainly did, and urged the subject no more. For that evening, at least, her spirits were dashed. She couldn't knit; she couldn't sew. She thought it was the hardest thing in the world to look straight in the fire, for there everything seemed cheerful and pleasant; as if its heated heart was all aglow with happiness, while her own felt so desolate and crushed. Her husband had no sympathy with her, nor with any of her little projects. And one sober thought after another flitting before her, like a succession of shadows, she presently got up and went out into the little kitchen alone. There she busied herself with rattling up the pots and kettles about the stove, that he might not suspect what was the trouble, and that the slow tears might chase each other unseen down her cheeks.

But there was nothing more said on the subject of the dancing-school. Mrs. Shadblow knew it would be of no use. She merely gave a negative shake of her head to Patty at the breakfast table next morning, and threw her eyes down on the cloth with an expression of regret at their mutual disappointment.

Still, the school went on; and all the young people of Huckabuck crowded into John Kagg's upper hall every Thursday evening; to learn the "steps" from Mr. Elijah Bungalow, the veteran dancing-master for all the country round. The shrill screech of the fiddle made itself heard over the street; and those who stopped a moment under the windows could catch the sound of the affable teacher's voice—"one, two, three—four and five—six, seven, eight—nine, ten!"—and the hasty shuffle—shuffle—shuffle of light feet that scraped over the floor immediately after. In a pulpit-looking place at the further end of the hall sat the twin brother of the instructor, whom everybody knew as Mr. Elisha Bungalow; with a happy countenance, that always seemed half asleep, a mouth set to a smile as fixed as the north star, eyes more than two thirds shut, and his fiddle-bow still going with a measured scrape—scrape—scrape, to the music of which the pupils skipped and hopped through the usual salutory exercises of the evening.

The Bungalow Brothers were born dancing-masters. Hardly a man or woman thereabouts, or anywhereabouts, in fact, but had taken his or her initiatory lessons from them. They were pioneers in the field terpsichorean; and they kept their ground bravely for years and years, when the noisy brass-bands began to bray the modest violins out of hearing, and fandango

movements with foreign names that nobody could understand, impertinently pushed all our simple old country-dances, minuets, reels, cotillions, and chasses, to the wall. If they could hold their own against these monstrous innovations, it was saying a great deal for them.

In popular phrase, Elijah Bungalow was the teacher, and Elisha the fiddler. Though at odd times, and when his brother was sick or had too many engagements on his hands, the latter could stand in the gap for an evening or so, and make things go off very smoothly. Elijah did the talking, the walking, the scraping, and the dancing; Elisha was good for nothing at such matters, but stuck close to his violin, kept himself perched up in his pulpit, and busily scraped away to order. And it was related of Elisha Bungalow—which I am as ready to believe as anybody—that he could fiddle as well asleep as awake: for many and many a time had he sat behind the tallow-dips in John Kagg's hall, and, with eyes shut for half-an-hour on the stretch, sawed off tune after tune as regular as a blind woodsawyer, changing one for another at the call of his brother from the floor without the slightest hesitation. Everybody knew he was asleep; and finally, to test the matter, it was found necessary to bestow on him a far different kind of punch from that he was so fond of, in order to rouse him up to the gaiety of the scene.

From town to town the Bungalow Brothers went, one winter after another. They never minded the deepest drifts in the roads, but somehow managed to get round to their regular appointments. Many a young fellow has made his eyes ache, for looking down the street to see if there was likely to be a school on that particular evening; and many a pretty girl's heart has bounded nearly out of her white bosom, as she stole the hundredth glance out the window, and finally caught a glimpse of the faithful twin brothers in their shaggy buffalo coats, driving pell-mell up to John Kagg's tavern-door.

During the winter in question, the school went ahead finely. A new generation had just then reached the hither limits of their dancing days, and flocked around Mr. Elijah Bungalow in full confidence that he was ready to do for their manners what nobody else could. There were tall and short among them, stout and thin; chubby and thick, and slight and graceful; lank and bony, and runts, and all-flesh. To see but the noses! Hooked and pug, turn-up and flat; round and square, straight and thin; short and long, and white and red. Or the eyes! Blue and black, yellow and gray; white and green, squints and askew; round and full, little and narrow; very wide-apart and staring, and very near-together and half-shut. The ribbons that streamed from the heads of the girls; the slip-

pers that squeezed the young fellows' feet; the snicks, the nods, and the smiles; the scrapes on the floor, and the starched bows to one another; the hop-and-go-forward, and the skip-and-come-back-again the dance-dance-diddle to the loud squeak of the fiddle. These were the weekly sights that winter, that made the old tavern on the corner, the brightest, and the highest, and the happiest place in the known world. John Kagg quietly picked up the loose change thrown on his little bar, and said that for his part, he liked to see the fun go on; "he really loved to see young folks enjoy themselves."

The deacons shut their eyes as they went by on such evenings, and whispered under their breath—"Perdition!" Deacon Fumfum felt that the whole place, with every living soul in it, was scandalized by the toleration of such doings; and I don't doubt at all, that if he had had the power, he would have put them down at the edge of the sword and the point of the bayonet. He would have put all sorts of sin out of the world at a single stroke, and everything like cheerfulness along with it. The earth would have had the benefit neither of sunlight nor moonlight, nor of starlight either, if he had been allowed a word in its original management. He would have had everybody's face made just twice as long as it was, and everybody's soul I cannot tell how many times smaller. Ditto, the other Deacon. Ditto, Mr. Pennybright, the rigid storekeeper of Huckabuck. Ditto, all the rest of sad-eyed ones, who verily seemed to think the devil was the pleasantest fellow in the world, and that they might not therefore smile, lest it should happen to suit him. And the dancing-school went on without interruption.

It was customary, at the winding-up of these winter terms of instruction, which usually ran a round of a dozen weeks, to get up what was called a "quarter-ball;" an assembly something between a quadrille party and a husking frolic, with a dash of "hunt-the-slipper" thrown in. The fun of these affairs belonged to those who chose to go; while the profits found their way into the big Bungalow pocket. And not even stingy John Kagg was stingy enough to envy the Brothers any of their good fortune, for the reason that by hook and by crook he generally managed to bring a big share of it home to his little tavern till again.

Esquire McBride, the village lawyer, had just pushed back from the tea-table on the evening before the expected quarter-ball, with a face expressive of perfect satisfaction with himself. He began first to adjust his cravat, and next to twirl his large watch-seal. Seeing him in such apparent good humor, his son Robert, who had grown up to be quite a young fellow, approached and asked if he would not favor them with his com-

pany at John Kagg's the next evening. The lawyer looked into the fire with a wise stare, gave his seal a few new shakes, asked a question or two further about the matter, and said, "he'd see; he'd see—but he rather thought he'd go."

With those who look forward to an event that is to bring them a great deal of pleasure, time skips off as fast as they could wish; especially if they have very many preparations to make. So that the whole of the next day was as good as lost to the people of Huckabuck, and, but for getting ready for the ball, might just as well have been wiped out of the calendar. It was stinging enough out of doors to freeze a Nova Zemblan. The snow lay hard and crisp on the ground, with the tracks in the road as bright and glittering as the smooth runners that for more than a week had slid over them. The town was so still, that whenever Mr. Pennybright's store-door was slammed too, it sent a lonely echo traveling all up and down the street.

Evening would not be put off a great while in these short days, however, but soon came down over the houses in a dusky dress, bedecked with glittering stars for the festive occasion. One by one the sleighs drove up to the tavern-door, and unloaded their precious female freight. The bells struck an inspiring variety of chords, chiming and rhyming everywhere around the old house. The girls laughed and cackled as they were bundled out from among the robes, and the young men seemed to do nothing else but shout "whoa!" to their waked-up horses. There were knots of idle loiterers about the tavern, who occupied their intellects with guessing who might be in this sleigh, and who in that. But for the cold, they would have sat down on the little bench against the front of the house, and taken their observations more deliberately.

The little bar-room, below stairs, was crammed and jammed full. It was not the Maine law era then, and John Kagg, who had foreseen the pleasure sufficiently to subsidize an assistant for the occasion, kept the toddy-stick going, as if he were trying to see what he could do towards beating the tattoo. The droppers-in were there, with their coats and hats on—while the ball-goers came down from the small ante-chambers without either, and indulged in a showy twirl of their slippered feet, now and then, for the envy of the company. All sorts of people, dresses, voices, and breaths were mixed up around the hot iron stove, with figures and countenances to match. Up stairs, the scene was rather more enlivening. Besides the fact that the dancing hall was better lighted than the reeky little bar-room, the faces were brighter, and the eyes sparkled with a very different lustre. Toddy had less to do with it than the music. There were two musicians besides Elisha Bungalow in the pulpit—one

of whom piped at the clarinet, and the other sawed at the violin—and the instant these two struck up their melody, with Elisha Bungalow's violin to lead them on its wild chase away, it seemed as if everybody's hair—no matter how long or short it was—stood right up on end. There wasn't a human heart in that old room, young or otherwise, but beat faster, and still faster at the sound. "Hark! they're at it!" said some of them down stairs—and forthwith the straggling ticket-holders rushed breathless up stairs, to be in at the business with the earliest of them.

Young, sturdy farmer-fellows hurried to pull off their cowhide boots in the cramped upper apartments, and to thrust their woolen socks, feet and all, into the calf skin "pumps" they drew forth from the pockets of their overcoats—and stood up before the stingy little mirrors, with a bright yellow landscape and a Venitian-red population painted sprawlingly over the upper half, and curled up their greased locks with a wonderful deal of care, as if a ten minutes' dance—as *they* danced—would not obliterate every trace of comb, grease, or perfumery, and flirted out their gay handkerchiefs to give them one last brush over their faces; and finally fumbled in their vest pockets, with trembling fingers, and fished up a bit of sweet-flag, a nip of orange-peel, or a bright red winter-green lozenge, and with just one more look at the glass, pushed boldly through the door, and found themselves bewildered and lost in the brilliant hall.

I am not going to describe the real ball-room scene, for my gifts are far too few. If I were a painter, now, and had the time to spare besides, I should never think I could finish such a sketch short of a preliminary study of two years, and a labor with the pencil of three more. The items are so various, and the figures so closely grouped, I should despair of doing the thing as it should be done, in less than five good honest years.

After you once squeezed through the gaping squad outside the door that lined the narrow entry, you came into a room with an arched roof, and rows of tall tallow candles burning all about the walls, a motley collection of gay colors sprinkled over the floor; some of the visitors seated on benches around the apartment; Elijah Bungalow, in his best black suit, calling off the numbers, or the sets, and the effective little orchestra putting its three heads together just over the edge of the pulpit. The moment the floor was filled to its fullest working capacity, Elijah held a brief consultation with the music, and of a sudden the violin, clarinet, and viol struck up in lively concert. Every gentleman scraped a solemn scrape on the floor to his lady, and forthwith business was entered upon for the night, "Balance to partners!" called out Elijah, in

his blandest tone to the company. "Right-and-left!" he shouted again, with a brow that Brummel could not have bettered.

And away they went—male and female heads bobbing and bowing, rising and falling, ducking and *cougees*-ing, from one end of the hall to the other, and the gay-hearted music frisking along to try and keep up with them.

The spectators in the room, and especially those about the door, stared like pictures of the nightmare. There wasn't a graceful dancer on the floor, but they had instinctively picked him out. There wasn't a sweet and rosy girl's face, that from time to time came down near the door in the course of the dance, but they were alive with admiration. The rough fellows outside knew, as well as anybody, that a lady never looks half so beautiful as when she is dancing with her partner, or sitting firmly and gracefully on the saddle.

There was a slab-sided young man in the party on the floor, tall and ungainly in his figure, with sandy hair and whiskers, who prided himself on his superior agility with his spindling legs, and who did not hesitate to declare on all occasions—which he was mainly in the habit of doing through his nose—that he could out-dance the best "city chap" the Bungalows were willing to bring along, and no mistake. Of course, as prize-dancing has not yet come much into vogue, except, perhaps, a little jigging among the "minstrels," the brothers never presumed to contest his superiority, but only glanced at one another with a smile that wasn't meant for admiration. To see this lanky fellow jumping up, like a frog attached to a fish-hook, and making his slender legs go round and round, over and across, like the windlass of a well when the bucket is running down, was enough to set a grin on a brass-faced door-knocker. He kept his mouth open, too, as he danced—sometimes rattling his teeth together in castanet fashion, when he came down to the floor from one of his lofty leaps, and sometimes working his lips about in all sorts of designs and devices, in sympathy with the efforts of his lower extremities.

There was young Robert McBride, too, who was going around and asking many a pretty Miss to dance, and who was glad enough, in truth, to be seen dancing with him. So he looked about to fix his eyes on a partner for the next set, he happened to spy out Patty! and without further ado, he came straight over to her, and began to make himself agreeable.

"You here, Patty!" said he, standing up right before her; "and Miss Shadblow, too! I declare—what is going to happen? Did the old man know you was coming?"

Patty looked at Robert with a modest glance, for her heart told her that in the whole room

there was not one as handsome as he. How she wished then *she* could dance, for she knew she would have been his partner! Her eyes went wandering over the hall, but ever came back to him again, and for just a moment dared to rest on his face.

"I wish you'd only been to the school this winter, Patty," said he, dropping his voice to a tone of confidence; "we've had such *splendid* times here, I can tell you. But enough—next winter Mr. Shadblow 'll let you go. If you knew how to dance, Patty," leaning over and whispering in her ear, "I'd ask you to dance with me!" Her heart bumped so hard at the words, she was sure he could hear it; and with a few more pleasant speeches, he bowed himself off, and skipped over to a young Miss, whose hand he had been trying to secure since the first of the evening.

Mrs. Shadblow, who was determined to smuggle herself and her little friend in that night, even if her husband went to bed down sick in consequence, sat and enjoyed it up to the nine. The music sent such sensations over her, she could scarcely keep her hands quietly folded in her lap. If ever she wished that Patty *had* learned to dance, it was certainly then. And if ever she wanted Mr. Shadblow to be in any place in particular, that was the very place. It was doing *her* so much good, in the freshness of her heart she believed it could not fail to do as much for *him*.

And Esquire McBride was wedged in there among them, talking up in a loud and important way to those around him, and trying, as usual, to attract his own share of public attention. He smiled and bowed to one and another, as they sped by him in the dance, and, before finally leaving for home, took occasion to state his opinion that it was all "a very well got-up affair."

About the door had collected a crowd of lookers-on from below stairs, who appeared to enjoy the scene as much as any of those who were participants in it. Piled up in a solid embankment, head upon head, they offered a formidable obstacle to any but the stoutest, who desired to make an escape by that way from the suffocation of the ball-room. Rough coats and shaggy heads, brawny arms and great cowhide boots, wide-stretched eyes and unshaven faces—they were mixed up in a most indescribable miscellany. It would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to make an index of them for future reference. On the very outskirts of that crowd, hung old Malachi, the swill-gatherer of Huckabuck, with his hat jammed under his arms, as if it might be a temptation to an entry thief; bending and crouching, and peering in every direction to catch a casual squint under somebody's elbows, and squirting his tobacco-juice excitedly over the entry floor, till the space around him looked as if

it might be the vestibule to a slaughter-house. Or now and then asking somebody in front of him, "what they were doin' now," and "if that air music wern't better for a feller, *any day*, than a hot breakfast in the mornin'!"

Gosh was there, too, the "village nigger." Everybody knew Gosh. He had got his ebony countenance fastened up near the top of the door, where his very original commentaries were turned to good account by his white friends, who were less favorably located below him. But the most embarrassing thing about it was, he would collapse in his laughing fits. There was no such thing as stopping him. Whenever he caught sight of any thing specially amusing, or as often as the tall young man with sandy hair and whiskers went up into the air on one of his saltatory expeditions, down came Gosh—*per contra*—with his half-choked snicker, and down came everybody else along with him. They laughed to see *him* laugh. The humor in his face was as contagious as the black measles.

Towards midnight, up sneaked Deacon Fumfum, holding on by the stair rail as he came along, and stepping as softly as a cat towards a young bird in the grass. He looked all around him, as wise as an owl. He stopped and listened a moment to the music. He caught a glimpse, through the chinks between the bodies, of the smiling faces within, the gay dresses, and the dancing. And before he stopped to think who and where he was, he had got interested in what was going on. Yet for the whole of Huckabuck, he would not have allowed himself to step over the inner threshold and give countenance to the pleasant scene.

The roguish negro caught sight of him from his perch, as he came creeping up the stairs, and kept his eyes eagerly fixed on him. To one and another he whispered: "There's the Deacon! there's old Deacon Fumfum!" which had the effect to put many a face about in the opposite direction, and to make the Deacon an unconscious object of observation. In truth, he was so intent on trying to see all there was to be seen, that he soon forgot both himself and the peculiarity of his opinion. When however, he chanced to lift his own eyes, and discovered to his mortification that so many other eyes were fastened on him, said he, in his growling voice, dolefully shaking his head, "It's a crying sin! It's a shame and disgrace to the town that tolerates such things!" and turned away with a malignant grunt down stairs.

Gosh came down upon him with a cataract of laughter that he had pent up as long as he could, and all the rest with him, of course.

At twelve o'clock the dancers selected their partners, and went off in a jam down stairs to supper. They ate and ate till everything disappeared. They stuffed and gorged, and acknowledged themselves "full." The oysters suffered the most, by reason of the supper contract with John Kagg, although there were fewer turkeys strutting about among the farmers next morning than had been in six months before. Pies vanished like snow-flakes on a pool of water. Confectionary was grabbed from the dishes by the double handful; and one by one they fell away from the wreck on the board, and climbed up the stairs, panting for breath, into the hall again. In some of the chambers, however, a foolish young man or two might, by diligent search, be discovered stretched across the beds, their coats and boots still on, with whose brains John Kagg's execrable gin had played a much dizzier tune than the Bungalow fiddle, and who lay thus bestowed about the house, insensible to all the noise and the melody that came stealing over them.

Somewhere about three o'clock in the morning the great affair was over. The tallow candles had all burned out. The instruments were asthmatic and screechy, and the dancers' limbs weary with long exercise. The girls hurried on their "things," and the beaux bounced out from hiding places on the stairs after them. John Kagg came along to blow out the flaring lights that were just ready to end their existence in smoke, and all hands—orchestra included—took the hint and made ready to depart. And in half an hour afterwards you could not have found a lonelier place in all Huckabuck than that same upper room in John Kagg's tavern, on the corner.

The receipts to the Bungalow chest amounted to some thirty-seven dollars and odd. They were satisfied.

"And yet," said Deacon Fumfum, who was to be commiserated for the unhappy fault somewhere in his digestive apparatus, "those same folks never'd carry thirty-seven dollars and odd to our minister at the donation party!" Which, considering that on those annual occasions the Deacon invariably eat full four times as much as he brought, is to be received as a very fair specimen of his sentiments on the subjects both of justice and generosity.

THE POET'S TASK.

Let courtly bards in polish'd phrase indite
Soft madrigals, to celebrate the fair;
Or paint the splendor of a birth-day night,

Where peers and dames in shining robes appear;
The task be mine neglected worth to raise,
Alas! too often found in these degenerate days.

LA MERCIA.

It is a sad condition of the nervous system when slight impressions cut deep. Like the diseased state of the mucous membrane, when tastes and odors cling and adhere to it for days, I suppose that the prevalence of such images in the brain would at last lead to insanity, or, at least, that form of it called monomania. Let no man suppose that this is so very rare a malady. Let us rather ask, who is quite free from some feature of the affection? The mild cases are the passionate ardor we see exhibited by men in the various and peculiar pursuits in life; the bad ones, only greater in degree, are shut up in asylums.

The most singular instance that ever occurred within my own knowledge, was one I met several years back in Germany; and as "thereby hangs a tale," I will set it down in the words of the relator. "This is his own recital—in his own handwriting, too!

There are moments in the life of almost every man which seem like years. The mind suddenly calling up the memory of bygone days, lives over the early hours of childhood—the bright visions of youth, when all was promise and anticipation—and traverses with a bound the ripe years of manhood, with all their struggles, and cares, and disappointments, and even throws a glance into the dark vista of the future, computing the "to come" from the past; and, at such times as these, one feels that he is already old, and that years have gone over him.

Such were to me the few brief moments in which I stood upon the Meissner hill that overhangs my native city. Dresden, the home of my childhood, of my earliest and my dearest friends, lay bathed in the soft moonlight of a summer's eve. Oh, how strong within the heart of the wanderer in distant lands is the love of country! The thought of returning to my loved native land, rich in reputation, crowned with success, had sustained and upheld me. And now that the hour was come—my earliest hopes more than realised—my fondest aspirations accomplished. Triumphant over all the difficulties of my hard lot, I returned, bearing with me the well-won spoils of labor, and exertion. But, alas! where were they who should rejoice with me, and share my happiness? The very home of my infancy was tenanted by strangers; they knew me not in my poverty, they could not sympathise in my elevation. My heart sickened within me as I thought of my lone and desolate condition; and as the tears coursed faster and faster down my cheeks, how gladly would I have given all the proud triumph of success for one short and

sunny hour of boyhood's bright anticipation, shared in by those who loved me!

In such a frame of deep despondency I re-entered my native city—no friend to greet, and no voice to welcome me. Happily, however, I was not long left to the indulgence of such regrets; for no sooner was my arrival made known in the city, than my brother artists waited on me with congratulations; and I learned, for the first time, that the reputation of my successes had reached Saxony, and that my very best picture was at that moment being exhibited in the Dresden Gallery. I was now invited to the houses of the great, and even distinguished by marks of my sovereign's favor. If I walked the streets, I heard my name whispered as I passed; if I appeared in public, some burst of approbation greeted me. In a word, and that ere many days had elapsed, I became the reigning favorite of a city in which the love of "art" is an inheritance—for, possessed of a gallery second to none in Europe, the Dresdeners have long enjoyed and profited by the opportunity of contemplating all that is excellent in painting; and in their enthusiastic admiration of the fine arts, thought no praise too exalted to bestow on one who had asserted the claim of a Saxon painter among the schools of Italy. From these circumstances it may readily be believed how completely I was beset by the temptations of flattery, and how recklessly I hurried along that career of good fortune, which, in my mad infatuation, I deemed would last forever. It is well known to almost all, how, in the society of large cities, some new source of interest or excitement is eagerly sought after to enliven the dull routine of nightly dissipation, and awaken the palled and jaded appetite of pleasure to some new thrill of amusement!—how one succeeds another, and how short-lived are all! The idol of to-day is forgotten to-morrow; and whether the object of momentary attraction be a benefactor of mankind, or some monster of moral deformity, it matters but little, so that for the hour he furnish an article for the fashionable journalist, and a subject of conversation to the *coterie*; the end and aim of his being seems to be perfectly accomplished, and all interest for him as readily transferred to his successor, who or whatever he may be, as though his existence has been as unreal as the spectre of a magic lantern. Little did I suppose when, in the full blaze of my popularity, that to such an ordinance of fashion alone I was indebted for the proud eminence I occupied. I was not long destined to enjoy the deception.

It chanced that about three months after my

arrival in Dresden, circumstances required my absence from the city for a few days. The occasion which called me, detained me beyond the time I had calculated on, and it was not till after a fortnight I reached my home. I had traveled that day from sunrise till late in the evening, being anxious, if possible, to redeem a promise I had made to my friend and patron, Count Lowenstein, to be present at a *fête* in honor of his sister's birthday. The weather had been unusually hot and sultry, even for the season; and although I felt much fatigued and jaded, I lost not a moment on my arrival to dress for the *fête*, over which, calculating on my late career, I deemed my absence would throw a gloom. Besides that, I longed once more to drink of that Circean cup of flattery, for which my short absence from the city had given me new zest; and it was with a high-beating heart and fevered brain I hung upon my breast the many crosses and decorations I had been gifted with in my hours of brilliant success.

Lights gleamed brightly from the ample windows of the Lowenstein palace. Numerous equipages stood at the portico. I followed the chasseur up the spacious marble steps which led to the ante-chamber. I stopped one moment before a large mirror, and almost startled at the brilliancy of my dress, which, a present from my sovereign, I now wore for the first time. Formerly, when appearing in society, the moment I made my *entrée* I found myself the centre of a group of friends and admirers, all eagerly pressing forward to pay their homage to the star of fashion. Now, what was my amusement to mark no thrill of pleasure, as of old, animate that vast assembly!—not even surprise! Group after group passed by me, as though I were unknown, and had no claim to their attention. Something must have occurred in my absence to weaken the interest my appearance ever excited; but what could it be? Tortured with doubt and disappointment, I hastened through the crowd to where the Count was standing, surrounded by his suite. His quick eye instantly perceived me, and, familiarly kissing his hand to me, he continued to converse with those about him. Up to this moment I had borne all the chilling indifference of manner I met with, for the secret satisfaction that told me and my heart that he, my protector, my friend, would soon vindicate my claim to notice and distinction, and that, in the sunshine of his favor, I should soon receive the attention my heart thirsted for. But now that hope deserted me—the cold distance of his manner chilled me to the very heart's core. Not one word of kind inquiry, no friendly chiding for protracted absence, no warm welcome for my coming! I looked around on every side for some clue to this strange mystery; I felt as if all eyes

were upon me, and thought for a moment I could perceive the smile of gratified malice at my downfall. But no: I was unnoticed and unobserved; and even this hurt me still more. Alas! alas! the few moments of heart-cutting, humbling misery I then endured, too dearly paid for all the selfish gratification I reaped from being the idol of fashion. While I remained thus, the Count approached me, and, with something like his usual tone of familiarity, said—

"Ah, Carl! you here? You have, of course, heard of our sad disappointment?"

"No, my lord," I replied, with some bitterness of tone, "I have scarcely had time, for I have not been yet an hour in Dresden."

Without noticing either the manner of my answer, or the allusion to my absence, the Count continued:—"This evening we were to have had the happiness to have amongst us one who seems to be gifted with some magic power of diffusing delight and ecstasy on every side where she appears. Those whose hearts were cold to beauty in all others, have yielded to the fascination of her's; and the soul that never before was touched by melody, has thrilled with transport at her heavenly voice. Divine *La Mercia*! the paragon of beauty and the soul of song! There, there stands her harp, and here you see her music; but she is absent. Alas! we have only the wand of the magician—the spell is not there."

In an instant the veil was lifted from my eyes; the whole truth burst on me like a lightning flash—the course of my popularity was run, the sun of my favor had set forever. I overheard the conversation of those around me. But one name was mentioned, but one person seemed to engross every tongue or heart—that was *La Mercia*. From what I could collect, it appeared that she, a most beautiful and interesting girl, had appeared at the opera a few evenings since, and by the charms of her surpassing beauty as well as the surprising richness and clearness of her voice, had captivated the whole city, from the palace to the cottage. The enthusiastic repetition of her praises gradually led to regrets for her absence, and surmises as to the cause, while a young nobleman, who had just joined the circle said—

"Trust me, *La Mercia* would have come if she alone were consulted; but I fear that ill-tempered looking old fellow, whom she calls her *Dottore*, has had much to say to this refusal."

"Yes," said another; "so late as yesterday evening, at the palace, when she was surrounded by several members of the royal family, eagerly pressing her to repeat a song she had just sung; just as she consented, a look from the *Dottore*, shot across the room and met her eyes; she immediately hesitated, begged to be permitted not to sing, and immediately afterwards withdrew."

"How strange!" said the nobleman, who spoke before, "how very strange! It must, indeed, be a strange mystery that unites two beings so every way unlike; one all beauty and loveliness, and the other the most sarcastic, treacherous-looking wretch, ever my eyes beheld."

The deep interest with which I listened to those particulars of my rival—for such I now felt her to be—gradually yielded to a sense of my own sunken and degraded condition; and envy, the most baleful and pernicious passion that can agitate the bosom, took entire possession of me; envy of one whose very existence one hour before I was ignorant of. I felt that *she*—*she* had injured me—robbed me of all for which life and existence was dear. But for *her*, I should still be the centre of this gay and brilliant assembly, by whom I am already forgotten and neglected; and, with a fiendish malignity, I thought how soon this new idol of a fickle and ungrateful people would fall from the pinnacle from which she had displaced me, and suffer in her own heart the cruel pangs I was then enduring.

I arose from where I had been sitting, my brain maddened with my sudden reverse of fortune, and fled from the saloon to my home. In an agony of grief I threw myself upon my bed, and that night was to me like years of sorrowing and affliction. When morning broke, my first resolve was to leave Dresden forever; my next to remain, until, by applying all my energies to the task, I had accomplished something beyond all my former efforts; and then, spurning the praise and flattery my success would inspire, take a proud farewell of my fickle and ungrateful countrymen. The longer I thought upon, the more was I pleased with this latter resolution, and panted with eagerness for the moment of contemptuous disdain in which, flinging off the caresses of false friends, I should carry to other lands those talents which my own was unworthy to possess. It was but a few days before this the Prior of the Augustine monastery had called upon me, to beg I would paint an altar-piece for their chapel; they wished to have a kneeling figure of Mary, to whom the shrine was dedicated; but the subject being a favorite one of Titian's, had at that time deterred me. Its difficulty was now its charm; and as I pondered over in my mind the features I wished to transfer to my canvas, I suddenly remembered a painting which I had had for some years in my possession, and which, from the surpassing loveliness of the countenance it represented, as well as the beauty of its execution, had long fascinated me. I now reverted to it at once, and opening a secret drawer in my cabinet, took out the picture and placed it before me. It was a small and most beautiful painted enamel, representing two figures—one that of an old and stern-visaged man, upon whose harsh and severe fea-

tures there played a scowl of deadly hate and scorn; he stood, drawn up to his full height, his hands and arms widely extended before him, as if in the act of performing some mystic or sacred rite over the lovely being who knelt at his feet in an attitude of the deepest and most reverential supplication. This was a lovely girl, her age scarcely eighteen years; her forehead, fair as alabaster, was shaded by two braids of dark brown hair, which hung back in heavy locks upon her neck and shoulders. Here were the features, here the very attitude, I desired. Could I only succeed in imparting to my Madonna the lovely and sorrow-struck countenance before me, my triumph were certain. The features of that beautiful girl, too, had the semblance of being copied from the life. There are certain slight and indescribable traits by which a painter will, in almost every case, distinguish when nature and when only fancy have lent the subject; and here, everything tended to make me believe it to be a portrait. The manner in which I became possessed of it, also, contributed to invest it with a more than common interest in my eyes. The circumstances were these: When a very young man, and only a short time settled at Rome, whither I had gone to prosecute my studies as a painter, the slender state of my purse had compelled me to take up my residence in one of the less known suburbs of the city. In the same humble dwelling in which I took up my abode there lived an old and paralytic man, whom age and infirmity had rendered bed-ridden for years.

At first, my occupation being entirely without doors, left me but little opportunity to see or know much of him; but when winter closed in, and confined me whole days to the house, my acquaintance with him gradually increased, and, to my great surprise, I discovered in this poverty-struck and decrepid old man one who possessed the most intimate and critical knowledge of art; every gallery was familiar to him—he knew the history of each celebrated picture, and distinguished originals from their copies by such traits of discernment as evinced the most consummate intimacy with the deepest secrets of coloring, and, in a word, showed himself to be, what I afterwards learned he was, a most accomplished artist: but the circumstances which threw him into his present mean and wretched condition ever remained a mystery. Our acquaintance thus formed, rapidly ripened into friendship, and it was with pleasure I hurried from my gayer and more volatile companions to the poor and humble abode, where my old and feeble friend awaited me with impatience.

As the winter advanced, the infirmities of the old painter rapidly gained ground; he became daily weaker, and, by degrees, the calm serenity of his mind, which was his most remarkable

trait, yielded to fits of impatience, in which, sometimes, his very reason seemed to struggle for empire: and at such times as these he would drop hints, and give vent to thoughts that were awful and appalling to listen to. One night when recovering from a nervous attack, which, by its duration and severity, seemed to threaten more fatally than usual, he called me to him, and desired me to bring, from a concealed drawer in his trunk, a small ebony box clasped with silver. I did so. He took it with trembling hands, and placed it beside him on the pillow, while, with a voice scarcely audible from agitation, he whispered:—"Leave me Carl—leave me to myself! There is in this box what may meet no other eye than mine. And oh! would to Heaven that its bright lightnings had struck and blighted me, rather than I should ever have looked upon it."

The energy with which these words were spoken seemed to weary and overcome him, and he was barely able to say:—"Leave me now, my friend. But stay, ere you go, promise me—swear to me, as you hope—aye as you hope your death-bed may not be like mine—swear, when all is at rest within this torn and afflicted heart, that you will, with your own hands, place this box within my coffin—swear to place it there unopened: better far you had not enjoyed the blessed gift of sight, than look upon what it contains. I grow weaker—promise me this."

"I do," I replied hurriedly. "I promise."

"Swear it," he said; while the large drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and his bloodshot eyes glared upon me like a maniac.

"I swear," said I, anxious to relieve the terrific convulsion which his eagerness brought on; "I swear." And as he lay back slowly upon the bed, I left the room.

When I again, after a considerable time, entered the chamber, he had turned his face towards the wall—his head buried between both his hands; while sobs, which he appeared struggling to control, burst from him at intervals. The casket lay locked beside him. I took it up, and placed it within my portmanteau; and, not daring to interfere with the course of that sorrow, the cause of which he had not confided to me, I stole noiselessly from the room.

When next I saw him he appeared to be somewhat better; but the feeble powers of life had received a severe shock, and his haggard and broken look showed how much a few hours had hastened the approach of death. That evening he never once alluded to the subject which had agitated him, and bade me "Good night" earlier than usual, wishing to relieve his fatigue by sleep. I never saw him after.

I had scarcely composed myself to sleep, my mind full of the events of the day, when an ex-

press arrived from an English nobleman, who had been my most influential and steadiest friend, requiring me immediately to set out for Naples, to make a picture of his only daughter ere her body was committed to the earth. She had died of the malaria, and her funeral could not be long delayed. I immediately set out, taking with me the portmanteau that contained the casket and such requisites for painting as I could hurriedly collect. With all my anxiety to return to my old companion, I was unable to leave Naples before the tenth day; I then turned my face homewards, with a heart beating with anxiety, lest his death should have taken place in my absence. The diligence in which I travelled was attacked near Calvi by Banditti. Several of the passengers, being well armed, made resistance, and a dreadful conflict took place. Severely wounded in the side with a stiletto, I remained for dead upon the ground, and lost all remembrance of everything till the moment I discovered myself a patient in the public hospital of Naples.

Several weeks of fever and delirium had passed over me, and I lay now weak and powerless. By degrees my strength was restored, and as I lay, one day, meditating a speedy departure from the hospital, the intendant of the police came to inform me that several articles of value, contained in a portmanteau bearing my initials, had been discovered near the scene of the late encounter, where they had probably been dropped by the robbers in their flight, and that, on my identifying and claiming them as mine they should be restored to me. Among other things he mentioned the ebony casket. I dared not ask if it were opened, lest my agitation might occasion surprise or suspicion, and promised to inspect them the following morning, and identify such as were my property.

The next day I appeared at the bureau of the police. The portmanteau was produced and unlocked, and the very first thing I set my eyes upon was the picture. The case had been rudely torn open, and it lay there exposed to all. My promise—my solemnly pledged oath, came instantly to my mind, and all the awful denunciations the old man had spoken of, as in store for him who should look upon that picture! I was horror-struck and speechless, and only remembered where I was, as the *Commissaire*, who stood behind me and looked at it, asked if I were the painter? I replied not.

"The likeness is, indeed, wonderful," said he. I started, but immediately recovering myself, said:—"You must be under some mistake. You could scarcely have seen the person for whom this was intended?" I said this because, from the attentive consideration I had given it, as well as the initials in the corner of the drapery, I perceived it to be one of the most beautifully

executed enamels of Julio Romano, and must, at least, have been nearly two centuries old.

"Impossible I can be mistaken!" said he: "that is not only the Countess d'Alvini herself, but there, and even more like, stands her uncle, 'Il Dottore Albretto,' as he was called. Why, I remember as well as though it were but yesterday, though I was only a boy at the time, her marriage—with one of your own profession, too. How can I forget his name!—ah, I have it—Antonio Gioventa! By the by, they said, too, the union was none of the happiest, and that they separated soon after. But of that I know nothing myself, for they never appeared in Naples after the morning they were married."

How I longed to make one or two inquiries! but fear prevented me; fear lest my own ignorance concerning the history of the picture might be discovered, and I confess, too, something like dread; for, the evident age of the picture tallied but ill with the account the *Commissaire* gave of the characters represented; and I longed for the moment I should put into execution, at least, so much of my promise as was yet in my power; putting it up, therefore, with such of my effects as I recognised, I returned to my hotel.

The entire evening I could think of nothing but the story of the *Commissaire*. The artist could have been none other than my old friend Nicholas Calertio—for by this name I had known him—and that lovely creature must have been his wife! And what was her fate? and what could have been the awful mystery that wrapt their history? Those thoughts dwelt in my mind, and, framing ten thousand solutions of the secret, I at last sank into sleep.

The following day I took my departure for Rome. On my arrival, what was my horror to discover that Nicholas had died the day after my departure from Naples, and that he had been buried in the strangers' burial-ground; but in what spot, no one knew—nor had he one left who could point out his grave. Again my oath came to my mind, and I could not divest myself of the thought, that in the series of events which prevented its accomplishment, chance had nothing to do; and the hand of a guiding Providence had worked these apparent accidents for His own wise ends.

From that hour I guarded, how closely I cannot say, this picture from all human eye; for it had been my custom, when first I returned to Dresden, to sit for days long with that picture open before me. As a work of art, it possessed undoubted excellence; but I could not help feeling that its mysterious history had invested it with an interest altogether deeper and more powerful than the beauty of the execution could alone account for. This habit had been first broken in upon by the numerous and varied occu-

pations my newly-arisen popularity brought upon me; and amid the labors of the painting-room, and the gay hours of fashionable dissipation, I had been now some weeks without once having seen it, when the events I had just detailed, and my determination to copy from it, brought it again fully to my mind.

When I awoke from the deep musing my thoughts had fallen into, it was already evening; and I wandered forth to enjoy the free air and balmy breeze upon the bank of the Elbe. After some time I crossed the bridge, and continued my walk through the suburb, intending to return by a beautiful garden which lies on that side of the river. As I approached the Elbe I was struck by the bright glare of light which, proceeding from some building near, illuminated the river nearly the whole way across, displaying upon its glassy surface several boats, in which the people sat resting on their oars, and scarcely moving in the gentle tide of the stream. I remembered for a moment, and then it occurred to me that the brilliant glare of light proceeded from the villa of Count Lowenstein, which stood upon a small promontory of land, about two miles from Dresden, this being the night of a private *soirée*, to which only his nearest and most intimate friends were ever invited. Report had spoken loudly of the singular beauty of the villa itself, the splendor of its decorations, the richness and taste of its furniture; and, indeed, round the whole character of the place, and the nature of the entertainments held there, the difficulty of *entree*, and the secrecy observed by the initiated, had thrown an air of the most romantic interest. To these *soirées*, although honored by marks of the greatest distinction, and even admitted to the closest intimacy, the Count never invited me, and in the days of my prosperity it had ever been with a sense of pique I called to mind the circumstance. Thither I now inadvertently bent my steps, and it was only when the narrowness of the path which lay between the hedge of the garden and the river required my caution in walking, that I remembered I must have entered the grounds, and was then actually within a few paces of the villa. While I stood for a moment, uncertain whether to retreat or advance, I was struck by observing the boats had gradually and noiselessly approached the bank, a short way from where I was, and, by the attitudes of the figures I could perceive that they were listening most eagerly and attentively. I approached a few steps, till, at the sudden turning of the walk, I found myself beneath the terrace of a splendid saloon, brilliantly lighted, and crowded by numerous and full-dressed guests. The rarest plants and most beautiful exotics stood in jars along the balustrade, diffusing their perfume round, and the cheerful hum of voices was heard in the still

night air as parties walked to and fro upon the balcony. Suddenly the din of voices was hushed, those that were walking stood still, as if spell-bound—a few seconds of the most perfect silence followed—then two or three chords of a harp, lightly but tastefully struck—and then flowed forth a burst of melody so full, so rich, so swelling that it filled my heart with transport, and my eyes with tears. A silence of a moment followed, and then a thunder of applause flowed in on every side; and the words, “Divine La Mercia!” burst from every voice around.

I stood amazed and thunderstruck. The quick transition of my feelings had completely overpowered me, and I was only aroused by hearing a voice so near me as to startle me. It was the Count who spoke; he stood directly above me, leaning against a pillar of the portico, and supported upon his arm a lady, but from her position, I could not catch her features. From his soft, low, and earnest tone of voice it was plain the nature of his suit was one of heartfelt interest; while the few words she spoke in answer, from their soft tones and foreign accent, left me no doubt they came from La Mercia. I crept near the balcony, and, concealed behind the balustrades, waited anxiously to catch a glance at her as she passed. The light fell strongly from an open window upon this part of the terrace; and I could perceive, as she came forward, that, disengaging herself from the Count's arm, she assumed a more gay and lively manner. She was now within a few feet of where I stood eagerly waiting for the moment she would turn to enter the saloon. She curtsied deeply to some persons in the crowd; and ere I could recover from the effect of the graceful and beautiful attitude she assumed, she turned. Merciful Heaven! could it be true? I almost screamed aloud, and, but for the hold I took of the balcony, should have fallen. The picture was La Mercia: the same calm brow, the same melting look, the beautiful outline of neck and throat, and, above all, that lovely contour of head, to see which once was never to forget. She was gone! the guests disappeared one by one from the terrace, the saloon became again crowded, and the windows were closed against the now chilling night air; and yet so suddenly all seemed to happen, I could scarcely believe but that still lovely voice and beautiful form were before me; and I could not help thinking, as I left the spot, that to an excited brain and fevered imagination the likeness of the picture to La Mercia must have been owing, as with slow steps I retraced my way homeward.

The next morning early I left Dreden for the Augustine monastery at Tetchen, and ardently commenced the intended altar-piece; but, fearing lest the likeness to La Mercia might have been real, I did not copy from the painting as I

had resolved. For three months I labored unceasingly, and whether from the perfect occupation of my time, or that the peaceful and tranquil life of the holy men with whom I lived had its influence, I know not, but my mind once more regained its calmness and serenity, and I felt almost happy again.

In this frame of mind I was, when, one morning, one of the fathers, entering my apartment, informed me that my old friend and patron, Count Lowenstein, was about to be married. I started, and hurriedly asked to whom, while the deep blush which suffused my cheek told too plainly the interest I took in the answer.

“I knew not,” said the monk; “but report speaks of her as eminently beautiful.”

“Would you recognize the name if you heard it?” I asked.

“I have heard it but once, but think I might remember it again,” said he.

“Then it is La Mercia,” I replied.

“The same—La Mercia was the name; and they say a more splendid wedding Dreden has never witnessed than this will be.”

I cannot explain why, but never did I feel, at any period of my life, so completely overcome as when I listened to this report. Never before had I confessed to myself how I had felt towards La Mercia, nor even now could I tell: it was not love; I had never seen her but for a few brief seconds, and yet in my heart she lived, the guiding-star of all my thoughts and aspirations; and though my most sanguine dreams never anticipated my calling her mine, yet I could not bear the thought that she was to belong to another. I resolved at once to set out for Dreden, and, if possible, see her once before the wedding would take place. I thought it would be a balm to my feelings should I look upon her, before she was lost to me forever, and I longed ardently to trace, with what calmness I was able, how far the likeness with the picture was real or imaginary. With these intentions I left the monastery that evening, and returned to Dreden.

When I reached home I learned that the Count had been married, and found upon my table a most pressing invitation from him to his *soirée* at the villa that evening. At first I resolved not to accept it. The full measure of my loneliness had never so pressed on me before; for although, in reality, La Mercia was not, nor could ever have been, aught to me, yet I felt as if my fate and happiness were by some inexplicable ties, wound up with hers; and now that tie was to be broken. I had begun to believe that the extraordinary impression she had made upon my mind had entirely suggested the resemblance with the picture, which some chance trait of likeness might have contributed to, and I longed ardently to see her;—but then, to see her the bride of

another! These conflicting thoughts agitated me during the entire day, and I knew not what to decide on.

When evening came I embarked upon the Elbe, and, after a half-hour's rowing, reached the villa of the Count. With difficulty I made my way through the dense mass that filled the ante-chamber, and at length reached one of the reception-rooms, scarcely less crowded. Standing in mute admiration of the beautiful figure of *Psyche*, which seemed fresh from the chisel of Canova, I was roused by a voice addressing me, while at the same moment my shoulder was gently tapped. I turned—it was the Count himself.

"Ah, Monsieur le Baron," said he, "where have you buried yourself and all your agreeability these ages past? But come, I shall not tax your invention for excuses and apologies; follow me—the Countess has heard me frequently speak of you, and longs to make your acquaintance. This way—after me as well as you can." With great difficulty we got through the crowd, and arrived at a curtain of white cloth, fringed at the bottom with deep and massive silver lace; this he drew gently aside, and we entered the boudoir. Upon a small ottoman, over which was thrown a rich Persian shawl, sat the Countess.

"Isadora," said the Count, as he approached, "Isadora, '*cariissima mia*,' this is my friend, Carl Stelling."

She lifted her head from the picture she was showing to a lady beside her, as her eye beamed fully upon me and her lips parted to address me, I fell fainting to the ground.

"It is!—it is!" I muttered, as the last ray of consciousness was leaving my whirling brain. When I recovered, the Count was standing over me, bathing my temples. I looked wildly around. I saw we were still in the boudoir, although all but one or two had departed; and from the window, now opened, there came a cool refreshing breeze. I looked anxiously around for the Countess: she stood at a table, her cheek deadly pale, and I thought her appearance evinced great agitation. I heard her, in a low whisper, ask—"What can this mean?"

I immediately recovered myself sufficiently to say, that, overcome by the heat of the saloon, in my then weak state, that I felt completely overpowered. But I saw my explanation seemed incomplete, and that some words must have fallen from me which I did not remember.

The Count, at the same instant, putting his lips to my ear, said—

"Carl, this must be explained at another and more fitting moment."

This increased my agitation, for I now perceived that my merely being taken suddenly ill could never have given rise to such a feeling as all around seemed to labor under. Before, then,

I could at all determine how to act, the Countess approached me, and, in her softest, kindest manner, asked if I were better.

In a moment all my agitation was forgotten; and, indeed, every one of the party seemed to participate, as if by magic, in the balmy influence her few words shed around. With a wonderful tact she alluded at once to such subjects that compelled me, as an artist, to speak, and speak warmly; and, seemingly, catching the enthusiasm from me that she herself had created, she spoke of Venice—its thousand recollections—its treasures of art—its rich historical associations—its ancient glory; and then, taking up her guitar, played with such tenderness and feeling one of the well-known gondolier *cassonette*, as made the very tears stand in my eyes.

The victory was complete: I forgot the past—I knew no longer where I was. A bright Elysium of bliss had opened before me; and even now, after years of such misery as few have known, I could say that one hour of such intoxicating happiness would be, almost, cheaply bought by even such affliction.

I started from my trance of pleasure on observing that the guests were taking leave. I at once arose, and, as she extended her hand to me, I felt the blood rush to my face and forehead. I barely dared to touch it with my lips, and retired. I hurried from the villa, and, springing into my boat, was soon landed at the bridge of Dresden.

From that time my visits to the villa were frequent; seldom a week elapsed without my receiving one or two invitations from the Count; and, at last, to such an extent did my intimacy proceed, and so superior in attraction was the society there, that for it I deserted all other, and only felt happy when with my kind patrons. One evening when dressing for the Count's villa, I received a *billet* , written in pencil and evidently in haste; it came from himself, and informed me that the Countess, who had that morning made a short excursion upon the river, had returned home so ill that the entertainment was deferred. I was, however, requested to call the following morning, to take some sketches of Pirna from the villa, which I had long since promised to make for them. So completely had I withdrawn myself from all other society during my great intimacy with Count Lowenstein, that I now felt the *billet* I received left me unable to say where or how I should pass my evening.

In this uncertainty I wandered forth, and without thinking whither my steps led me, it was only on hearing the boatman ask if I were ready, that I perceived I had strolled to the steps beside the bridge, where I usually took my departure for the villa. Lost in reverie and led captive by habit, I had walked to this spot un-

consciously to myself. I was about to dismiss the boatmen for the night, when a whim seized me to drop on board and visit those small and wooded islands that lie about a league up the river. It was a calm and beautiful night; and in the wild and untrodden solitude of these romantic islands I remained till near midnight.

As we passed the grounds of the Count, I ordered the boatmen to land me at a spot remote from the house, whence I could proceed on foot, wishing to make some inquiry for the Countess before I returned home. They accordingly put me on shore at a small flight of steps which descended to the water's edge, from a terraced path that ran a considerable distance through the park, and was concealed in its entire length by tall hedges of beech, completely overgrown with flowering creeping shrubs, and so impenetrable, that, even in noon-day, it was impossible for those without, to see persons walking within, while the closely-shaven sod effectually prevented footsteps being heard. The moon was up, and nearly at the full, and all beneath me in the richly ornamented flower-garden was bathed in a sea of mellow light. The marble statues that adorn the walks threw their lengthened shadows at their bases, while their own whiteness seemed purer and fairer than ever. I stood lost in the enjoyment of the delicious repose of the whole scene, when a slight noise upon the gravel walk attracted my attention; I listened, and now distinctly heard footsteps approaching, and also the voice of persons whispering in a low and much suppressed tone. They came nearer, and were now only concealed from my view by the tall hedge, beneath which they walked; and soon the shadow of two figures were cast along the broad walk in the bright moonlight. For a moment they stopped speaking, and then I heard a laugh, in a low and undertone—but such a laugh! My very blood ran chilled back upon my heart as I heard it. Oh, if the fiend himself had given that dreadful and heart-appalling laugh, it could not be more awful! It scarcely died away in the faint echo, ere I heard the sobs, deep and low, of another and far different voice. At this instant the figures emerged from the darkness and stood in the bright moonlight. They stood beside an old and broken pillar, which had once supported a sun-dial, and around whose shaft the clustering ivy had wound itself. They were entirely concealed by large cloaks which enveloped their entire figures, but still I could perceive that one was much larger and more robust than the other. This latter, taking a small lamp, which was concealed beneath the folds of his cloak, placed it upon the pillar, while at the same instant the other figure, throwing off the cloak, knelt at his feet. Oh, that reason had left me, or that life itself had parted from

me, ere I should look upon that scene! She—she who knelt and held her suppliant hands was La Mercia; and he who, now divested of his mantle, stood over her, was the dark and awful-looking man of the picture! There they stood. The dresses of both were copied to the life; their looks—oh, Heaven! their very looks were pictured as they stood. She spoke: and as she did so, her arms fell powerless before her; he scowled the same horrid scowl of hate and scorn. My brain was turning: I tried to scream out, my voice failed me—I was mute and powerless; my knees rocked and smote each other; convulsive tremor shook me to the centre, and with a groan of agony I sank fainting to the earth.

The day was breaking ere I came to myself; I arose, all was quiet around me. I walked to the boat—the boatmen were sleeping; I awoke them, and we returned to Dresden. I threw myself upon my bed—my brain seemed stupified and exhausted—I fell into a profound sleep, and awoke not till late the following evening. A messenger had brought a note from the Count—“The Countess is worse.” The note detailed briefly that she had passed a feverish and disturbed night, and that the medical attendants had never left the villa. Was it then but a dream, my dreadful vision of the past night? and had my mind, sorrowing for the affliction of my best friend, conjured up the awful scenes I believed to have witnessed! How could it be otherwise? The *billet* I received told most distinctly that she was confined to her bed, severely, dangerously ill; and of course watched with all the care and attention the most sedulous anxiety could confer. I opened the picture, and then conviction flashed with lightning's rapidity upon me, that it was no delusion—that no dream had brought these images before my mind. “Ah,” I cried, “my friend, my patron, how have I betrayed thee? Why did I not earlier communicate the dreadful story of the picture, and thus guard you against the machinations by which the fiend himself has surrounded you? But, then, what had I to tell? how embody the vague and shadowy doubts that took, even in my own mind, no palpable shape or form?”

That entire day was passed in alternate resolution and abandonment; now, determined to hasten to the villa, and disclose to the Count every circumstance I had seen, and then thinking how little such mere suspicion would gain credence, and how unfit the present moment to obtrude upon his breaking and distracted heart the horrid dread that haunted mine. Towards evening a messenger arrived breathless with haste. He brought no note, but merely bade me hasten to the villa, as the Count wished to see me with all possible dispatch. I mounted the servant's horse, and in a few minutes reached the place.

Servants were running hither and thither distractedly. I asked, eagerly, how was the Countess? No one could tell, but all seemed to imply that there was no hope of her recovery. I entered the large and spacious hall, and as I looked around upon the splendid hangings, the gilded cornices, and marbled pillars, and thought upon that sorrow such splendor surrounded my heart sickened. A shadow fell upon the brightly polished floor. I looked up—a figure stood at the window of the hall, and stared me steadily in the face. The eyes glared wildly, and the dark, malignant features were lit up with a scornful scowl of more than human hate and triumph. It was the incarnation of the Evil One exulting over a fallen and lost spirit. A loud shriek rent the air behind me. I dared not turn my eyes from the horrid sight before me. "Oh, heavens! it is true!—he is, he is the Tutor!" I cried, as the features, convulsed for an instant with fiendish triumph, resumed their cold and even more appalling aspect. A threatening gesture from his hand arrested me, as I was about to call aloud. My voice came not, though my lips moved. I could not rise from the seat—a dreadful scream rang through the building—another and another followed—the figure was gone. At the same moment the Count rushed forward—his dress disordered, his hair falling loosely upon his shoulders—madness, wild insanity, in his look. He turned and saw me; and bursting into a torrent of hysterical laughter, cried out—

"Ha, ha, Carl!—welcome to our abode of pleasure; here, all is gaiety and happiness. What sorrow ever crosses this threshold?" and then, with a sudden revulsion, he stared at me fixedly, and said in a low sepulchral voice, "She is dead—dead! But the time is passing—a few minutes more, and 'twill be too late. This, Carl, will explain all. Take this, and this—these papers must be your care—promise me to observe them to the letter; they were her—her last wishes, and you knew her. Oh, is this a dream? it is too, too horrible to be real. Ah!" said he, after a moment's pause, "I am ready!" and springing from me wildly, rushed through the door, towards the inner apartments.

I started up and followed him—I knew not which way he took in the corridor; and as I stood uncertain, a loud report of fire-arms crashed on my ear. I flew to the sick chamber—servants stood gasping and trembling without. I tore open the door; there lay the Count upon the floor, his head rent asunder by the bullets from the pistol his hand still grasped. He had endeavored to reach the bed, and fell half upon a chair. In the bed lay the still warm corpse of the Countess, beautiful as in life. I looked from one to the other; my seared and stony heart turned to apathy by the horrors I had witnessed, gave no re-

lief to its feeling in tears, and I spoke not as I slowly left the room.

For two days I spoke not to any one. A dreamy unconsciousness seemed to wrap my faculties, and I felt not the time passing. On the third day I rallied sufficiently to open the papers the Count had entrusted to me. One contained an affectionate farewell to myself, from the Count, with a dying bequest: the other was in a lady's hand—it bore the Countess's signature; and here I discovered with surprise and horror, that to the performance of the rash act, by which the Count had terminated his existence, he was bound by a solemn oath. I read and re-read to assure me of the fact. It was true! Such was the terrible promise she extorted from the wretched lover under the delusive hope of their meeting in another and happier life. Then followed the directions for the funeral, which were minute to a degree. The bodies of both, when coffined, were to be placed in a small temple in the garden, near the river; the key of which was to be sent to a Dominican monk, who lived in an obscure part of the city. By him were the coffins to be closed, which it was strictly enjoined should be done by him, alone and unaccompanied, the night before the burial. All was done as the wish of the deceased enjoined, and the key despatched by a trusty servant of my own to the friar, who appeared to be in expectation of it, and knew its import.

I sat in the lonely and desolate room, which had formerly been mine, in the villa of the Count—that long and dreary night the wind poured its mournful wailing through the pine-trees in dirgeful memory of him who was no more. From the window of the temple a bright light gleamed till near morning, when it gradually faded away. Thither I repaired at daybreak, with the household. All was still—the door lay open—the coffins were closed and screwed down. The friar was gone; we afterwards found that he had not returned to his lodgings in the city, nor was he ever after seen in Dresden. The bodies were committed to the earth, and I returned to my home alone in the world.

It was several years after this—the awful death of my earliest, best friend—that I arrived in Paris to exhibit, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, an historical picture, upon which I had labored for years. I must be brief—my picture was exhibited, and my most sanguine expectations surpassed by its success; and in a few short days the whole scene of my early triumph was re-enacted. Praise and flattery poured in upon me; and as in Dresden before, so now in Paris, I became the fashion and the rage. But how changed was I! No longer exulting in my success, and buoyant with hopes, I received all the adulation I met with, with cold indifference and apathy.

Among the many attentions which my popularity had conferred upon me, was an invitation to the *Hôtel de Rohan*. The Duke, a most distinguished connoisseur in painting, having seen and applauded my picture, waited on me. Thus bound in duty, I went; and fatigued by the round of soulless gaiety, in what I could no longer feel happy, or even forgetful, I was retiring early, when the Duke met me and said, "Ah, Monsieur, I have been looking for you. The Countess de Julliard has desired me to present you to her; and when I tell you that she is the most beautiful woman in Paris, I need not say how much you must prize the honor among all the distinctions your talents have earned. Come this way."

I followed mechanically—my heart took no interest in the scene—and I only longed to be once more alone and unobserved. As I walked after the Duke, he gave me a short account of the beautiful Countess, whom he mentioned as the last descendant of an old and honored family, supposed to have been long extinct, when she, a few months before, appeared in Paris, and laid claim to the title. As she possessed unbounded wealth, and had no great favors to ask anywhere,

the Court were charmed with her beauty, and readily admitted her claims, which some were ill-natured enough to say were, perhaps, merely assumed without foundation.

I took little interest in the story. My thoughts were far away, as they ever were for many years, from everything of the present; and 'twas only as I heard the Duke announce my name, among a group who stood near a sofa, that I remembered why I was there.

The Countess sat with her back to us, but rose immediately on hearing my name. I bowed deeply as she stood up; and recovering myself from my obeisance, looked up. Oh, merciful Heaven, with what horror I looked! It was no other than La Mercia! With one loud cry of "'Tis she! 'tis she!" I fell fainting to the floor.

Weeks of wild raving and delirium followed. I left Paris—I returned to Dresden. There, all reminded me of the past. I fled from my home; and now, after years of wandering in solitary and distant lands, I feel deep in my heart the heavy curse that has followed upon my broken oath, and which has made me an outcast and a broken-hearted wanderer in the world forever

TO A DYING SISTER.

BY INVISIA.

SWEET SISTER, on my stricken breast
I wish thy beauteous head to lie;
Oh, tell me, sister, tell me now,
Dear sister, must thou die?

I long have watched thy paling cheek,
With many a tear and sigh;
And oft in solitude have wept,
To think that thou must die.

How shall I miss thy loving smile,
The mild look of thine eye?
Then all will be so lone and drear,
Oh! sister! do not die!

We'll roam again the pleasant vales,
And bless the bright blue sky;

Ah, no! this will not, cannot be—
For they tell me thou must die!

Oh, who shall check my wayward heart,
And lead my thoughts on high,
And lift a voice for me in prayer?
For thou, alas! must die!

But while I tread life's path alone,
I'll think thy spirit nigh;
And strive to reach thy home of bliss—
For I must also die!

And if I reach that happy land—
Where saints with angels vie,
In songs of praise we'll bless the God,
Who formed us both to die.

STILL I MUST HOPE.

BY EMMA.

Oh, once again to feel his long, long look of love,
And hear those whisperings, sweetly low, confirming
All my fond heart would still believe is true,
How would such words refresh this troubled soul,
Removing all the sad, sad doubts of years?
For, oh! 'tis bitterness to find the loved one false!
What joy has life when we have ceased to trust
Those whom we long have deemed all love and
truth?

Vain, vain are all our efforts to forget,
Though well we know 'tis weakness to remember;
But, oh! a look alone will banish firm resolves,
Will bring the past before us fresh as ever.
And once again in memory's sweet dream we live,
Knowing, alas! too well, the lost one's dearer still
Than all the world beside; and though all else may
change,
That heart can never, which once has fondly loved.



LOUIS DINSMORE'S FIRST MEETING WITH CECELE VANNIER.

CECELE VANNIER.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY MRS. HELEN MARIA ARION.

It is said that the active pursuits of men would change the entire nature of a woman, and rob her of her loveliest attributes, and that the most beautiful qualities of her mind are formed in the quiet seclusion of domestic life. This ordinarily is so. But it will not afford a sufficient development for all female minds. For there are women, whose intellects, pent up in the narrow circle of domestic life, grow restless and unhappy

and sometimes even serious. It is not the gliding, noisy stream, which leaps over rocks, and dashes through all barriers, that becomes impure, and deadly in its character, but the pent-up pool, which stagnates for an outlet, and finding none, struggles, and sends forth as its revenge, the blighting, deadly malaria. So it has often been with the most gifted of the female sex. Those fitted not only to adorn and beautify life,

but to assist in its higher, nobler purposes. Such have found themselves confined to the narrow boundary of a woman's sphere, without the power to overleap the huge barriers of public opinion, barriers which even the stern philosopher cannot scorn. She struggles awhile, perhaps, with violence, but the world's dread laugh is too much for her nature, however strong to endure, and she settles into that seemingly calm pool, but the waters of her spirit are bitter, and her influence blighting. But I am digressing. I have seated myself to write a few of the incidents of my life.

I was born in the southern part of Alabama, near the city of Mobile. My father was of French abstraction, my mother English. I feel myself a mixture of the two nations. Possessing some of the prominent characteristics of both, I had the vivacity of the former, and a small stock of the hard sense of the latter, with a touch of Yankee enterprise. These traits combined in a man, would lead undoubtedly to success in business, if properly cultivated.

My parents died when I was an infant, leaving me to the care of a maiden aunt. My father being unfortunate a short time previous to his death, left me without means. My aunt had an income, regularly received from England, which, though small, secured comfort to herself and me. This aunt was an English gentlewoman, who took great pains with my education, and gave me many elegant accomplishments, which fitted me for the elevated society we moved in. But I will not weary you with petty details. The first event, of any importance, was my marriage with Louis Dinsmore. He lived at the north, but usually came south to spend his winters. I was only fifteen when I first met him. Our meeting was a singular one. I had gone into the house of a familiar friend, and finding no one in the parlor, began playing on the piano, as I often did, to announce my arrival, when, becoming interested in a new piece of music, I was so absorbed in its execution, that I forgot everything else. A breath upon my cheek caused me to turn suddenly, when not our eyes, but our cheeks met. I started alarmed, and was leaving the room, when my friend came in, and introduced us. He apologized, by telling me, that like myself, he had ventured in unannounced, and my music had so infatuated him, that he had taken the liberty of staying where he could enjoy it, unobserved, not knowing the last piece, he had come noiselessly behind me to discover its name. This was said in such a deferential manner, and the transgressor was so handsome, I unhesitatingly forgave the injury; indeed, I felt an interest awakened in my girlish heart immediately. I had not made my *debut* in society as a young lady, but was, as Southern girls usually are at that age, mature. We often met after this time, until

this interest ripened into a real and devoted attachment, which, ere the winter had passed, became to my young and enthusiastic heart, a perfect infatuation. No idol in the heathen climes was ever more devoutly worshipped. Louis Dinsmore was my rising and sitting thought, and the noonday of my existence. I often retired to my couch to think, undisturbed of him, and to recall his every word and look. My aunt was distressed at this growing partiality, which I could not conceal. I had always been obedient and passive to her will, but in this affair I showed a defiance which surprised and offended her.

Oh, woman! how strong and deep runs the current of thy young affections! and how often, in their uncontrollable force, do they lead thee to ruin! Often, too often, are their fullest, richest streams called forth by the heartless profligate, but to be sent back with all their weight upon the heart, crushing it irrecoverably. With man, love is a flower, which he steps aside from his pathway to gather. After exhaling its fragrance he often casts it aside, crushed and withered. Not so with woman—it is a necessity of her nature to love. It constitutes the vitality of her being—without it she is as a sapless tree, rattling her dry leaves in the wind, without bud or blossom. I am again digressing.

Louis Dinsmore returned in the spring to New York, his native city, but not until we had exchanged vows of eternal constancy and affection.

My aunt disapproved of this engagement, but I obstinately refused to listen to advice, or expostulation on the subject, I often shunned her society, because I would not hear him spoken of unkindly, and spent my time in writing and receiving letters.

The winter of his return came at last. It had been to me almost a lifetime. Louis Dinsmore was again by my side, and I was happy in the intoxication of his society. Joy would have been complete had it not been for the failing health of my aunt. With this event, all my tenderness returned, and Louis, who knowing her dislike, had hitherto avoided her now united with me in the most devoted attentions. This won her consent to our union, before she died, and consoled me for the loss when death intervened. Indeed I was so absorbed by my love at the time of the sad event, that nothing could afflict me, but a separation from its object.

By this death I was deprived of a support—my aunt's life annuity ceased. But I felt not the deprivation, for my lover's arm was stretched forth to save me from all adversity. What misfortune could befall me, whilst his love and society were spared to me? The day after my aunt's burial, Louis received a summons from home, urging his immediate return on important business. Go he must, but not without me. To

leave me in my unprotected state, was not to be thought of; accordingly, I began preparations to leave the home of my childhood with him. At any other time this would have almost broken my heart—for I dearly loved the old spot—and every leaf and flower about the premises wore a charm for me. They had been the companions and delight of my young life. Amid their fragrance and the music of their rustling leaves, combined with their beauteous forms and colors, had my spirit imbibed much of its love of the beautiful in nature. Even now, as I write, does the voice of the old pine, which stood erect before the door, send upon my ear its monotonous music, as the breeze played through its stiff foliage, contrasting, as I thought, with other and lighter sounds. I loved it then, and still dwell upon its remembrance with delight.

At ten o'clock at night our marriage was solemnized, and we started immediately for New York. Every thing was hurried, and dispatched in the quickest manner. The room where the ceremony was performed was almost dark, and, in despite of my heroism, threw its shades into my soul. Could it be the shadowing of my future life. Not a friend attended us, save my old nurse—nor did I say farewell to any one, but stole off, as though we were fugitives from justice. It was Louis's wish that it should be so. Any other course might detain him, and be a serious injury to him. I submitted, for it was no trial to make sacrifices to his wishes; indeed I rather gloried in them, as they gave me an opportunity of showing my willing devotion. A minister, whom I never saw before, married us—not the good old man of God who had baptized me, and watched over my spiritual welfare until now. This displeased me more than all the rest—but the infatuation of a first love was upon me, and, as I said before, I thought nor cared for any thing, but to accommodate myself to the beloved object.

Time was not allowed me to shed one tear over the graves of my friends—not even the one so recently hallowed by the remains of my beloved aunt. She who had been father, mother, and protector, were all left without this becoming attention. When upon the boat, and under headway, these petty annoyances all disappeared. Louis was so kind, and so loving, that I gave myself up to an ecstacy of joy and happiness. He was mine forever. Even death, I felt, could not separate us—for had he been taken from me by the grim monster, he would have carried with him to that upper world all my best affections. My idolatry was fearful, and why He permitted it, who so abhors any worship but of Himself, was a mercy for which I cannot account. I had often anticipated the love I should feel for my husband's relatives. How sweet were

the sounds of father and mother to one who had never known such relationship. I secretly wondered that since our marriage Louis had seldom mentioned them; he is so absorbed by his love for me that he forgets them, was my excuse, and the selfish thought pleased me.

One evening, before our landing, as we sat watching the distant coast—the balmy air of spring wafting the white sail above our heads—the sun tinging the fleecy clouds with a golden hue, which was reflected magnificently upon the ocean, making the scene one of splendor, which operated upon my excited feelings until I burst into tears. "Louis," said I, "can this indeed be the deformed, sorrowful world we so often hear mourned over. 'Tis surely the place, or else it has gone back to its primeval state, and now wears the beauty which it did when the first married pair sung, and talked of love in Eden's bowers."

Louis put his arms around me affectionately. "Cecele, you have a beautiful spirit, and I almost feel unworthy the love you lavish upon me—a love which clothes every object with its own beauty. But," said he, thoughtfully and hesitatingly, "I have made sacrifices of which I have not yet told you, for the sake of this love. You will forgive the concealment, when I tell you it was the fear of giving pain which induced it. I could not cast a cloud upon a sky as clear and bright as yours."

"What is it?" said I, looking into his face, that wore an expression which, for the moment, startled me, "My friends do not approve our marriage, and their opposition is so great that I have not yet told them of its accomplishment. It is my wish to keep the fact from them until I can reconcile them to it. Should I tell them without some previous preparation, it might be disastrous to me in my business." Involuntarily my eyes sought for these beautiful heavens for a relief from the undefined feeling that oppressed me, but the sun had gone down, and there remained nothing but masses of dark gray clouds.

"Louis, this does indeed change the aspect of my life, almost as suddenly as those clouds which lately looked so glorious," said I, pointing to the heavens. "It is for you, not myself, that I dread this condition. How will you maintain, before those you love, such a deception, without wearing off the ingeniousness of your character? To live daily a falsehood is terrible, and I regret that I have exposed you to its demoralizing influence."

"Cecele," said he, mournfully, "you cannot regret it more than I do. But could I leave you in your unprotected state and be happy? and no other alternative was left me."

"Say no more," said I, throwing my arms around his neck; "I am yours to endure and suffer anything for your happiness. Forgive me.

I will go into any place, however private, and be happy, whilst I have you as my companion. When your friends know me, they will love me, that is, if like my husband, they can appreciate my devotion. Now I intend to show them that a wife can bring a richer dowry than gold or silver, by a life devoted to your interest and happiness."

My old nurse, whom I brought with me, felt slighted at my inattention to her during our voyage. Aunt Winna, as I called her, belonged to me, and was all the property I possessed. I loved her as a relative, and would as soon have sold one as her. She was a dark mulatto, with the genteel air of a French woman. I have seldom met a woman of clearer perceptions of right, and of stronger, firmer principles, and her prejudices were of the same character as the latter, and I thought, governed the former. She never liked my husband—I supposed she had imbibed my aunt's prejudices, and that in her they were rooted and grounded too deep to be easily irradiated. Respect for me restrained much outward demonstration, but often, in murmurs, I was made to fully understand her feelings.

"Miss Celee," she said, the day we were married, "what all this hurry for—can't see nobody, nor can't say good-bye even. Maybe, old Winna all wrong—but sure no good can come of such doings."

When we arrived in New York, and she found we were not going to my husband's relatives, I shall never forget the look she gave me, as she exclaimed, in an under tone, "God help Miss Celee." My husband disliked and always talked of her as an incumbrance, but could not refuse my request to have her with us. She always treated him with an outward show of respect; yet I have seen her sit, with her dark eyes fastened upon him, as though she was reading his very soul. I have seen his eye quail under this scrutinizing glance, and he often commanded her to leave the room. Would to God, my old friend, I could have seen with your undimmed vision, and comprehended with your clear judgment. But what young girl of sixteen ever does; blinded, too, by the infatuation of first love?

We arrived in New York, and took lodgings in an obscure part of the city, but they were comfortable, and when we had them fitted up had quite an air of elegance. My first serious trial since my marriage, occurred a few days after we were settled in these lodgings. My husband left me two days, without returning, or having given me the least notice of his design to absent himself. I slept none during this time, but walked the floor, with an anguish of spirit that I cannot describe. I imagined ten thousand evils that might have befallen him. I thought he had been murdered, or that his parents having heard of

our marriage, had forcibly prevented his return. I knew not what to do. I was a young, inexperienced girl—almost without friends or home—in the wide world, in a strange city—neither known by or knowing any one, save my old nurse. I was afraid to go after Louis, for fear I should get lost—and then, he might come in my absence. I was wrought up almost to a state of distraction, when the door opened and he stood before me. Overcome with emotion, I fell from my chair. "Louis! my husband! is it indeed you?" were the words I uttered, when consciousness returned. "Why, my darling girl," said he, you must not let trifles trouble you. I went home, and they were so glad to see me, that I could not get away." I answered nothing to this, but wept until every sob seemed to break my heart. "Was it a trifle, thought I, 'to leave me in this terrible suspense, whilst he had been clasped to kind hearts, that loved him? Was it a trifle, to know that he could leave me lonely and anxious, or, that he could, under such circumstances, ever enjoy the society of his friends?" Louis soothed me by many apologies, and promises that it should not occur again. I, of course, forgave him, and was once more all smiling and happy—although the sun of my life had now a dark spot upon it, which I could not erase, that spot was the feeling that my husband, he whom I had forsaken all for, had other ties and enjoyments, of which I was not to partake, but I concealed it from him. Wo to the wife, who has any thing to be secreted from her husband. I was even gayer than before, for fear he might think I had not forgiven him. True, when he was away from me, which was all day—for he only breakfasted and supped with me—I was sad, and sometimes, and I blush to own it, even petulant, with my nurse—for she seemed to read my thoughts, and often criticised, or rather in her manner of criticism, wondered at what occurred. This irritated me. I felt she was ready and willing to confirm any evil opinion that might take possession of my mind, and I wanted her to palliate and excuse that which I feared was not altogether right. The change, too, in my life was very great. I had been used to mingle with familiar friends and schoolmates every evening, in either the gay dance or some light amusement, from my very babyhood, and to run amid the beautiful pine forests around Mobile—reveling, and caroling as gay and lightsome as a bird. Hours and hours would I stand or play along the beautiful bay, which stretches itself out before the city. This pent-up city was—oh, how tiresome—to such a spirit! Those dense monotonous masses of brick and mortar, how wearying to an eye that had been used to look on such beautiful skies, and such rare beauties as everywhere meets it in southern Alabama and Florida.

Here was no flowers to avoid placing my feet upon—no magnolias rose up before me, with the breeze shaking its huge, white blossoms, until their perfume was shed far around. Here was no lay-tree, with its wax-like flowers, from whose branches hung the gay trumpet flower, or modest jasmine. Oh, no! I have traversed the long wide streets, for hours without one pleasurable emotion.

The love of the beautiful in nature is born with us all—but our admiration for a city has to be cultivated. It is rather with wonder and surprise, that we look upon the creations of man, not with that deep emotion of joy that we feel, when looking upon the works of a Creator.

My husband never accompanied me in my walks. This greatly offended Winna. "I wonder if he's ashamed to be seen with Miss Celee? If he is, better folks haven't been, is all I can say." Such reflections always offended me, and she knew it—but her heart seemed to get so full once in a while, that she would give it vent, even at the hazard of offending me. She felt his conduct a deep insult that I should resist, and as I would not, she longed to do it herself. If I chanced to meet Louis in these rambles, if he had company with him, he did not recognize me. This was humiliating to my feelings and after passing him I often dashed a tear from my eyes. I had lived thus nearly a year, without his mentioning the subject of a reconciliation with his family. I ventured to ask him the question. His face colored with deep passion.

"Cecele," said he, "have you become weary of my society. Have I ceased to be sufficient company for you, you seem so anxious to mingle with others, that you must be tired of me."

"No, Louis! but it is not pleasant to be an unacknowledged wife."

"Who does not recognise you as my wife, who knows you?" said he, with a harshness unusual with him.

"None," I replied, "for no one but Aunt Winna knows me."

"Ah!" said he, assuming a sorrowful expression, "I see you want other company beside your husband, and you shall have it."

"In vain, I protested this was not the case, but he affected not to believe me, and again left me in a state of mind bordering on distraction. I felt that I had driven my husband from me, and reproached myself with my unkindness. I did not see him again for nearly a week. When sitting one day in the deepest despondency, he came in, delighted I sprang towards him, but he repulsed me, saying:

"I have not forgotten our last conversation, and have merely called to know if you would not prefer going back to your friends."

"Gracious Heavens! what can you mean," I

exclaimed, terrified, until I could scarcely stand.

"I mean," said he, "that I am tired of being censured, and you seem to be tired of me, and I think we had better separate. I will furnish you the means to go back to Mobile, where you have many friends whose society you can enjoy."

"Louis," said I, "are you serious, or only jesting with me, it is cruel to do so now."

"I am not only in earnest, but determined, and I would like it settled without any scenes, as I am not fond of witnessing them, much less taking a part in them. So you will take it in consideration, and I will call for your decision."

"He turned to leave. I sprang towards the door to prevent him, for I was too much overpowered to speak, but ere I reached it, he had gained the street, and jumping in an omnibus was gone in an instant. I gave a scream and fell fainting on the floor. When I recovered, I was alone, save my faithful Winna, who stood weeping over me."

"Oh, said she, when I opened my eyes, "thank the Lord you are not killed. I always know'd it would come to this."

"Hush, Aunt Winna, it is all my fault, Louis thinks I am tired of him."

"He tired of you, Miss Celee. I see, I know him. You must, my dear young missus, try to give him up."

"Do not talk so, I must not hear it of my husband. He was only vexed at me and will come again, I am sure." Winna laid me upon the bed, and I never rose from it again for six weeks. This was my little Anna's age, ere I left it. Ah, what an age of suffering and sorrow I had gone through, unattended by him, who had vowed to love, and cherish me through all events in life. He was not here to welcome into existence his child. What floods of tears I wept over it—indeed, we were both children, for I was not yet seventeen. My husband had not been near me, nor had I heard anything from him. Winna was my doctor, and nurse, and to her care am I indebted for the preservation of my life. She seemed compensated for all her trouble in the child, and would sit for hours and talk to it, and wondered why I did not feel pleased too, it was so pretty. I could only weep, that I had brought such a helpless being into an existence of so much sorrow, and suffering. God forgive me, but I murmured at times that he spared our lives. Why was it, thought I, that he took the happy who desired life, and spared such wretches as myself and child. My health was feeble, and my mind weak to almost childishness. "Deferred hope which maketh the heart sick," was drying up not only the fountains of happiness, but of health also. I still clung to the hope that my husband would return to me, and sent Winna every day to the post office to inquire for letters,

is the hope he might have left the city, and would write to me. I would not, send to his family to make inquiries, for if he came back he would be displeased at it. Thus was I afflicted, when one day the penny post brought me a letter directed to Miss Cecele Vannier. It was Louis's writing, I knew it at a glance, and the horrible thought flashed across me, that he had disowned me. It was some time ere my trembling hands could break the seal. There were the lines.

"Dear girl:—Enclosed you will find a check for \$500, this will take you back to your friends. I have ascertained that our marriage was not legal, and as you seem tired of me, I shall of course let things remain as they are. You need not seek me, I shall be on my way to Europe before this reaches you. L. D."

I crushed the letter and check in my hand, and springing from the bed, exclaimed, in all the frenzy of despair, "Winna, I am ruined! He is a villain!"

My brain reeled, and my poor old nurse caught me in her arms as I was falling; I raved in a wild delirium of anguish, such as I cannot even now bear to recall. My capabilities for enjoyment were large, and my susceptibilities to suffering even greater. I had been reared with exalted ideas of honor, and the disgrace which now rested upon me, overwhelmed me with shame.

Shades of my parents, where, oh! where, in the regions of space were you confined, when a villain was betraying your child. Winna held me in her arms, even as she would an infant. Her eyes were raised to Heaven in prayer, and such a prayer, I have heard many since, from the most eloquent divines, but never one which surpassed it in fervid eloquence. It seemed to cleave the very vaults of Heaven, and that it was answered, and at that moment, I have never had a doubt. It was a prayer for suffering humanity, and although "the cup might not pass from me," yet, from that hour, I was enabled to say, "Father, not my will but thine be done," and to drink it with resignation. I became calm enough to look back upon the infatuation which had hurried me on to ruin; I reproached myself, oh, how deeply, for my deafness to the advice of friends. True, my youth might plead an excuse in the minds of some, but not in mine, for that were the greater reason why I should have listened. I was disappointed in affection, and humbled in that from which a woman never recovers. For who would believe the deception that had been practiced upon me, in this land of strangers, and I had no witnesses anywhere. The idea of going back among my old friends, thus disgraced, was too horrible to be thought of.

I felt it a mercy to be away, for if they believed my innocence, their sympathy would destroy me. A proud spirit shuns sympathy where disgrace is attached to a misfortune. I think I hear you

ask how did I feel towards my destroyer? Did I not hate him? I thought at first I did, but I found I could not. Oh, no—call it woman's weakness if you will, but I still loved him, and mourned over his faults and crimes, just as a mother grieves, yet cannot hate their possessor. I often found myself laying his conduct upon the influence of friends. I did not know Louis's parents, although I had often passed the stately mansion where they resided.

As soon as I was able to sit up, I prepared to leave my present lodgings. I burned the check, and left all the furniture that had been given me, I scorned them, as they seemed the price of my honor. I had some means from the sale of my furniture in Mobile, unspent, and some jewels of value which had been heir-looms in my family. I parted with them, feeling that I, with my disgraced name, had no right to the representatives of an honorable family. Winna opposed my course, her worldly spirit would have kept every thing. She wondered how Miss Cecele expected to live. I replied I could work.

"Work," she indignantly exclaimed, "wonder what your poor hands can do?"

I persisted, and she reluctantly yielded.

"We took lodgings in a different part of the city, but more obscure. The woman of whom I rented was an industrious widow, who maintained herself by sewing. I took back my old name and called myself Mrs. Vannier. Winna determined I should not work, for she considered work the height of all degradation to her young mistress; indeed I was too feeble to attempt it for some time.

Winna took entire charge of us, she kept the purse and provided for all our wants. Every day she went out, and left me nearly all day; and I found by her tired looks she had been washing. Our funds were getting low, and I determined she should not wear herself out, whilst I was doing nothing. I therefore made arrangements with my landlady to get sewing for me. Never shall I forget the first piece I attempted. It was a vest, and I put several days work upon it, and when done, received the enormous sum of thirty cents for my labor. But I had not lost anything in the price, for it secured me plenty of work, besides giving me that confidence in my powers, which I so much needed, and which I regretted I had not learned sooner. When I placed the money in Winna's hand that I had earned, tears of indignation rolled down her cheeks, that her young mistress, of whose beauty and accomplishments she had always been so proud, should be, as she thought, thus degraded. I believe she would have spent her heart's blood rather than I should work. She often wept over my pricked fingers, and tied them up in salves, which only made them more

tender. Little Anna grew finely, and was the brightest laughing creature at six months, that the eye ever rested upon. The delight of Aunt Winna's life. How her face would gleam with joy as her little arms were stretched forth to her when she had been absent all day. She would snatch it to her arms and cover it with kisses, and then a long conversation was kept up, all the events of the day detailed to it, which it answered by laughing, and crowing with all its might.

"I wonder Miss Celee, you always look so sad when you see baby so happy. Tain't right, no how."

"Aunt Winna," I replied, "it is not because I do not love my child, but she has no legitimate father, and is therefore the child of disgrace, this is the reason why I cannot rejoice in her existence."

"Can't be so, Miss Celee. Didn't I see the minister who married you. It was Mr. N——. I know'd him well, dressed up as he was in that other gentleman's coat. I seed it well done, and talked to him afterwards. Write to him and ask him."

"Winna," said I, "your words remind me of some one putting a package in my hand which I laid in a corner of my trunk, and have entirely forgotten until now. I will look for it, strange that I should have forgotten it."

"No, 'tis not, for Miss Celee's head so turned upside down, that I wonder she didn't lose herself."

I went to my trunk, and among some letters and papers which had lain there undisturbed, I found the packet. I opened it, and found it was my marriage license, with a certificate of marriage, signed and witnessed. What did it mean? Had they suspected Louis's intentions at the time. Surely they did. Winna shouted for joy.

"Bless the good Lord for that. You not without father, little one," said she, "joyfully clasping the baby in her arms, who laughed in turn, without knowing why.

Need I say my heart rejoiced that I was a wife, although a forsaken one. A weight that had been bowing me and oppressing me to the earth, seemed suddenly to have been lifted off. My child too, was now relieved from the stigma of illegitimacy. A stigma which I looked upon with the greatest abhorrence. Oh, how merciful that my Heavenly Father did not entirely forsake me in that hour of thoughtless rebellion to Him, to friends, and all that should have claimed my respect.

I read over and over again my marriage certificate, to convince myself of its reality. From this time I pursued my work with greater alacrity, and although poor, we were comfortable, and Winna and the baby seemed almost happy.

Time too, was softening the asperity of my own grief. Such was our condition when Winna was taken ill with rheumatism. Nursing her and the baby gave me little time to sew, except at night, when I sometimes scarcely allowed myself time to rest. Our means were nearly exhausted, and by my needle I could not keep even with our little expenses. I toiled all the time, and lived in a state of denial of every thing except the bare necessities of life. This seemed hard enough, to one unaccustomed as I was, to such deprivations. Endurance was a lesson I was learning fast, and I would not complain. Aunt Winna's sufferings were terrible, for it was impossible to conceal from her our circumstances. I have no doubt her mental agonies were greater than her physical. My child, in the midst of this difficulty, was taken ill. Then, of course, our resources were stopped. My God, thought I, what will become of us? Outward wants had not hitherto been among my trials, consequently I was unprepared for this new affliction. My landlady was too poor to assist me. I sat for several days, with my child entirely unconscious from fever, upon my lap. Ah, how little I knew until now, the deep absorbing love which had been drawn forth by this little one. Even amid all my poverty I clung to it with a selfish love, which could not brook the thought of yielding it up. My poor old nurse, her brave heart never quailed until now. "God be merciful, Miss Celee," she would say in almost a groan.

I groaned too in spirit incessantly, but they were unuttered on account of my poor nurse. Gracious heavens, how much we can suffer and live. Two days passed without my tasting food. Anna still grew worse. I had no fire and no light. How could I spend the night in darkness with the angel of death hovering round me? How could I even wet the parched lips of my child in that dark chamber? Great God, what was I to do? The shades of night were fast approaching. Oh! how their shadows fell upon my soul, making it a night of dark, deep despair. My landlady was not at home to render me any assistance. I was in an agony of thought what to do, when my child fell into strong convulsions. "Take her, Winna," said I, "take her, she is dying, and I have sat and looked at her without an effort to save her." I laid her on the bed beside my nurse, and seizing my bonnet, ran from the house, scarcely conscious of what I was doing or whither I was going. Many a gay party turned their heads to look after me, a thing unusual in New York, as I ran or rather flew. In my distraction I had forgotten where to go, and must have ran miles ere I found the stately mansion of my father-in-law. Despair gave me energy. I was upon the steps and rang the bell with a nervous haste. A servant promptly

opened the door and ushered me into a large wide hall, brilliantly lighted. Magnificent rooms were thrown open along the side filled with gay company, who seemed to float around in a bright envelope of satin and illusion. Sparkling jewels gleamed in every direction, like stars peeping through soft downy clouds. The air was redolent of the sweet perfume of the most delicate flowers. I stood gazing with a bewildered air for one moment, upon a scene which contrasted so strangely with the one I had just left.

"Who do you wish to see?" asked the servant. "Is it the housekeeper?"

My lips trembled with emotion. "I want to see the elder Mr. Dinsmore," I stammered out.

"He is engaged with company, Miss; can't you call some other time?"

"Oh, no," said I, vehemently, "let me see him now if but for one moment."

"Follow me," said he, with a softened look, and led the way into a back room, when, handing me a chair, he left.

In a few moments a heavy tread fell upon my ear, and Louis Dinsmore's father stood before me. He was a fine, noble looking old gentleman, elegantly dressed. I arose and tried to speak.

"Is it me you wish to see?" said he, looking inquiringly into my face.

Still no word could I articulate, but sank back into my chair.

"George, bring a glass of wine here, this young woman looks like fainting."

Nervously I seized the wine and drank it off. It gave, in a moment, a glow to my system, and that, with the pale face of my dying child, which rose up in its convulsive agony before my sight, enabled me to find utterance. "Sir," said I, "I would be a moment alone with you." He dismissed the servant, who reluctantly withdrew. "I presume I am in the presence of the father of Louis Dinsmore?"

"You are," was the prompt reply.

"I am his wife."

"His mistress, you mean."

"No, his lawful wedded wife."

"Ah! the young girl that followed him from Mobile."

"No," said I, trembling with excitement, forgetting all but the insult. "I am the young girl, nay, almost child, whose orphanage he took advantage of, or tried to, by a marriage which he thought false, and deluded her away from home and friends, and then cruelly left her and a helpless infant to pine or perish with neglect among strangers."

"Have you proofs of your marriage?" said he, turning deadly pale.

"I have," said I, "but my child is perishing, and I want a loan of money to save it if I can, if not, to lay it decently in the grave. Can I

have it? Speak quick, for I must not stay another instant!" He took from his purse twenty dollars in gold and handed it to me. I started with almost a bound.

"Stay, tell me where you reside?"

"It matters not, I shall never seek your son, and if I live this shall be yours again," said I, holding up the money. He followed me to the door, but I was gone in an instant. I fled so rapidly that my feet scarcely touched the pavement. On my way I stopped and supplied myself with lights and some other necessities, and then hurried for a physician. I entered the office of an aged one, whom I had often met in my rambles, and with as much calmness as I could assume, requested him to come with me immediately. He must have seen the agony in my face, for he promptly lifted me into his buggy and we were soon at my humble dwelling. "Does she live, Aunt Winna?" was all I could say, as I breathlessly entered the room.

"Thank the good Lord she does!" was the welcome answer.

I lighted the candle, and took the pale and still convulsed form of my child and laid it in the doctor's arms, and as I leaned over it I became suddenly sick and blind, and fell upon the floor in a state of entire unconsciousness. A brain fever was the result of my excitement and the unusual exertion, which confined me to my bed, a raving maniac, for four or five days. When my insensibility passed away I looked round me and asked for my husband. He was still identified with my whole being. It was some time ere I could recall the circumstances around me. Aunt Winna sat at my bedside holding my child upon her lap, both were deadly pale. Winna, as she looked at me and saw my calmness, raised her eyes to heaven in an ejaculation of "thank the Lord she does know me." "Aunt Winna," said I, "I have been very sick." As I said this a lady somewhat advanced in life, with a calm benevolent expression, whom I had not before observed, approached my bed, and laying her hand upon my forehead in a gentle kind manner, observed, "you are now better; so is your nurse and child, but you must be quiet, your life and reason depend upon it." Tears started to my eyes, the first I had shed for days, I could not speak.

"Be calm, madam, you are in the care of friends who will not forsake you."

I took her hand and wept freely. It cooled my hot brain, and relieved my sad heart. I was able in a few days to sit up, although much debilitated by my sickness. It was then I learned that to Dr. Hall and his wife I was indebted for my own life and the life of my child. They had gathered most of my history from my delirious ravings, the rest had been told by Winna. The

ferce storm which had burst over my head, and which had well nigh swept me away in its fury, had dropped in its wrath an angel of mercy, who held out to me a rainbow of promise, whose fair tints entered my soul, filling it with bright hopes for the future. Dr. Hall and his wife were my friends, and encouraged me by kindness and promises of help for the future. With their recommendation I could get a school which would support us without any assistance from Aunt Winna, as her health was still too feeble to attempt labor. She could take care of Anna whilst I was engaged. Hope lighted her beacon fires in my young enthusiastic heart. I would be so kind to my pupils, and would awaken the gratitude of parents by my devotion to their children. I knew but little of the task before me. My friends were persevering in their efforts to obtain a school. The mystery around my life was a serious disadvantage to me in securing one. It was not until years had elapsed that I fully comprehended the responsibility my kind friends assumed in their efforts to obtain the situation for me. As soon as I was sufficiently restored to health to undertake the task, I found myself regularly installed as teacher to about twenty pupils, some of whom looked nearly as old as I did, for the sickness and sorrow I had passed through had given me great delicacy of appearance, without adding much to my maturity.

The first few days of school went off pleasantly enough. After that come difficulties and perplexities without number. One child complained that I was partial, another that I punished unjustly. Then little quarrels among each another were interminable, and I was expected to settle them to the satisfaction of all parties. Which I found utterly impossible. These were followed by threats from the parents of taking their children out of school, unless I gave more satisfaction. Some complained that their children did not learn, which was true, for although well educated, I had not the power of giving brains to those to whom nature had denied them. My life was so perplexed with these petty trials, for such they seem to me now, as I look back upon them, that I should have yielded up the whole affair in a fit of desperation, had it not been for my good friends, the Halls. Their advice and sympathy sustained me through these various and multifarious trials. Nearly six months was I engaged in school. A situation depressing and harrowing to my feelings, almost beyond endurance. I usually returned to my rooms so dispirited and wearied, that I could not even be aroused or amused by my child. Very often in tears, for few days passed without one or more visitations from my kind patrons, as they styled themselves; sometimes with complaints, but often merely to give advice, which was impossible for me to adopt. I cannot

pretend to say I managed my school judiciously, for what woman of scarcely eighteen ever did, or could be expected to do so, and being naturally diffident, I had but little tact or policy. Although well prepared, so far as education was necessary, yet in truth I was not formed by nature for a school teacher, and I had not the power of remodeling myself for one. Indeed, I so much disliked the profession that I cared not to cultivate the requisite qualities for such a position.

One day after a most harrowing time, and some charges being made which my self-respect could not brook, I dismissed my pupils and went home with a heart bursting with grief and indignation. I felt myself wronged and oppressed beyond endurance, and whilst I believed that God had not created me to be the dupe and sport of the idle and the vicious, I would not submit to it. There must be some other way, thought I, by which unfortunate beings such as I can get a living beside this, and I will try it, for I cannot be worsted in any event. There was one thing connected with my dismissal of the school, that gave me most unhappy feelings. I knew by this step, I had offended my friends, the Halls. I dreaded to see them, but determined to pass the ordeal as soon as possible, and know whether I should be turned from their protection or not.

God preserve me from such a calamity, thought I, as with swollen eyes and dejected looks, I put on my bonnet to go and learn my fate. They both looked surprised to see me, knowing it was school hours, which was not lessened by looking into my face. They each took a hand and led me to a sofa, and seated me between them. It was some time ere I could speak for grief, and a consciousness that I had forfeited the good opinion of such friends so overcome me, that I wept aloud. Some time elapsed before I became calm enough to tell them what I had done. When I did tell them, the doctor dropped my hand and moved to the far end of the sofa. I never saw a countenance change so suddenly from kind sympathy to coldness and distrust, in my life. Not so Mrs. Hall, she shed a tear which had gathered in each eye, and taking the hand which her husband had dropped, drew me affectionately towards her. "Oh," said I, appealingly, "you will not cast me off, my good friends."

"I will not, Mrs. Vannier," said Mrs. Hall, but the doctor spoke not.

"I will do something," continued I, "which will be more congenial to my feelings, and for which I feel myself better adapted, and yet be worthy your friendship."

"And pray what will that be?" said the doctor dryly and impatiently.

I ran over in my mind many situations. "True," said I, "almost every place of profit is

filled with your sex, and their seems but little left for the destitute of mine to follow, yet I will seek something to do."

"I do not know what it will be unless you unsex yourself again," said the Doctor, "for the only profession a woman can fill respectfully, you discard. You have tried sewing, and you or any woman who attempts it, will starve at it."

In vain I expostulated with him, declaring my unfitness to impart knowledge to others. Still he was obstinate, and when I arose to go he coldly bade me good day, without ever rising from his seat. Not so with his wife, she followed me to the door with redoubled assurances of assistance, and she knew the Doctor would think better of it after awhile. How grateful did I feel for these assurances. The glow lingers still within my memory, giving a brightness to her character, which time cannot dim. I went to my rooms with a heart not the least lightened by this interview. Aunt Winna could give me no comfort except, "never mind, Miss Celee, I'll soon be able to work, and we can then live without the school, or anybody's help." That night I walked the floor till near morning, devising some way to live. I thought of every thing I might learn, but every situation appeared to be filled by men. Is there nothing, thought I, that the unfortunate of my sex can do. Must we beg, or sell our honor for the subsistence of our animal natures, when we are not only willing, but capable of fulfilling many situations which are occupied by those who should be performing more manly labor; they have usurped places which belong to us. It is beautiful to talk of woman reared in the quiet of domestic life, sheltered by the strong arm of man; or to think of her like the tender vine clinging around him for support, but when this shelter and protection are removed, what then is to sustain this frail being, and perhaps these little ones looking to her for support and subsistence? I had been reared for this domestic life, more to ornament and beautify than to be useful, as most women of the present day are. As it was I became the dupe of a designing villain, was thrown upon the world with a blighted reputation, and a helpless infant dependent upon me for support.

There seemed to be no alternative but begging or starving. I thank heaven my principles of honor and virtue were strongly inculcated, or with the personal charms I possessed, and the temptations which surrounded me in my friendless state, I might have been overcome. The next day, partaking of a slight breakfast, I set out early for a walk, with the design of finding something to do. I traversed Broadway from one end to the other, and was returning nearly spent with my walk, when I was attracted by a young girl behind the counter of a beautiful fancy store, selling goods with an ease and grace that seemed per-

fectly natural to her. The thought that such a place would suit me, flashed across my mind. There was variety and reserve sufficient to throw off an excitement inherent in my nature. So strongly I became impressed with the idea that it was just such a place I wanted, that I stopped at a large store on my way home, and made inquiries after a situation. I was told one could be found for a young lady producing satisfactory references as to character. My heart died within me, as I thought of my friend, Doctor Hall, who was probably too much offended to recommend me again. I felt it was not altogether anger, but a shaken confidence in me. I choked down the big tears which would unbidden steal blindly into my eyes, and drew my veil close to prevent observation, as I walked on in deep thought of how unjustly my friends' suspicions were. Impressed as I was with Doctor Hall's feelings towards me, I felt a repugnance to ask a favor of him. You may call it self respect, or pride, but I shrank from receiving any thing from one who doubted my honorable intentions. Oh! no, I could not sue for that, which if given at all, would be done reluctantly or doubtfully. In this state of mind I was returning. When I reached my own door, what was my surprise, when it opened, to find a stranger waiting my return. Winna was seated in one corner of the room with little Anna on her lap. As soon as my child noticed me, she bounded towards me with a frightened air, making a circle to avoid the stranger. I took her in my arms and clasped her little palpitating heart to my own, whose throbs could almost be heard.

The stranger, shall I describe him? No, you who walk Broadway have met one thousand and one just such whiskered and moustached gentlemen, the substance of whose brains seemed to be exhausted to supply nutriment for this deformity of hair upon the face and lip. He arose, and as I stood with my child, her little arms clasped tightly around my neck, he exclaimed, "Heavens what a tableau!" at the same time smoothing his whiskers and wiping his forehead with a fine perfumed handkerchief; while with the other hand he officiously offered me a chair, which I was compelled to accept or run the risk of falling, my agitation was so great. He then with a most nonchalant air appropriated another to himself, just in front of mine, where he could look me full in the face. I turned an inquiring glance upon him for an explanation of his unexpected visit, and met a gaze of mingled impudence and insinuation, which sent the glowing tide of a southern spirit to my face. All faint heartedness left me in an instant; loosening my child's arms I motioned Winna to take her. Then with an energy inspired by excitement, I rose up and haughtily inquired the object of his visit.

Not quite as much at his ease as when I first

entered, yet sufficiently so to make known his errand, he commenced saying my beauty had attracted him. He had seen me several times whilst I lived with Louis Dinsmore, who was his very particular friend, and who had confided to him the secret of our connection. He was the only one, he believed, who knew I was the person, though many others knew he was living with a girl whom he brought from the South, and as he had forsaken me, he concluded to come and sue for his place in my affections. I waited for no more. "Sir," said I, "you see before you the injured and forsaken wife of Louis Dinsmore, not, as you suppose, his mistress, but one who would beg or starve rather than surrender that which is dearer to her, far dearer than life, which is fast becoming a burden too wearisome to be borne. Oh, God! where will injury and insult cease? when will the avenging arm of justice be stretched forth to protect the injured of my sex? You who imagined me a poor outcast from virtue, have come here, not to raise me from my fallen state, but to sink me still deeper in the dark abyss of crime. Go," said I, looking into a face which, despite its almost continued expression of hardness and sensuality, now betrayed a look of surprise and confusion, "go and learn that one woman, though poor, scarcely knowing how to support life—though betrayed by one she loved

almost to idolatry, who took advantage of that love to ruin its possessor—no beautiful dreams of the past to brighten the present, and but one hope in the future pointing to rest beyond the grave. Go, I say, and learn that one woman, amid all this injustice and outrage, has still courage to be true to virtue." He opened his purse and taking a note from it in a subdued respectful manner, presented it to me. I crushed and threw it from me as I would a reptile. "No! take it and leave me, for such insults money cannot compensate. I feel your presence here an injury which the world's wealth cannot repair." He rose, saying as he did so, "accept my humble apology for this insult which I blush to have offered you," and opened the door to leave. As he did so, what was my consternation to see Doctor Hall enter. He stood a moment looking at the retreating figure of the man, and then turned as if to ask an explanation of me. A confusion which I could not control seized me. I looked the guilty thing he suspected me to be. The feeling that we are suspected to a sensitive mind, will give, we are assured, all the appearance of guilt, for to such a one, the knowledge that suspicion rests upon us is, if anything, more mortifying than disclosed vice, which has long been concealed to the guilty.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

TO T. APOLEON.

BY ELLA.

I sit beneath a summer sunset,
 Beneath the spreading of a golden sea,
 And watch the dim and purple islands
 Which drift through lustrous deeps far over me.
 The southern airs are softly floating—
 Waking the low, fine chords of unseen lyres,
 Till phycal eye quite sees the fingers
 Which, 'mid the grass and leaves, sweep o'er the wires.
 Enchanted breath and lip of sunset!
 Your atmosphere floats eastward with these clouds,
 Until vange veils of spells Hesperian,
 The yearning soul, etherialised, enshrouds.
 Oh! some I love for grace and beauty,
 And some for love which grows as time may roll,
 And others for that high communion
 Which soul holds strangely with its kindred soul.
 And we have met, oh! poet friend,
 Within the fragrant June of summer life,
 Ere we've listened steadily and long
 To any music hushed by clash of strife.
 We are within the tropic zones of life,
 We linger in the sunlit bowers of youth,

But hands resistless draw us from this clime,
 And learn us lessons of severest truth.
 The airs are changing cold, and skies are dark,
 And fairies build no bowers along the way,
 Only against the farthest sky
 Some God hath raised a palace fair as day.
 And there are homes for all the conquering brave.
 Who crush the wrong as they fast onward press,
 For those who boldly march through storm and night
 To reach the glittering palace of success.
 And yet along the roughly and tomb-strown road,
 The poet takes with him the atmosphere
 Of tropic zones, and childhood's sinless time—
 And through this haze, the palace starshines clear.
 He finds and reads each object's hidden life,
 And draws their sunshine out upon the air,
 And wakens tunes upon neglected harps—
 And light and music make life far more fair.
 And thou dost hold a harp, my gifted friend,
 Which may have thrilled to sweep of angel wings,
 Only the years that wait within the future,
 Shall tell how well thy fingers touched the strings.

ELEGANT TOM COLLINS.

To speak of Tom Collins in any other way than by his usual title of *Elegant* would be like speaking of Harold Harefoot, Edwin the Fair, the Black Prince, or Louis Debonnaire, without their distinguishing adjectives. Tom Collins was known to his acquaintances only as *Elegant Tom*, and he was well entitled to the epithet. He was of good family; and, being independent in his circumstances, he was not educated for a profession; but he was taught a good many accomplishments. In music he was something more than a proficient upon the guitar, the piano, and the violin. Then he had a fine voice—a delicious tenor—and those who had the good fortune to hear him sing used to boast of it as though a piece of rare luck had befallen them.

He was invited everywhere, and he might have married any girl he choose; but, as often happens in such cases, he seemed never to have been touched in his heart by any of the beautiful creatures who surrounded him. There was Fanny Ormolu, who, they used to say, was dying for him; and it was said that her father was so fearful of the effects of Tom's indifference on his daughter's health, that he was guilty of the delicacy of offering to settle a large sum of money on him if he would marry her. But Tom had never known what it was to want money, and, like an honorable and high-minded fellow as he was, refused to sell himself, even at so high a figure and to so beautiful a purchaser.

They say that old Ormolu was so exasperated at Tom's refusal, that he vowed he would have satisfaction for the insult; and he was as good as his word. He did not permit Tom to know that he entertained any ill-will against him; for, if he had, he probably would not have been able to accomplish his purpose. Ormolu was a commercial gentleman, and his manner of getting satisfaction was a purely business transaction. He set himself deliberately at work to ruin Tom by getting all his money.

Now, Tom was not a spendthrift, nor a gambler; he had often wished that his income was larger, for he was ambitious of owning a yacht, but was unable to indulge in that costly enjoyment; so when his young friend Peter Slicer, of the firm of Slicer, Son and Co., the great stock-brokers of Third street, one day said to him, as if by accident, "Tom, how would you like to enter into a little speculation, by which you might make five or ten thousand dollars or so?" Tom opened his eyes, and eagerly replied he would like nothing better.

Peter then carelessly remarked he could put Tom in the way of making at least that amount

by a speculation in Short Island Railroad Stock. Tom, not being familiar with stock operations, asked how it could be done; whereupon Peter explained to him that certain parties who held the stock were going to run it up, and that the stock would then begin to rise, and there was no knowing where it would stop. What Peter proposed that Tom should do was, to buy in while it was down, and when the rise should reach its height to sell out, and pocket the profits.

"Can I rely on the rise taking place?" asked Tom, who had not a very clear notion of the nature of the transaction.

"Trust to me," replied Peter, with a knowing wink, which seemed to Tom so full of sagacity, that he determined to trust to him, and accordingly gave an order to the firm of Slicer, Son and Co., to purchase for his account, about ten times as many shares of the Short Island Railroad Stock as he had the means to pay for, Peter undertaking to carry over the stock, as he called it, for thirty days, in which time the rise was sure to occur.

Tom did not know that his friend Peter Slicer was paying attention to Fanny Ormolu; and, even if he had, he could never have imagined that old Ormolu was making use of the young stock broker to ruin his friend. But such was the fact.

Short Island Railroad Stock went up one per cent. that day, but the next it went down two, and the next four more, and Tom received a brief note from Slicer, Son and Co., informing him that he was their debtor for losses on the Short Island Railroad Stock, in a sum that considerably exceeded his entire fortune.

The ruin of Thomas Collins, Esq. was complete. The Slaughter House never witnessed a more decided cleaning out than in the case of my elegant friend. But it does not take long for a person to find out that he is poor, and *Elegant Tom Collins* immediately began to have a sense of the true state of his case. He had nothing in the world left but his watch and a few articles of jewelry by which he could raise money enough to discharge the few debts he owed, and which were demanded by a rude pertinacity that he had never known before.

What Tom suffered, or how he struggled, none knew but himself, for he was too proud to complain, and, to all appearances, he was as light-hearted and cheerful as ever he had been in his most prosperous days. But as the writer of these lines was one day hurrying down Chestnut street to escape from the crowd of that noisy thoroughfare, he was suddenly arrested near the corner of

Third, by a tap on the shoulder. Turning round, he saw Elegant Tom Collins, with his coat buttoned closely up to his throat, and looking uncomfortably sharp, serious, and, in fact, seedy.

"How are you?" said Tom, in his usual elegant manner; but without waiting for a reply, he continued, "You needn't ask me how I am, for I discern by your looks that you can tell. I am hungry."

Elegant Tom Collins hungry!

I was too much shocked by this humiliating confession from a man whom I had known and envied in his happier days, to disguise my feelings. But I put my hand in my pocket to feel for my purse.

"Thank you," said Tom; "it is very generous in you to anticipate my request. It is but a trifle that I need, and I will repay you soon."

I offered him the contents of my purse; but he would not take more than a quarter eagle gold piece.

"You know something of my history," said Tom; "how I once lived, and how I lost my property; but how I have lived since you do not know, and I shall not distress you by telling. Look," said he, and he unbuttoned his threadbare coat, when I saw that he had on neither vest nor shirt. "I am actually reduced to this extreme," said he, and his voice quivered as he spoke.

"Good heavens!" said I, "can this be true? What, Elegant Tom Collins, with all his accomplishments, his rich acquaintances, his knowledge of the world, and in a city like this, where employment is so readily obtained, reduced to want! It cannot be true."

"But it is true," said Tom, "impossible as it may seem to you, and all because I was not brought up to a regular profession. My accomplishments were not of a kind to bring me money in an honorable way, and I made up my mind that if I could not live honorably, I would prefer not to live at all.

As Tom spoke these words, he looked more elegant in his shabby suit than ever he had done in his happier days; and, in spite of his poverty, I actually felt poor beside him.

It was about three months after I parted with Tom at Third and Chestnut streets, that, as I was walking in the neighborhood of Broad and Walnut streets, I met him coming out of a well-known club-house. I started back with amazement as I saw him, for Tom was now dressed as well as I had ever before seen him; not obtrusively made up, but with an air of studied elegance that was new to him. He appeared a little embarrassed when he first caught my eye, but his old manner soon returned. "I owe you a trifle, I think," said he; "let me pay it." And he pulled out a silk purse which seemed to be

full of gold and silver, and reached me a quarter eagle.

"This is the principal," said he; "now do me the favor to accept this for interest;" and he took a handsome seal ring from his finger, which he put upon mine.

The reappearance of Elegant Tom Collins in what is called society was a topic of universal conversation in fashionable circles, and once more invitations began to pour in upon him, so that he might, if he had had the capacity, have eaten three dinners daily, and have danced in the most brilliant company in town nearly every night. But a great change was perceptible in Tom's manner. He was the same Elegant Tom Collins he had ever been; faultless in his manner, refined in his conversation, incredible in dress, and handsomer, if possible, than before his retirement. "But he is so subdued in his style," was the remark of everybody. He never danced, and when he was pressed to sing, he always evaded the request by pleading a slight hoarseness. Where did he get his money? for it was known that Tom paid as he went, and not a soul of his acquaintance could accuse him of borrowing.

This question began to grow extremely interesting and puzzling, for the manner in which Tom had been cleaned out by his speculation in Short Island Railroad Stock, by his friend Peter Slicer, was as notorious as his subsequent poverty and retirement from the world. The excitement at last reached its caldure, when it was discovered that Julia Laurens, daughter of the celebrated and wealthy physician of that name, had actually encouraged Tom's advances, and that he had been forbidden her father's house because he refused to tell how he gained his income.

The report of this interesting circumstance invested the mystery of Tom's prosperity with a romantic interest, and the excitement became absolutely furious. It was impossible to enter a house without hearing the subject discussed, and even merchants talked about it on 'Change.

The women had their own innocent surmises about Tom; some believed that he got his money by writing poems for Graham's Magazine; while others said that he gambled. The men, of course, gave shrewder guesses; and one party maintained, with some plausibility, that Tom Collins was employed in the English recruiting business. Some ill-natured people hinted that he was employed in circulating counterfeit money. He was accused of picking pockets, of buying lottery tickets, and other disreputable practices; but the strict integrity of Tom's conduct, and his perfect frankness on all subjects concerning himself, except that impenetrable mystery of the source of his income, put every ungenerous suspicion to rest. There was one rather striking peculiarity, however, about Tom's movements. Nobody had

seen him, except on Sunday nights, between the hours of seven and ten. Every place of amusement in the city was ransacked in vain during these hours, but no signs of Tom Collins could anywhere be found, and he continued to be a subject of talk in society, where he was still well received in spite of all the evil things that were surmised about him.

Doctor Laurens, Julia's father, was a most passionate lover of music, and he was so catholic in his tastes that he could enjoy one kind of music as well as another, and when there was no opera, and his patients would permit it, he would go to hear the Ethiopian minstrels, and sit through the entire performance.

There was one member of the Ethiopian band, where the Doctor was in the habit of going, who had completely fascinated him, which was not much to be wondered at, for he had fascinated everybody else who heard him; and when he appeared there was sure to be an overflowing house. The Doctor seldom failed to be present whenever this public favorite appeared, which was nearly every night; and seeing his name upon the bills for a benefit, the Doctor resolved to go.

In the midst of the performance, a boy in the gallery threw a piece of orange-peel on the stage, and the popular "minstrel," whose name was Higgins, by an unlucky step, put his foot upon it, and fell with a loud crash. His companions carried him off the stage; directly after, the leader of the band came on, and asked if there was a physician in the house, as Mr. Higgins was badly hurt by his fall. Dr. Laurens promptly stepped forward and offered his services. The artist had struck his head, but was only stunned. The Doctor, however, did as all doctors do on such occasions, whipped out his lancet and bled the patient, while one of his companions, with a bowl of water and sponge wiped the burnt cork from the face of the unconscious minstrel.

Higgins presently opened his eyes, and stared wildly about him, while the Doctor shrieked out, "Good gracious! It is Elegant Tom Collins!"

The sound of the Doctor's voice and the sight of his astonished countenance brought Tom to his senses. He knew at once that his secret was discovered, and comprehended in a moment the consequences that must follow its revelation to his friends and society.

"Doctor," said he, faintly, "it is no use to dissemble farther. You know my secret; let me request you to keep it to yourself."

"Oh! my dear fellow," said the Doctor, "you are perfectly safe in my hands; don't be uneasy. For the credit of my own family, at least, I shall not be likely to proclaim that a gentleman who has visited at my house is a member of a troupe of Ethiopian minstrels. I wish you a good evening, sir."

It very oddly happened that, before midnight, all the members of the Club, to which the Doctor belonged, knew that Elegant Tom Collins had retrieved his fortune by joining the Ethiopian minstrels, and the news spread like lightning.

Tom received a package early in the morning from Julia, enclosing all the billet-doux and trinkets he had sent her, and requesting a return of all she had ever sent him. The note was as devoid of feeling or sentiment as a lawyer's dunning letter; and Tom wrote one in reply, which was quite as cold and business-like.

"Well," said I to Tom, on meeting him a few days after his accident, which would very likely have proved fatal to him but for his woolly wig, "do you intend to give up society or the minstrels?"

"What should an honest man care for society?" said he. "When I was an idler, living on the property my father's industry had procured me, society petted me and cherished me. When I lost my property, society turned a cold shoulder to me, but petted the villain who had robbed me of it. When, by the honest exercise of the only accomplishments I had been taught, I was enabled to appear like a gentleman, society again received me with open arms, although it imagined I was a gambler or a pickpocket; but when it is found my money was honestly obtained—that I wronged no one, owed no one—society rejects me again, and the girl who was willing to marry me as a swindler, turns her back upon me as an honest man."

I am afraid that Tom was misanthropical; for, as he soon after became possessed of a considerable fortune by the death of a relative, he quitted the minstrels and went to Paris, where, I have heard, he still lives in great splendor, and is famous for his dinners, to which none of his countrymen are ever invited.

THE WANDERER.

THE world is wide to walk on weary feet,
With step by step along each lengthening mile;
Never the sunbeams on a cottage smile,
Where love and quiet build their cool retreat,
But, inly sad, I ask a home as sweet;
Then happy dreams a little way beguile,
Rounding the wide earth to a tiny isle,

Where all delights in a green circle meet.
But the broad world re-pains my lifted eye;
I wander homeless by a thousand homes;
I tire of this unbounded liberty;
'Tis no right freedom that forever roams:
A cot, a green field, and sweet company
Of wife and babes, were world enough for me!

PICTURES OF AUTUMN.

BY H. S. COENWALL.

BEARING the shining sickle in his hand,
And crowned with chaplets of the nodding wheat,
Autumn, the reaper, stalks along the land,
With drifts of dead leaves blown about his feet.
Blazoned in gorgeous hues the forests stand,
In glories that the raptured artist loves;
As if the colored skies of fairy land
Had settled on the melancholy groves.
No longer rings the mower's sharpening blade—
No more the black bird whistles in the sedge—
No more the crimson-fingered village maid
Seeks the wild fruitage of the berry hedge.
But piping from the north, chill breezes tell
Boreal stories of the polar hills;
The morning-glory droops its purple bell,
The lily falls beside her native rills.
Now comes the Indian Summer—like a flush
Upon the cheek of the declining year—
The skies are cloudless, and a balmy hush,
Dream-like, pervades the azure atmosphere.
Soft winds that wander from the golden west,
Thaw the fair frost-work of the window panes;
And like the encampment of a host at rest,
The tented corn stacks dot the harvest plains.
Soon housed upon the great barn's spacious floor,
Huge-heaped the product of the field will lie—
And rustics gather round the garnered store,
While the tin lantern swings and gleams on high
The pewter mug of cider passes round—
They joke, they work, they talk of that, or this:
And often as the "scarlet ear" is found,
Loud-smacking sounds the customary kiss!
Hither repair, beneath the mellow moon,
The rustic youth and maid—while from within,
Fingered unskillful, through some common tune,
Resounds the venerable violin.
An instrument of universal worth—
The solace once of some departed sire—
It cheers the farmer at his kitchen hearth,
And leads the treble in the village choir.
The brown hare pattering through the withered leaves,
Turns her sharp ears and lets the baying hound,

That doubling on her track, she still deceives,
While with the hunter's horn the hills resound.
The school-boy shouting in the sounding glades,
Startles to hear a voice so like his own;
As frolic echo, hidden in her shades,
Replies abrupt, and imitates his tone.
By lonely lakes and marshy-bottomed vales,
The water fowl assemble night by night;
Till all the covey, warned by cooler gales,
Trails to the south its long loquacious flight.
The squirrel chirring on the walnut bough,
Answers the quail that pipes beneath the thorn;
The windmill in the distance, turning slow,
Beckons the farmer with his load of corn.
No more the lark proclaims the morn at hand,
Or clover slopes entice the rover bee;
And like huge phantoms blown across the land,
The streaming fogs move inward from the sea.
But now the sun grows wan in his decline,
And sundown splendors flush the distant height;
And seen afar between the hills of pine,
Dim rivers glimmer in his yellow light.
Anon the moon, night's priestess pale and proud,
Imperial mistress of the restless main,
Swims up through banks of rosy-dappled cloud,
Attended by her vast and wandering train.
White wreaths of silver mist, zone over zone,
Around the lonesome mountain peaks are curled;
Majestic night ascends her starry throne,
And sways her ebon sceptre o'er the world.
And is there not a meaning deep and grand,
For thee, oh, child of earth! enwritten here—
A page of truth that all may understand,
Who read the record of the rolling year?
Ah, yes! these fading fields and sober skies—
These withered woods and moaning winds attest,
That earthly beauty fades away and dies,
That man, too, has his autumn like the rest.
His life is like the flow'ret of the glade,
That bursts the bud, and reddens into bloom—
That lives its little day of sun and shade,
And drops into the universal tomb.

FRIENDSHIP MUSINGS.

BY FRANK FOREST.

AWAKE, my lyre, and let me hear
The saddest strains that in thee lie.
Let every note come soft and low,
As ocean's melody.
Hark! let each voice be silent now!
Hush, warbler, cease thy joyous lay!
Stop, zephyr, in thy wandering,
My heart is sad to-day.

I'm thinking now of one who's gone
Where friends most dear roam glad and free:
But I hear a footstep soft—
It is—ah, yes, 'tis she!
She whispers, oh! what blissful words!
They flow like echoes from the skies:
"Rejoice lone one, we've met again
In friendship's holy ties."

GAMBLING.

GAMBLING is said to have been invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of great famine; to divert themselves from their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, etc. More likely, says a learned censor, the passage ought to be otherwise translated. "The Lydians having contrived dice, balls, and tables, and invented gaming, were reduced to great famine, and to extreme sufferings." In plain truth, while engaged in this practice, they could think of nothing else; their property, their farms, their looms, their nets, their establishments of industry were all lying waste; their time and talents were all observed in this intoxicating pursuit.

At what period gaming was introduced into England, it would be difficult to determine; but there are few countries where it is carried on to a greater extent.

Montaigne seems to have been well aware of the evils of gaming, and gives us the reason why he relinquished it. "I used," says he, "to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured, merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost, I did not feel my vexation the less." More than that, we have seen the best of friends sit down to the gaming table in perfect good humor, but rose up from it enemies for life. Who can describe the abandonment too frequently attendant on this destructive practice; the friendship of such men is a confederacy in vice, and that they cannot depend on each other, has been exemplified by its fatal consequences—its deteriorating influence upon the temper and disposition, as well as the pecuniary affairs—its false effects, in short, both to the unhappy individual who is curst with the propensity and to society in general. Connecting cause with effect, it leads to misery, and everlasting ruin, even to robbery and murder.

In gaming, Judge Blackstone says, several parties engaged to cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer. Taken in any light, this is an offence of the most alarming nature, tending, by necessary consequence, to promote public idleness, theft, and debauchery, among those of a lower class; and, among persons of a superior rank, it hath frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandonment of every principle of honor and virtue, and too often hath ended in self-murder. To this passion of gambling every valuable consideration has been made a sacrifice; and it is a passion which has lamentably prevailed in our own country, and which we seem to have derived from the ancient Ger-

mans; who, according to the account given of them by Tacitus, were bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves," says he, "to dice (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment, with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that, when stripped of everything else, they will stake at last their liberty, and then their very selves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery, and, though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance in so bad a cause, they call the point of honor." "One would think, says Blackstone, that Tacitus was describing a modern gambler. Against a spirit so frantic, laws can be of little avail, because the same false sense of honor that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to a magistrate. Yet it is proper that restricting and protecting laws should be enacted, and that they should be publicly announced, and repeatedly inculcated, if possible, to preserve the unwary, if not to reclaim those who are on the brink of ruin." Father le Compte, in his *Travels to China*, says, "Gaming is equally prohibited among the common people and the mandarins; and yet this does not hinder their playing, and frequently losing all they have—their lands, houses, children, and even their wives, which are all sometimes laid on a single card." Shakespeare says, "keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful." Lord Bacon says, "a gamester, the greater the master he is in his art, the worse man he is." And Addison says, "could we look into the mind of a common gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and matadores; his numbers are haunted with kings, queens and knaves."

To those who play cards and other games as an innocent amusement, we may trace the most aggravated injuries resulting from gambling. It is there that young men of talents, education, and wealth, take the degree of entered apprentice. The example of men in high life, men in public stations and responsible offices, has a powerful and corrupting influence on society, and does much to increase the evil, and forward, as well as sanction the high-handed robbery of fine dressed black legs. The gambling hells in our cities, tolerated and patronized, are a disgrace to any nation bearing a Christian name, and would be banished from a Pagan community. Gambling assumes a great variety of forms, from the flipping of a cent in the bar room for a glass of whiskey, up to the splendidly furnished faro bank room, where men loose thousands of dollars.



THE SPANIARD CHALLENGING CARL.

THE GHOST'S KISS; OR, THE YOUNG GERMAN STUDENT'S CHALLENGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

It is a young student who relates this fearful story. An autumn night. Ten choice spirits met together after a day of intellectual toil. Rhine wine, meerschaums, and all the students experiencing that half-dreamy weariness which is often accompanied by a vague wish for the excitement of something horrible! What more was wanted to make a ghost story "tell well?" Al-lons! It is Leopold who speaks. Leopold,

28

whose bronze-like curls give to his countenance something of the antique grace of the Apollo. Leopold, with the spiritual eye, whose brow and lips grow paler and paler as the wearied accents of his voice accompany his terrible recital—even as the plash of the sad waves attend the death-song of the wrecked and lonely mariner. Listen! He speaks:

"Thirty years ago, Adelaida and I (you all

483

knew my fair sister,) were seated at eve in the balcony of the house of an old friend. Meeta L——, to whom I am now affianced, was one of the party. How beautiful she looked. Her sunny hair —."

"A thousand mercies!" exclaimed Joseph Leiben, who was seated near Leopold; "if Leopold once begins to speak of the charms of Mademoiselle Meeta L——, we need not expect to hear the ghost story to night! I am going to sleep, myself."

With this, the blond student (Joseph always must have his joke,) leaned back in his comfortable chair and closed his merry eyes, with every appearance of extreme fatigue—while a bow from the graceful Leopold acknowledged the covert compliment to his betrothed. He continued:—

"Suddenly we observed coming up the garden path a Spaniard. He was one of those Spanish merchants who can always be recognized by their gaiters and their little open waistcoats, and their slashed trowsers showing their naked knees. You knew what an air of mingled pride and misery blends in their faces. This one had, as usual, the cloth sandals bound to his feet, with narrow leather straps, and the red cloak worn so jauntily. His embrowned face was encircled by black locks, and he had wide, gold ear-rings in his ears. His appearance was even more wild than is common to his kind. I was very weary, having traveled from T——. Our company consisted of a large party, among whom were those gentlemen who had found a hunting party that day with Herr Von L——, and among others, was Carl Von S——, who you know is now affianced to Adelaida. I wish that he were here to vouch for the truth of my story; but when he returns to Heidelberg, you shall ask him yourselves if it be not true. Our situation was as romantic as the circumstances I am about to detail. The balcony received a faint light from the lamps in the interior of the castle, just sufficient to illuminate the marble cheek of Mademoiselle Meeta."

Here Joseph assumed an expression of resignation—stopped his ears, whistled, and looked at the ceiling.

"The hunting party were artistically grouped together. Adelaida leaned on the railing of the balcony, and the wife of mine host, like a statue in a niche, sat between the marble pillars which formed the end of the porch. Her snowy garments and motionless attitude, the classic beauty of her person —."

"He will never be anything but an artist, this excellent Leopold," said Antonin, the third student, to Max, who sat near him.

"And a sort of *clair-obscur* fell upon the whole party. At this moment the Spaniard appeared, and I observed that his eye fell on Carl Von S——. He asked for charity, not in money, but to be

allowed to rest at the chateau L——; for a storm, he assured us, was rising. Mine host, with true German hospitality, invited him to be seated—and he sat down near Carl Von S——, who I now observed involuntarily shrunk from him."

To interrupt the awkward silence which now prevailed, Madame L—— remarked that there was going to be a fearful storm.

"Yes," said Carl Von S——; "it is a veritable Walpurgis night. The sort of night we call a witch's sabbath."

"Truly it is," said Meeta, in her sweet voice, which sounded like an *Æolian* flute through the still night.

Joseph thrummed a tune on the table. Suddenly the Spaniard spoke. His voice was deep and guttural. The uneasiness of Carl Von S—— seemed to increase at the sound of his accent. I may as well mention at this juncture, that I believe that Spaniard to have been the devil."

"This is becoming exciting," said two or three of the students; the rest roused themselves.

"At this moment the moon, which had been obscured, poured forth a sudden light, which fell on the form of the dev— no! the Spaniard. I observed that Adelaida was watching Carl. The words of the Spaniard were these: 'Sorcerers and ghosts prefer for their Sabbath a fine clear moonlight night to a storm, such as this night, will appal you all.'

"All of us, I am convinced, experienced a certain uneasiness at the sound of the stranger's voice. The gay, convivial tone of our conversation had ceased. Madame L—— beckoned to her husband to come and seat himself beside her. Carl Von S—— now exclaimed in a voice which I should scarcely have known to be his, so unlike his usual tones did it sound, 'It appears that you pretend to know the habits of ghosts, and that they have told you that they do not like to get muddy or wet.' He had not finished his sentence before the Spaniard darted a terrible look at him, saying: 'Young man, do not speak so lightly of things of which you know nothing!'

"Would you undertake to make me believe in the existence of ghosts?" said Carl, in a disdainful voice.

"Perhaps," answered the Spaniard, "if you will have the courage to look at me."

The young man rose suddenly, red with anger, but he grew calm immediately, and seated himself tranquilly, saying, "You would have paid dearly for that remark, had it not been that of a madman."

"That of a madman," exclaimed the Spaniard, rising in his turn. "Well, then," said he, striking a table which stood on the porch with his fist, and throwing upon it a heavy leathern purse, "here are thirty quadruples which I offer to loose, if, before an hour I do not make you see

—yes, you who look so determined—the face of any one of your friends whom you shall name, though he shall have been dead this ten years; and if, after recognising him, you will suffer him to imprint a kiss on your lips.

An involuntary shudder ran through our party. Adelaida watched Carl with anxiety. Madame L. placed her hand on the shoulder of her husband, and the table on which the hand of Carl Von S—— was resting, trembled.

“The Spaniard looked so fearful as he said these words, that I myself experienced something resembling fear.” Carl, with a proud and mocking look, said: “You’ll do that, will you?”

“Yes,” answered the Spaniard, “and I will loose these thirty quadruples if I do not do it. On condition, however, that you loose a similar sum if I keep my promise and if you fail.”

Carl Von S—— was silent for a moment. Adelaida approached him and whispered, “accept the challenge, and I will return a favorable answer to the letter which you addressed to me yesterday.”

Carl kissed the hand of the fair girl, and then said gaily to the Spaniard, “thirty quadruples, my worthy sorcerer, I think you must forget that I was one of the hunting party and have not my purse with me, but here are five quadruples, as I live, (he drew them from his pocket,) I am your man if they will suffice.”

The Spaniard silently put his purse in his pocket, saying, in a disdainful tone, “So you back out, my worthy youth.”

“I back out!” exclaimed the enraged Carl, “Oh! if I had but thirty quadruples you would see whether I would back out or not.”

“Here are four more,” said I, “I will add them to your bet.”

I had no sooner made this proposition, than five or six persons, led away like me by the singularity of the challenge, offered also to take part in the bet; and in less time than it would take Joseph to say something witty, the Spaniard’s sum was complete. The man seemed so sure of success that he pocketed the sum and we made ready for the experiment.

For this purpose we choose a little arbor, isolated in the garden, so that there might be no trickery. We looked all over it—we assured ourselves that there was no outlet to it but a window, which was firmly closed—and at which we all placed ourselves, except such as, in order to see more easily, remained at the door, which was likewise closed. In order that Carl might see the name of whatever friend the Spaniard would summon, at the request of the latter, writing materials were placed on a small table which was in the arbor, and we carried away all the lights. Only the moonlight, which the rising clouds rendered vague and uncertain, illuminated

the arbor. We were deeply interested in the issue of the scene, and we all maintained a profound silence. Adelaida was fearfully pale. The Spaniard now commenced chaunting in a sad and sweet voice, these singular words:

“Bursting the narrow coffin,
Its sad and lonely tomb,
The snowy phantom darkly comes
From the earth’s deep silent womb!”

After the first verse, he solemnly raised his voice and said: “You have asked to see your friend, Frederick Vailat, who was drowned three years ago, passing the Pensaquelac! What do you now behold?”

“I see,” said the young student, “a whiteish light, which arises at the side of the window, but it is without form and is but an uncertain cloud.”

We were stupified with horror and surprise. “Are you afraid?” demanded the Spaniard, in a loud voice.

“I am not afraid,” answered Carl, in a voice no less assured.

Adelaida trembled violently. We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent a moment, then he struck the earth with his foot, three several times, and chaunted anew, but in a louder and more gloomy voice than before:

“The pallid corpse, whose face the wave
Has almost washed away,
In dripping garments from the grave,
Doth make its slimy way.”

The chaunt finished, the Spaniard turned again to the door, and giving his voice a still more solemn intonation, he said:

“You who have dared to wish to penetrate the mysteries of the tomb, what see you?”

We listened with anxiety. Adelaida could scarcely support herself. The student answered in a calm voice, like that of a man relating a passing occurrence:

“I see this vapor lengthening out and taking the form of a phantom, his head is covered with a long veil, he stays where he arose.”

“Are you afraid?” demanded the Spaniard in an insolent tone.

The brave and firm voice of the student answered, “No, I am not afraid.”

We could scarcely breath, so great was our surprise, so busily did we watch the strange movements of the Spaniard, who now raised his arms above his head three times, invoking a name fearful to pronounce, and then chaunted a third couplet of his infernal song, but this time with weird-like cries:

“So that the phantom from the grave
May know my mortal face,
I will extend my arms to him
And ask for his embrace.”

The Spaniard, at the end of this verse, repeated his terrible question: “What see you?”

“I see,” answered Carl, hurriedly, “the phantom advancing—he raises his veil—it is Frederick Vailat—he approaches the table—he writes—

he has written—it his signature, Frederick Vailat."

"Are you afraid now, my boasting friend?" screamed the Spaniard.

There was a moment of silence, too horrible for language to express it, and then Carl answered in a voice more loud than bold: "No, I am not afraid."

Then the Spaniard, as if seized with frenzy, began to sing with strange howlings, this last and most horrible verse. My sister seized my arm.

"Now to the mortal saith the corpse,
Come near and let me rest
My pallid cheek upon thy lips,
My head upon thy breast!"

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard in thundering tones.

"He comes—he approaches me—he pursues me—he extends his arms—he will touch me!—Help!—help me!—Save me!"

"Are you afraid," shrieked the Spaniard with ferocious joy.

A piercing cry—then one of agony—was the only response which my friend made to this awful demand.

"Help your imprudent friend," said the Spaniard to us, in a bitter tone, "I have, I trust, gained the bet—but it suffices for me to have given this rash boy a lesson—let him take this money, (returning the bag which contained our contributions,) and let him learn wisdom for the future."

Not one of us would touch the money. The Spaniard threw it on the ground. We were stunned with amazement. We opened the door to admit air. Adelaide had fainted in my arms.

Madame L. could scarcely assist me to recover my sister. Carl lay on the floor of the arbor in horrible convulsions. When we had, with great difficulty, restored him to the use of his faculties, he demanded where the infamous sorcerer was who had subjected him to so horrible a profanation—he wished to kill him—he burst from us like a mad-man, and only returned after several hours, during which he, myself and Herr L——, sought everywhere for the Spaniard, who had vanished from our midst, though none of us could tell where or how.

For a long time Adelaide suffered from the shock of that dreadful night. She seemed to blame herself severely for having subjected Carl Von S—— to such a trial. He remains to this day and hour, strangely reluctant to hear that night spoken of at all, and it is for that reason that I have related the story in his absence.

"It was probably a hoax," said Joseph, "invented by Carl and the stranger, at the expense of the whole party."

"I forgot to mention," said Leopold, quietly, "that upon the paper, which no one had been seen to touch, was written the name of *Frederick Vailat*. Explain that Joseph, if you please—for my part I have never met with any explanation of that night's occurrences, nor has any of the party who were there present—but even if I had, I would not tell the explanation."

"Oh! no, it spoils a ghost story to explain it," exclaimed one and all of the students, as they prepared to return home.

"It will all be explained a hundred years hence," muttered the incorrigible Joseph.

VENICE BY MOONLIGHT.

D. W. C. ROBERTS.

Oh! Venice! wondrous city of the sea!
Despite thy dreary centuries of war,
And desolation, still thou'rt beautiful.
Still, as of yore, the Adriatic wave
Sounds in thy broad canals, and, pulse-like, beats
With hollow echo, 'gainst thy marble walls.
Oh! proud Saint Mark!

How beautiful
The moonlight falls upon thy watery ways!
Flashing along thy lofty Campanile,
While the sweet music of the Gondolier
Vies with it for the palm of loveliness!
Both eye and ear are filled to ecstasy,
With the divine efflux of sight and sound!
And then on every side, in beauty rise
Enchanted from the wave, the sculptured fanes
And costly facades, gorgeously enwrought,
And blazoned o'er, as with a kingdom's spoils!
Here the Rialto rears its graceful arch;

And there the sorrow-christened Bridge of Sighs;
On either hand, the Doges' palace domes,
And hideous dungeon-towers, dark and old,
All cast their solemn shadows o'er the wave;
Mellowed beneath the moonlight's magic wand.

The golden radiance falls upon the crowds,
Pouring, as 'twere to some high festival;
And listless throngs, that loiter round the quays,
Or cluster on the bridges—gliding now,
In light gondolas, with song-muffled oars,
Skimming along, in shoals that scarce disturb
The glassy surface, gliding with sweet sounds;
While the bright prows of polished metal gleam
Like diamonds in the moonlight—or flash back
From out the rippling wave—no sound is heard
That is not musical—the tinkle sweet;
Of love's guitar—the serenader's sigh,
Or the responsive choir of gondoliers!

SIX MONTHS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY LIZZIE WHEATLEY.

"THEY say Miss Morton is engaged to Robert Hazlewood," said Miss Augusta Lenox.

"So I hear," replied Angila Mervale, (to whom this piece of news had been communicated.) *How can she?*"

"How can she, indeed!" replied Augusta; "he's an ugly fellow."

"Ugly—yes," continued Angila, "and such disagreeable ugliness, too. I don't care about a man's being handsome. A plain, *black* ugliness I don't object to—but *red* ugliness, oh!"

"They say he's clever," said Augusta.

"They always say that, my dear, of any one that's so ugly," replied Angila. "I don't believe it; he's conceited, and I think disagreeable. I don't believe he's clever."

"I remarked, last night," continued Augusta, "that he was very attentive to Mary Morton. They waltzed together several times."

"Yes, and how badly he waltzed! Mary Morton is too pretty a girl for such an awkward, ugly man. How lovely she looked last night! I hope it is not an engagement—for I quite like her."

"Well, perhaps, it is not. It's only one of the *on dit*s, and, probably, a mere report."

"Who are you discussing, girls?" asked Mrs. Mervale, from the other side of the room.

"Robert Hazlewood and Miss Morton," said Augusta. "They are said to be engaged."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mervale. "Is it a good match for her?"

"Oh, no!" chimed in both the girls at once. "He's neither handsome, nor rich, nor anything."

"Nor anything," repeated Mrs. Mervale, laughing. "Well, that is comprehensive, sure enough. A young man who is respectable may be a fair match for a girl, without being either handsome or rich; but if he is positively 'nothing,' why, then, I grant you, it is bad—very bad. But—"

"Oh, I believe he's respectable enough," replied Augusta, carelessly—for, like most young girls, the word 'respectable' did not rank very high in her vocabulary.

"And if he is not rich, what are they to live on?" continued Mrs. Mervale.

"Love and the law, I suppose," said her daughter, laughing. "He's a lawyer, I believe, is he not, Augusta?"

"Oh!" resumed Mrs. Mervale, "a son then of old John Hazlewood, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Augusta.

"Then he may do very well, continued Mrs. Mervale; "for his father has a large practice, I know, and is a very respectable man. If he is

a clever young man, he may tread in his father's footsteps."

This did not convey any very high eulogium in the young ladies ears. That young Robert Hazlewood might be an old John Hazlewood in his turn and time, did not strike them as a very brilliant feature. In fact, they did not think much more of the old man than they did of the young one. Old gentlemen were not quite at such a discount, however, with Mrs. Mervale, as with her daughter and friend. And she continued to descant upon the high respectability of Mr. Hazlewood, the elder, not one word in ten of which the girls heard—for she, like most old ladies, once started upon old times, was thinking of the pleasant John Hazlewood of former days, and who brought back a host of reminiscences, with which she indulged herself and the girls; while they, their heads full of last night's party, and Mary Morton and Robert Hazlewood, listened as civilly as they could, quite unable to keep the thread of her discourse—confounding in her history Robert Hazlewood's mother with his grandmother; the girls wondering all the while when she would stop, that they might continue their own gossip.

"Angila, you visit Hazlewood's sister, Mrs. Constant?" resumed Augusta.

"Yes; we have always visited the Hazlewoods," replied Angila. "I am not intimate with any of them; though they always seemed to me those kind of pattern people I dislike."

"Is Mr. Constant well off or rich?" asked Mrs. Mervale.

"No, I should think not," replied Angila, "from the way in which they live. They have a little bit of a two-story house, and keep only a waiter girl. How I do hate to see a woman open the door!" she continued, addressing Augusta.

"So do I," replied her friend. "I like a man servant; a woman looks so shabby."

"Yes," resumed Angila; "there is nothing I dislike so much. No woman servant shall ever go to my door."

"If you have a man," suggested Mrs. Mervale.

"Of course," said Angila, "and that I will."

"But suppose you can't afford it?"

"I don't choose to suppose anything so disagreeable and improbable," replied her daughter, laughing.

"It may be very disagreeable," continued her mother, "but I don't see the improbability of the thing, Angila, nor indeed the disagreeability. The Constants are young people, and with a small family, I think a woman is quite sufficient—their house is small; is it not?"

"Oh, yes, a little bit of a place."

"Large enough for them, I suppose," replied Mrs. Mervale, whose ideas were not quite as large as her daughter's.

"Perhaps so," said Angila; "but I do hate low ceilings so. I don't care about a large house, but I do like large rooms."

"You can hardly have large rooms in a small house," remarked Mrs. Mervale, smiling.

"Why, Mrs. Astley's is only a two-story house, mother, and the rooms are larger than these."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. Astley's is an expensive house; the lot must be thirty feet wide by—"

But Angila had no time to go into the dimensions of people's "lots." She and Augusta were back to the party again, and they discussed upon dresses and looks and manners, with great gusto. Their criticisms, like most young people, were always in extremes. The girls had either looked "lovely" or "frightful"—the young men were either "charming," or "odious;" and they, themselves, had been in a constant state of either delight or alarm.

"I was so afraid Robert Hazlewood was going to ask me to waltz," said Angila; "and he waltzes so abominably, that I did not know what I should do. But, to my delight, he asked me only for the next cotillion; I was engaged; I was so glad."

"Then you did not dance with him?"

"No! to my great joy he walked off angry, I believe."

"Oh, my dear!" remarked Mrs. Mervale.

"Why not, mother?" repeated Angila; "he is my 'favorite aversion.' Well, Augusta," she continued, turning to her young friend, "when do you sail for New Orleans?"

"On Monday," replied Augusta.

"On Monday, so soon? Oh, what shall I do without you, Augusta?" said Angila, quite pathetically "and you will be gone, you think, six months?"

"Yes, so papa says," replied the young lady. "He does not expect to be able to return before the month of May."

"Not before May, and it's only November now," said Angila, in prolonged accents of grief, "how much may happen in that time?"

"Yes," returned her friend, gayly, "you may be engaged before that."

"Not much danger," replied Angila, laughing.

"But remember, I am to be bridesmaid," continued Augusta.

"Certainly," said Angila, in the same tone; "I shall expect you on from New Orleans on purpose."

"And who will it be, Angila?" said Augusta.

"That's more than I can tell; but somebody very charming, I can promise you that," replied Angila.

"By the way, what is your *beau ideal*, Angila? I never heard you say," continued Augusta.

"My *beau ideal* is as shadowy and indistinct as any of Ossian's heroes," replied Angila. "Something very distinguished in air and manner, with black eyes and hair. These are the only points decided on. For the rest, Augusta, I refer you to futurity," she added, gayly.

"I wonder who you will marry?" said Augusta, with the sudden fervor of a young lady on so interesting a topic.

"I don't know one—nobody I have ever seen yet," replied Angila, with commotion.

"Must he be handsome?" said Augusta.

"No," replied Angila; "I don't care much for beauty. It is not at all necessary, I think, a man should have the air of a gentleman, with decidedly an expression of talent—height, and all that—but I don't care about what you call beauty."

"You are very moderate, indeed, in your requirements, my dear," said her mother, laughing. "And pray, my love, what have you to offer in return for such extraordinary charms?"

"Love, mamma," replied the gay girl, smiling.

"And suppose, my dear, your *beau* should set as high an estimate upon himself as you do? Your tall, elegant, talented man, may expect a wife who has fortune, beauty, and accomplishments equal to his own."

Angila laughed. She was not vain, but knew she was pretty, and she was sufficiently of a *belle*, to be satisfied with her own powers; so she said, playfully: "Well, then, mamma, he won't be my hero, that's all." In which, no doubt, she spoke truth. The possession of these gifts are very apt to vary in young ladies eyes according to the gentleman's perception of their charms; and one hero differs from another, according as the pronouns "mine" and "thine" may be prefixed to his title.

"And such a bijou of a house as I mean to have!" continued Angila, with animation. "The back parlor and dining-room shall open into a conservatory, where I will have any quantity of canary birds."

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "what nonsense you do talk!"

"Why, mamma," said Angila, opening her eyes as wide as opera glasses, "don't you like canaries?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "I don't object to canaries or conservatories—only to your talking of them in this way. They are all very well for rich people."

"Well, then, I mean to be rich," continued Angila, playfully.

"That's the very nonsense I complain of," said her mother. "It's barely possible, but certainly only probable, Angila, that you ever should

be rich ; and considering you have been used to nothing of the kind, it really amuses me to hear you talk so. Your father and I have lived all our lives very comfortably and happily, Angila, without either canaries or conservatory, and I rather think you'll do the same."

"Your father and I!" What a falling off was here! Although Angila loved her father and mother dearly, she could not imagine herself intent on household occupations. An excellent motherly woman thirty years hence—and that her *beau idéal* should wear "pepper and salt," like her father, never crossed her imagination. It was all very well for pappa and mamma ; but to persuade a girl of eighteen that she wants no more than her mother, whose heart happens to be like Mrs. Mervale's just then, full of a new carpet, that Mr. Mervale is beset alive about affording, is out of the question ; and unreasonable though it be, whoever would make the young girl more rational, destroys at once the chief charm of her youth—the exuberance of her fresh imagination, that gilds not only the future, but throws a rosy light upon all surrounding objects. Her visions, I grant you, are absurd ; but the girl without visions, is a clod of the valley ; for she is without imagination, and without imagination what is life ? what is love ? Never fear that her visions will not be fulfilled, and therefore bring disappointment, for the power brings the pleasure with it. The girls who dream of heroes are those most ready to fall in love with anybody. No girl as hard to please as she, ever had a vision, and consequently sees men just as they are. And so, if Angila talked nonsense, Mrs. Mervale's sense was not much wiser. Angila was a pretty, playful, romantic girl ; rather intolerant of the people she did not like, and enthusiastic about those she did ; full of life and animation, she was a decided *belle* in the gay circle in which she moved. Miss Lenox was her dearest friend for the time being, and the proposed separation for the next six months, was looked upon as a cruel affliction, only to be softened by the most frequent and confidential correspondence.

For the first few weeks of Augusta's absence, the promises exchanged on both sides were vehemently fulfilled. Letters were written two or three times a week, detailing every minute circumstance that happened to either. But at the end of this time Angila was at a party where she met Robert Hazlewood, and he talked to her for some time. It was not a dancing party, and consequently they conversed together more than they had ever done before. He seemed extremely amused with her liveliness, and looked at her with unmistakable admiration. Had Augusta Lenox been there to see, perhaps Angila would not have received his attentions so gra-

ciously—but there being nothing to remind her of his being her 'favorite aversion,' she talked with animation, pleased with the admiration she excited without being annoyed by any inconvenient reminiscences. And not only was Miss Lenox absent, but Miss Morton was present, and Angila thought she looked over at them a little anxiously—so that a little spirit of rivalry heightened, if not her pleasure, certainly Hazlewood's consequence in her eyes. Girls are often much influenced by each other in these matters—and the absence of Miss Lenox, who "did not think much of Robert Hazlewood," and the presence of Miss Morton, who did, had no small influence on her future fate.

"Did you have a pleasant party, last evening ?" asked Mrs. Mervale, who had not been with her daughter the evening before.

"Yes, very pleasant," replied Angila. "One of the pleasantest 'talking parties' I have ever been at."

And "who was there ?" and "who did you talk to ?" were the next questions ; which launched Angila in a full length description of everything and everybody—and among them figured quite conspicuously Robert Hazlewood.

"And you found him clever ?" said her mother.

"Oh, decidedly," replied her daughter.

"Who ? Hazlewood ?" said her brother, looking up. "Certainly ; he's considered one of the cleverest among our young lawyers ; decidedly a man of talent."

Angila looked pleased. "He is agreeable—that's certain," she said.

"His father is a man of talent before him," observed Mrs. Mervale. "As a family, they have always been distinguished for ability. This young man is ugly, you say ?"

"Yes," replied Angila, though with some hesitation. "Yes, he is ugly, certainly ; but he has a good countenance, and when he converses he is better looking than I thought him."

"It's a pity he's conceited," said Mrs. Mervale, innocently ; (her impressions of the young man being taken from her daughter's previous description of him.) "Since he really is clever, that is such a drawback."

"Conceited ! I don't think he is conceited," said Angila, quite forgetting her yesterday's opinion.

"Don't you—I thought it was you who said so, my dear," replied her mother.

"Yes, I did used to think so," said Angila, slightly blushing at her own inconsistency. "I don't know why I took the idea in my head ; but, in fact, I talked more to him and became better acquainted with him last night than I have ever done before. When there is dancing, there is so little time for conversation—and he really talks very well."

"He is engaged to Miss Morton, you say?" continued Mrs. Mervale.

"Well, I don't know," replied Angila; adding, as she remembered the animated looks of admiration he had bestowed upon herself; "I doubt it—though that is the report."

"Hazlewood's no more engaged to Miss Mary Morton than I am," said young Mervale, carelessly. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Why, everybody says so, George," said Angila. "Pshaw! Everybody's saying so, don't make it so."

"But he's very attentive to her," persisted Angila.

"Well, and if he is," retorted Mervale, "it does not follow that he wants to marry her—you women do jump at conclusions and make up matches in such a way," replied her brother, almost angrily.

"I believe she likes him," pursued Angila. "I think she would have him."

"Have him, to be sure she would," replied George; not as he supposed the young lady was particularly in love with Hazlewood, but as if he was a man any one might be glad to have; for brothers are very apt to view such cases differently, who refuse young gentlemen for their friends without mercy.

"But he's ugly, you say?" continued Mrs. Mervale, sorrowfully, who, old as she was, liked a handsome young man, and always lamented when she found mental gifts unaccompanied by personal charms.

"Yes—he's no beauty, that's certain," said Angila, gaily.

"Has he a good air and figure?" pursued Mrs. Mervale, still hoping so clever a man might be better looking after all.

"Yes, tolerable," replied Angila. "Middle height, nothing remarkable one way or the other;" and then she went off to tell some piece of news, which quite put young Hazlewood out of her mother's head.

When Angila next wrote to Augusta—although she spoke of the party she had been at—a little regard for truth prevented her saying much about Robert Hazlewood, and consequently her friend was quite unconscious of the large share he had in making the party she described so pleasant. Hazlewood had really been pleased by Angila. She was pretty, and he found her lively and intelligent. He had always been inclined to admire her; but she had turned from him once or twice in what he had thought a haughty manner, and consequently he had scarcely known her until they had met at this sociable evening party of Mrs. Carpenter's, when accident had placed them near each other. The party was so small, that when people happened to find themselves seated they staid—it requiring some courage for

a young man to break the charmed ring and plant himself before any lady except her beside whom fate had placed him. Now Angila had the corner seat on a sofa near the fire-place, and Hazlewood was leaning against the chimney-piece; so that a more easy position for a pleasant talk could hardly be conceived in so small a circle. Miss Morton was on the other side of the fire-place, occupying the corresponding situation to Angila's, and Angila could see her peeping forward, from time to time, to see if Hazlewood still maintained his place. His back was turned to her, and so if she did throw any anxious glances that way he did not see them.

Angila met him a few evenings after this at the opera, and found that he was a passionate lover of music. They talked again, and he very well—for he really was a sensible, well educated young man. Music is a very fertile source of inspiration, and Hazlewood was a connoisseur as well as an amateur. She found that he seldom missed a night there, and was surprised not to have seen him before. She attended the opera herself very often. He had seen her, however; and he looked as if it was not easy not to see her when she was there. She was pleased, for she saw that it was not an unmeaning compliment.

Mr. Hazlewood's very clever," she said, the next day, "and his tastes are so cultivated and refined. He is very different from the usual run of young men." (When a girl begins to think a man different from the "usual run," you may be sure she is off the common track.) "There's something very manly in his sentiments—independent and high-toned. He can't be engaged to Mary Morton, for I alluded to the report, and he seemed quite amused at the idea. I can see he thinks her very silly, which she really is, though pretty, but he was too gentlemanly to say so."

"How then did you find out that he thought so?" asked George, laughing.

"Oh, from one or two little things. We were speaking of a German poem I was trying to get the other day, and he said he had it, but intended to lend it to Miss Morton—however, he added, with such a peculiar smile, that he did not believe she wanted to read it, and at any rate, he would bring it to me as soon as she returned it. He doubted whether she was much of a German reader; and it was more the smile and the manner in which he said it than the words, that made me think he had no very high opinion of her literary tastes."

"He may not like her any the less for that," said George, carelessly. "I think your clever literary men rarely do value a woman the less for her ignorance." But there was an expression in Angila's pretty face that seemed to contradict this assertion—for, like most pretty women, she

was vainer of her talents than her beauty, and she thought Hazlewood had been quite struck by some of her criticisms the night before. However this might be, the intimacy seemed to progress at a wonderful rate. He called and brought her books, and they had a word to say every time they met, which, whether by accident or design, was now beginning to be pretty often.

"You knew old Mr. Hazlewood, mamma," said Angila; "and who did you say Mrs. Hazlewood was?" And now she listened very differently from the last time that her mother had launched forth on the topic of old times and friends. Angila was wonderfully interested in all the history of the whole race—for Mrs. Mervale began with the great-grandfather—and she kept the thread of the story with singular distinctness, and made out the family pedigree on both sides in amazing correctness.

"Then they are an excellent family, mamma?" she said.

"To be sure they are," replied Mrs. Mervale; "one of the oldest and best in the city."

Its wonderful the quantity of books that Angila had just about this time. But Hazlewood was always sending her something, which she seemed to take peculiar pleasure in surprising him in having finished before they met again. And her bright eyes grew brighter; and occasionally, and not unfrequently either, they had an abstracted dreamy look, as if her thoughts were far away, occupied in very pleasant visions. Whether they were now of Ossian heroes, dark-eyed and dim, we doubt. She was rather unpleasantly aroused from her dream, however, by a passage in Augusta Lenox's last letter, which was: "What has become of your 'favorite aversion,' Robert Hazlewood? When is he and Mary Morton to be married? I give her joy of him—as you say, 'how can she?'" Angila colored scarlet with vexation, as she sat "wondering what Augusta meant?" She did not answer the letter. Some consciousness, mixed with a good deal of vexation prevented her.

Hazlewood's attentions to Angila began to be a great deal talked of. Her mother was congratulated, and she was complimented—for everybody spoke well of him. "A remarkably clever young man, with very good prospects," the old people said. The young girls talked of him pretty much as Angila and Augusta had done, but she did not hear that; and the young men said "Hazlewood was a devilish clever fellow, and Angila Mervale would do very well if she could get him." That the young gentleman was desperately in love, there was no doubt; and, as for the young lady, that she was flattering and pleased and interested, is hardly less clear. Her bright eyes grew softer and more dreamy every day. Oh,

what is she dreaming? What can her visions be of now? Can she by any possibility make a hero of Robert Hazlewood? Sober, common sense would say no; but bright, youthful imagination may boldly answer "why not?" Time, however, can only decide that point.

Two more letters came from Augusta Lenox, and were still unanswered. "Wait till I am engaged," Angila had unconsciously said to herself, and then she shed the deepest blush as she caught the words that had arisen to her heart. She did not wait long, however. Bright, beaming, blushing and tearful, she soon announced the fact to her mother, asking her consent and permission to refer Mr. Hazlewood to her father.

The Mervale's were very well pleased with the match, which in fact was an excellent one. Young Hazlewood being in every respect superior to Angila, except in appearance, where she had the woman's palm of beauty. Not but that she was quick, intelligent and well cultivated, but there are more such girls by hundreds in our community than there are men of talent, reading, and industry to merit them. And Angila was amazing happy to have been one of the fortunate few to whose lot such a man falls.

And now indeed she wrote a long, long letter to Augusta, so full of happiness, describing Hazlewood as she thought so distinctly that Augusta must recognise him at once. So she concluded by saying, "And now I need not name him, as you must know who I mean."

"I must know who she means," said Augusta, much perplexed. "Why, I am sure I can't imagine who she means. Talented, agreeable, with cultivated tastes! Who can she mean. Not handsome, but very gentlemanly looking! Well, I have no idea who it is; I certainly cannot know the man, but as we sail next week, I shall be at home in time for the wedding. How odd that I should be her bridesmaid in May, after all." Miss Lenox arrived about a month after the engagement had been announced, and found her friend brilliant with happiness. After the first exclamations and greetings were over, Augusta said, with impatient curiosity, "But who is it, Angila? you never told me."

"But, surely, you guessed at once," said Angila, incredulously.

"No, indeed," replied her friend, earnestly; "I have not the most distant idea."

"Why, Robert Hazlewood, to be sure."

"Robert Hazlewood! Oh, Angila, you are jesting," exclaimed her friend, thrown quite off her guard by astonishment.

"Yes, indeed," replied Angila, with eager delight, attributing her friend's look of surprise and incredulous tones to quite another source. "You may well be surprised, Augusta. Is it not odd that such a man, one of his superior

talents, should have fallen in love with such a mad-cap as me!"

Augusta could hardly believe her ears. But the truth is, that Angila had so long since forgotten her prejudice, founded on nothing, against Hazlewood, that she was not conscious now that she had ever entertained any such feelings. She was not obliged, in common phrase, "to call her own words," for she quite forgot that she had ever uttered them. And now with the utmost enthusiasm she entered into all her plans and prospects. Told Augusta with the utmost interest, as if she thought they must be equally delightful to her friend, all her mother's long story about the old Hazlewood's, and what a charming nice family they were, (these pattern people she hated,) as Augusta remembered, but all of which was buried in the happiest oblivion with Angila; and the dear little house that was being furnished next to Mrs. Constant's, for her—one of those small houses with low ceilings!) Augusta gasped—and how many servants she was going to keep, and what a nice young girl she had engaged already as waiter.

"You mean to have a woman waiter then?" Augusta could not help saying.

"Oh! to be sure! What should I do with a man in such a pretty little establishment as I mean to have; and then, you see, we must be economical. Mr. Hazlewood is a young lawyer, and I don't mean to let him slave himself to keep

the two ends together. You'll see what a nice economical little house-keeper I'll be."

And in short, Augusta found that the same bright, warm imagination that made Robert Hazlewood everything she wanted him, threw a charm over even a small house, low ceilings, woman servant and all. Such is the power of love.

"Well," said Augusta, in talking it all over with her brother, "I can't comprehend it yet. Angila who used to be so fastidious; so critical; who expected so much in the man she was to marry."

"She is not the first young lady who has come down from her pedestal," replied her brother, laughing.

"No; but she has not come down from her pedestal yet," pursued Augusta. "That's the oddest part of the whole. But she has just raised Hazlewood on the same pedestal also, beside herself. You'd really suppose they were the only couple in the world that are going to be married. She is actually in love with him—desperately in love with him—and it was only just before I went to New Orleans that she used to wonder at Mary Morton's liking him, mamma."

"Ah! my dear," replied her mother, "that was when he was attentive to Mary Morton, and not her. It makes a wonderful difference when the thing becomes personal—and if you really love Angila, my dear, you will forget, or at least not repeat, brother," she said, "six months before marriage."

GENERAL WOLFE'S DAUGHTER

WITH Titus Trumps there was neither past nor present; he lived in the future. Nothing about him was real; he dwelt in a world of shadows; the tangible good was always *that to come*. His life had no yesterday, no to-day—it was a life made of to-morrows.

Whether the temperament of Titus be happy or unfortunate—whether it was to him a fatal weakness, or a prosperous strength, the reader, if he will attend his adventure, may, for himself, determine.

Titus Trumps, inheriting a small patrimony from his deceased father, and having endowed himself with great hopes of an improved income from a maternal maiden aunt, had never addressed himself to any calling. A mere trade was vulgar, and the more to be eschewed, as he had assured himself of the property of his sire's sister; she was a prudent, thrifty woman, and every day must add to her wealth. That the amount of her property was not known, was, in the mind of Trumps, an assurance of its immensity. She dwelt in a small, comfortable cottage, where

Titus was wont to be a frequent visitor. Indeed, his unchecked flow of spirits made him a general favorite; and Miss Virginia Trumps did not deserve the reproach, too frequently and too hastily bestowed upon ungathered maidens. She was a happy, equable soul, with a face for a smile, nay, with lungs for laughter. Titus sat one day at tea with his aunt, when, to her surprise, he advanced the following insinuation:

"Now, I dare say, aunt, you—you have somewhere, another tea-pot besides that?"

"To be sure, Titus," said Miss Trumps.

"And you have hoarded it up,—you wouldn't take any money for it?" cried Titus.

"Not its weight in gold," exclaimed Miss Trumps, with considerable emphasis; and the heart of Titus leapt at the avowal.

The reader may, with the maiden aunt, feel some surprise at the interest taken by Titus in tea-pots. Let us explain. Titus had only that morning read an account of the death of an old solitary woman, who, though passing as very poor among her neighbors, had left, with other

hoarded wealth, a large tea-pot filled with guineas. Miss Trumps was about the age of the deceased woman—like her, she lived alone—was very saving,—seldom stirred out, and was, indeed, in the opinion of Titus—an opinion confirmed after a scrutinizing view of his beloved aunt—the very woman to hoard guineas in a tea-pot. The significant manner with which his aunt declared the utensil to be worth its weight in gold, convinced Titus, beyond all chilling doubt, that it was brim-full of the precious metal. In fact, the thing spoke for itself—indeed, she had a tea-pot worth “its weight in gold!” Long before Titus had taken his leave, his hopes had conjured up the largest tea-pot ever manufactured in China, and had calculated the greatest number of guineas that could, by possibility, be laid in it.

Titus Trumps was in his two-and-twentieth year, when, full of hope, he sat in a London coach on his way to the metropolis. He had no friends, no acquaintance dwelling there, but he never doubted that he should immediately obtain those desirable advantages. He already saw himself in a circle of the most amiable, the most obliging people. How many men had walked to London with only a staff—had slept on the road by hay-stacks—had eaten cresses and dry-bread, and had entered the capitol of the world with blisters at their soles, and not a farthing in their pockets, and had afterwards become golden merchants; yea, had, in their day, been aldermen and mayors, knights and baronets, to boot—and dying, had left alms-houses for the helpless and the aged! Leaning back in the coach, Titus, with half-closed eyes, already saw himself at court—already felt the royal sword upon his shoulder—already beheld, as in a vision, his female pensioners in white caps and aprons—his old, old men, in decent gray! Such were the hopes of Titus Trumps, when the coach suddenly stopped to change horses. A man ran from a neighboring house to the dismounted coachman.

“Inside place, coachman?” said the man.

“Full,” said the laconic coachman. “One out.”

“Oh! she can’t go out in this rain,” said the man. It poured a deluge.

“Stay behind, then,” said the accommodating driver.

“But you don’t know who she is”—here the stranger half-whispered, confidentially, to the coachman, Trumps distinctly hearing the important communication. “She’s daughter of General Wolfe.”

The coachman scratched his head at the intelligence, glanced inside the coach to assure himself that it was full, then cast his eye up at the box, and observed, “Wrap her up—plenty of coats.”

At this instant the lady appeared, a damsel following her with a couple of fragile band-boxes. “Outside! in such weather—impossible!” cried the lady, on learning the proposal of the coachman.

“Sorry for it—time’s up,” said the driver, and he mounted the box.

“Stop—stop,” cried Trumps, thrusting himself out of the coach-window—and now smiling on the lady, and now looking from side to side for the coachman and the guard, both of whom he requested, in a most peremptory manner, to attend to him. “Stop—stop—here, guard—I’ll get out—I’ll—and Trumps, opening the door, jumped from the coach. “Miss Wolfe can have my place,” said Titus, bowing to the lady, greatly confused by the unexpected gallantry of the young and handsome passenger—for Titus was a smart looking fellow—the coachman and the guard exchanged looks of wonder, rather than admiration, at the generosity of the inside gentleman.

“Really—couldn’t think of depriving the gentleman—in such dreadful weather, too,”—objected the young lady.

“Only a few drops—a passing shower,” said the hopeful Trumps; the rain pouring as from twenty thousand spouts.

“Better get in, Miss,” said the guard, assisting the young lady, who, with the meekness of the sex, suffered herself to be overcome.

“A lovely girl, that,” said Titus Trumps, when mounted beside the coachman, who was as wet and dripping as an otter.

“Very fairish, sir,” replied the driver. “A little wet, isn’t it?” he then observed, with a malicious smile at the situation of Titus.

“I—I don’t think it will last,” answered the sanguine Trumps.

“No, sir, at this rate I don’t see where it’s to come from. I hope the lady’s comfortable.”

“She lives in London?” asked Trumps.

“I believe you, sir,—one of the best houses in it. After your civility, sir, I’m sure they’d like to see you there; poor thing! she might have caught her death, for it is wet, sir— isn’t it?”

Trumps made no answer; his thoughts were far away from the querist, and his feelings were weather-proof. The daughter of General Wolfe! He had resigned his place to a child of a hero—to the offspring of an immortal soldier! He had always felt a mysterious respect for the profession of arms; and how strange that, as it might be said, in his first entry into life, accident should have cast him near the daughter of the great Wolfe! There was, doubtless, patronage in the family. The lady had looked smilingly upon him! If, now, he should be presented with a commission; and, if ordered abroad on some

delicate and dangerous service, he should be able to distinguish himself in the eyes of the world; and if, returning, his brows bound with laurels, and his breast bearing a dozen orders, he should ask and win the lady for his wife! Or, if—for it was as well to consider the calamitous part of war—if he should be killed? Well, he would die upon the bed of glory. No, there was gloom upon that picture, and he would not look on it. He might be slightly wounded, and would survive to receive the thanks of the army—of the parliament! They made baronets, earls, marquises, dukes, of prosperous heroes! He might be the father of a family, and his eldest son (the pledge of himself and the unsuspecting lady inside) might bear the royal train at the next coronation! How wise in him to have always spurned a trade! He might have been a grocer! He who would sit among the peers of England, and mend and make laws, might have vended barley, sugar—dealt in figs! That he should be enabled to oblige Miss Wolfe! On what trivial things (such was the trite reflection of our traveler) hung the fate of man! And, for twenty minutes, or more, Titus Trumps was a military duke, a conqueror, with at least one estate in six different countries, and with, perhaps, the office of commander-in-chief at home. Happy Titus Trumps! Quick and bountiful are the gifts of hope; and now, in her brightest blue, and with her sunniest looks, she leaned upon her anchor and smiled graciously on Titus, who, though wet as a soaked sponge, was glowing in imaginary place.

The coach arrived late in London; Trumps hastened to descend, that he might hand the lady out. Quick as he was, he had been anticipated in that pleasant attention by a tall, sallow young man, sparkishly habited, who looked rather frowningly upon the advances of our hero.

"The gentleman had been so kind as to give up his place;" the tall young man bowed stiffly. "Dear heart!" added the lady, he was "very wet."

"Not at all—not in the least—perhaps a little damp," replied the saturated Trumps. "He trusted, however, that Miss Wolfe!"

The tall young man bent his brows, the lady colored, and Titus paused: ere he could again essay a speech, the fair damsel was lifted into a hackney-coach by the strange young gentleman, who followed and seated himself authoritatively beside her. "Her brother, no doubt," thought Trumps, as the coach drove away: that the lady should be already a wife, never suggested itself; though, had a fear of that calamity possessed Titus, he would have found comfort in the unhealthy complexion of her yoke-fellow;—a man with such looks could not live many months. Trumps, foiled in his hopes of the lady's single

blessedness, would have sought comfort in her speedy widowhood.

The next morning Trumps awoke haggard and feverish. He had, in his dreams, been at Quebec—had achieved the most heroic feats—had received Miss Wolfe from the hands of her father—and had been married by the chaplain of the garrison, the troops forming in hollow square during the ceremony. The marriage was no sooner solemnized, than the dreamer heard the wild yell of the Indians—the bride was torn from his arms—he had followed her through woods and swamps—and had at last fallen into the hands of the savages. Already, the chief had flung him upon the earth—already the knife glittered in his eyes—already the wild man was about to add another scalp to his hundred, when Trumps, even dreaming, found hope in the crisis; for he thought he wore a wig! With this exulting feeling, he awoke. It was with some satisfaction that he discovered his head upon a goose-feather pillow—and on that head, the pride of his heart, natural locks in luxuriant growth. He ran his fingers through his curls, and felt himself a man again.

"Your name, sir, is?"

"Trumps—Titus Trumps," said our hero, holding forth his hand to receive a letter brought by the waiter, as Trumps seated himself for breakfast.

"Not for you, then, sir," said the man. "Beg your pardon—gentleman in thirty-two," and the servant quitted the room, to the disappointment of Trumps, who, without any reasonable expectation of the favor, saw in the missive a letter from his aunt, and looking inside it, with the eyes of hope, beheld there a bank-bill to a handsome amount. "She certainly did not promise to write," thought Trumps, buttering his roll, "but then there was no knowing—she might." Trumps rang the bell; the waiter immediately appeared.

"You saw that lady who came last night by the coach?" asked Trumps.

"Saw the lady, sir," said Robert, the waiter.

"I mean Miss Wolfe."

"Oh! ha!—yes, Miss Wolfe," said the smiling Robert, whose creed it was to contradict nobody.

"She's very handsome; perhaps very rich?" remarked Trumps, carelessly.

"Very handsome—very rich," cried Robert, to the satisfaction of Titus.

"You couldn't tell me where she lives?" asked Titus.

"Couldn't tell you where she lives, no sir," chimed Robert.

"That's strange, eh?"

"Strange, sir;" and by this time, Titus having finished his breakfast, Robert was busily employed clearing the table, and when Trumps was

about to put another question to that human echo, he had vanished.

"Not engaged! No: I was sure of that, quite sure," said the sanguine young gentleman, and he fell into a deep study, contemplating the necessary ways and means for the lawful possession of Miss Wolfe. "Waiter," cried Trumps, having at length decided upon the first step; "Waiter," and Robert, who was gliding across the floor, again stood before Titus. "You perfectly recollect that lady?"

"Perfectly: red ribbons, beaver hat, silk gown."

"Now attend to me. I'll give you seven shillings—you hear?"

"Seven shillings," replied the waiter, very correctly.

"If you will procure for me the address of that lady—and mind, not a word to anybody."

"Address, and not a word," answered Robert, and departed to obtain the information; not that it was at all necessary for him to quit the room for the intelligence, as he was already in full possession of it; but the pains he took seemed to enhance the value of the knowledge to be conveyed, making it better worth the offered price. "There, sir—the address," said Robert, presenting the delighted Trumps with a written card.

"I'll go this morning," exclaimed Trumps. "My bill."

"Don't you stay to-night, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No—no: for my luggage, you can send it to the same address;" for of course, thought Trumps, they'll entertain me as their guest. "Humph—ha!" said Titus, viewing himself in a glass, "must brush up a little. A new loop in my hat—pshaw! a new hat altogether—some new lace ruffles—and, egad! this silver ring of grandfather's looks like a lump of pewter on my finger—a little diamond there won't be thrown away; no, no, it doesn't rain general's daughters every day—I can afford to lay out for an heir-ess;" for, in the flutter of his hopes, Trumps had quite forgotten the "brother" of the lady. "Must dress to-day, if I'm a sloven all my life," cried Trumps, still self-communing, and he sallied into the street, determining to purchase the necessary decorations. Titus had in his purse little more than fifty guineas; never before had fifty guineas seemed such a trifle. Elated with the certainty of speedy fortune (for with Titus the golden gift was no longer doubtful,) he felt all the carelessness, the indifference of a sultan towards the petty cash about him. Arithmetic seemed a science suddenly unworthy of him—he might, in the fullness of his wealth, snap his fingers at figures. Such were his exulting thoughts as he entered a shop, smitten with the show of lace, with its cobweb meshes displayed to catch the

flies without. The bargain was soon struck—the most expensive cravats and ruffles ordered to the inn, a hat, furnished with a glittering loop, and a cane, surmounted with a gold head, with chasing worthy of a Cellini, speedily followed, and Trumps thought himself equipped, not for conquest, (for the victory was gained,) but for a triumphal entry. Thirty guineas yet remained to him, when he suddenly paused at the window of a jeweler. At all events, he would ask the price of a ring.

"The finest of fine waters," said Mr. Glitter, the tradesman, as he presented a diamond ring to Trumps, who looked down upon it, whilst a smile played about his lips, and his eyes melted at the bauble. The jeweler in a moment knew his man. "If the stone were only as big again, upon my honor, sir, I can't tell you what it would be worth—I may say, money couldn't buy it." "Try it, sir—try it: bless me! well, you have a curiosity there," and Glitter raised his eye-brows and puckered his mouth, as he took up the silver seal-ring laid down by Trumps.

"It was in our family," said Titus, a little abashed at the native vulgarity of the relic, brought out in forcible contrast by the surrounding splendor. "Fits, I declare," said Trumps, placing the diamond ring on the finger too long disgraced by the family treasure.

"Sir, I should be proud to sell you that ring, if I could afford it, at half-price. As it is, I'll strike off five guineas."

Trumps looked at the ring, and with some anxiety, asked, "how much?"

"As I said, sir," replied Glitter, "I'll let you have the ring cheaper than any gentleman I have ever clapped my eyes upon. And I'll tell you why, sir: you'll do especial credit to the ring. Now, there are some hands, that, upon my honor, sir, it goes to my heart to let my goods go upon; hands! did I say, sir—lumps of flesh, with skin like sole-skin."

"Well, sir, as this is our first transaction—and I hope, sir, for the honor of your countenance for many years to come—I—I'll try and say five and thirty guineas," said the obliging Glitter.

The face of Trumps darkened at the sum, and with a melancholy look, he was about to draw the desired gem from his finger. Glitter observed the act, and suddenly raised his hands.

"Don't, sir, don't: I cannot bear to see you take it off in this shop. There—I'll say eight-and-twenty; and after that, as I'm a Christian, sir, I cannot speak again."

Trumps felt it would have been ungrateful in him to have rejected such complacency. He had, it was true, but thirty guineas. What of it? Could he not raise money upon his ten cottages. Besides, there were prospects, as the trades-

man sagaciously declared, beaming brightly upon him! The ring was, moreover, a necessary—nay, an indispensable ornament to a gentleman, especially so in the felicitous circumstances in which Trumps found himself. For a moment he paused; and then Miss Wolfe, leaning on a silver anchor, rose before him; and he plunged his hand into his pocket and drew therefrom all his coined treasure. He paid for the diamond ring, placed the silver seal-ring of the family in the lightened purse, and was about to quit the shop, when a sense of new wants fell upon him. "Could Mr. Glitter recommend a pair of knee-buckles?"

"The prettiest things ever made; not fifty pair been sold yet—and those to the nobility only; they were as yet scarcely out of the House of Lords." Such was the character, such the history, of a pair of blue steel buckles, set with tolerable paste.

"The stones are not real?" asked Trumps.

"They look real, sir, and we must always pay for appearance. Well, say thirty-five shillings. I tell you what—'tis only worth so much old silver; I'll take thirty and the old seal-ring for the lot."

Trumps paid the money, surrendered the bit of family silver, and returned to his inn to dress. The cravat, ruffles, hat and stick, had been sent before, and awaited him in his bed-room; while he himself was the happy and important bearer of the diamond ring, and the paste knee-buckles.

Gentle reader, Trumps is at his toilette, dressing for the lady of his hopes—the daughter of General Wolfe.

In about two hours, Titus arrayed as for a court, descended from his room. The waiters stared from the passage, the chambermaids hung over the banisters to catch a view of his departing skirts. His hair bore testimony to the skill of the barber—his cravat flowed gracefully and voluminously—his ruffles drooped in bunches over his hands—he carried his gold-headed cane as it were potent as the caduceus—his little finger glowed with the diamond ring—and his knees throbbed with a sense of new buckles. His hat, with broad gold loop, sat like a diadem upon his brow.

"Your bill, sir," said Robert, at the same time presenting that social annoyance.

"Oh! ha! I have changed my mind," that is, Titus had changed his guineas—"I—I shall come back."

"Then, we're not to send your luggage, sir?" asked the servant

"Not to-day," replied Trumps, and stepping into the street, he turned to seek the abode of the daughter of General Wolfe. He had proceeded a very little way when the eyes of the passengers convinced him that he was really too finely appointed to appear uncovered in the

street—that an article so daintily set forth ought to be conveyed to its destination in a case. He therefore called a coach, and, in sonorous tones, ordered the man to drive to — square.

Many and hard were the blows of the knocker, moved by the sinewy hand of the coachman. The door of the desired house flew open, and a porter, with severe looks, questioned the manners of the disturber; "a hackney-coachman had no *right* to make such a noise;" thus looked the porter, whose stern face relaxed somewhat on the appearance of Trumps, who quietly suffered himself to be charged treble the fare, the coachman jocosely declaring that "the knock was worth half the money."

"My Lord, shall I take your card in to Sir Jeremy?" asked a footman.

"Certainly," and Titus put his hand into his pocket, though for what we are ignorant, for sure we are he had no card about him. Perhaps he "hoped." Withdrawing his hand with nothing in it, he said, "Trumps, Mr. Titus Trumps." And the footman departed with the name of our hero to Sir Jeremy Sloth, whose custom it was to give audience to everybody who sought him; possibly in the belief that nobody, having suffered one interview, would have courage left for a second.

Sir Jeremy Sloth was a baronet, and had, moreover, slept and voted in three parliaments. He knew very little of the constitution, but a great deal of heraldry. One incident will illustrate the constitution of Sir Jeremy. He was one day in company with a royal duke, when a sudden storm came on; our baronet stood at the window; the duke sat far in the room. "Quite a storm, Sir Jeremy," said the duke. "It is, indeed," said the baronet. "Bless my heart!" exclaimed Sir Jeremy, "may it please your Royal Highness, if not too great a trouble, to come a little this way to the window, to look at this—flash of lightning!"

Titus Trumps stood before Sir Jeremy Sloth, a short, slim, dry little man, constantly at work upon his dignity, in order, as he vainly thought, to make the most of it. With many slow flourishes of the hand, Sir Jeremy waved Titus into a seat. There was a silence of two minutes, and for any movement of the baronet, the pause might have continued. Titus hoped Sir Jeremy would speak first. At length, our hero opened the sitting by modestly observing, "Sir Jeremy, my name is Trumps." The baronet acknowledged the intelligence by a grave inclination of the head. "My name is Trumps," repeated Titus.

"Your name is Trumps? Well, sir, so far we understand each other."

"I—I arrived in London last night," proceeded Trumps, the baronet, strangely enough,

unmoved by the intelligence. Trumps added, with significance, bowing, and exhibiting his teeth with a smile, "by the coach, Sir Jeremy."

"A romantic occurrence, said the sarcastic baronet. "Inside or out?"

"Really, Sir Jeremy, I am proud to say, very proud to say, out." And again Trumps smiled.

"Your name is Trumps, you came to town by the coach, and you are proud to say outside," slowly summed up Sir Jeremy.

"And I—I felt it my duty to pay my respects at this house, without loss of time. I hope the young lady is quite well?" And Trumps smiled again.

"Do I understand, Mr. Trumps, that your visit here is for the sole object of inquiring into the condition of the health of?"

"Exactly, Sir Jeremy, exactly," cried Titus, impatient of the slow verbosity of the baronet. "I feared she might have caught cold."

"You are not an apothecary, Mr. Trumps?" asked Sir Jeremy, and every second he grew more dignified.

"No, sir," replied Titus, with a gasp.

"Then, sir, may a strange and humble individual like myself venture to ask what you are?" drawled Sir Jeremy.

Trumps was frozen by the unlooked-for chilliness of the baronet, and, after some hesitation, replied, essaying another smile, "Nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed Sir Jeremy.

"That is," quickly rejoined Trumps, "a gentleman." Saying which, Trumps felt himself exhausted. He had expected to be welcomed, embraced by a delighted circle, and he sat in the drawing-room of Sir Jeremy Sloth as in a snow house.

"And you are intimate with the young lady in whose health you have shown so kind an interest—is it not so, Mr. Trumps?" inquired the baronet.

"I—I may say, that I was happy in being able to show some attention, which —"

"Which she accepted?" asked Sir Jeremy, with unusual celerity.

"Which she did me the honor most graciously to accept," replied Trumps.

"Out of town, perhaps?" inquired the baronet.

"Precisely, Sir Jeremy — precisely," and Trumps tried to laugh.

Sir Jeremy stretched his hand toward the bell — drew it back — then rose, and addressing his visitor as if addressing "the House," the honorable baronet was understood by our hero to say, "Mr. Titus Trumps, gentleman, may I solicit of you the courtesy of remaining in this apartment until my return?"

Trumps felt abashed at the ceremonious request of the baronet, and slightly coloring, replied, "Certainly."

Sir Jeremy Sloth walked leisurely as a ghost

in armor from the room, and Titus, with all his constitutional sprightliness, felt somewhat melancholy. He heard footsteps, and he almost hoped that it was the footman come to twirl him into the street. And then, his eye fell upon his diamond ring, and he became assured of respectful consideration. The baronet had been cold, certainly; perhaps, however, it was the custom of the baronetage to be a little frigid.

The door opened, and showed Sir Jeremy Sloth leading in a lady with as much grace as if about to commence a minuet. Trumps rose from his chair, and wished to smile.

"Emily," thus spoke Sir Jeremy Sloth to the lady, who betrayed some confusion as her eyes met the handsome face and glanced at the goodly figure of our hero—"Emily, I presume I introduce you to an old acquaintance?"

"Papa!" The lady was neither very young nor very handsome; she was trembling on the verge of thirty—(bosom friends declared she had long since gone over,)—and was as thin as a mortified nun; indeed, she was one of those useful persons in this world of temptation, whose very looks preach abstinence. Still, it was either the surprise of the introduction to Titus, or his features, or form, or both, or all these together, that sent a passing look of interest to the face of Miss Sloth for a moment, and she looked like an old picture revived.

"Papa!" said Miss Emily Sloth, and fluttered and blushed.

"Mr. Trephonius Trumps," begun Sir Jeremy.

"Titus," was the brief correction of our hero.

"Mr. Titus Trumps," and Sir Jeremy bowed an acknowledgment of his error. Then, turning to the lady—"Mr. Titus Trumps is, as he assures me, not an apothecary; yet has he bestowed upon us the favor of this visit for the express purpose of inquiring into the condition of your health."

"I trust, Sir Jeremy—I"—poor Titus was confounded by the mistake—"I hope, that the young lady is well—but, I—the truth is, Sir Jeremy, that is not the young lady."

"I understood, sir, that you spoke of my daughter, and being anxious to—"

"No, Sir Jeremy, no;" Trumps endeavored to smile very blandly, "I meant the daughter of—the late general."

"Late general?" and sir Jeremy slowly chewed the words.

"Of the hero—the"—and then Trumps made a last effort, and drawing himself up, said very distinctly, "the daughter of General Wolfe."

"General Wolfe, sir! In my house? Wer you informed that such a lady lived here?"

"Yes, sir; I understood at the inn, where we put up"—

"Inn, sir? What inn?" asked the baronet haughtily.

"The Flower-Pot," replied Titus, with great humility.

"And I am to understand, sir, that you came from the—the Flower-Pot?" and to the dismay of Trumps he thought he saw a contemptuous smile on the face of Emily as her father spoke. "From"—the baronet paused to look at the smart clothes of his visitor—"From the Flower-Pot? You look like it."

Titus was about to answer, when the baronet authoritatively held up his hand, and then proceeded to put poor Trumps to the question. "There is something in your air, your demeanor Mr. Trumps, that demands from me immediate attention."

Trumps, astonished at the sudden civility of the baronet, pressed his hat between his hands, and bowed.

"Will you tell me from what place you come?"

"Cirencester," said Trumps, "last night."

"Cirencester," said Emily to herself, and, a second afterwards, rang the bell.

"And the lady who"—the baronet was interrupted by the appearance of the footman, who crossed to Miss Emily, and took her commands—"and the lady," repeated Sir Jeremy, as the servant left the room.

"The lady, sir, whom I thought your relative was in the stage-coach."

"My relative—in—in a stage-coach!" cried Sir Jeremy; had Trumps said the pillory, the assertion had not been more offensive.

"Inside," replied Trumps; "for it was very wet, Sir Jeremy, and it was my good fortune to see Miss Wolfe—."

"Miss Wolfe!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Yes, papa," said Miss Sloth, tittering, "I assure you, the daughter of—"

"That is the lady," cried Titus, as the door opened, and he caught the face of his fair fellow-passenger, who colored when she saw him, then courtesied respectfully to Miss Sloth, and then played with her apron strings. The courtesy and the dress of the girl smote the heart of our hero.

"Young woman," said Sir Jeremy, sternly, "do you know this person?" and the baronet pointed one finger at Titus as he would have pointed at a cur suspected of insanity.

"The gentleman came in the coach with me, Sir Jeremy, and it was very wet, and he was very kind," said the girl.

"Kind, young woman, I am afraid you have given yourself a false character," cried the baronet.

"I, Sir Jeremy! La! Sir Jeremy!" and the girl burst into tears.

"Pray, young woman, what do you know of General Wolfe?" asked her master, with a terrible frown.

"My father keeps it, that's all," sobbed the maiden.

"Keeps it!" cried Trumps and the baronet: Miss Sloth biting her lips to suppress her laughter.

"It was the Jackdaw and Pitcher, but—but!"

"But—what? Speak!" called out Sir Jeremy.

"But Sergeant Flam said he'd recruit at the house, if father would alter the sign, so he had 'em painted out and the General painted in. False character? I'm sure, Sir Jeremy, if that gentlemen has said anything that a gentleman should be ashamed of saying!"

"Permit me, Sir Jeremy—I—there is no blame to be attached to the young woman, I assure you," and Titus, utterly confounded, played with his hat, and breathed hard, and stared in the face of Sir Jeremy Sloth, and hoped that the floor would open. Sir Jeremy made no answer, when, at length, Trumps exclaimed, with energy, "It's my stupidity—I see it all—my stupidity. Good morning, Sir Jeremy—altogether my stupidity."

With this full and candid avowal, Titus Trumps vanished from the apartment, and made his way into the street.

"A pickpocket, no doubt," said Sir Jeremy Sloth. "The fellow has the look of a pickpocket—the—what! eh! gone? God bless me! Why didn't I send for a constable?"

"Very odd—strange mistake," said Titus to himself, as he trod his way back to the Flower-Pot. "Very odd; but Miss Sloth, though not a very, very lovely girl, looks amiable; and she smiled, and—General Wolfe! Ha! ha! After all, if it even had been so, soldiers' daughters are generally no great prizes. Now, Sir Jeremy is very rich—has the air of it—seems stiff and hard with gold. His daughter is, no doubt, an only child. Ha! ha! it was devilish odd; but good must come out of it—yes, something must be sure to turn up."

With these hopeful thoughts, Titus Trumps returned to the Flower-Pot, resolving that in future he would be more particular whether he gave an inside seat, on a rainy day, for an outside one, to the maid instead of the mistress.

TO MARY.

I've danced with Fanny fifty times;
I've laugh'd with Susan fifty more;
I've proe'd with Charlotte about rhymes,
And Bollean, Milanie, Fodor.

A younger came, with angel mien,
A dove-like eye, and heart so free—
Oh! Mary, had I never seen,
Or seeing, never ceas'd to see.



MARIA LEZCINSKI.

THE GOOD ANGEL OF LOUIS XV.

A MEMORIAL OF MARIA LEZCINSKI.

Among historical characters there are many known to the world as kings, princes, military commanders or statesmen, who are comparatively unknown as *men*. Louis XV., for example, on account of the dissolute character of his court, in the latter part of his reign, is generally considered as a man whose whole life was spent in unmitigated profligacy. This is very far from being the case. Louis was naturally amiable and contented, and all the early part of his life was

comparatively irreproachable, because he was so fortunate as to be married to a virtuous princess, who, during this period, was indeed his guardian angel.

Virtue is ever beautiful. In poverty, it is touching—in the midst of affluence, it is still lovely, but where does true virtue shine with a more noble lustre than when it displays its divine attributes amid the terrible depravity of abandoned courts? History has given a shame-

ful notoriety to the reckless mistresses of Louis XV., while the virtuous Maria Leczinski, his wedded wife, hides in the tomb her modest virtues—her worth “above all praise.” When the reader seeks the homage of her merit among the pages of history, the praises of the charms of her husband’s evil companions meet the eye, instead of honor, where it is due.

But the most satirical even of French biographers cannot falsify the character, tarnish the life, or misconstrue the merit of the daughter of Stanislaus Leczinski. Like a rich jewel lost in the arid sands of the desert, her noble qualities during her lifetime were hidden and unappreciated, but the historian (like the traveler who, in the sand may find a precious gem and wear it,) discovers the sparkling brilliancy of her noble goodness, and proclaims it to the world. Without departing from the truth of history, these pages offer a sketch of the romance of the life of Maria Leczinski.

When the question arose: “Whom shall the young king Louis XV. espouse?” it was for a moment suggested that he should marry the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, but she was too nearly related to the house of Orleans, which it was not desirable to favor. A princess of Portugal existed, but the family was too gallant. Next a German lady was brought forward, but she, it seems, was too poor. At last it was determined to marry the young Louis to the daughter of Stanislaus Leczinski, made king of Poland by Charles XII., and dethroned by Peter the Great.

Stanislaus and his daughter lived at Veissembourg, on a small pension, paid very irregularly by the ministry of France. This monarch, thrown out of a royal seat, was far from dreaming what an illustrious alliance was proposed to his house.

Maria was beautiful. Her heart, alas! had returned the affection offered by a gentleman, Count D’Estrées, a captain in one of the regiments kept at Veissembourg to do honor to Stanislaus. The Count was young, handsome, well-made, and amiable; King Stanislaus observed that his daughter (a miracle of goodness and modesty—secretly admired the brilliant officer,) he turned this preference to account, and said one day to D’Estrées: “I have little hope of re-ascending the throne, but I do not doubt that I shall one day accumulate the property I own in Poland, and I shall then be able to give a rich portion to my daughter; nothing would then hinder her marriage with some sovereign; but above all I desire her happiness. Maria returns your love. I have observed your mutual attachment, and I do not refuse to make you happy, by consenting to your union. You will endeavor, Count, to add to your illustrious birth some lofty dignity, which will secure to your posterity a high condition—obtain a duchy, and my daughter is yours!” D’Estrées

admitted to his majesty that he loved Maria, but that he had not dared to aspire to her hand. He added, that the royal advances honored him most highly, and that he would endeavor to be worthy of them. All this took place in the earlier days of the regency. D’Estrées hastened to the court of the Palais-Royal, to solicit the required dignity. “Count, I cannot do as you wish,” answered the Duke of Orleans; “your ancestors have, without doubt, nobly served the state, but *you*, personally, what have you done to merit a peerage? Your love is not a sufficient claim—and you will make, my dear D’Estrées, but a poor match. An elected sovereign without a crown is but a trifle among the powers of the present time; his daughter is less suited to you than the daughter of a *fermier-general*.” The negotiations for the Count’s marriage remained at this pass, and Maria Leczinski, whom the regent did not think a suitable match for a cavalry-captain, afterwards became Queen of France!

Actuated by communications from Paris-Duverney and Madame Texier, Madame De Prie (the reigning favorite,) repared to Veissembourg, and found that all the praises of the beauty, and good qualities of Maria Leczinski had been much less than she deserved. Her marriage to Louis XV. was determined on by the council. Fleury declared that he did not meddle with affairs of that nature. “Monsieur le Duc” declared that the union was suited to his majesty. Louis XV. answered “very likely it was;” and after half an hour’s deliberation, a courier was dispatched to Stanislaus, to inform him of the choice made in favor of his daughter. The good prince swooned upon reading the despatch. “If I have sometimes desired to re-ascend the throne,” he afterwards said, “it was but that my daughter might be established in a manner worthy of her. I no longer desire the crown, for this marriage surpasses all my wishes!”

The contract of the king’s marriage with the princess of Poland was signed on the 19th July, 1725, at Paris; the guardian of the seals, D’Armenonville; the *Maréchal* De Villars, Counts de Morville, and de Maurepas, and Dodun, the controller-general, stipulated in the name of Louis XV. The Count of Tarlo represented Stanislaus.

The deed was drawn up; the Duke of Antui and the Marquis de Beauvau repaired to Strasbourg, to make a solemn demand of the king and queen of Poland for the hand of Maria, while the king of France caused the articles of marriage to be read in his cabinet, in presence of the princess and princesses of the blood, and the ambassador-extraordinary of his Polish majesty. The young king had previously sent to Stanislaus the *cor don bleu*.

Meantime, Madame De Prie (who had become aware of the extreme poverty of Stanislaus and

his family,) reminded *Monsieur le Duc* that it would be necessary to assist them in a pecuniary manner, in order to enable the court to make a decent appearance at the marriage ceremonies. Consequently everything was ordered that was necessary for the king, queen and princess; and so delicately was the affair managed, that even linen was sent without causing the illustrious family to suspect for a moment that their necessities had been known.

On the 15th of August, M. D'Orleans—armed with the king's *procuration*—espoused Maria Lezinski, at the Cathedral Church of Strasbourg, where Cardinal de Rohan made the first celebration of this marriage. While the form was thus being gone through, Cardinal Fleury was obliged to play the part of a poet, and place a sonnet in the chamber of his majesty, extolling the charms of the fair sex, (a sex to whom Louis XV. had, as yet, paid little heed.) This sonnet commenced thus:

"Cette insensible Iris—cette Iris si
sournoise," etc.

and continued—

"Sa bouche avait la couleur,
Et le doux parfum des roses," etc.

Cardinal Fleury then duly impressed upon his youthful charge, that in the state of marriage, "*a woman is a being privileged by God.*" Poor Louis was frightened half to death at the idea of wedding a lovely bride of twenty-two, for he was younger even than she, being but sixteen years of age.

Meantime, Marchioness De Prie was hastening to Maria Lezinski, to caution her against the many enemies to be found in a court, among whom she took particular pains to enumerate all whom she disliked.

The Queen finally made her entry into Paris and Versailles on the third of September—and on the fourth, the Cardinal de Rohan, who had uttered the preparatory benediction at Strasbourg, gave the wedded couple the nuptial blessing in the chapel of the chateau.

With much fewer charms than the Queen possessed, a woman would have been very pretty. Maria had fine eyes—*beautiful eyes*—a well-formed nose, a fresh mouth, a superb complexion, and hair of a charming color, between blond and brown. The look of this princess, obedient to the pious modesty which formed the basis of her character, was habitually veiled by her long eye-lashes, thus displaying a new charm. In general, her expression was cold, and there existed too much resemblance between her countenance and that of those daughters of the chisel, which one regrets to see so tranquil. The figure of Maria Lezinski was delicate; her bust had the ideal proportions of that of the Venus;—a thin ankle joined her small foot. These were

her beauty—for diffidence made her somewhat stiff, embarrassed and uncertain; in a word, there was nothing *seductive* about the wife of Louis XV., *because she did not wish that there should be anything of that kind*—for she would have nothing contradictory in her deportment and manner, to the reputation for virtue which she had, and deserved to have, and wished to preserve, and did preserve.

The king fell madly in love with his wife. "The queen," said he, to those around him, on the morning of her entry, "the queen is an enchanted being." The king continued to cherish the queen—it was not so much love that he cherished towards her as a sort of fervent worship. Maria Lezinski received this homage with an air which seemed more like complacency than a tender return. It was said at court, that when Louis XV. embraced and kissed her, she seemed "like a somewhat strict mamma receiving the caresses of her son." The queen, whose disposition was charming, and her affability inexhaustible, had something, however, a little pedantic about her. In her mind, not in her disposition, existed this peculiarity. Stanislaus had caused his daughter to be taught too much Latin, history, and theology, and too little music, poetry, and dancing.

At first, after her marriage, her majesty used to shut herself up after dinner in her private apartment, and give up the remainder of the evening to pious exercises. This continued some months, after which she modified this habit, and passed the time with her ladies, who worked at the needle, while one among them read a pious book.

On the 16th October, Louis XV. was attacked by the small-pox, which this time was light. The king recovered in a few days, without a trace of the malady upon his features, such as generally results from it. This event contributed still more to augment the attachment between the king and his virtuous wife, who never left him after the first moment at which he was attacked until the last hour of recovery. Alas! ties so near and dear are oft but the sooner broken!

An interference now took place to mar the virtuous happiness of the poor queen. Madame de Gontaut, a lady of the court, possessed of a faultless face, but without other beauty, made an attack on the heart of the king, who remained perfectly insensible. Alas! why was he not so in after years to the abandoned advances of women of the court unworthy to breathe the same air with the pure and devoted Maria Lezinski!

The poor queen, too pure and artless to know how to meet Madame de Gontaut on equal terms, forgot her usual sweetness, and unable to revenge herself otherwise, would, when Madame pre-

sented herself in her apartments, attack her dress and find fault with her appearance. She would quarrel with her for nothing. One day it was her head-dress or the disposal of her hair, another day her jewels or her lace that she found fault with. The fair de Gontaut bore all this in hope of a final revenge, but she was mistaken. Louis remained faithful to Maria.

It may be remarked that amid the loose style of dress, or rather *undress* of this profligate court, Maria, though as beautifully formed as any woman there, preserved the modest and peculiar attire of her Polish home. This consisted of an under cap of delicate white lace, becoming in its shape. Over this a sort of kerchief of black lace with long ends tied under the chin. The lovely face of Maria is always represented in her pictures with this *coiffure*. Her form was usually clad in a robe of silk, trimmed with costly fur about the shoulders and round the hanging sleeves. This robe was open to the feet and at the side, and trimmed with fur disposed in open diamond shapes to show a lace petticoat beneath. Under the robe was a lace dress trimmed on the bosom with a succession of large rows of satin ribbon reaching to the waist. A similar trimming decorated the under sleeves of the lace dress, which appeared beneath the fur. Nothing could be more modest than this ample attire, suited in its unexceptionable character to that of its wearer. A celebrated painting represents Maria Leczinski in this dress, one fair hand extended playfully to a little dog, which is bounding up to catch at her fingers.

On the 4th Septembr (the year succeeding her marriage,) Maria Leczinski gave birth to a prince, who received the name of Louis. This prince was the father in after years of their majesties, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., who were born to him by Maria Josefa of Saxony. M. D'Orceval, page to the Duke de Gesvres, was the first to bring the happy news of the birth to the Hotel de Ville, at Paris. He came from Versailles in thirty-two minutes. The arrival of this gentleman (who exclaimed at every step on his passage, "*Nous avons un Dauphin!*") We have a Dauphin!) was welcomed by loud acclamations. A numerous crowd followed him, throwing their caps in the air. Scarcely had Monsieur D'Orceval stopped in front of the Hotel de Ville, when the populace seized him and carried him into the hall, where the *Présvé des Marchands* and the magistrates were assembled. These magistrates gratified the young man with a pension of fifteen hundred livres, and on his return M. de Gesvres named him *exempt* in his guards. A *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral of Paris, and repeated in that of Madrid.

Louis XV. continued for some years to be a faithful spouse. He threw his courtiers into

despair; they were anxious to gain favor through one of those *grandes passions* which kings are given to indulge in. But in vain were snares set for the young monarch, and the most seductive beauties displayed at court. A Saint Anthony at twenty years, he still resisted with stoical coldness. A noble lord tried to inspire him with admiration for a very pretty woman whom he pointed out to him at the play. "Do you think she is as pretty as the queen?" asked the young monarch. "That boy is invulnerable!" muttered the courtier.

Shortly after the birth of the first son, another, the Duke D'Anjou, was born. This was about the same time that the abdication of the king of Sardinia, Victor Amédée, took place. In due time were born eight children to Louis and Maria Leczinski, and still the king showed no other attachment than that to his wife.

The Cardinal de Fleury, in league with others, who feared lest Maria should become too powerful, now interfered in such a manner as to cause a coldness to spring up between the hitherto happy pair, by persuading Maria Leczinski that she had done enough for her husband and for the state, and that after having borne eight children to the family, she was religiously bound to attend exclusively to them. Maria yielded to the representations of the cardinal, and from that time became almost estranged from her husband. This was the unhappy moment when his good angel was wrested from him. Louis XV. met with and succumbed to those fearful temptations which now assailed him. One mistress after another held a place, not to say in the heart where Maria Leczinski had reigned, but at least in those regards which should have been hers alone.

Let us describe the appearance of Louis XV., at the age of thirty-three years. Up to that time it had seemed that from year to year, something was wanting to complete the charming *physique* of this king. That expression, the reflection of feeling, without which there is no real beauty, was wanting. Louis XV. was tall; his buoyant figure did not suggest that the *embon-point* which so early spoiled the figure of Louis XIV., would affect his own—and the king's gait was as noble as it was easy. His limbs were admirably made. His Majesty carried his head haughtily—and to good effect—for it would have been impossible to have shown a countenance more regularly handsome. Louis had a high forehead, his hair, (visible since the great wigs were renounced in court,) was almost brown: eyebrows of the same color, arched somewhat highly, and with a delicate line over a large eye, always ready to blend its benevolent light with that of the graceful smile which rarely quitted the lips of his Majesty. The king's lips were fresh colored, his teeth fine. His complexion was white; sometimes his cheeks were ruddy; and

finally, the aquiline nose of which the Bourbon type goes back to the Great Henri, completed the charm of features, no less distinguished than pleasing. At the first glance could be felt in the king's face, that amiability, that sweetness which formed the basis of his character; his eyes sparkled, so to speak, with a frankness which the look cannot assume if it does not exist in the depths of the soul.

His Majesty was endowed with an uprightness—a generosity and a kindness, which never failed until he abandoned Maria Leczinski. Nothing could be more agreeable than the condition of the people who formed his household; this prince spoke to them with kindness, ordered them always with moderation. The same affability was shown in his audiences; never was a harsh word heard from his lips. Why must it be added that the pleasing qualities were often the principle cause of weakness in Louis XV? Unfortunately, the influence of Cardinal Fleury, who was not without some sagacity—was afterwards assumed by that of the courtiers. The king had judgment—a certain amount of tact, a certain knowledge of men and things; but that was easily put to sleep in the midst of the intrigues of the inner court, and the bacchanalian festivals of the private apartments of the palace. Louis XV. was the more inexcusable for yielding to the interested suggestions of his courtiers, from the fact that he knew his danger. More than once was he heard to repeat this saying of Charles V. "The men of letters instruct me—negotiators enrich me, and the nobles despoil me." In his apathetic repose he favored letters but little, assisted commerce still less, and only seemed to care for the very men who robbed him. Despite of the prodigalities with which Louis repaid his obligations to his courtiers, he was one of the most parsimonious men in his kingdom.

Possessing some superficial principles of the sciences, Louis liked to appear to shine in regard to them, but it was with more wit than order that he displayed his erudition; he talked geography, physics, anatomy, botany and history, all at once—and without marking in his conversation the points of connection between these subjects. The true learned men saw clearly that his Majesty wished to appear a universal genius, and his rapid erudition too easily exposed its own shallowness.

The king's frankness has been alluded to—let it be added that it was with sincerity that he thought himself able to reconcile pleasure and pious exercises—the worship of the Loves and the Catholic faith. Louis XV., in the midst of his greatest dissipation, never missed his morning and evening prayers; he heard mass with great regularity—on fast days he was present at vespers, at the sermon and at the benediction.

During the offices, his Majesty did not raise his eyes from his prayer-book, and the movement of his lips showed that he articulated every word of the service. In fine, without affecting in private life all the bigoted austerity of Louis XIV., the king was devout; he professed a profound veneration for religion, and blamed—even in his least serious moments—all infidels and irreligious persons. What was gained by this demeanor of the king's was only less hypocrisy at court.

Let us cast an eye at the commencement of the year 1748, upon the domestic relations of the royal family, for the great ones of earth have their private life mingled with thorns as well as the humbler portion of humanity—they too have crosses and cares—it is in vain that they are illustrious by birth and convention, they must inwardly share the physical and moral infirmities of humanity.

The queen lived upon resignation and pious exercises. She had placed at the foot of the cross all her conjugal vicissitudes, and suffering had become a second nature to the unfortunate Maria Leczinski—suffering unseen, unfelt, uncared for in her husband's court. The conversation of Maria Leczinski was as impenetrable as the expression of her features and her apparent emotions; never was a spiteful word uttered by her; religion sustained her, but it was a different religion from that of the king. She never expressed the slightest discontent. If Louis XV. was spoken of in her presence, she was the first to exalt his good qualities and hide his weaknesses. She never spoke of the king, save with the profoundest veneration.

Meantime, Stanislaus had been re-elected King of Poland, with an almost unanimous vote, and those members of the diet who had not given him their voice retired from the field of election. The monarch was counselled to punish these opposing parties. "No," replied this good prince, "I do not wish to tarnish with the blood of my subjects the crown which is restored to me."

To return to the spouse of Maria Leczinski. In 1744, the army went to Metz. The king had shortly before increased the rations and the pay, and all showed the most ardent enthusiasm; on the other hand it was known that the Count de Saxe—encamped under Courtray—paralysed all the operations of the enemy, and often cut off their provisions. At last the Parisians were informed that an envoy of the King of Prussia M. de Schmettau, had assured Louis XV. that the movement projected against Bohemia and Moravia was being executed with full success.

Suddenly a frightful alarm resounded through the night, in the capital, like a fearful tocsin. The cry arises, "*The king is dying!*" "*The king is dead!*" A confused noise of sobs, together with the movement of carriages, horses, and

foot-passengers, mingled with other signs of grief—*flambeaux* rapidly crossed each other in the obscurity. Lords and gentlemen rushed to the house of the Count de Saint-Florentin, who directed the domestic affairs in absence of the king, and who every moment, received dispatches from Metz. All the bells of the city called with lugubrious peals to the "forty hours prayer," which commenced from that hour of the night. Thirty parochial churches were successively illuminated; the light of wax candles shone through the colored panes, and pious hymns resounded through the chapels, mingled with the broken voices of aged priests, and the sweet singing of the young nuns.

It was now said that the king was *in extremis*. Louis was attacked with a putrid fever, which showed the most alarming symptoms; he successfully resisted, at first, the fierceness of the attack. Every instant did he demand the news from the army of the Rhine—questioning M. D'Argenson, the minister of war. When, on the morning of his attack, that minister asked his majesty to sign an order for the Marshal, who commanded the army, "Let him know besides," said the illustrious invalid, "that the great Condé gained the battle of Rocroi five days after the death of Louis XIII." But the firmness of character which this speech announced, was contradicted in later years, when the king recovered. Louis was naturally weak. This monarch had carried his imitation of his ancestor to the pitch of adding his favorite (at that moment Madame de Chateauroux) to his war-baggage. Her sister, Madame de Lauraguais, was also of the party, and both followed his majesty to Metz. Far from inspiring the king with effeminacy, Madame de Chateauroux caused to spring from his amour with her the first ray of his glory; perhaps, without that lady's advice, Louis would never have appeared at the head of his armies. When the king had confessed, the bishop of Soissons declared that he could not give him absolution, unless he asked pardon of God for the scandal which he had caused, and sent away Madame de Chateauroux. Louis XV. wept, and made no answer. At last, however, that lady was ordered to leave, in spite of the interference of the Duke de Richelieu in her behalf.

Consternation reigned in Paris, and came nearer and nearer to the provinces. The stores were shut; workmen abandoned their toil; an idle and gloomy crowd circulated noiselessly, but without arms, through the streets. At every corner was heard the question, in a sad voice: "Has news been heard from the king? Is it hoped that his majesty will be saved?" The holy host was shown in all the churches; the clergy prayed day and night at the altars, which sparkled with the illumination of thousands of

candles, lit by the love of his subjects for their king. In a word, the tears of all France confirmed the surname of "Well Beloved," which the people of Metz had given by acclamation to Louis, from the first moment of his sickness.

Suddenly, the galloping of a horse was heard, and a courier raised and waved his hat, covered with ribbons. He drew nearer, crying, "The king is saved!" He was followed, surrounded, kissed, and embraced—his horse was taken from him, and he was carried aloft on the shoulders of the people to the *Hotel de Ville*, where he confirmed the convalescence of his majesty. On the instant, the aspect of Paris changed—the grave, and slow walk of the inhabitants, who sadly paced the streets, was succeeded by a tumultuous movement; the crowd hastened into the churches—which were now thronged with faithful subjects, returning thanks to God for the safety of their king. On all sides resounded the spontaneous *Tu Deum*. Troops of musicians established themselves at the corners; the people sang, danced, drank to the sound of these improvised orchestras, while the mansions were adorned with flags, flowers, and boughs of trees loaded with their green foliage. In the evening the whole city was illuminated; a thousand pieces of firework shone, sparkled and burst, and numerous rockets, plunging their fiery traces in the air, rose to the cries of joy of a happy people. "Ah!" exclaimed Louis XV., on learning these transports of delight, "how sweet it is to be thus beloved! What have I done to deserve it?" The prince's modesty was just enough. "But the French," says a writer of the period, "attach themselves to their king from duty, from the consciousness of what is their duty to them; their confiding love recompenses in the master whom God gives them all the good they expect from him."

It was a fitting opportunity to judge, during the king's illness, of the difference between the people and the courtiers. In that period of disquiet and grief, bishops, peers, and princes of the blood intrigued at Metz, to cause the king's favorite to be dismissed, and the choice of the sacrifice made in accordance with religious scruples, was on this occasion, so unjust, as to fall on the only person in all the court who then inspired the king with thoughts worthy of himself—the only one who had told him frankly, and at the risk of being dismissed long before, that a king of thirty-five years of age ought to appear at the head of his armies. On the other hand, that vast crowd of people, that *canaille*, so much disliked by the greedy courtiers, was grave, pious, fervent in its grief, and only showed itself noisy in its wild joy; but even then, there was nothing scandalous in its delirium—the scandalous doings all took place at Metz. The king was entirely recovered.

It may not be amiss to introduce Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, (Madame de Pompadour) since it is impossible to speak of Louis XV. without mentioning his mistresses, and since Madame de Pompadour is celebrated for her graces and talents as much as for her wickedness.

Jeanne Antoinette Poisson was born in 1722, into the household of an obscure man who had accumulated some little property in the administration of provisions, and who furnished viands to the royal *Hôtel des Invalides*. But there existed a suspicion that Jeanne was the child of Tournem, a *fermier* general. Let that be as it may, Tournem it was who took a father's interest in the little girl. He caused masters to be given her who instructed her in everything. At eighteen Antoinette possessed in perfection all the means of pleasing. Nature, in happily developing her person, gave her also grace and a winning charm. The beauty of Mademoiselle Poisson was greatly admired, when Tournem—more like a father than a friend—caused her to be present at festivities at his own house. She soon became the belle in that sphere.

Her features were noble but delicate, her expression remarkably sweet, but intellectual. Her hair was an exquisite blond color, her mouth like that of one of Albano's cupids, and she was endowed with great nobility of feature. Vivacity, playfulness and softness were successively expressed in her face. Such were a few of the attractions which gained Antoinette a thousand admirers. An elegant figure, a noble gait and a graceful manner, still further enchanted this train of adorers, and her mind less lively than thoroughly informed, made their admiration constant. "She is fit for a king!" Madame Poisson would exclaim, when gazing at her daughter. She married her finally to Monsieur le Normand D'Etioles, the nephew of Tournem. He was a financier. Antoinette deserted him for the king, with whom she lived openly as his mistress, although poor Maria Leczinski still lived deserted and broken-hearted. Madame de Pompadour (as Antoinette Poisson was afterwards entitled) surrounded herself with all the great men of the age. Voltaire was one of her numerous court. The king of terrors at last called the Pompadour to her final account.

The next event worthy of mention in the troubled life of the poor queen Maria, is the death of her father Stanislaus. The incidents of this decease are sufficiently startling to interest the most incredulous in matters bearing relation to the spiritual world. On the twenty-third of February, 1766, Stanislaus Leczinski ended a peaceful existence, peaceful from his own intrinsic goodness, for his reverses had been many. A fortnight before his death he returned from Nancy, where a pompous service had been

read for the repose of the soul of the Dauphin. As Stanislaus returned to the court of Luneville, where he was then abiding, he perceived in the air near him a body of fire, of which the larger portion seemed nearest to the city. His majesty remarked to his suite: "If I were superstitious I should regard this as a bad omen." At the moment he spoke, Stanislaus smiled. He was too much of a philosopher to yield to superstitious weakness, but it will be seen that his very life furnishes an argument the more to fatalists. On the morrow the king of Poland, alone in his apartment, wished to see the hour by a watch above the chimney. Owing to the weakness of his sight, dimmed by age, Stanislaus could not clearly distinguish the hour indicated, and leaning a little too far forward, caught fire by the flaps of his dressing-gown. In his haste to extinguish the flames, his majesty slipped and fell into the fire, his weight resting on his left hand, of which all the fingers were calcined in a moment. In his fall his ribs struck a heavy log, and were broken and driven in. Stanislaus would have been burned to ashes in the flames had not a guard passed the glass door and perceived through it what had happened. Too slavishly obedient to his orders, the soldier limited himself to calling the valets of his majesty. Time was passing fatal to Stanislaus. At last, a valet arrived named Perrin; but he tried in vain to drag the unfortunate prince from the fire. Fortunately the first valet, Syster, arrived almost immediately, and Stanislaus was again placed on his feet. It was thought that no other result would follow from the accident than the burnt hand, M. Perret, the head-surgeon, boldly re-assured the court, who showed an affectionate solicitude. In spite of these protestations of the man of science, Stanislaus soon experienced an insupportable pain in his left side. The noble character of the prince upheld him in his sufferings, and enabled him to subdue his cries of pain. Reduced to a pitch almost of insensibility, he sometimes jested about his agonies. Soon he could no longer remain in his couch, and passed his nights in an arm chair, while a surgeon, comfortably asleep beside him, snored in such a manner as to make his sleeplessness intolerable. For eighteen entire days did Stanislaus struggle with ever-increasing sufferings, until they finally conquered him on the night of the twenty-third of February.

The next morning, the Cardinal de Choiseul announced to the inhabitants of Lorraine the death of their good prince—of the sovereign who for thirty years, counted every hour by some benefit bestowed on them, of the common father to whom gratitude had given the surname of the *benevolent philosopher*. Stanislaus had found in Lorraine a principality almost utterly destroyed by the calamities following war, he left to France

a rich, happy province, covered with handsome cities. This metamorphosis was effected during ever renewed hostilities, with limited resources, and at that period when the opulent monarchy of Louis XV. swallowed up his enormous treasures in expeditions without glory or utility.

Louis showed himself as indifferent to the death of his father-in-law as he had been to that of his daughter, his grandson, his mistresses, and his son; the only demonstration of grief which he made was an eight days retreat to Cholsay, where he amused himself as before.

As for Maria Leczinski—her affliction was true and deep—but her life was but a long season of mourning; like all religious hearts, her heart received as a discipline from God, all misfortunes and all griefs. She returned praise to the Lord after each affliction, regarding it as a step the more taken to the end of her weary life journey.

On the twenty-fourth day of June, in 1767, Maria Leczinski ended that sad existence. If heaven receives pure souls—if the ever-happy in heaven, are the ever-virtuous on earth—she took her flight to the celestial vault.

Never was an existence more sad than that of the queen; never did a more affectionate heart, a sweeter disposition abide in a creature so much afflicted. Grown old, amid privations and griefs of all kinds—having her crucifix alone for her companion—having laid all her sorrows at the feet of her Maker—the spouse of Louis XV. saw death approach with serenity; it was but the end of a thorny path, though passing to a celestial home, from one of earthly sorrow.

It was found that the queen had suffered from internal gangrene. This was attributed to the immoderate use of spices, by the Polish cooks, who dressed her food. But the enemies of the Duke de Choiseul seized with eagerness this occasion for renewing the accusations made against him at the death of the Dauphiness. Cardinal Luynes, the Count de Muy, the Marshal de Richelieu, the Duke D'Aiguillon, his son, the Archbishop of Paris, the Jesuits, and all the faction which had been opposed to the existing ministry, intrigued to cause a rumor that the queen had been poisoned. The fury of this party led them to accuse M. Lieutaud, the physician of the children of France, of having prepared the poisons said to have been administered to the queen by the agents of M. de Choiseul. The doctor did not condescend to exonerate himself of a deed, of which all Paris knew him to be incapable. As there is a sort of poetical justice in the fearful death of Louis XV. after all his depravity, it will be related here.

In the midst of his follies, and at sixty-five years of age, Louis XV. was suddenly seized with a high fever, as he was one day returning from the Trianon Palace. His indisposition soon

assumed a serious character, and was declared to be again the small-pox. His majesty, while hunting, had seen a funeral train pass by. He approached near the bier, and when he afterwards asked whom it was intended to bury, was told that it was a young girl who had died of small-pox. Startled, against his will, by this information, he re-entered the chateau, melancholy and ill—on the morrow the fever declared itself.

The greatest agitation filled the court. The D'Aiguillon party and Madame DuBarry (the last and most infamous mistress of the king,) were terrified. It was well known that the death of the king would place upon the throne a young prince and premier, and then the reign of *inexperience* must be renewed.

On the second of May, 1774, the physician, La Martiniere, who was resolved that his majesty should not be deceived, as was attempted, said to him, "Sire, the eruption which covers your face is three days in forming, three days in suppurating, three days in drying up." At this the king's conscience was awakened, and he perceived that at sixty-five he could not cope with this virulent disorder. "I must not forget," said he, "that I am the *very Christian king*, and the elder son of the church, I must confess." Du Barry was now dismissed, greatly to the distress of the king, whom she had visited in spite of his malady. Nothing could exceed the devotion of Madame Louise and Madame Adelaide, the king's daughters, who were afterwards attacked with the same hideous disorder. The royal apartment was intolerable; but these devoted children, notwithstanding, performed the most servile offices for their father—offices which were *refused* by the servants of the palace. A valet being asked why he wept—if it was "for the king?"—said, "No; it is for my poor comrade, who will take his disease and die. For my part, I wish, as everybody else does, *that the king was dead and buried!*"

A living corpse, the king now witnessed the fearful sight of his limbs falling to pieces, in corruption. Death offered itself to him, as the terrible messenger who would plunge his soul into an infinity of torments. He raved constantly of flames of fire which rose up to punish his licentious life. Sometimes, however, he would appeal to Divine mercy. In these moments of hope, he beat his breast, and asked for a crucifix, throwing holy water with his own hand around his bed, to expel the demons which he saw about it. He ordered messengers to go to Saint-Sulpice, to Notre-Dame, and to the Capuchins, to cause masses to be said for him. Thus did Louis XV. live in perpetual alternations of devotion and libertinism—thus did death surprise him, and prostrate him in the midst of alternate despair and hope. Where was the devoted Maria Leczinski? *Dead!—of a broken heart!*

Chit-Chat

WITH READERS, FRIENDS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR NEW VOLUME, commencing with January next, will be in many respects unusually attractive, combining features not hitherto marking this or any other American periodical designed for ladies. We shall seek to make our Magazine attractive in the interesting character of its contents, more than by empty show of taking titles or cuts. In the numbers issued, since the change in the proprietorship, we think there have been novelty and variety enough to satisfy the most fastidious. Difficulties of no ordinary character have laid in our way during the present year, but they have been successfully overcome, and we can now say that the Magazine we have produced monthly has met with very ready appreciation at the hands of the public.

In the department of ladies' fashions, the desire for copious information of the most correct kind is such in the whole interior of our vast country, that we feel stimulated to still greater exertions in order to supply it. Accordingly, we have made such arrangements for the coming year, as will enable our lady readers to find in our pages all the knowledge they require respecting the current modes. Accompanying the articles on this subject will be numerous wood cuts, every month, of bonnets, mantillas, cloaks, children's dresses, etc., and our usual steel engravings, so long celebrated for their good taste, will be continued from the same hands.

In the tales, historical sketches, incidents of travel, etc., which we have been publishing, a wide interest has been felt and expressed. They have all been characterized by a spirit and life, and by such a vividness of style and novelty of events, as to form a new era in Magazine literature. In the course of our new volume we shall give still greater scope to this improvement, embracing the whole range of history and romance, and avoiding the namby pamby stuff with which too many magazine editors crowd their pages, mistaking silly small talk for wit; and abortive attempts at fiction, by mere tyros, for genuine sterling merit. In short, we do not design making Graham's Illustrated Magazine a sort of nursery for fledgeling poets and novelists.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

The season for the true enjoyment of those pleasures of contemplation is now upon us. The gusty winds sweep from the melancholy trees their autumn glories, and as the withered leaves shower from the now fast baring branches, a sigh of sadness comes over the heart. And yet it is a pleasing sadness, for it pains us not, and the further we wander through the woods which the leafy showers have made pathless, the more we feel wrapt in the sublime solemnity of solitude. It is not misanthropy to seek such haunts alone and to shun all society there. Man's nature is not all low and sensual. It clings not alone to the filthy lucre and the maxims of trade,

and the gaiety of the festive thing; but has in it a chord which always responds to the touch of more elevated sentiment. Byron and Bryant have both elegantly explained this. The former most truly said:

"I love not man the less, but nature more."

And the latter speaks of it as that aspiration which

"In the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms."

Zimmerman, in his solitude, tells us that lonely reflection is in the highest degree beneficial to the tone of the mind, strengthening it for the great work of active life. There can be no doubt of this. The person who cannot bear solitude has some need of its chastening influence.

It is VERY customary for persons who take but a superficial view of things, to suppose that the mass of the people are to be moved only by humbug. So far as we have been able to perceive, this is a great error. That the public is often very grossly deceived in the objects upon which it bestows its favor, does not admit of dispute. Barnum's success with his series of impostures, the hen fever which sent so many persons into ecstasies over imported breeds of chickens, and many other things of the same kind, bear witness to the easy temper of that strange being called the public. Nevertheless, its aims are generally correct. It seeks the best if it does not always find it. A miserable, tricky politician, may for a while blind it to his real character, but unless he be a man of very superior talent for intrigue and management, he must soon be found out and thrown aside. In literature the case is not different; newspapers, books, magazines, all are governed by this rule. To obtain a lasting hold on the public favor, it is necessary first to deserve it. Delusions may serve a temporary purpose, but that is all. This is a truth worth bearing in mind.

THOSE OF OUR READERS whose subscription expires with the December number, will please bear in mind the importance of remitting us early in December for the New Volume, that they may not be disappointed in receiving the January number, 1857, at an early day. All subscriptions ending with this year will be discontinued unless otherwise ordered. Read the Prospectus for the New Volume.

A CORRESPONDENT from Wooster, Ohio, sends us a pretty piece of Poetry, accompanied by the following complimentary note: "Allow me to express my congratulations for the elegant taste now manifested in the preparation of 'Graham,' especially the rich humor in the Editorial Chip Basket; accept our best wishes for the success of 'Graham.'"

"Yours respectfully,
E. G. C."

"THE SURRENDER OF DETROIT" is declined. The subject is a melancholy one, and not to our taste.

ITALY.

The verses with this title, sent us by William James Lisle, show in the writer some traces of poetic feeling; but a great want of that peculiar knack at verse writing which is necessary to render rhyme agreeable.

ITALY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES LISLE.

I long to visit thee, bright Italy,
Where grandeur still is in thy lonely land,
To wander o'er thy vine-clad hills, and be
A traveler on thy strand.

Along thy sea-girt coasts, by classic wave,
O'er mountains steep, or by the lonely shore,
To muse upon each fabled hero's grave,
Where murmuring cascades pour.

Down Sunium's towering rocks, where forests stand
And wave o'er ruins crumbling in decay
I long to go and see the relic land
Of glory's happier day.

At twilight wandering long the Ægean's shore,
To hear the hymning's from the Cycloades,
Till I forget that Sappho is no more,
And softly on the breeze.

Fancy I hear her wild harp swell the tide,
And strange deep melodies to haunt the air,
Then off to float on Adrian's waters wide,
Beneath thy skies as fair.

Land of eternal and undying fame,
Clime of the poet, mistress of the past,
I long to weep over thy present shame,
Glory in what thou wast.

Wake not the spirits of thy heroes gone
To gaze upon thee, now a land of slaves.
Oh! let them sleep in peace, not o'er thee mourn,
In honorable graves.

Yet I feel proud of thee, land of the brave,
Struggling beneath the tyrant's galling chain,
Shouting for freedom in oppression's grave—
Calling for life again.

Hope's sunlight makes a rainbow o'er our tears,
In dreams I fancy thou again art free,
As in the summer of forgotten years :
Fair, but lost Italy.

The first verse is quite clumsy, and the expression is that of a tyro. The second is *worse* not *verses*. Cascades do not pour upon graves. And then, what does Mr. Lisle mean by "each fabled hero's grave?" Does he assume that the graves upon which he desires to muse, contains only fabled heroes? If so, then Roman history is a mere yarn. Perhaps Mr. Lisle believes with Walpole that all history is a lie. The following verses show that Mr. Lisle has no very distinct idea of what he writes about. Sappho was a Greek, and lived in Greece. The Ægean was a Greek sea. In fact, our poetic friend has been reading Byron, without following him on the map. Let us advise our friend to write about such things only as he thoroughly understands.

A SENSIBLE POET.

In our last number, we incidentally mentioned a poem on Laurel Hill, by "Rough Hewn." The following note accompanied it:

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 13, 1856.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Enclosed I send you my experience of church-yard, or rather grave-yard ramblings. I have spent a little time in correcting

it, in order to make it acceptable to you, if possible. It will be my first poem published (if it is,) so I shall eagerly await the coming numbers of your Magazine. If it should not come up to your standard, a little piece of candid advice, (of which I am a good deal in need,) addressed to "Rough Hewn," in one of your Magazines, would be acted upon, and many thanks given for it. If agreeable to you, tell me its faultiness.

And I remain, ever yours obliged,

ROUGH HEWN.

To this we answered that the piece was promising but defective, and that if the author desired, we would point out its errors. He has responded in the following manner.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 15, 1856.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Thanks! Your remarks to "Rough Hewn," in October number, like all "promises to pay," must be held good, or I must protest. I clearly see what you will do, or rather, I think so. In looking over your "Random Contents" I see a poem called "Grey-Boarded Rede," which you dissect in a manner worthy of a better subject, and speak the minds of millions in a paragraph. The sympathy of an *enlightened mind* is ever requisite to enable one to attain to the pinnacle of fame; but at times, a calculating criticism—one devoid of favor—should be administered as a purgative, to cleanse him from false ideas concerning his own productions. I like your style of criticism, and allow me here to remark, you cannot cut too deep in speaking to me. The more sarcasm you make use of, the more shall my exertions be used to produce something above criticism. Five years ago, the proudest title I could boast of was "the dumbest boy in class;" and every day brought me to that highly honorable position of the "tail of my class." (Spare me, and don't mention *this* in your remarks.) I have written a considerable number of articles the last four months, yet unpublished, for I wish to be sure of my ability, before I bring it before my friends, who entertain the opinion of my school day's accomplishments as *things yet*. I have a brother, who is a great critic in literary matters, but he judged harshly, and I cared not to seek his advice. I am confident the thing I seek will be in the November number of Graham's, for which I must heartily thank its good Editor. I say to myself, "come on," the jingle of thy sarcasm is music to me—the public disapproval, gladly swallowed. The future must tell.

Yours, Very Respectfully,

ROUGH HEWN.

The piece to which these notes refer is the following:

A REVERIE, OR THOUGHTS AT "LAUREL HILL CEMETERY."

BY ROUGH HEWN.

Here one may muse, with silence or with death,
And woo the melancholy of its kind;
Here one may feel his native air's mild breath,
And taste the rapture kindred to the mind.

The rustling leaves their purest anthems play,
Touched by the zephyrs as they glide along;
As though the "harp of David" passed that way,
Delighting one with heaven's purest song.

'Tis strange what consolation to the mind,
An hour in solitude alone will bring;
When one's own thoughts will seek his soul to bind,
And always from him worldly pleasures fling.

'Tis sweet to sit among the wooded shade,
And gaze upon the Schuylkill's flowing stream;
To hear its murmurs echo in the glade,
While fancy pictures beauty in a dream.

'Tis grand to gaze upon the tall green trees,
And think of beating storms they have withstood;
And seem to hear the thousand symphonies
That gentle spring has sounded in the wood.
To conjure in the brain the many scenes,
Which might, perchance, have been once pictured here;
And let all sounds of woe, which intervene,
Be smothered up and laid upon their bier.

The rich effulgence of the even's sun,
Around on all mankind alike is shed;
Upon the couch of him whose day's work's done,
As 'pon luxurious princes downy bed.

Here one may touch the chords of memory long,
To lull his soul into a gentler mood;
And many recollections dear, will throng
About his mind, where no base thoughts intrude.

The dim reality of silence wakes;
The lingering touch of fancy flees away;
The stern, unbending force of nature shakes
The ideal from us in our morn of day.

Repentant hearts may seek a solace here,
And find a balm for wounded souls like mine;
The young in Zion's path may, without fear,
To heaven their overburdened heart resign.

And here, the man that fate decreed to share
The entombed coffin of remorse, a prey—
Shall find a stay to shield him from despair,
And raise him freer from the place he lay.

And he, the victim of a passion deep—
An unrequited love—may turn for aid;
And while his thoughts so overwhelming sweep,
He may, in sweet forgetfulness, be laid.

Here, too, that creature whose once pure form,
Is but the wreck of virtue and fair fame;
May come with bleeding heart, repent and storm
God's citadel of love, and mercy claim.

And he of jealousy's entangled throbs,
Whose mind's bad working silence may allure,
May find in solitude—from that which robs
Him of his peace—a sovereign healing cure.

The stranger, too, uncared for and unknown,
With no kind hand his feverish pang to ease,
Can here find rest, in peaceful calm, alone—
Pray drop a tear—the birds around 'twill please.

Oh! what so solemn or so touching, for
One to be alone upon the stranger's grave:
A plain smooth slab will be evermore,
His name, his epitaph, a glance to crave.

Here some poor idiot may have wandered long,
And felt a ray of reason on the brain;
Who now, perhaps, is mingling with the throng
Of angels that swell the heavenly train.

Here the poor seamstress can still forever
The bitter pangs, at leaving hungry ones.
'Tis thus gaunt penury seeks to sever
The mother's tie, and laughs at piteous groans.

Oh! thou Great Ruler of the universe,
To what odd ends the human kind does come—
Some dying pray to you—while others curse
The author of their being and their doom!

Can else than thoughts e'er cluster in the brain
Of poor, weak man, when standing at a grave?

He thinks a hundred ways how man is slain,
And cannot find but one whereby to save.
Could the great plodder on the road to fame,
But know that he, like other men will die;
That all the greatness of his mortal frame
May side with some dark murderer buried lie.
And the pale student, weary, worn and tired,
(Who now an outcast from his much wooed god,
Would sweep away his life,) by solitude inspired,
Longs to be laid, unpitied, 'neath the sod.

The first verse is very confused in its ideas; and this is the fault of a great deal of rhyme we receive. Some of our young writers seem to fancy that in order to write poetry, it is only necessary to measure off words into a particular metre and make the lines rhyme. Metre and rhyme are mere adjuncts of poetry, and not essentials. The thing itself is more elevated, refined, and ideal. We have no patience with that school of modern verse whose presiding genius is obscurity. If we cannot understand an effusion, its mere glitter of words is but superficial. Poetry is a thing of sense, not sound. Now, in this verse, by Rough Hewn, where is the sense of the line,
"Here one may feel his native air's mild breath."

This is in a grave-yard—a very gloomy place to feel one's native air exclusively. We confess our inability to understand the line,

"And taste the rapture kindred to the mind."

The rapture of grave-yard musing is not kindred to all minds. The second verse is very fair. In the third verse we have a recurrence of clumsiness. The lines,

"When one's own thoughts will seek his soul to bind,
And always from him worldly pleasures fling,"

Are misty to a degree not definable. It is to be seen that the author was struggling with some thought not clearly appreciated in his own mind, and what it was neither himself nor anybody else can guess from his lines. The fourth verse is fair, as also is the fifth. The sixth sounds well, but is defective. To conjure up the many scenes which might have occurred in a grave-yard necessarily brings forward mourning, melancholy, the tears of affection, the woe of broken hearts and blighted hopes, and all the infinite things of sadness connected with the vicissitudes of human life. What then, is the meaning of the last two lines. To conjure up these scenes calls up traces of woe, of course, and then to smother them up immediately, or at the same time, is something extraordinary. Or perhaps Rough Hewn does not mean the scenes connected with death; but, looking at the embowered shades and splendid monuments of Laurel Hill, wants to conjure up scenes of folly and frivolous flirtation, of vain-glorious pride in the habitations of the departed, of meanness, envy, and all uncharitableness. There is neither poetry nor propriety in that. The seventh verse does not relate to the subject, and contains nothing but trite ideas, better expressed long ago by thousands of others. We have not room to point out in detail the defects in the remainder of the piece. Some of the lines defy all the laws of rhyme, as, for instance, where Rough Hewn speaks of

"The entombed coffin of remorse, a prey,"
or still worse—

"Here, too, that creature whose once pure form,"
and quite as hard—

"One to be alone upon the stranger's grave."

There are many bad expressions, such as "to what odd ends."

A LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED CAVE, by Gaylord J. Clarke, is accepted, and will be soon published.

MISS ANNE B. P., of Brooklyn, desires to become a regular paid contributor to "Graham," and sends as a specimen of her talent, nine poetical extracts. Dear friend Anne, how shall we manage to say nay to a fair lady? and yet we are positively overwhelmed with poetical contributions. The fact is, that to the educated minds of our country, poetry is the first and natural passion of youth, and early manhood and womanhood. Thousands of persons of leisure write very good verse merely for amusement or self-gratification, and desire no other pay than to see it published. What folly, then, would it be for a publisher to pay for indifferent verse when he can get much better for nothing. Now here, for instance, is Mr. H. S. Cornwall, author of the beautiful poem "Autumn," who, not being dependent on literature for a livelihood, gives freely his writings for nothing, while Miss Anne expects to become a paid contributor for writing such verse as this—

"The city appears like a diadem placed

On the hill's majestic crown;

Its buildings display a magnificent taste

And its streets are with beauty and splendor grac'd

As they slope to the valleys down,

Alas! that misfortune should over it throw such a dark and deadly frown."

VIOLA sends us a page and a half of prose and poetry about "Flowers," and then puts at the end of it: "Gentlemen—I send the following piece for your Magazine, if suitable; otherwise dispose of it accordingly." What is Viola's meaning of the word *following*? The construction and clearness of the latter clause of this message are peculiarly brilliant. Here is the piece she sends:

FLOWERS.

BY VIOLA.

The culture of flowers is, unquestionably, one of the most pleasing recreations of the mind, to those possessing a natural taste for the beauties of nature. There is a fascination that cannot be imparted to those whose mind is not endowed with the art. There appears a spontaneous gift in the management that proceeds from many with the greatest facility that insures success, while others strive, but generally ends in failure. Females are more blessed in the art of cultivating them than the other sex. Why is this so strikingly exemplified, when there is labor attending it incomparable to their daily pursuits is strange; there must be a pleasure immeasurably great in the culture. Ladies know how to appreciate; while many of the other sex, consider the time occupied about them trifling, of no account, a mere waste of time and money. Individuals, that can view flowers in full bloom, and not appreciate their beauty, must possess a soul void of all that is admirable in nature.

Stern winter can be softened, in appearance, as many variety of flowers can be bloomed, early and late; creating a conscious pride in the production, to pass away the dreary months of the year. This can be accomplished at such times that many throw away in frivolity. Yes! the attainment can be realized by the hand of those possessing a refined heart, by a small sacrifice to the shrine of Flora.

Many are desirous, and strive to cultivate them in pots, to decorate their windows, that never succeed. Why is this, when the desire to acquire a knowledge of the art is so apparent? because nature has not endowed all with a taste, or art, for the physiological principles so requisite, for

What, then, is taste, but those internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse; a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
For things deformed, or disarranged, or gross,
In species! This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.

Ladies that succeed in propagating ornamental flowers, find a vast fund of amusement; a pleasing recreation that meliorates the mind, endows them with more sociability, and adds years to their existence; the mind expands, diffusing more knowledge, while searching and seeking the same from others.

Flora has been liberal, for even in the wilds of the prairies, as well as in the professional garden, the eye is enchanted with nature's liberality, that astonish the florist, with all the varied hues to captivate the human mind. Then the fragrance emanating from them, will sufficiently compensate for all the trouble bestowed on their culture.

How sweet to muse upon the skill displayed,
Infinite skill in all that He has made;
To trace in nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of Power Divine.

We give this article as we receive it, without any correction. It is scarcely necessary to point out the faults. One remark of Viola's, however, is amusing. She says that females are more blessed in the art of cultivating flowers than the other sex. Perhaps so; but, Viola, all the professional gardeners we ever knew were males. Philadelphia, New York and Boston abound with them, and their taste, skill and success are beyond all dispute. Moreover, the first gardener, dear Viola, old Adam, bless his wig and whiskers, was a man!

ABOUT SPIRITS.

The body and spirit we used to think inseparable, except at death; and when the latter leaves the former, death must ensue, perforce; because the body is nothing but a clod without the soul. But here is the *New York Spirit of the Times*, which comes to us just the same as ever, looking as much like "the Original Jacob" as one pea is like another, while the Spirit proper has set up for itself in a new establishment, separate from its old body. Yes, here they both come to our office, week after week, the body and spirit contending each that it is the essentiality. The new spirit is not ardent—only malt, and yeleft "Porter." He was so thoroughly identified with the original Times as to have earned a name and fame all over the country. The "tal

Son of York" was the representative man of a certain class of our current literature. And now, after a twenty-five years' cruise together, the body and spirit have dissolved partnership. The malt liquor spirit has set up for itself, and now we have a sporting paper called "Porter's Spirit—of the Times," the two first words being the main head, and the three last a sort of sub-title. The old concern, we presume, now must become a sort of ardent spirit, for it goes on joking and racing the same as ever. Porter wants us to believe him a spiritual medium, for he says, in a letter to us, "I already have assurances that it will be contributed to by that brilliant circle of correspondents and writers who have so long given to the Spirit its distinguished position among the literary journals of the United States." It is not everybody who can be a medium—so Porter would say. These spirits come obedient to his will. Happy Porter! who can not only call spirits from the vasty deep, but have them come obedient to his call.

THE following letter from a valued female correspondent has proved so refreshing to us that we feel tempted to give it to our readers:

Boston, July 28, 1856.

DEAR MAGAZINE:

Should any benevolent potentate say unto me: "Ask what thou wilt," I should answer, in haste, "Give me Graham for July—and August, too, for that matter." In vain have I besieged the post-office for these numbers; though, concerning the latter, I have still a glimmering hope. Now, my valued friend, I do not believe the failure of your accustomed visit intentional. I was always a *fortunate* person; whatever of duskiness there was in my destiny originally, the sun of prosperity has blanchèd away—so that I now reckon myself a life-member of the society of happy women. Is it, then, probable, that I am overtaken by the calamity to which allusion is made? Nowise. I shall yet see your face and rejoice.

Strictly to speak, I have seen, for about a minute's space, the August issue. Found therein a delightful story—"The Omen"—published, with several other interesting tales, suitably illustrated.

What a fine thing it must be to have the admiration of everybody, as you, Maggie, have! Did I love you less, I might envy you. I acknowledge having, past and present, a special ambition associated with your honored and delightful pages; I would rather assist in your regular making up, than be maid of honor to any queen extant.

And so I am, respectfully your own,

L. S. G.

The following letter will explain itself. As to the difference between our correspondent and the editor of the Advertiser, we shall not undertake the unpleasant task of intervention:

ALLIGATOR, FLORIDA, Feb. 21, 1856.

MY DEAR GRAHAM—You see that I have taken the liberty of addressing you as an old friend, and though not as yet far advanced in years, I am old enough to appreciate your excellent Magazine, and to give my mite of admiration to your extensive list of

elegant contributors. I have written some verses complimentary of one of them whose "*nom de plume*" is "Rosa." Of her real name I am entirely ignorant, and probably shall remain so, as I have no means of finding it out, though I confess it would afford me great pleasure to do so. If you find those verses worthy of publication, they are at your disposal.

They are my first effort at poetry, and I am not vain enough, (or as we say at the South, got the "big head,") to suppose that they have any great merit, and it will depend upon your judgment whether I make another attempt. I gave them to the Editor of the Advertiser, and he published them in such a form that I scarcely recognized them. He appears to be something of a poet himself, and by dint of putting in some lines of his own and leaving out some of mine, and changing the form of its verses, it is such botch-work that I am not disposed to father the bantling rigged out in borrowed plumes; though, perhaps, it may be an improvement. If he had declined publishing at all, I would have been entirely satisfied; as it is, I feel disposed to "appeal to Cæsar," and to Cæsar it shall go. Your subscriber and admirer.

WM. A. BANDY.

The lines addressed to our fair correspondent, we give here just as we receive them:—

TO ROSA.

[Written on seeing her picture in Graham's Magazine, and reading some of her verses, complaining of coldness from one she loved.]

Lovely maid! and is there one,
Warmed by the rays of yonder sun,
So dead to all that's fair and bright,
Whose image fills me with delight,
Can gaze upon thy matchless charms,
And feeling naught of love's alarms,
Can lightly pass thee coldly by,
And with averted, distant eye,
Leave thee alone, to pine and sigh?

The days of fable, sung of yore
By bards renowned in classic lore,
Have surely to the earth returned,
When Adon scorned and Venus burned.
For nothing less than Adon's fire
Could wake thy heart to love's desire;
And he would scarcely view askance,
The lustre of thy witching glance,
And scape scot free from Cupid's lance.

Oh! silly wight! to kiss a rose-bud,
When by his side there was rich young blood,
And flesh as fair as ere was seen
Upon the form of beauty's Queen!
And charms of mind that would engage
The Bards of this, or any age;
Despise them all, and choose a rose,
With heart as cold as polar snows,
Or Iceberg, all from top to toes.

I, too, once had the rare, good luck
To see the girls of old Kentucky,
And of their charms I must confess,
As who can see, and yet do less.
Alas! my fate for being smitten
By one, I chanced to get the mitten.
Oh! she was fair, you may suppose—
Brighter far than any rose,
And caused my heart full many woes.

A thoughtless wish, if I am right,
That would exchange those ringlets bright,
That fairy form and eyes of light,

To bloom in Flora's bowers;
 Know that the wretch who could resign
 The dazzling virtues, only thine,
 And basely love thee, I opine,
 Would scorn both Flora and her flowers,
 Blind to charms, both mortal and divine.

The moon has known full many a change
 Since from your side he chose to range;
 And I confess it very strange,
 That you do not the same.
 Faithfulness, I much admire,
 When mutual love two hearts inspire,
 To keep aglow the ardent fire—
 But neglect will quench the flame,
 And cause love's embers to expire.

We are well aware that young ladies have no great fancy for second-hand love. They demand, imperatively, the fresh young tributes of the heart, before they have been offered at any other shrine. So, whether pretty Rosa will want to talk to an aspirant who confesses that he has had "the mitten" from a girl in "old Kentucky," we are unable to guess. However, here is a chance for her, and if she wants a home in the Everglades, where she may hold communion with the ghosts of Oseola and Ponce de Leon, and be inspired by the romance of frontier life, why now is the accepted time.

H. A. W., of Alton, Ill., writes to us that he has been a subscriber to our Magazine since the year 1834. Think of that! And after all his experience of us, he says that we seem to him like an old and valued friend. Furthermore, he has taken the trouble to exhibit copies of the Magazine everywhere in his business travels, and says that it is always admired, especially by the ladies. Many of our newspaper exchanges say that Graham's is by all odds the best Magazine that a gentleman can read. Now, if we have the favor of both ladies and gentlemen, who shall compete with us? Our Alton friend encloses us the following lines, which he says were written by a friend of his.

Lines to K. B.

Alton Rose, I dearly prize thee,
 More than gold or diamonds bright;
 Treasures of earth will not suffice me,
 Thou alone, art my delight.
 Tell me, pale and pensive beauty,
 Shall I see your face no more,
 And will it be another's duty
 To wed the lady I adore?
 With such as thee, angelic maiden,
 Earth would be a paradise;
 Blissful hopes, with joy be laden,
 Joy with thee above all price.
 I can hide thee, worship'd idol,
 Deep within my burning breast;
 No other hope or future bridal
 Can force thine image from its rest.

The concluding line of the first verse reminds us of the old song—

"It's my delight of a shiny night"

THE lines by P. H. O., headed "Theos," are novel and striking. We shall publish them soon. They contain the essence of true poetry—inspired thought clothed in eloquent language.

S. S. Eggleston's Poem "Alone, yet not alone,"

is well conceived and expressed—a perfect oasis in our desert of nothingness. We have filed it for insertion.

A dear little girley, no doubt about as big as one we have at home, writes us the following letter and verses. Just think of the "deep clouds that have long darkened the firmament" of a child honored with the favor of such friends as the illustrious Headley, and caressed by fond parents! This is a fast age, reader.

DEPOSIT, MIDNIGHT, 1856.

HONORABLE SIR:—Will you deign to notice the feeble efforts of a child, will you read these lines, and if the following you deem worthy of the most obscure corner of an American Magazine, or any printed page, it would be gratifying to know. A word of encouragement from you, would be like a ray of sunshine piercing the dark clouds that have long darkened the firmament. be so kind as to wright; the few moments spent in writing, will not be lost. deepest gloom, or brightest sunshine hangs on your reply. Your humble servant,

EMMA J. A.

NAPOLÉON BROUGHT FROM ST. HELENA.

BY EMMA J. ALBENLY.

Old ocean roled her ample tide,
 And bore the vessel near the side;
 Of his once glorious home.
 And, as it wafted near the shore,
 And bore him to the land once more,
 That once was all his own.
 The tolling bells announced him near,
 The roll of drums once more I hear,
 In sad and muffled sound.
 Again! I hear the cannon roar,
 As when it swept in days of yore,
 The bloody battle ground.
 This olden noises, deem to call
 The Hero from that silent pall,
 But they all call in vain.
 His army he'al no more behold,
 Nomore, he'al hear their shouting roll,
 In thunder o'er the plains,
 But, in his country let him rest;
 Remembering this was his request,
 Before the Hero died;
 On that lone and barren isle,
 Where joyous nature never smiled,
 But wild winds howled and cried.
 In his country let him sleep:
 Where his dome this watch may keep,
 Around his silent tomb!
 Undisturbed, their, let him rest,
 Reposing on a Nation's breast,
 At his once glorious home.

THE NEW BEDFORD MERCURY, in noticing "Graham's Magazine," pays it the following compliment: "We should not know where to begin an enumeration of the various and varied attractions of pen, pencil, sonnet, critique, with which Graham sustains his reputation of pleasant companionship for the lighter and the more serious hours of leisure. We note some half dozen articles of a solid character, in which much valuable knowledge is imparted, and a host of practicable directions, pertaining chiefly to the ladies' department. Indeed, Graham keeps, as he took, the first rank in this department of periodical literature.

Editorial Selections.

FAMINES.

LORD Cockburn, in his lately published memorials, gives an interesting account of the famines in the last century: "In the years 1795 and 1796, there was a greater dearth than has ever since visited the British Islands. On the 4th of March, 1795, about eleven thousand persons, being probably about an eighth of the population, were fed by charity in Edinburgh. I have never forgotten the famine, perhaps, it was because it was the first I had seen. A public proclamation specified the exact quantity of bread which each family ought to consume, being a loaf, if I recollect rightly, for each individual weekly—an odd proceeding; but it gave a measure and a ground for economy which were useful. Then was the triumph, and the first introduction, of public kitchens, Count Rumfords, and cooking committees. Chemistry strained itself to extract nutriment from everything. One ingenious sacrifice in wealthy houses was to produce an appearance of wheat at table without the reality. So dishes were invented which in shape and color resembled the forbidden articles, and the knife often struck on what seemed good pie-crust, but was only clay. Jacobins had a great advantage in having their heads set up already on an economical system. Some paltry Tories took this opportunity of saving the powder-tax; only cautiously announcing that this was done on no revolutionary principle, but solely in order that the stomach might get what would be wasted on the hair. This assimilation to disloyalty, however, was thought dangerous; and therefore the correct course was still to whiten the head, but to make the powder of chalk, or any other substance not usually eaten. The state of people's knowledge of political economy at this period may be judged of from the fact, that punishing what were held to be the crimes of Forestalling and Regrating was deemed one of the cures of this long-continued dearth; and this with the entire approbation of the public. The same idea prevailed in England. The extent, indeed, to which the freedom of trade was interfered with, by even petty authority, is scarcely credible now. Whenever prices rose higher than purchasers liked, there was a cry of legal interference; and this cry was very often successful. The price of bread was directly and habitually regulated within burgh, and indirectly beyond it, by the magistrates, who for many years after this issued periodical proclamations "setting the assize of bread." The charge for post-horses was regulated in the same way. All this, I believe, was agreeable to law—for the Court of Session sustained, and sometimes even acted directly as a regulator of prices.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

THERE are certain rumors current respecting some of our countrymen in Europe, which, if true, call for indignant rebuke; and if, as rumor further asserts, the offenders are sub-official, they should cease to wear the nominal honor. The charge is, that five

Americans, at a recent court ball, not content with miscellaneous and general misbehavior, forced their way in a state of intoxication to the Emperor's table, at supper. Such was their disgraceful rudeness, that the fact that two of the party had diplomatic protection, alone prevented their summary ejection from the palace. It was supposed that they might be impostors, and they were accordingly watched by members of the detective police, till the lodgings to which they repaired after the ball showed that they were not impostors, except in the pretence that they were gentlemen. The same writer charges that some of the Americans in Paris frequently disgrace themselves, though not always to the outrageous extent that occurred in this instance. We cannot doubt that the American Legation has ere this taken measures to purge itself from future contempt from such causes; and except that this misconduct of our countrymen is already widely bruited, we might not here refer to it. Not only the Legation, but all respectable Americans abroad have a duty in the premises. And that is to refuse their social countenance to every man, however connected, who makes his friends blush for him. Unless this rule be strictly enforced, there is not any mode of restraining brainless disorderlies, who know no better method of exhibiting the length of their purses, than by the height of their impertinence and the depth of their vulgarity. And even if the exclusion of offenders fails to restrain them, it will at least vindicate the character of those who decline to acknowledge them as companions.

ROYAL AMUSEMENT.

It may amuse some of our fair readers to know something of the nature of those amusements which served to wile away the time of the celebrated wife of the Emperor Napoleon, while sojourning at Plombières. One was the placing a jewel of value under a cup of porcelain, which was inverted on a saucer. Each lady was to take it in her hand and throw it to the gentleman the farthest from her, and if he caught it without the cup separating from the saucer and the jewel escaping, the prize belonged to her. The gallantry of the proceeding is that the lady is never at fault, though she lose the jewelled guerdon; it is the gentleman who fails to catch the flying porcelain, under the prescribed conditions, who has robbed her of her reward, and not her own maladroitness. Simple as this little *tour de force* seems, it serves to create an immense deal of fun. Sometimes so unskillfully would it be despatched towards the intended cavalier, that it divided as it were spontaneously, into three parts, and the cup, the saucer and the jewel, were all in the air at once, to the infinite dismay of the gentleman on whom the destiny of the lady depended; sometimes the lady performed her part to the life, but the trembling fingers of the cavalier spoilt all, and sometimes the grasp he gave them was so forcible and stringent that the fragile

porcelain gave way under the embrace, when other vessels were called for and the game was alive again. The emperor took his full share in the pastime; and incurred also his full share of reproaches if he failed to execute his expected devour; but his Majesty plays his part remarkably well on such occasions, and seldom failed in responding if the lady cast her missile with anything like exactitude.

Another pastime was the familiar one of passing the kerchief, and the Emperor and his lords and princesses played it with as much gusto as though they were really not "children of a larger growth."

YOUNG AMERICA has generally been supposed, heretofore, to be about the fastest specimen of a young gentleman of ten years of age, yet invented. But if a correspondent writing from Jerusalem, is to be believed, he will have to succumb to the Jews.

"On making a call the other day, at the house of an American missionary in Jerusalem, I saw a little boy in the Turkish costume, sitting on a sofa. My first thought was, 'What an enormous turban the boy has on,' and my second, 'How very small he is!' Judge of my surprise when I found he was a husband, being little more than ten years old, and his wife not nine! Truly, this is beginning life young. And this reminds me that a friend of ours saw an Armenian lady in Alexandria, who, although but twenty-six years of age, was a grandmother!" This goes quite beyond the early marriages in the United States.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

"As I was going," said an Irishman, "over the bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewings;" says I, "How are you?" "Pretty well, I thank you, Dolley," says he; says I, "That's not my name." "Faith, no more is mine Hewings," says he. "So we looked at each other, and faith it turned out to be neither of us!"

A GOOD WIFE.

In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife: "My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. *She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth.* And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect." How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary and the gallows, every year, had he been blessed with such a wife. "She made home the pleasantest spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love and piety, and common sense. Rather different was the testimony of an old man some three years ago, just before he was hung, "I didn't intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "Which am I?"

GOOD BOOKS.

WHAT a treasure are they to this world of ours! And what a source of all goodness, honor and nobleness! The neighborhood that has a little library of them, has a living power in its heart to draw around it the affection of its sons and daughters, and drawing them to it, how loftily and how rapidly can it instruct them in all duty and

obedience! In no way can a State do more for its children with such a trifling expense, than by providing and procuring for its citizens the sweet and refining pastimes which good books afford to all who can read. The vice and idleness of a single year, caused by the want of something useful to read, will cost such a community far more than ten times the worth or expense of books sufficient to supply the whole people with reading for five years to come. Subscribe for *Graham's Magazine*.

NOVELS.

A well-written tale of fiction is not unacceptable; nay, it is a solace, a positive enjoyment to almost all classes of society. The age has been educated by novels, as well as by histories and other miscellaneous reading. By inculcating lessons of virtue, and exhibiting examples of courage and enterprise, they have been moral instructors, and have not only awakened a love of virtue, but led the way to it with a gentle and charming earnestness, and taught men to practise it. A great novel is a great epic, a narrative of thrilling events, awakening deep and powerful emotions, a description of living men and women, dwelling in some place that we know, illustrating the character, opinions, and manners, of an age that is familiar to us, placed often in circumstances of embarrassment and trial with which we sympathize, courageous in the midst of danger, unassailable by temptations, urged on by the strongest motives to attain some end, and that a high one; tasking the best powers of the intellect and of the heart to the utmost to attain the goal, and, at last, reaching it amidst the acclamations and the tears of the attentive and interested spectators; for a good novel is a good drama, not, indeed, acted on the stage, but read to a select company, and belonging to the class of private theatricals.

When we speak of novels in a commendable strain, we do not allude to that class of compositions which often passes under the name, which skim the surface and gather up the scum of life, which aim to excite without interesting, which inflame the passions, and by their streams of pollution contaminate the healthy currents of life; but we speak of those great works of art, those monuments of a rich and creative genius, true to nature and ennobling to humanity, which have revived the love of the chivalrous, the beautiful, and the classical, in the minds of the rising and the risen generation; works which the scholar, the philosopher, and the Christian, may read with approbation and approval; works which kindle the enthusiasm of the hopeful, and confirm the faith of the wavering, without awakening terror or shame—without soiling purity, or shocking the moral sense of the age. We speak of such works as have proceeded from the great masters of the art of heroic composition in modern times—such as have assuaged calamity, enlivened solitary hours, and have thrown around social life an exquisite grace, and eminently contributed to the cause of civilization, morality, and refinement.

CARLYLE is about to write a life of Washington. He could not select a nobler subject.

Flower and Garden Hints.

NECESSITY OF LIGHT FOR PLANTS.

Plants grown in the open air, and with such free exposure to the light as their habits require, not only develop all their parts in their natural form, but the leaves, flowers, and fruits have their natural colors, odors, and flavors. Plants excluded from the light are not thus characterized; that is, the leaves are not of a natural or healthy green—and if they flower and fruit, which is rarely the case, the flowers are pale and scentless, and the fruit is incipid. This has been proved by many experiments. For example, a geranium, placed in a dark room, becomes first pale, then spotted, and ultimately white; but if brought to the light, it again acquires the freshness and purity of its former color.

CULTIVATION OF PHLOXES.

Phloxes stand at the head of all herbaceous perennials, and the increase of new varieties has added largely to their value, by great improvements in habits of growth, size, and form of flowers, and brilliancy and variety of colors. They are perfectly hardy, and flourish in any soil, and are naturally separated into two groups. The *Decunata* varieties have strong, erect flower-stems, and attain, generally, the height of three or four feet. The *Suppinitosa* varieties have slender stems, and smooth glossy leaves, and do not generally attain over two feet in height. In making a bed or group of the two varieties, the *Decunata* sort should be placed in the middle or back ground.

DIFFERENT FLOWERS IN MASSES.

The Chinese frequently blend several roots together, whose leaves and flowers unite and compose one rich harmonious mass—such as the white and purple candytuft, larkspurs, and mallows of different colors, double poppies, lupines, primroses, pinks and carnations, with many more of which the forms and colors accord with each other; and the same method they resort to with flowering shrubs of various descriptions, blending white, red and variegated roses together, purple and white lilacs, yellow and white jasmines, altheas of various sorts, and as many other varieties as they can with propriety unite; and secure the desired effect of harmony and beauty. By these mixtures, they increase considerably the variety and attractiveness of their floral compartments. In their large plantations, the flowers generally grow in the natural ground; but in flower gardens, they are in pots buried in the ground, which, as fast as the bloom goes off are removed, and others substituted.

DAHLIA, CRYSTAL PALACE SCARLET.

The qualities of this new bedding Dahlia are such that henceforth no garden with but half a dozen flower-beds will be complete without it. It fills up that void so long felt by many, having a bed composed of large bold flowers, brilliant in color, profuse bloomers, and of dwarf habit. This Dahlia possesses all the above requisites. In color it is equal to the most glowing scarlet Geranium; the flowers are of a medium size, very double, and fall

to the centre, of very compact habit, its growth averaging one foot and a-half, and having fine dark leaves, which contrast admirably with the brilliant color of the flower; it commences blooming early in July, throwing up great quantities of flowers together, and remains one perfect sheet of bloom, until cut off by the autumn frosts. As a bedding plant, it will stand pre-eminent, and will be found unequalled for the decoration of the flower-garden during the autumnal months.

NEW AND SPLENDID FLOWER.

The *Horticulturist* recently gave an account of a plant, said to be a nameless and undescribed variety of the rhododendron, the flower of which is second only in magnificence to the magnolia grandiflora. It grows to the height of four or five feet, and is easily transplanted and cultivated. It is stated that no American flower exceeds this in beauty. Its color is a bright crimson, approaching scarlet, and the panicles are composed of twenty or thirty flowers, forming a conical mass nearly of the size of a man's head. The leaves are evergreen, of a deep color.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

This is one of the most peculiar productions in the floral creation, and is of rare cultivation. Those who have watched and investigated the phenomena attending it, say that upon being immersed a moment or two in a glass of water, and set upright in the neck of a small vial, in a few moments the upper petals begin to burst open gradually, and continue thus to expand, until, throwing themselves back in equidistant order, there is presented a beautifully radiated starry flower, somewhat resembling both the passion flower and the sun flower, and yet more splendid than either of those. The unfolding movement still continues, until the petals bend backward over what may be termed the base of the flower, presenting in bold relief, in its centre, a rosette of the most exquisite form and ornamentation. After remaining open an hour or more, the moisture gradually dissipates itself, and the fibres of the flower contract as gradually as it expanded, and it resumes its original appearance, ready to be unfolded again by the same simple process. The culture of this beautiful flower ought to be more widely extended.

PLANTS FOR THE RICH AND THE POOR.

A recent writer well observes, that there is nothing too common, or betokening stinginess or poverty, in having the oldest or simplest plant well grown and bloomed in a pot—everybody loves to see them. "Look," he says, "at the hanging plants in the Crystal Palace, and say if you ever saw so many of the commonest plants put together before. Not one of them but the poorest man in the next village might have in his window; and yet everybody admires them. It is only that fashion requires the rich to have more costly plants; and it is foolish to hanker after guinea plants, which are not a bit better for being dearer."

CURIOSITIES OF THE BULB.

What is in common language termed a bulbous root, is by Linnaeus termed the hyberical, or winter lodge of a young plant. The bulbs in every respect resemble buds, except in being re-produced under ground, and include the leaves and flower in miniature which are to be expanded in the spring. By cautiously cutting through the concentric coats of a tulip root longitudinally from the top to the base, and taking them off successively, the whole flower of the next summer's tulip is beautifully seen by the naked eye, with its petals, pistils, and stamens. The flower exists in other bulbs in the same manner; but the individual flower of others being less, they are not so easily detected, or so conspicuous to the naked eye.

FLOWER-CULTURE IN THE PARLOR.

Many have undertaken to cultivate parlor plants, but have not succeeded, owing to a wrong selection of plants. A weak, sickly plant, is often chosen because it is in bloom, but which, after removal from the green-house, soon languishes, and perhaps becomes a prey to insects. It is far better to select good, strong, healthy growing specimens, even though they have not so much as a flower-bud in sight, and wait a little longer for a perfect bloom, and a hardy, fine growing plant.

FOLIAGE AT DIFFERENT SEASONS.

Herbaceous plants are chiefly interesting for their flowers and the form of their foliage, in which there is generally but little change of color. But, to these two sources of interest, trees and shrubs add the opening buds in spring; the colors of the unexpanded foliage immediately after it has burst from the bud—the fine green, tinged with some other color, which the first leaves assume when they are fully expanded, and which continues, more or less, till the middle of June—the intensely deep green of summer, which continues till the end of July—the first changes of autumn to red or yellow, which commence in August, and the dying off of all the different shades of red, crimson, yellow, orange, brown and purple, till Christmas.

DAHLIAS IN THE FALL.

In the fall, after the foliage has been killed by the frost, cut off the stem and take up the tubers on a pleasant day; let them remain in the sun till near night, and then remove them to the cellar. Much difficulty has been experienced by amateurs in preserving the roots, but if the cellar be free from frost, and not too moist, they will keep well on shelves, or they may be placed in dry sand in boxes. It is not thought to be safe to pack them in barrels, as they are very apt to decay; they usually keep much better under the shelves in a greenhouse. This flower must always retain a large share of popularity, and as the taste of cultivators becomes refined, the monstrosities produced must give way for medium or small sized perfect flowers.

FUCHSIUS, PETUNIAS, ETC.

Among the choicest of garden flower plants is the beautiful tribe of fuchsias, blooming from May to November, either in the pot or out of doors. They should be watered freely when growing, and syringed twice a day during summer, and, by putting in cut

tings in the autumn, they can be made to flower all winter. The sorts known as Carolinna, Ivory, Gem, Acantha, Hero, Napoleon, Flavescoens, Magnificent, and Beauty of Salisbury, can be grown so as to resemble the weeping willow. The petunia, also, is a fine bedding plant, producing a perfect mass of flowers all the season. During the warm term—until frosts—nothing produces such a fine show of brilliant flowers as the salvias. The bellotrope also forms one of the greatest and most lovely of floral attractions. Nothing can exceed the sweetness of its fragrance.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

There are a large variety of these flowers, some of which are from three to four inches in diameter, and shaped similar to a pear; others are much like hyacinth bulbs. Among those cultivated by gardeners are the lacteum, and the aureum. The former produces fine white flowers, with a spike about a foot in length—and the latter produces flowers of a golden color. These bulbs are generally cultivated in the green-house, and require a compost consisting of about one-half fresh loam, one-third leaf-mould, and the remainder sand, in which they may be planted in September. When cultivated in the garden, the best method is to plant them four or five inches deep, in a warm and genial location.

ROSE CULTURE.

Four things are absolutely essential in high rose culture—a rich and deep soil, judicious pruning, freedom from insects, and watering when requisita. If any of these be wrong, the success will be in proportion incomplete. Soil is the first consideration; what is termed a sound loam, they all delight in; the soil should be adapted rather to the stock than the season, or kind worked on it. The common or dog rose stock, thrives best on strong loamy soil; in half shaded situations; near water, without manure; cultivated roses require the latter, because they have more hard work to do; their amount of blossom, if weight alone be allowed, exceed that of the dog rose—added to which they have less foliage.

Roses on their own roots, require that the soil be modified according to kind; we should not use so adhesive a soil to a Tea or Bourbon rose as to ordinary kinds; organic matter is here required. Depth of soil is of great importance to all kinds; it is the deeper species of fibres, situated in a proper medium, that sustains a good succession of flowers, in defiance of heat and drought.

A judicious pruning reduces the rampant growth and increases the energies of those which are of a more delicate constitution—relieves from superfluous shoots and useless wood, and reduces the whole outline to a compact or consistent form. Insect ravages must be guarded against—tobacco water or fumes will do this; bathing them twice a day with water from a barrow engine is only objectionable from the time required. If you have not provided deep culture, watering, in dry times, will be requisite; but this should be done thoroughly rather than frequently, stir without injuring the roots. Liquid manure—say two ounces of guano to a gallon of water—should be given once a week. With this treatment every one may have fine roses.

Fashion Gossip.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

FIGURE FIRST is a home costume of lilac cashmere. The hem of the skirt is trimmed with four rows of narrow velvet ribbon put on in points. The point ornamented with trimming *en tablier*, consisting of Swiss needlework inserting and flouncing, and rows of narrow velvet ribbon. The corsage is high, with a basquine which reaches only half round. This is finished with the velvet trimming and needlework flouncing, which last is continued up the front of the corsage to the throat. The upper part of the corsage has a similar trimming so placed as to form a cape. The sleeves consist of a plain piece, a puff reaching below the elbow, and a cuff finished with the same rich needlework as that on the skirt and corsage. A collar to correspond, with bows of ribbon with flowing ends, complete the costume.

FIGURE SECOND is a carriage or promenade dress, composed of alternate stripes of brown satin, and green and black silk in small checks. The corsage (scarcely seen in our engraving,) is made low and plain, with which a lace or needlework cape is to be worn. The black basque is finished at the bottom with a row of wide black lace, headed by two ruches of ribbon. Above this is a narrower row of lace falling from the waist. The front is covered by two rows of lace, which extend round the back in the berthe form. A ruche of ribbon finishes the front and neck. The sleeves which are in the pagoda form, have three rows of lace, of graduated width, the widest being at the top, each headed by a ruche, one of which also finishes the sleeve at the bottom, showing to better effect the full lace undersleeve below.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Our shop windows now present their most brilliant appearance, with the display of rich dress goods for autumn and winter wear. Now, too, is the season, of all others, when the ladies can indulge to the greatest extent, in rich and beautiful costumes on the promenade. Much of the time in winter and spring, the streets are sloppy and disagreeable, when rich silks, satins, brocades, and moire antique, are rather costly for sweeping purposes; when woollen fabrics are far more appropriate. Accordingly, we see such an array of bright colors, as vie with the brilliant foliage of the forest trees at this season. Bonnets are more profusely ornamented with flowers, fruit and ribbons, than they were in summer, and the effect being increased by the rich dark colors, are gayer than we ever remember to have seen them.

Among the handsomest dress goods that we have seen, are the brocades that have appeared in a new form, being in small figures, and in brightest colors. The rich robed dresses recently imported for fall and winter wear, with the trimming most exquisitely woven in colors in the flounces, are also in extreme favor. These are, of course, expensive. Indeed, every season seems to increase the extravagance of dress, as well as everything else that constitute the mere luxuries of life. If such be the case here, what

it is in Paris, the following extract from a Parisian letter will show:

"Luxury continues to increase inordinately. In all parts of Paris are opened, daily, new establishments for bronzes, for silks, for hangings and for the toilette, furniture, jewelry, porcelain, etc. At all points, curiosity shops, the repositories of useless articles of fabulous prices multiply. Side by side with the sumptuous *cafes*, gorgeous in marbles, bronzes, gilt and gas, are the tapistiers' windows, attracting the rich with fabrics so beautiful, that we are almost tempted to believe the fairies have directed the imaginations, fingers and looms which produce these wonderful *chefs d'œuvre*. The noble suite of apartments of the Tuilleries appears *mesquine* in comparison with wonders which dazzle the eyes in a promenade on the Boulevards. A stroll through the Parisian shops, will reveal to strangers the boundless extravagance which marks our epoch, better than the most detailed description of the fashions of the moment. How far removed from us, not by time but by custom, is the heavy old fashioned mahogany furniture, which our mothers so carefully rubbed bright with flannel and wax! A paper of five-francs the roll was then a luxury, only indulged in by the opulent; to day, when we deign to cover the walls of a chamber with paper it is only on the condition that so many dollars is the price given for the rich material, glittering with bright colors, and silver and gold patterns.

The stuffs for hangings, coverings of furniture, the materials and designs, the brocades, the embroideries of gold and silver, are copied from the gorgeous sacerdotal vestments of the last century—silks, a hundred francs the yard, can alone satisfy the fastidious taste of the fair occupant of a Paris boudoir. No description can convey an idea of the magnificence of the furniture which fills a cabinet maker's emporium. Rosewood bedsteads, inlaid with gilt and bronze, and ornamented with Sevres cameos in crustations of enamel, and (whilst gazing on one of these sumptuous couches, a lady was heard to exclaim. "*Et dire quo on peut mourir dans des lits pareils*")—wardrobes from which, by touching a spring, appear mirrors, reflecting in a variety of positions the belle—who can thus behold the effects of her toilette from all points of view—*etageres*, chairs, tables, writing desks, etc., composed of a variety of precious wood.

The *magazines* of Paris only follow the torrent. The architects and proprietors are the promoters of this wild extravagance, which will lead to domestic and public misfortune. New houses and apartments are so decorated with gilding and marble, that plain furniture would there appear misplaced, and out of keeping with the rich ornamentation. Unfortunately, this mania is not confined to the brilliant quarters of the metropolis. Visit the more populous parts of the city, the *cafes*, the bakers, and butchers' establishments, and those of the working classes,

see the marble gilded counters, where the workman buys his loaf of sour bread, and the sausage which compose his dinner; and then we will not wonder that when he creeps into his neighboring garret, envy and all the bad passions which produce revolution, should fill his heart and imagination. And the monstrous extravagance lavished on the toilettes! Women of rank and position are seen at the races covered with laces to the value of 30 and 40,000 fr., whilst husbands and fathers are speculating at the Bourse, in order to enable them to meet the demands which the boundless expenditure of wives and daughters are daily making on their moderate fortunes. The style of dressing which distinguished the French women a few years back by its simplicity, good taste, and appropriateness, has passed away; rich silks, flounces, gay trimmings and laces, flaunt on the Boulevards at all hours, and at all seasons; toilettes appear in the churches, such as ought only to decorate the ball room; the breakfast robe is a mixture of embroidery and lace. Infants are loaded with laces and embroidery; little girls are but miniatures of their mammas."

Notwithstanding all this, it is always possible to preserve a just medium between boundless extravagance and niggardly expenditure. A lady, by exercising good taste and proper economy in the selection of her wardrobe, may make a very respectable, nay, very elegant appearance on one-fourth the sum that she might spend if done without calculation. As we have in a previous number remarked, very much depends upon the right making up of the material. Therefore, much care should be taken to select a dress-maker and milliner of decided taste; or if (as we have known of some ladies who dressed very handsomely on small means,) you should prefer to perform for yourself those valuable offices, let no trouble be thought too much in properly adapting colors, materials, styles, etc., to height, complexion and figure. This, with the valuable aid given by fashion descriptions, so abundantly furnished, will enable any lady who wishes to dress elegantly, without extravagance, to do so, with the satisfaction of knowing that she may thus save a husband, father, or brother much useless anxiety and toll.

We now proceed to one of the most important appendages to the toilette at the present time, namely, *HOOPS*.

These increase in favor every day. They are not confined to the extreme fashionables—not even to the city—but they enter the village church, and make their way through the farm-house door. The plainest ladies, with but slight pretension to fashion, have given up their prejudices against them and adopted them. Thus they have obtained a complete triumph, notwithstanding the fair wearers occupy two, or even three times as much space as they did formerly. That only increases their importance in the world. "Thus," says a writer, (after advocating the fashion on the score of utility, convenience and economy,) "the question at issue (if it be at issue) reduces itself to one merely of fact—whether hooped skirts do impart the proper contour to the female form. A lady passed my window the other day,

upon whom I levelled the battery of curious and observant eyes. In her notions on this subject, she was of the former school. Tall she was, and thin even unto lankness. As the day was excessively warm, though discarding or eschewing hoops, she had too much sense to make herself a martyr to beauty by bearing along the streets the heavy cross of half a dozen skirts, or of even one. Her dress, therefore, (of rich materials, I might add,) hung straight down to her feet, clinging closely about her form. So Giles Scroggins' ghost must have looked in its winding-sheet. And as luck would have it, that I might enjoy the opportunity of instituting a comparison, a young lady, admirably hooped in the present style, came by a moment after, so that both stars were in my field of vision at the same time. It is well written that one star differeth from another star in glory. The demonstration was complete. You might as well compare a tallow-candle to the 'Queen of Night,' 'when she unveils her peerless face, and o'er the dark her silver mantle throws,' as to liken that collapsed maiden to her of the hoops. The one was like a schooner under bare poles—the other like a ship of war on the bosom of the deep, with all its snowy canvass spread, and its gallant pennons streaming in the wind. I voted unanimously for the hoop, as in all other instances, where they came into comparison with different modes of fitting out that fearful and wonderful creature, woman, to sail the streets or grace the drawing-room."

DRESSES.

Among the carriage and promenade dresses lately made, and presenting the greatest novelty, is one composed of silk of a pale gray tint. This dress has two skirts, each trimmed with a gaufered frill. The corsage is open in front as far as the waist, and is ornamented with bretelles. The sleeves consist of one puff and two gaufered frills. A dress of green silk chequered with satin stripes, also in green, has no trimming on the skirt. The corsage, which is high and with a basque, is closed up to the throat by a row of buttons, and both the corsage and basque are trimmed with rows of narrow black fringe. The sleeves are formed of puffs and frills, the latter edged with fringe.

Another, very pretty, is a brown poplin robe, skirt plain and very full; corsage high to the throat, trimmed with bretelles of the same material, pointed at the edge. The basque also pointed round the edge. Sleeves a double puff, the lower part forming a double flounce, which is also pointed. Muslin undersleeves. Embroidered collar.

Bonnet, composed of lace and velvet ribbon, trimmed with purple flowers. Ribbon, and bunches of purple grapes.

A Paris correspondent says: "Alpacas are much in favor for country excursions at this season. Every lady furnishes herself with one or more dresses of this material—black for town, and grey for country or traveling. They are always worn with flounces.

The following description forms a pretty costume for home toilette. Taffeta silk, with purple and white stripes, of a moderate width; the skirt is plain, very full, and so long as almost to form a half train behind.

The small-rounded lappet forms a point behind. A berthe, forming a point before and round on the back, is put on the corsage. The berthe, lappets and sleeves, are trimmed with a ruche of lilac ribbon. The sleeves are arranged in wide, hollow plaits, to the elbow; between the plaits a ribbon ruche, then a small puff from which the sleeve spreads out like a fan; the plaits and fan shaped ruffle are made in one piece; the puffing is put on separately. Many silk dresses are made high-necked, with a waistband and without lappets. On the corsage lengthways are many rows of narrow velvets, forming the letter V; on the skirt, at the knees, there is a deep net-headed fringe, of the same color as the robe; each side of the skirt, as far as the fringe, is ornamented with narrow velvets, forming the letter A. The sleeves have two flounces, the upper part is slashed and the flounces are covered with Tom Thumb velvets in the same style as the corsage. Many corsages have a lappet, forming a hollow plait only behind; it gradually diminishes less, and terminates under the arms; the front is in a point. Silk robes are now often made with a double skirt as a walking toilette, as well as for the evening. For dinners or *soirees* the skirts are both trimmed with a wide black lace, surmounted by a jet passementerie.

We see the mode of having silk dresses made with two corsages, to answer the double purpose of a morning or evening, or dinner dress, is very prevalent. It had for some time past been laid aside; but we find that our fair ladies have, generally speaking, provided themselves with robes of this description. We shall cite one that we believe was intended to answer a triple purpose. This robe is composed of rich brown, fawn colored silk *glace blanc*; the skirt is trimmed with a single deep flounce, bordered by three bands of fawn-colored velvet, and surmounted by three others; high, close corsage, rounded at the bottom, and closed in front by fancy silk buttons; it is trimmed with a *pelerine revers*, formed of a flounce deep on the back and shoulders, narrowed to a point at the waist, and trimmed with three rows of narrow velvet. The sleeve is composed of three puffs lace under-sleeves. The corsage for evening costume is very low, deeply pointed, and decorated with a *berthe of point d'Alencon*; very short sleeve, entirely covered with two flounces of the same lace.

An embroidered muslin jacket seen with this dress may be occasionally worn with the skirt only, either in elegant morning dress, or *demi toilette*; it is quite high behind, opening on a half-high *guimpe* on the bosom; it is embroidered in featherstitch, and trimmed round the top by a deep fall of lace, forming a *revers en cœur*; a knot of colored taffetta ribbon closes the corsage at some distance from the waist; a second is placed on the opening of the jacket at the bottom of the waist; a fall of lace borders the jacket; the sleeve is rather more than a half-length, and forms at the bottom a demi pagoda, trimmed with a double fall of lace, and ornamented with a knot of ribbon.

EVENING DRESSES.

White dresses—for so long a period proscribed—are at the present moment in the greatest request.

After many futile attempts to revive this dress in the fashionable world, our artists have at length succeeded in restoring it to favor. It is, however, no longer the simple white muslin dress of former days, that might be worn by every village bride, but is so elaborately ornamented with embroidery and lace as to have become a toilette the most recherche and luxurious. Plain white muslin or organdi dresses are frequently trimmed on the sides of the skirt with three rows of bouillonnes, placed perpendicularly, and separated by small bows of ribbons arranged *en echelle*.

Bodies, covered with bouillonnes and bows, complete these elegant evening dresses, now so much worn.

The fashion of lining the flounces of worked muslin dresses with colored tarletane or silk, is obtaining a considerable share of favor. A white muslin dress just completed for a lady of acknowledged taste, is trimmed with beautifully embroidered flounces, under each of which there is a flounce of mallow-colored tarletane. The tarletane flounce is edged with a ruche of ribbon of the same color, and the muslin flounce descends just to the top of this ruche. The corsage has a fichu of worked muslin profusely ornamented with mallow-color ribbon.

A very pretty dress, made for an evening party a few nights ago, was a robe of pink silk of a full bright hue. The skirt had four flounces of silk, above each of which there was a flounce of black lace. The silk flounces were simply hemmed at the edges; and the lace flounces, which were scalloped, were about one-half the depth of the silk. The corsage has a berthe formed of three folds of pink silk, and a fall of black lace. The short sleeves consist of two puffs of silk separated by a fall of lace. The head-dress is formed of black lace and roses, and bouquets of roses at each side of the head.

Another, a ball dress, was of white gauze, ornamented with straw embroidery. The skirt has three flounces, each edged with a triple scallop of straw embroidery and headed by a wreath of wild roses. The corsage is very much pointed at the waist, and is ornamented with roses forming a stomacher in the Watteau style. The sleeves are trimmed with bouquets of the same flowers. Bracelets of rock coral, with tassels. Head-dress, a wreath of wild roses, and daisies, with grass at each side.

We give a description of a dress made for a little girl of eight years, to wear at a birth-day party. Frock of white jaconet muslin, the skirt ornamented with four rows of ruche formed of blue sarsenet ribbon, and bows of ribbon at each side. The corsage has a berthe formed of rows of bouillonnes, and in front there are horizontal rows of ruche in the style called *barrette*. The short sleeves are finished at the ends by ruches of blue ribbon, and on the shoulders are bows with flowing ends of the same. The hair is curled and fastened at the back of the head by a bow of blue ribbon. Trousers trimmed with needlework. Boots of blue cashmere.

JEWELRY.

The greatest novelty in *bijouterie* we have of late seen, consists of a set of buttons made for a lady of rank, and intended to fasten the corsage of the dress.

These buttons are composed of small grains or beads formed of hair, clustered round a centre of diamonds, and mounted in gold. We may here mention that some beautiful cameos of onyx and coral have just been produced. Those formed of onyx are set round with brilliants; one or two of the coral cameos are encircled with pearls.

BONNETS.

The favorite colors for bonnets are brown and beaver, but all shades are worn, and every complexion, from the delicate blonde to the glowing brunette, can find the hue that becomes it best. We shall endeavor to describe a few hats that attracted most attention, though it is exceedingly difficult to make a selection from the confused mass of lovely forms that everywhere met the view—some winning admiration by their quiet beauty, others challenging attention by their odd but *distingue* style. Conspicuous among the latter was the “Chapeau Catalan,” formed of lace, barred with blue satin. The crown is oval, and formed of a thick cording of blue satin rolling round a centre. To the crown are attached two falls of the most delicate blonde lace, which effectually conceal every vestige of the bonnet shape, and looks like a cap flung with happy carelessness on the back of the head. Around the front runs a blue ostrich feather, which, drooping considerably, imparts a graceful fullness to the sides. Inside trimmings, *ruccas*, and on one side a bunch of roses. Another opera or carriage hat, more in accordance with the prevailing mode, and more beautiful, though less striking, than the preceding, has attracted a good deal of attention. The material was pink ancat velvet, and it was trimmed with blonde, and a rare and elegant fringe made of marabout feathers. It is light as foam, soft as mist, and forms a welcome addition to our stock of trimmings. Its misty appearance is further heightened by the innumerable specks that people it, like motes in a sunbeam—those specks being the fastenings or knots necessary to make the fringe the required length. It is a most expensive trimming; and in these little knots and the amount of labor they involve will be found the cause. The “*Chapeau Ferrero*,” which takes its name from one of our first class *modistes*, is a very pretty Paris hat, simply elegant and unmistakably novel. It is formed of the finest lutin straw, sewed with black silk, great regard being paid to the regularity of the stitches. Round the edges of the crown, the cape and the front runs a band of open work two or three inches wide, formed by the black velvet and straw interlacing diamondwise. From the inner edge of the front openwork, or straw insertion, depends a border of Chantilly lace, reaching almost to the side crown, and the gleaming of the pearly straw through the transparent cover, preserves the uniformity of the design. Trimming, crimson velvet flowers. “*Chapeau Sevigne*”—this is one of the most beautiful and *distingue* hats that grace this season. Two half handkerchiefs of black velvet, trimmed with a chainwork fringe of bugles, are fastened to the front of the hat, and diverging, slope down to the side crown. The space between is filled by a puffing of green velvet, with a plain piece running down the centre, from which falls on either side

a border of Chantilly lace. In the back this forms a second cape, while in front it is caught in a point and flung back upon the crown in a triangular shape. The cape is formed of lace edged with a broad border of black velvet, and ending in a fall of Chantilly lace. The face trimming on one side velvet flowers, with standers made of bugles, that glanced and sparkled amid the green and crimson petals that surrounded them, and on the other side a black and a green ostrich feather. Across the front of the hat falls the chainwork fringe of bugles from which it derives its name. Another strikingly beautiful hat, formed of black velvet and *chenille* straw, we must not omit to mention. The straw, which is made in Switzerland, is in itself a curiosity, resembling black plaid, with tufts of crimson and black velvet protrudings. The crown is made of plaited velvet and straw, and the double cape is trimmed with the same materials. On each side are a black and a red feather, those on one side bending over the cape, and those on the other drooping over the edge of the bonnet, and bending with the coral sprays which form the very elegant and peculiar front trimmings of this hat. There are some very elegant hats made of leg-horn, on exhibition, trimmed with ostrich feathers and blonde, while others are ornamented with bunches of long grass and trailing solid flowers, reminding us less of the coming season than the past. We have seen a very handsome hat made of royal purple satin, banded with black velvet, edged with blonde, the front thin and transparent, and the crown of conquered satin and velvet. The outside trimming was purple, feather tipped with black, and the inside bunch of starry blossoms of the same rich hue.

Some exceedingly pretty mourning hats, rivalling in taste and elegance those made of gayer colors, have been exhibited. We shall describe a few. One, intended for deep mourning, was formed of silk; crape folds, passing from the crown, crossed each other in front, and were hidden at the edge under a chainwork of crape that passed round the cape and front of the hat. The inside trimming was composed of crape flowers and bugles. Another, for the same stage of mourning, was made entirely of crape, and to deepen the effect, folds of the same material were disposed diamondwise round the front and cape, and across the crown. On one side was a bunch of china asters of the finest crape and most perfect finish, the hearts formed of bugles, and the face trimming was composed of crape bows and bunches of the same flower. A strikingly elegant hat, made of black and purple uncut velvet, was much admired. A bird of paradise, of the richest purple color, attached to one side of the hat, the bill almost touching the edge, while the graceful plumage fell in profuse beauty, formed the outside trimming. A hat of black crape, over which was thrown a demi-veil of lace, spangled with bugles, had a very elegant appearance. A cluster of stars of Bethlehem, made of French crape, with glistening bugle centres, were placed outside the veil as a fastening. On the other side were crape bows and floating ends.

HEAD DRESSES.

Flowers still remain the favorites for full dress. They come of all sizes and shapes, from the gen-

geous autumn flowers, to the most delicate summer blossom; and arranged in styles to produce the prettiest effect. They are frequently mingled with ribbons. For dinner or home toilette, those of black velvet ribbon embroidered in straw, are in great favor. Feather coiffures will be much worn for fall dress. Nothing can be prettier than these light and elegant decorations for dark hair.

MANTILLAS AND CLOAKS.

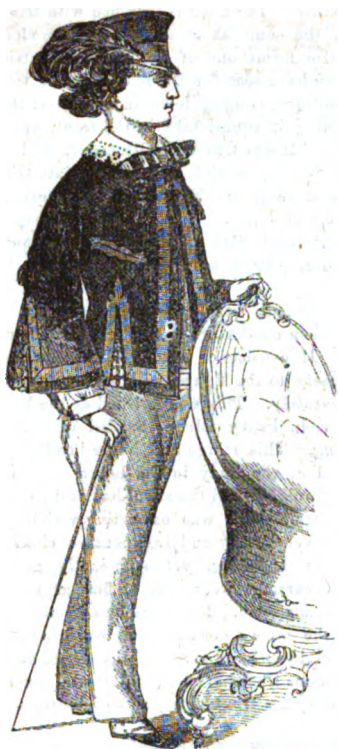
There is no very decided change in the shape of cloaks since last season. The difference is in the trimming, and manner of putting it on. The hood, which made its appearance with the linen summer cloaks, is retained in the heavy winter materials, and is quite an improvement. The double shawl shape, the talma, the Spanish circle, the mantilla, the talma with the double front, give us quite a variety to choose from. The Spanish circle is a very graceful garment, falling in full folds, and gathered over one arm only. It is furnished with a hood reaching from shoulder to shoulder, but is not visible in a front view. A very handsome mourning cloak in this style, made of black cloth, and trimmed with moire antique a quarter of a yard deep—the hood also trimmed with a fold of the same material—presents a rich and striking appearance. Another, of the same shape, but in material and trimming forming a striking contrast to the above, is composed of light gray beaver cloth, trimmed with purple fringe at the extreme end, and above, at the distance of a deep hem, purple moire antique ribbon, with

moss centre. The hood is trimmed with fringe and ribbon, the same as on the skirt of the cloak, and the entire forms one of the prettiest outside garments we have seen for the season. One formed of moire antique, coming down in a point at the back, and ending in square tabs in the front, was quite a favorite. It was trimmed with a deep fold of black velvet, forming a rich and appropriate trimming. The same shape we have seen in mourning, the trimming of crape. Still another, a grey beaver cloth, trimmed with plaided moire antique, of a grey color, quite a novelty. The shape a Spanish circle.

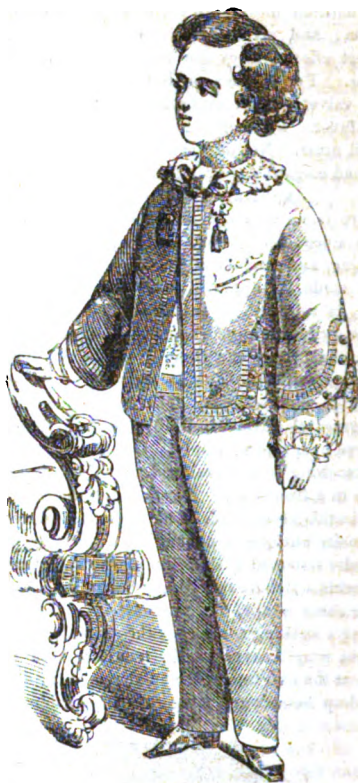
One garment, very appropriate for the present season when cloaks are hardly needed, is of black velvet. It consists of a body fitting smoothly, but not loosely to the figure, with a very deep basque, cut separately. This was finished at the bottom by a very rich, heavy fringe, headed with fine bugle trimming. This fringe and bugle heading was reproduced on the body in the heart shape in front, and continuing round the shoulders and back, in the berthe form. This was exceedingly rich and elegant. A very pretty and inexpensive cloak, appropriate for traveling, yet sufficiently genteel for street or carriage wear, was of fine grey cloth, cut in the talma form. It has a hood bound with ribbon of the same color as the cloth; finished with a bow and long ends made of the cloth, and bound with ribbons like that on the talma and hood. It is fastened up the front with a row of buttons.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



No. 1.—A JACKET OF BLACK VELVET.



No. 3.—A SUPERB JACKET OF GREY CLOTH.



No. 2.—A SAQUE OF MOIRÉ ANTIQUE.



No. 4.—A HANDSOME DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

CHILDREN'S COSTUME.

No. 1.

This is a superb dress for a boy of ten years. The jacket is of black velvet, edged with a double row of black galloon. The fronts are slashed in two places three inches deep, and laced across with black silk cord, each lacing defined by a galloon trimming. The laps arranged in the form of a star enriched by a fancy button with pendent tassels. The skirts form a scollop on the back, edged with a double row of galloon trimming. The short flowing sleeves are ornamented with a lacing at the top of the arm, enriched by a single button and tassels. The neck is finished with a small cambric collar, edged with a needlework frill, and fastened with a sliding-knot of crimson and green plaided silk; full cambric undersleeves, gathered into an embroidered band, and edged with a needlework frill; vest of white plaided silk, adorned with gilt buttons; light grey mixed pantaloons, with spring ankles.

No. 2.

This dress for a young boy, is a very loose saque of brown *moire antique*. The front is closed with four silver buttons, and adorned with a heavy black silk cord and tassels. A bias trimming of black, two inches wide, surrounds the entire garment. The sleeves are short, and gathered with a slight fullness on the top of the arm. Embroidered collar. Black velvet pants.



SLIGHT MOURNING BONNET.

No. 3.

A neat suit for a little boy. The material is fine grey cloth. The jacket is made very short, with an open front, disclosing an elaborately embroidered cambric bosom, a single row of galloon forms a finish to the edge extending up the sides, which are slashed and adorned with lacings of silk cord the same color, and small silk buttons. A pretty trimming of braid-work ornaments the bottom of the front and pockets. The galloon trimming forms a point in the back terminated by a delicate pattern of braid-work. The sleeves are short and flowing, the tops of the arm en-

riched by lacings of silk cord and buttons; full cambric undersleeves, with embroidered gauntlet cuffs, and embroidered collar edged with a needlework frill.

No. 4.

This is a pretty dress for a little girl. The material is bright cherry satin; the skirt is embroidered in silk of a shade lighter tint than the dress. The waist is plain and low; the bottom is finished with an embroidered basquine, edged with cherry fringe; narrow black lace surrounds the neck; a sash of the same rich ribbon is fastened in front with a single loop and ends. Pantalettes of muslin guipure.



FULL DRESS BONNET.

The material of the slight mourning bonnet is imperial velvet, rich royal purple, is arranged on the foundation plain. A transparency of tulle is inserted near the front, which is adorned by a fall of black lace, banded at intervals of an inch, with narrow black ribbon, edged with purple. These bands extend over the front three inches, and are terminated in small flat bows, forming a pretty heading to a deep fall of lace, which is gathered round the crown with considerable fullness, and forms a pretty addition to the curtain of plain velvet. The right side is enriched by a clustre of black and purple ostrich plumes. The left by a single purple plume, with a rosette and ends of narrow ribbon. The inside is adorned with a cap of white blonde, edged with black. On the right side are clustres of black and purple flowers, mingled with jet. On the left a small cluster of the same flowers, with a bow and ends of purple and black shaded ribbon.

The full dress bonnet is formed of ruffles of inch-wide ribbon, plaided in two shades of brown, blue and black, and white. These ruffles are separated by rows of plain black velvet ribbon, arranged on the foundation with slight fullness, and edged with narrow black blonde, a rosette of the same ribbon, mingled with black blonde confines a deep fall of black lace, which ornaments the crown. The left side is decorated with black ostrich plume, from which descends along blue marabout, tipped with black. On the right side are bows and ends of ribbon.



PROMENADE TALMA.

The above is a very stylish cloak, made in the Talma form, the material of which is rich black velvet. The back is detached, and overlaps the front. A rich fall of fringe, with a crochet heading, passes round the back, in the form of a cape, which terminates at the shoulders. A border of rich black galloon forms a heading to the fringe, and curves down the front, extending the full length of the garment. Rows of fancy buttons adorn the front; commencing at the neck, they slope gently back, and meet the side trimmings at the top of the flowing sleeve, which forms the great charm of this garment. A border of galloon trimming, four inches wide, forms a rich finish to the bottom of the garment and sleeves. The ground-work is thick ribbed silk, divided into sections by groups of silk bars resembling chenille, but more delicate. A row of this trimming adorns the neck, which, with a lining of black silk, completes this truly elegant garment.



THE COMFORTABLE.

The material of this very serviceable cloak is heavy drab beaver cloth, sufficiently thick to dispense with a lining. The form is that of a Talma, partially fitted to the back by means of an elastic strap, attached to the side seams, and passing across the inside of the back, by which the fullness is thrown forward and forms a pretty sleeve. The edge of the garment is adorned with a row of cerise-colored velvet, barred with plush. On each front are placed three palm leaves, formed of cloth, and edged with velvet. The centre of each enriched by three fancy drop buttons, of the same color as the trimming. This garment, is intended for use as well as beauty, and is furnished with side-pockets, ornamented with cloth lappets, edged with velvet trimming. The neck is finished with a small collar, round in the back and square in front, edged with a single row of trimming.

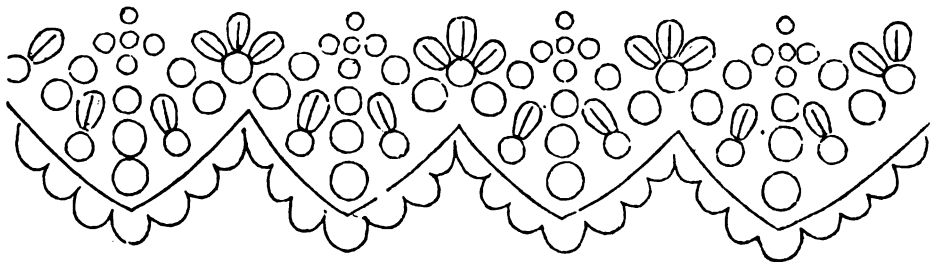
Ladies' Work-Table.



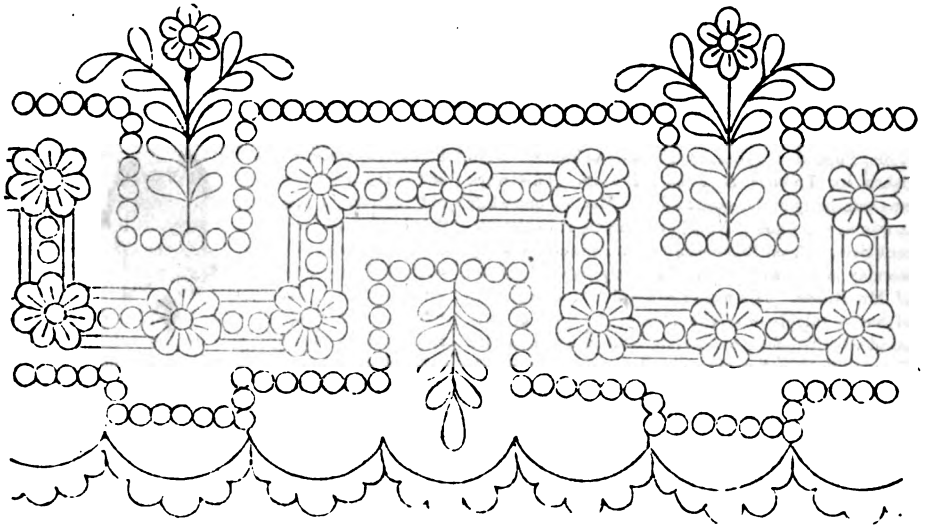
CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



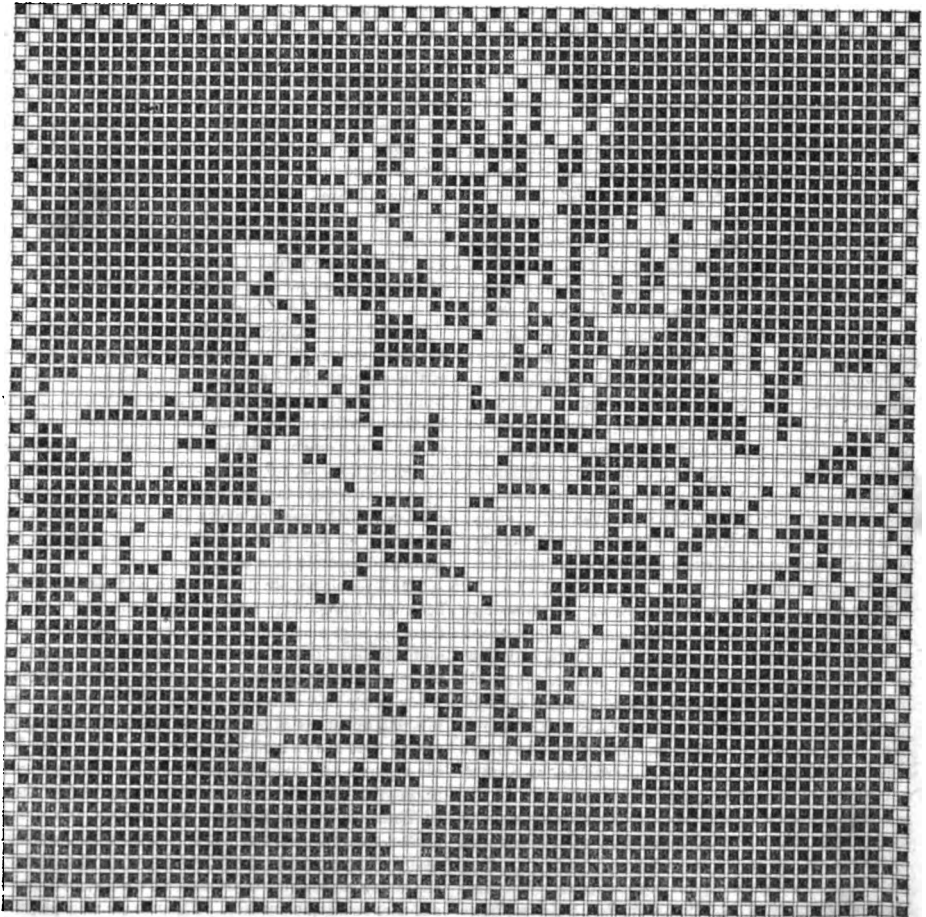
CLOAK FOR YOUNG GIRL.



PATTERN FOR INSERTION.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET PATTERN.

Leaves from the Literary Forest.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND; a matter-of-fact romance, by Charles Reade, author of *Christie Johnstone*, *Pegg Woffington*, etc., in two volumes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. This work was originally announced as *Susan Merton*, but while it was in the press the author changed it to the present title. From this eccentric suddenness of fancy we may gather some idea of the impulsive character of Mr. Reade. His works are full of the evidences of native talent—and like most productions of such minds, their defects are as striking as their merits. To us such things never seem the serious drawbacks which some critics take them to be. We rather like to see defects in a work of genuine merit. They serve as a sort of seasoning to the mental food, or as a pickle to sharpen the appetite. A brook running smoothly along, without impediment, is a very tame object. Place a few stones or tree stumps in it, and the gurgle of the waters will be musical. If a poet leaves an occasional roughness in his verses, it may serve to heighten their beauties, if they have any. Thus, therefore, in undertaking the difficult task of criticism we do not believe it at all necessary to point out faults. Those who devote their whole attention to that branch of the business are infinitesimally diminutive potatoes.

We have read in some of the newspapers that this book of Reade's is careless, fragmentary and dreamy, like his former ones. Now, we like it all the better for that, and so will the public. *Christie Johnstone* and *Peg Woffington* were deservedly favorites. And why? Look at that tall, handsome fellow, with a black moustache and imperial, as he walks along Chestnut street, with his brown felt hat stove in at the side. Does anybody like him the less for not having his hat carefully smoothed out? Cast your glance at that dashing belle whose air is indescribably *negligé*. Would she look as well if she were more exact and careful in her dress? But it must be understood that such breaches of standard rules are not allowable to all. An ugly man or an ungraceful woman might wear the same careless costume and be mistaken for nothing else than a sloven or a rowdy. It is your persons of distinction, merit, grace, beauty, taste, who can venture with success upon such hazardous experiments.

In literature the case is the same. If an author have talent or genius, his own taste and judgment will tell him how far to observe the rules, and how far to disregard them. Works of fiction, above all others, must be allowed great license, since a studied regularity is a gross error. To hit the public taste, they must be novel, varied and striking. It is not absolutely essential that the plot should be formed according to the same rules as all others. If the work has a purpose and accomplishes it, the author succeeds in what he attempted, and all the carping criticism in the world cannot put him down. The public taste is supreme in all such matters. Viewing the present work of Mr. Reade in this light, we have on hesitation in pronouncing it a success.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, BY CHARLES DICKENS.—Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. This is Peterson's uniform duodecimo edition of the works of Charles Dickens. A recent French writer of the old regime, in speaking of English literature and its democratic tendencies, remarked that Charles Dickens, the most successful of the modern English writers, had chosen his subjects entirely from the lower classes. This was true of "*Oliver Twist*," "*Nicholas Nickleby*," "*The Pickwick Papers*," and some others, though not to the same extent of "*Dombey and Son*," and "*Bleak House*." *Dombey* does not belong to the lower class, but is the representative of the aristocracy of trade, or what is called in Paris the *bourgeoisie*. And in "*Bleak House*" we have the most cutting sarcasm on English nobility in the Dedlocks, and of the barristers and judges in Tulkinghorn, etc. It is true, however, that the tendency of Dickens' works is irresistibly democratic. Shakespeare degraded the lower classes in every picture he drew of them. Dickens has degraded the upper classes in just the same way. He has been a chiffonier going about with basket and hook, picking up valuables from the dirt-heaps of society and joining in a crusade against the evils of aristocracy. In the hands of a man of less genius, the same undertaking has often degenerated into vile demagoguism. But, so to speak, Dickens is the statesman of the masses, while the scribblers to whom we allude, are but the grovelling stump orators. His works are to us great studies. As such we would advise every person to get a complete standard edition of them, just such a one as Peterson's.

THE OLD REGIME AND THE REVOLUTION. By Alexis de Toqueville, of the Academie Francaise, author of "*Democracy in America*." Translated by John Bonner. Published by Harper & Brothers, N. York. De Toqueville is one of the most remarkable writers of modern France. His mind possesses a keenness of perception, a subtle power of analysis and a wholesome sympathy with true democratic republicanism, which renders every thing emanating from it worthy of attention. Added to this, his style is clear and forcible in a high degree.

The French people have for the last seventy years been so constantly fermenting with revolutions, theories, organizations and systems, political, social, and religious, that their minds now are more given to generalising than are those of other nations. They carry this into everything. The cook regards himself as an artist engaged in a science as important as that of the sculptor or the historian. He has his systems and theories, and bases his arrangements upon principles which he considers as grave as those of Lamartine and Thiers. And so do the dress-maker, the milliner, etc. It is a great mistake which many of our people make, to suppose the French character essentially light and frivolous, because it appears so on the surface. The novels and plays of Hugo, and Dumas, and Balzac, regarded here by the

common mass of readers as mere whims, are really the productions of what was in Paris, a great revolution in dramatic and other fictitious literature. It was for a long time a fierce and doubtful contest between the classicists of the school of Corneille and Racine and the romanticists of the school of Hugo. But the latter proved victorious.

In literature there are few works on political science more profound or able than those of De Tocqueville. Any one who reads his "Democracy in America" must be satisfied of this. He writes like a man who understands the whole subject. Unlike the Englishman, whose ill-nature sneers at our slight errors of custom makes the mere name of an Englishman odious here; De Tocqueville showed us at one broad, comprehensive view, what democracy really is in America, wherein it is right, in his opinion, what it needs to carry out its aims, and how society here might, as he thinks, be changed. In the work now before us he has attempted to give us the philosophy of the great original French revolution—that immortal struggle of right against power—in which figured Mirabeau, Danton, and their compatriots. That the influence of English books upon American sentiment has prevented our people, generally, from forming a correct notion of the true character of that contest, scarcely needs proof. Its crimes have all been magnified and held up prominently to view, while the principles contended for have been studiously kept out of sight. We think, therefore, that such a work as this of De Tocqueville will do service to the cause of republicanism and democracy. It is not a history, but, as the author says, an essay upon the revolution. It is, however, one which everybody should read.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY, Statical and Dynamical, or the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man, by John William Draper, M. D., L. L. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Illustrated with nearly three hundred engravings. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. This book, of six hundred and fifty octavo pages, comprises the text of the lectures delivered by Dr. Draper for many years past in the University above mentioned. There is, therefore, no quackery about it, and the public who wish a reliable medical work of this kind, may depend on it safely, since the knowledge therein contained is the same imparted at college to their physicians. Throughout the work, Physiology is treated after the manner known in Natural Philosophy, and Dr. Draper tells us in the preface that it was chiefly to aid in the removal of the mysticism which has pervaded the science, that the author was induced to print this book. It should become more of a custom among our people to read for themselves works of this kind, to enable them to understand those simple yet valuable laws of health which are within the comprehension of all. To accomplish this, it is only necessary that medical works should be popularized in their style and language, and issued in such cheap form as to put them within the reach of all.

THE KEYSTONE COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.—A complete collection of hymn tunes, anthems,

psalms, chants, etc., to which is added the physiological system for training choirs and teaching singing schools; and the cantata, the Morning of Freedom. By S. N. Johnson. Published by Murray, Young & Co., Lancaster, Penna. We hail this, as we do every thing in the way of popularizing music in this country, as most desirable. It has so long been a standing reproach to our people of not being musical, of being so immersed in business, politics and religion, as to neglect paying a proper degree of attention to the cultivation of those fine arts which add so much to the attractions and pleasures of civilized life, that we think we see everywhere abroad among us the evidences of a great change. When the energetic spirit of our race is once stimulated to action properly, we can accomplish in a short space an incredible degree of progress. There is no medium in our tastes. What we like we worship, and what we attempt to do we beat all others at doing. So it has been in the fine arts. We find our cities and towns perfectly flooded with organs, strolling harpers, fiddlers, peripatetic bands of minstrels, etc. We pay the most extravagant rates for opera singers, and our fashionable church choirs absorb thousands of dollars. The piano is universal. Every church has its singing school. The taverns are turned into concert saloons. The watering season at the springs and the capes, is but one continued round of music and dancing. And who would say that we can have too much music? Some there may be, but he who

"Has no music in his soul,

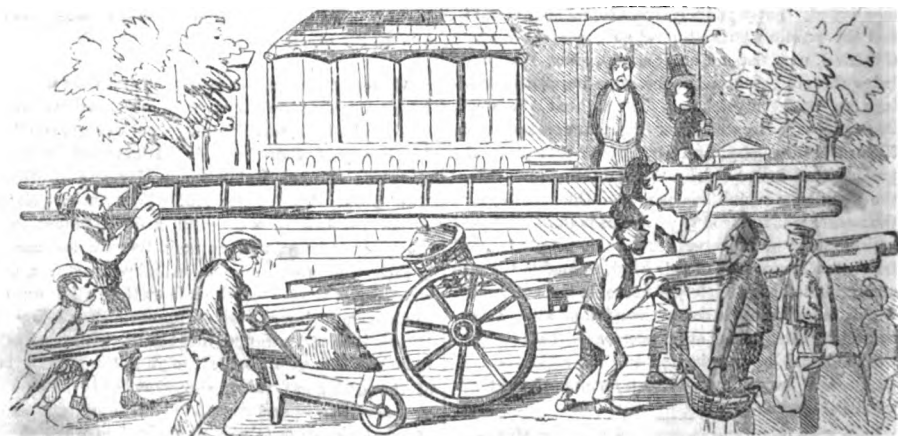
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

The collection of music before us is sacred in its character. We wish it could succeed in popularizing music so that the congregation would sing, as well as the choir. It is fashionable to despise the grand sonorous chorus of a whole congregation as something common and vulgar. To our taste there is nothing nobler. In the singing of the rudest and most uneducated congregation there is yet a strange charm. For there is every where a natural aptitude for music, and as about two-thirds of the men sing bass, the discordant voices which sing out of tune are drowned in the harmonious swell, or rather, as we have sometimes thought, occasionally add to the effect.

MODERN GREECE.—A narrative of a residence and travels in that country; with observations on its antiquities, literature, language, politics and religion. By Henry M. Baird, M. A. Illustrated by about sixty engravings. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The classic land where ancient civilization reached so wonderful a development, will always be interesting even amid its ruin and decay, to those who would muse upon fallen greatness, and ponder over the scenes which more than all others on earth seem endowed with an immortality of fame.—Hence it is not strange that the literature of Europe and America abounds with books descriptive of the prodigious ruins, the great battle fields, the graves of heroes and sages, and all those reminders of what Greece once was, and, alas! of what she is now no more.



"Now, my Love, are you not ready for Church?"
"Ready for Church, Mr. Graham!—How you talk!—When you know perfectly well that odious Miss Jackson has not sent home my new Baroque Dress!"



The Ladder of Fame.

GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

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CHARLEMAGNE IN COUNCIL, DECIDING THE DESTINY OF HIS DAUGHTER.

THE DAUGHTER OF CHARLEMAGNE.

THE reign of Charlemagne offers a picture of gigantic power, by which nations were formed and destroyed, and which has exercised an influence such as has been felt for centuries, and has compelled succeeding generations to admire its greatness, though not to justify all the actions

resulting from it. Charlemagne, king of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, was born in 742, in the castle of Carlsberg, on the lake of Wurmsee, in Upper Bavaria. Some state that his birth took place in the castle of Ingelheim, near Mentz, and others at Aix-la-Chapelle. His father was Pepin the Short, king of the Franks, and son of Charles Martel.

In the year 800, when Charlemagne (until then called simply Charles or Karl, who had been crowned king of the Franks in 768,) had attained his fifty-eighth year, he was crowned by Pope Leo III., and made Emperor of the West. He had appeared in the church where his coronation took place, dressed simply as a Roman patrician. While he was engaged in the act of prayer on the steps of the highest altar of the chief church in Rome, Leo suddenly placed on his head a crown of gold, pronouncing the ancient formula used at the coronation of a Christian emperor: "Glory and long life to Charles Augustus, crowned by God as the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans." The clergy and assembled people repeated the words with one voice, and the dome instantly resounded with loud acclamations. The emperor was then consecrated by his holiness, and the Pope and nobles present did him homage. Charlemagne, on his part, swore to maintain the faith and privileges of the church, and made rich offerings at the shrine of the apostles.

The sway of Charlemagne extended over the entire realm of France, with the exception of Brittany and the Basque Provinces, which still maintained a species of wild freedom—over Germany and the far north to the Baltic, including the dominions of Prussia, Poland, Bohemia, Bavaria and Switzerland, and at least a nominal suzerainty over the country of the Huns to the Danube; over the greater portion of Italy, a tract extending a thousand miles from the Alps to the borders of Calabria, and over that part of Spain which runs from the Pyrenees to the Ebro. Thus from west to east the empire stretched from the Atlantic to the Vistula, and from north to south from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The government of these immense regions required no ordinary political skill and knowledge of human nature; and it is the talent and judgment which he displayed in his civil administration which entitles Charlemagne to the rank which he holds as a great historical character, more than do all his victories, or the magnitude of his domains. Not that in the present day all he did could be approved or tolerated, but, what was equally good or better—his measures were adapted to the age wherein he lived, and had the effect, rude and savage as we may now deem them, of at once planting the seeds of general civilization, and imparting an impulse to their growth. The barbarity of the age and the rudeness of the

manner of his day heightens his real merit. If we may not regard him as a philosopher, intellectually in advance of his generation, he was at least a sound thinking and practical statesman; capable of tracing passing events to their causes, and of drawing thence useful hints for the conduct of the future, not in solitary instances, but throughout his long and arduous career. His means of achievement were incessant activity both of mind and body, and his great aim seems to have been the establishment of a power which might become the rich and peaceful heritage of his posterity. He sought, in fact, to found a dynasty, and to clear from the path of his children the numerous obstacles which had impeded his grandfather, his father, and himself.

The indignation of Charlemagne was excited at beholding all things in his empire in a most disordered, anarchical and brutish condition, and he devoted all his energies to lessen their hideousness. A short time after the death of his father, Charlemagne wedded a daughter of Didier, notwithstanding the protestations of the Pope, who was scandalized at such an alliance with a "heretic." For several years nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony existing between the king and his spouse; but eventually Charlemagne was smitten with the charms of the beautiful Hildegard, and in order to espouse her he repudiated the daughter of Didier; who, to avenge the wrong, solicited Adrian I., who had now succeeded Paul in the pontificate, to consecrate the two sons of Carloman, (the younger brother of Charlemagne,) and make them kings of France. Adrian, however, was a wary and sagacious man, and how small soever might have been the love he bore to the ambitious Frank monarch, he inherited all the hate of his predecessors against the Lombards. He refused to do the bidding of Didier, and the latter immediately commenced hostilities against the Roman state, and marched at the head of a large army to the gates of the holy city. Adrian, in alarm, dispatched messengers to solicit the aid of Charlemagne, and in the meantime barricaded the walls of St. Peter's with large bars of iron; manned the holy city, and prepared to hold out to the last extremity.

The result of the interference of Charlemagne was the flight of Didier. The Frank monarch (following the example of Theodoric, when he destroyed the dominions of the Heruli,) left his generals to follow the operations of a siege at Pavia, (from whence Didier had fled,) and occupied himself in reducing the surrounding country, which fell without difficulty into his hands. When he returned to Pavia, there remained of the whole realm of Didier nothing but what was encircled by the walls of the city. Didier finally died of the famine resulting from the desolation created by the troops of Charlemagne.

A short time after the coronation of Charlemagne, an embassy was sent to him at his favorite palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, from Irene, empress of the east; who, after causing the eyes of her son to be put out, had usurped his sceptre and governed the Grecian empire with ability and splendor. Irene now sought, by espousing the great Charlemagne, to unite once more the eastern and western world, and to restore the magnificent throne to Constantine the Great; but her object was frustrated by her overthrow and exile; though, but for that she would have succeeded, as Charlemagne appeared in no way averse to this singular proposal; being, in spite of his greatness as a politician, by no means a model in his domestic life.

Charlemagne, although at the time of his accession to the throne he was ignorant of either reading or writing, was possessed of remarkable and profound genius. He was a lover of literature and a liberal patron of learned men. From his third journey or pilgrimage to Rome, the emperor brought home with him several professors of grammar and arithmetic, and also some music masters to teach the Frank choristers the harmonies of the Gregorian chant. The zeal of Charlemagne for the revival of letters, moreover, was not limited to the protection and encouragement of men of learning. He set an example of study and perseverance in his own person, to his courtiers, and made the acquisition of honor in some measure dependant upon the literary acquirements of candidates. He became a proficient in the art of committing his thoughts to paper, and added thereto considerable knowledge of languages and astronomy; learned the grammar of Peter of Pisa, a professor of the public school or University of Pavia, and mastered the logic and other sciences taught by Alcuin, his confidential friend; a learned man of that period. The great officers of the court, the confidants and courtiers, were not slow to follow the example of the emperor, whose daughters were initiated into the mysteries of erudition. Thus, in the imperial palace, a sort of academy was formed, comprising the princes and princesses, and the distinguished literary men of the household. This association was called the Palatine College, after the ancient schools of the same kind which had existed in the time of the Roman emperors, whose style and dignity, as well as their best institutions, were revived by Charlemagne; and from this germ arose the University of Paris. Besides this, he instituted elementary schools for children, and others for pupils of more advanced age and higher attainments, in which skilful teachers were employed to give instruction in all the current learning of the age. Nor was the emperor satisfied with merely founding academies; he often visited them to see that

their objects were efficiently carried out; giving personal directions concerning the studies to be pursued, and ascertaining the progress of the scholars by personal examination. He encouraged the diligent and threatened the idle and dull with his displeasure. One of his menaces was, that unless the sons of the seigneurs surpassed the sons of the poor in learning and talent, he would confer all honors, appointments and benefices upon the latter.

In estimating the labors of Charlemagne, the influence which he exerted upon his age, and his individual character, it must never be forgotten that his life commenced among barbarians of the rudest stamp; that the sole education of his youth was that of a warrior; and that the best years of his manhood were spent among the wild tribes of the north, whose fierce and ungoverned manners and propensities must have tended to impress on him a belief that his own country, in comparison with others, was already highly civilized.

His lofty genius, extensive capacity, and a strong faith in the powers and destinies of man, were required to enable him to penetrate the true state of his country, and he must have possessed untiring energy and patience to attempt, after contemplating the obstacles which he had to surmount, to evolve light from thick darkness and order from chaotic confusion. If Peter the Great merits the admiration and gratitude of mankind for his efforts in behalf of the barbarous Russians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Charlemagne assuredly deserves still greater reverence from his species for his exertions, which benefited the whole European world, and at a period when there were no such inducements to action as those which must have operated on the mind of Peter. The latter could not fail to be struck with the palpable disadvantages, if not the anomaly, of a nation of savages remaining without progression, in contact, though (on account of its barbarism) nearly excluded from intercourse with States the most highly cultivated, the wealthiest, the happiest, and the most powerful in the records of time; but for the Frank no such means of comparison existed. He might, indeed, have heard traditions of an era of greatness and glory; but these would scarcely have had reference to the refinement of manners or the advancement of the peaceful arts of life, but to war and conquest—to multitudes of slaves and the accumulation of spoil. The fame of Peter may fairly be said to be based on his beneficial use of extraordinary talents, while that of Charlemagne sprung from the possession and exercise of high creative faculties, and a power of computing results and adapting his means to the ends which he sought.

In the course which these two sovereigns pursued to give popularity to their efforts, there is more resemblance between Peter and Charlemagne than in their general character. In order to teach his subjects to build better houses, to become artificers in iron, and to construct ships, the former learned the art of the mason, the blacksmith, and the shipwright; while the latter, to give the Franks a zest for Greek, Latin, astronomy, logic, and writing, studied what he recommended, and became in his own person an example of the advantages they conferred; among other things, he wrote a great number of letters to the Pope, to the bishops of the empire, to his friend, Alcuin, to the various members of his family, and to the princes and rulers of other nations. His epistles to the emperors of Constantinople alone, were sufficiently numerous to form a considerable collection, and copies of them as such were to be seen a few years after his death in the library of the monastery of St. Riquier. Poetry, also, is attributed to Charlemagne—among other pieces, an epitaph upon Pope Adrian the First. Painting, sculpture, manufactures, and commerce, shared, with literature and music, the regard of the emperor; many improvements in the strength and style of monasteries, fortresses, and castles, with statues, and carved ornaments, and in the domestic furniture of the age, are due to Charlemagne. He caused the Vulgate to be revised, composed a Teutonic grammar, and caused to be collected the ancient ballads of his country.

In the age of Charlemagne flourished many men distinguished for learning and bravery. The names of the last are enshrined in poetry and romance, and have become known as models of chivalry throughout the world. Who has not heard of Olivier, Guy of Burgundy, Riolt du Mas, and the invincible Rolando, the Orlando of Ariosto, and Bojardo?

Among the learned men whom Charlemagne caused to become a part of his court were Peter of Pisa, before mentioned; Paul Warnefrid, the historian of the Lombards; Theodulf and Leidrade, two of the most eminent churchmen and writers of the age; Clement, an Irish monk, and Alcuin, mentioned before as his intimate friend, who was an Englishman, and one of the greatest men in the history of the period; his own biographer was Eginhard, a learned secretary of his court, of whose love for the daughter of Charlemagne we are now about to speak.

Eginhard was of Frankish race, born beyond the Rhine, and calls himself "a barbarian, but little versed in the language of the Romans." King Charlemagne took the youth into his service while still very young, and caused him to be brought up with his children in that school of the palace of which Alcuin was the head.

Emma, one of the daughters of Charlemagne, and, it is believed, the favorite of her father, was very beautiful. She inherited the charms of her mother, the beautiful Mathalgarde, a slave brought from Greece. Her long black hair fell to her waist in broad and glossy braids; her features were statuesque in their perfection; her form was graceful and rounded; and a rich color mantled in her cheeks.

From her earliest childhood, the lovely Emma was accustomed to the society of the boy, Eginhard. The youth was endowed with remarkable beauty of person, of which the intellectual order contrasted greatly with the savage type of most of the countenances seen in the court of Charlemagne.

Emma was by nature endowed with great talents; and this attracted the attention of Eginhard, who, as a boy, owing to his superior information, was able to guide her in her arduous tasks. It was his greatest delight to share with her the hours of study, which, thus lightened and deprived of their monotony by the flashes of Emma's genius, became the time the most looked for and longed for during all the years which Eginhard passed at the palatine college.

Eginhard was no mere book-worm. He excelled in all manly sports. The chase was one of his favorite occupations; and he broke several steeds, brought from foreign lands among the spoils of the ever-victorious Charlemagne, and so governed them as to enable the fair daughter of the King to entrust to them the burden of her light and graceful form.

The day on which Eginhard first declared to Emma a passion, of which the presumptuousness is scarce to be appreciated at the present day, (when the daughters of kings are less isolated from the society of the intellectually great,) was a day ever to be remembered by both Eginhard and Emma. The chase was that day selected to be the sport which should amuse the court, and magnificent and royal was the display of costly robes and radiant beauty by the ladies of the household of Charlemagne.

Rotrude, Bertha and Giala, the daughters of the beautiful Hildegarda, (for whom Charlemagne had divorced the daughter of Didier,) were all extremely lovely. The golden tresses of Giala fell to her feet, and spurned the confinement of a net of gold and pearls which glittered upon her head. Her eyes were of the pure blue of the precious sapphire, and her mouth like red coral. Rotrude, her sister, was celebrated for her proud and queenly form, and for her almost masculine courage. The palfrey which she guided with an assured hand, seemed proud to bear upon its back so noble and fair a burden. Bertha was gentle and timorous, and if less dazzlingly beautiful than her sisters, still well deserved her title of "Bertha of the starry eyes."

Near the three sisters rode Charles, Pepin and Louis, also the children of Hildegard. Noble were these youths, and noted for their warlike deeds—and well did they match in proud carriage with their fair sisters. Beside her still beautiful mother, Mathalgarde, rode Emma, the youngest child then living of King Charlemagne. There was no one at court so fair as she. Her dress of green velvet was embroidered with golden stars, and was so long as almost to sweep the ground. Ropes of costly pearls were entwined in her magnificent locks, and a veil covered with stars of jewels fell about her form. A murmur of admiration attended her steps, and the heart of Eginhard, the secretary, for such was now his office in the household of the king, bounded at the sight of his beloved. Suddenly the long skirts of the dress worn by the princess Emma, became entangled in the hoofs of her prancing steed, and a buzz of alarm went round among the courtiers. The quick eye of Eginhard, who rode beside the king, marked the accident, and ere it could end in a disaster, the secretary kneeling at the feet of the steed of the princess, had disengaged her flowing robes and restored to her trembling fingers the slender reins, embossed with silver, which, in her alarm, she had suffered to fall from them. As the young Frank bent his head, Emma observed that beneath his coat of velvet, he wore upon his right breast a small jewel which she sometimes had worn upon her arm, and which for a long time she had supposed to be lost. As Eginhard raised his eyes to the face of the princess at the moment of restoring the reins of the palfrey, he observed that a vivid blush overspread her cheeks, and that she glanced at the jewel in his bosom. Eginhard profited by the opportunity to make known to her he cherished the jewel for her sake, by pressing his left hand to the portion of his vest to which it was attached, as he made his parting salutation. Although this action had seemed to be no more than a dutiful obeisance, such as any gentleman of the court might have made after fulfilling an office of service for a royal lady, a mere pressure of the hand upon the heart. The quick eye of Charlemagne had noted it as well as the officious nature of the assistance rendered by Eginhard to the princess, from whom at the moment of her accident, the young secretary was much further removed than many of the gentlemen belonging to the hunting party.

Charlemagne, in a deep and somewhat angry voice, now exclaimed, as he put his spurs to his horse, "Let there be no more delay;" and at the same time he motioned to Eginhard to resume his place beside him. Emma had observed that her father was not pleased at the attention which had been rendered her by the secretary; but her curiosity had been awakened by the discovery of

the jewel, and she longed to know more of the sentiments of Eginhard than had been expressed by his gesture; for her own sympathies had long before been enlisted in his favor, and she feared that she had been too ready to put a tender construction upon what might, after all, be but the humble obeisance of a courtier to a royal princess.

Beside his quality of secretary, Eginhard held in the palace the office of superintendant of public works, roads, canals and buildings of all kinds, and was furthermore called "Counsellor to the king."

Still there was a very wide chasm of separation between the Counsellor of the king and the daughter of the king—for though the fair Emma was but an illegitimate daughter, Charlemagne on account of her extraordinary beauty and remarkable talents, loved her as much and prized her as dearly as any of his children. Besides the social separation between Emma and Eginhard, there existed an obstacle originated by Charlemagne himself. Proud of the loveliness of Emma, he was desirous that she should shine in the eyes of a nation which he held in great esteem, and had promised her hand to the king of the Greeks, who was expected to claim his bride when she should have completed her eighteenth year. So arbitrary in those days was the will of a parent in matters of matrimony, and so imperative above all, the determination of a king in regard to the marriage of either son or daughter, that Emma, although she secretly loved Eginhard, had not dreamed of daring to oppose the will of her father.

Such an unheard of thing as a marriage between a king's daughter and one who, in reality, was nothing more than a menial in the royal household, had at that time neither been heard of nor dreamed of. Eginhard was but too well aware how presumptuous, how hopeless was his love for Emma. He had but one hope that she might share it: that he might dare to reveal it, and beyond that all seemed a blank. Even audacious hope could go no further than to look for sympathy instead of anger from the princess. How often had Charlemagne spoken of his determination to found a dynasty, and that all his kin should wed nobly? While these sad thoughts progressed in a weary procession through the brain of the "arch-chaplain," as Eginhard was also entitled, the chase proceeded. It was not till the party was returning that he again found himself near the princess Emma. The king had ridden forward to speak to Mathalgarde, then his favorite, as she had continued to be for several years, and the rest of the court rode slowly, falling gradually back so as to leave a space around the king. At this moment the palfrey of the princess Emma reared and pawed the air

with its feet. The princess preserved her self-command; but Eginhard rode up to her steed and patted its neck, thus subduing it. The princess said, in a low voice, to Eginhard, "you are always ready—" "To die in your service," answered the secretary, quickly, but in a voice of tenderness. After this conversation—if such it could be called, and surely it contained a whole day's protestations—many and secret were the interchanges of love vows and loving thoughts between the princess Emma and the humble secretary of Charlemagne.

Eginhard continued to acquit himself very honorably of his offices near the king, and was much beloved and cherished by all the court. Every day increased the love between himself and Emma. Fear restrained them from meeting. From apprehension of the royal displeasure they did not dare to incur the grave danger of seeing each other in private. But love, ever on the alert, conquered at last. Eginhard, consumed by his ardent passion, suddenly took confidence in himself, and secretly, in the middle of the night, stole to the royal apartment of the Princess Emma. Having knocked softly as if to speak to the young girl by order of the king, he obtained permission to enter. When he had entered, he threw himself at her feet, implored her pardon for his boldness, and the princess, overwhelmed with joy at being at last able to hear her lover speak without reserve of his passion, permitted him to remain. When at the approach of day Eginhard wished to return whence he came, through the departing shadows of the night, he perceived that a great quantity of snow had fallen and he dared not go out, for fear the traces of a man's foot should betray his secret. Both the princess and himself were now full of anguish, and remained within. At length, the unhappy young girl, whom love rendered daring, after long deliberating what they should do, gave her advice to Eginhard, and said that stooping she would take him on her shoulders and carry him close to his own dwelling, and having deposited him there she would return, carefully following the same steps.

Now the emperor had passed the night without sleep, and rising before day, he looked from the tower of his palace. He saw his daughter bearing the youthful Eginhard and tottering beneath the weight which she bore, and when she had deposited her beloved burden on the ground, slowly and carefully retracing the same steps. After having long looked upon her, Charlemagne was seized at once with admiration and grief—but thinking that this could not have happened without a providential interposition, he restrained himself and preserved silence upon what he had seen.

In the meantime, Eginhard, full of remorse at

what he had done—and certain that, in some way or other his guilt would soon be revealed to the king—at last resolved, in the depth of his misery, to seek the emperor, his lord, and on his knees demand a mission of him; saying that his services, already great and numerous, had received no fitting recompense. At these words the king, without betraying what he had discovered, held silence for some time, and then assuring Eginhard that he would soon give him an answer, he named a day for doing so. He immediately convoked his counsellors, the chief of the kingdom, and his other familiar adherents, and bade them hasten to him.

When the magnificent assembly of the various lords was met, he spoke to them, saying that the imperial majesty had been insolently outraged by the guilty love of his daughter for his secretary, and that he was greatly troubled at it. The assembly was struck with amazement, and some of them still appeared to doubt, the story being so unheard of and daring. The king now recounted matters exactly as he had seen them, and asked the advice of his lords upon the subject.

Various sentences were pronounced against the presumptuous author of the deed; some wished him to be punished in a manner hitherto without example—others advised his exile, and others that he should be subjected to the fullest penalty of the existing law; each speaking according to the particular feeling which influenced him.

Some, however, were more benevolent, as well as wiser, and after having conversed apart—they earnestly implored the emperor to examine the matter in his own mind, and decide it according to the great wisdom which he had received from heaven.

When the king had well observed the affection which each of these bore to him, and among the various opinions offered, had chosen that which he had previously determined to follow, he thus spoke to his counsellors: "You know that men are subject to various accidents, and that it often happens that things which commence with a misfortune have a more favorable issue; we must not grieve for this affair, which, by its novelty and gravity, has surpassed our foresight, but far rather piously seek for and respect the intentions of Providence; who is never deceived, and who knows how to turn evil to good. I shall not, therefore, subject my secretary, for this deplorable affair, to a chastisement which will increase instead of effacing the dishonor of my daughter. I think that it is more wise, and that it better becomes the dignity of our empire, to pardon their youth—and unite them in legitimate marriage—and thus give their disgraceful fault a color of honor."

Having listened to the advice of the king, all loudly rejoiced and loaded with praises the benevolence and ability of his grand soul and lofty mind. Eginhard was now ordered to enter.

When the secretary appeared, the king saluted him as had been resolved, and said to him with a tranquil countenance: "You have laid before us your complaints that our royal munificence has not worthily rewarded your services. To speak truly, it is your own negligence which should be accused, for despite so many and so great affairs of which I alone have borne the burden, if I had known anything of your desires, I would have accorded to your services the honors which are due to them. Not to detain you with a long discourse, I shall, however, put an end to your complaints by a magnificent gift; as I wish always to see you as faithful to me as heretofore, and attached to my person, I will give you my daughter in marriage—she who, in a moment of peril—so faithfully did bear you upon her shoulders."

Immediately, according to the orders of the king, and amidst a numerous suite, Emma, the young princess, entered, her cheeks covered with burning blushes. The emperor now placed the hands of his daughter within the hands of Eginhard, and endowed her with a rich dowry, many domains, much gold and great property.

The most pious emperor, Louis la Debonnaire, who succeeded Charlemagne, likewise gave to Eginhard the domain of Michlenstadt and that of Mühlenheim, which is now called Seligestadt.

It was chiefly out of his great gratitude that Eginhard became the biographer of the magnanimous Charlemagne. He wrote a perfect life of the emperor, justly setting forth his royal and great

deeds. When the death of the emperor drew near, he sent Eginhard to Rome to procure the confirmation of his will; but such was his attachment to his secretary, that this was the only occasion upon which he suffered him to leave his service near his person.

In her old age, troubled by remorse at her early sin, Emma left Eginhard and repaired to a nunnery, where she ended her days. She was tenderly beloved by Eginhard, who thus writes of her after her death, to a dear friend, Loup, Abbot of Ferrieres: "All my labors, all my cares for the affairs of my friends, or my own, are nothing to me; all is effaced, all sinks before the cruel sorrow with which the death of her, who was formerly my faithful wife, has struck me; who was also my sister and my cherished companion. It is a misery which cannot end; for her merits are so deeply engraven in my memory that nothing can tear them thence. What redoubles my grief—and every day aggravates my wound—is, to thus see that all my wishes have been without effect, and that the hopes which I have placed in the intervention of the holy martyrs are deceived. Accordingly, the words of those who attempt to console me, and which have often succeeded with other men, do nothing but re-open and cruelly envenom the wound of my heart; for they call upon me to support with courage sorrows which they do not feel, and ask me to congratulate myself upon a trial wherein they are incapable of pointing out to me the slightest subject for contentment."

Eginhard died in 839, in the monastery of Sligestadt, which he had founded. His ashes repose in peace beside those of the daughter of Charlemagne.

EARTH-BOUND.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

UNREST, unrest! forever bound
And chafed with restless, longing thought,
With whispered music all around—
But my bound spirit answereth not!

Oh, Earth! oh, Time! oh, Thou, my God!
When will this fleshy bondage cease?
When laid this chain beneath the sod?
When rest the soul in endless peace?

By the wild prayers I strive to speak—
By the sweet songs of angels free—
By the strong power I vainly seek—
By hopes, tears, loves—oh, answer me!

Weary and bound! oh, poetry,
Bright spirit! idol of my heart.
I, but a humble devotee,
Bow meekly whereso'er thou art.

Oh, Poesy! my spirit swells
To plunge for aye in thy cool wave:!

Though bound, it longs to burst its cells,
And find in thee the rest it craves.

Blest soul of love, of joy, of truth,
Thou fadeless beauty, fresh and free—
Thou stream of song, that cheered my youth,
The weary-bound one cries for thee!

Before me in the starry light,
I watch thy quenchless fountain's play;
Oh, for thy sweet, bewitching might,
To wash all earthly power away.

To tell the thoughts that upward spring—
The dreams all bright and beautiful—
As music softly echoing
Across the water's dreamy lull.

Time will unbind life's weary chains,
Death will give freedom to the soul;
And I shall wander o'er the plains
Of heaven, set free from earth's control.

FOREST HUES AT MAPLE FARM.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

(With your leave,) Reader, Miss Nelly. Miss Nelly, the beneficent reader. Suffer me further, beneficent reader, to follow up the introduction by begging you to admire Miss Nelly. Note her rich, nut-brown complexion, gazelle eyes, slender figure, peerless carriage, limbs that for airiness seem half wings. Is she not a rare creature? You imagine her rather aware of the same—proud, eh? Yet, should you inquire of her, the answer would be *N-e-i-g-h*—for my heroine is a mare.

If not the pride of herself, Miss Nelly was the pride of her owner. He never came home from his Senator's post at Washington, but he regularly asked about her welfare next after that of his only child. "Ah, Ben!" would be his salutation to the hired man, who met him per order at the railroad station, "is Miss Calla well? And how is Nelly?—are we to ride up to Maple Farm after her?" The same thing had occurred so frequently, that the sturdy Ben had an answer stereotyped. "They're both as well as one, Mr. Clifford, and neither couldn't be better, sir."

A gay, graceful prefix was Miss Nelly to the family carriage. Many a compliment and delighted epithet she elicited, as on Sabbath morning she skimmed the plain and halted beneath the chiming bell; and again, when the services of the sanctuary were over, and Miss Clifford had disappeared within the vehicle, the gaze of all the church-step loafers turned upon Nelly, who, with a swan's curving of the neck, waited the word; tremors of eagerness playing through her frame and four snow-white feet tossing up in pairs like the motion of a rocking horse; then sped away as though the wind was her harness mate.

One Monday morning her Honorable master took Nelly from her stall to the hillside pasture, and having closed the gate upon his favorite, leaned over it, her halter under his arm, watching her free, sportive movements. As he lingered, three men approached in his rear; he turned at the sound of their voices, and salutations were exchanged, the visitors raising each a jockey cap from his head. An application that concerned Nelly was made and declined. Nelly's speed could not be tested on the course; her owner had no ambition of that sort for her. The fast boys went away sorrowful, for they had reckoned brilliantly on the favorable issue of their errand.

Did Nelly overhear the proposition, and take affront at the veto upon the display of her talents, and determine to set up as a racer on her

own account? What less could have moved her to the disdainful toss she gave her beautiful head, such sonorous and repeated snorting from her dilated nostrils, such grand rearing and plunging? She turned her shining heels on her master and flew off in a tangent from the circle of limited area she had been describing; by the time he had crossed thirty rods of plain sward and returned to his door, she was at least a mile away, over height and hollow.

Splendidly looked Nelly appearing round the brow of a hill, the twin of that on which was located the Danville Seminary for Young Ladies, with the road winding white between.

Fleet as a deer she came, her head thrown back like the antlered animal when, in shooting through the forest he would avoid entanglement in the branches, her glossy mane floating like a silken scarf from the neck of some fair swimmer. The high fence separating from the highway was cleared as easily as the runlet a moment before, and now her light hoofs were spurning the silver sands.

"Oh, Calla Clifford, there comes your father's Nelly!" cried Kate Mattocks, from her position on the lawn of the Institute. "Only look, girls! Hurrah!—if I was but upon her back this minute!"

"On her back, indeed!" returned the classmate. "Why, do you know Kate, she never felt the touch of a saddle?"

"Who cares? I didn't say I want a saddle."

"You'd be tossed to the moon, Kate," laughed one of the young ladies.

"We shall see," rejoined Kate. "If I am, I'll marry the man in it, there's not one on the earth I will ever have."

The last words nearly dissolved in air before reaching the ear, for the speaker had dashed from among her companions and was already far down the slope.

"What is Kate Mattocks going to do?" was the simultaneous exclamation.

Dropping the books with which they were about to enter school, they followed; some running, some walking, all eyes fixed on one object and expressing equally amusement and vague consternation. One, a good deal in advance of the others, called in frightened, beseeching tones: "Kate, dear, for pity's sake, don't go into the road—she will run over you!—she will kill you!"

A merry pealing laugh told that the entreaty was at once heard and disregarded. Every one stood breathless when Kate was seen to rush from the grounds directly in the course of the

bounding mare. A scarlet shawl was suddenly flung up; Miss Nelly wafted aside through the open bars of a cottage farm-yard. In doing so, she seemed perfectly to answer the intentions of Kate, who the next second was mounted erect upon one of the entrance posts. With scintillating eye-balls and a grander snort, Miss Nelly wheeled and made a marvelous leap for the road again. She gained it with a rider.

Away back by the way she had come, flew the animal; Kate's head bent close to the strained neck, her fingers were woven with the dark mane, her garments whizzing through the air. Nelly's speed accelerated with every bound, and the two were presently out of sight. Some laborers who caught a view of the perilous gallop, scrambled through the corn-rows, jumped a field-wall, and in hot pursuit also disappeared.

White as death, Calla Clifford, the same who had been most anxious for Kate, and who, since the instant the latter intercepted the horse, had remained petrified, turned to her companions and sank speechless to the earth, covering her eyes with her hands, as though to shut out the terrible spectacle of a friend's lifeless and mutilated body.

"Don't faint. Don't be terrified," said one and another of the girls to her, "we know Kate is always throwing herself into danger and never gets harmed. She has climbed to the tip-top of the tallest tree on her father's farm, and she skated on the river last winter when the ice was so thin that no boys ventured it."

"There! there's the bell; we must go in. Now don't let's seem excited, or we shall expose Kate to Miss Aymar—she comes up by the back drive, and it isn't likely saw her. If Kate comes back alive she will never need to know."

A more finished romp than Kate Mattocks, at eighteen, never breathed green mountain air. But she might have been worse so—only that such a thing was impossible—and still the bead of her wit, the overflowing well of goodness in her heart, and the favor of adventitious circumstances would have well redeemed her. The stooping of an eagle is a more notable incident than the soaring of a lark; and nothing is more popular than familiarity where exclusiveness was to be apprehended. Kate was the daughter of the chief magistrate of the commonwealth—it was often asserted that her eccentricities, no less than her many estimable qualities, were had by honest inheritance; her utter contempt for the position secured to her, and self-identification with the humblest and rudest, were to the mass an emphatic virtue. Parents repeated Kate's drolleries with infinite relish, at the same time they would not have been pleased to see any approach to such manners in their own daughters; her mates pronounced Kate's intentional blunders

"capital," albeit not one of them who had committed the same inadvertently, would ever have forgotten the attending mortification. Kate, with the willing aid rendered by her fellow pupils, always managed to preserve credit at school; and they gave the best proof of their partiality in never inclining to prose about that of the teachers, though Kate's harmless misdemeanors did pass with being merely winked at.

But among them, Kate's friends all, none was quite as devotedly so as Calla Clifford. The circumstance, at the beginning of an analysis, might seem singular, for two natures more diametrically opposite could not be found between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut Valley. Such unions of contraries are, however, no real anomalies; lines started adverse on one side of the globe meet on the other. The young ladies were of almost twin-like age; their fathers, alike, lived for the public—were neighbors and close friends, politically and socially; the intercourse thus which had been sisterly in childhood was sisterly still.

The first hour of that day's duties was a most trying one to Kate's classmates. A knowledge of the consequences of her wild adventure was waited for with trembling. Each bent her head steadfastly over her book to conceal her emotions; any reviewing of lessons was scarcely possible. The class in physiology was called to recitation. They glanced despairingly at one another on leaving their seats, as much as to say—"I can never get through with it—never!"

To the general relief, however, Kate appeared among them. Her entrance had been heralded by a stamping of feet in the bonnet room, like that of some stout boy relieving his boots of snow on a winter day. The door opened and the missing student met their significant gaze with the most comically unconscious of expressions, and hustled up to her place as though her sole aim of the morning was gratified in having arrived seasonably to save herself a mark of absence. She had the lesson perfectly, and recited apparently without an unconcentrated thought.

"You came late this morning, Miss Mattocks," the preceptress remarked, when the class were dismissed to their study seats.

"I know it," Kate responded in the loud whisper of some awkwardly bashful child.

"A necessary detention?" pursued Miss Aymar, evidently willing to dispose of the matter as easily and summarily as possible.

"Very, madam," in the same whispered accent, and with the strongest and most indiscriminate emphasis, she explained: "The governor"—Kate was accustomed to speak of her father by his title—"is going to start for Washington tomorrow, and it's a hurrying time o'year at our house. I've got the governor's pardon."

"A written excuse from him?"

"Yes'm, a written excuse. I meant his excuse."

Kate stood and fumbled backward and forward across the side of her dress in search for her pocket; at last drawing forth doubtfully a crumpled fold of paper.

"Very well," said the principal, without longer awaiting its offer, "you are excused. But I desire, Miss Mattocks, that you will make especial exertion to correct the habit you have of *whispering* any apology that is to be made—it is exceedingly inelegant."

"*M'dam, I will,*" whispered Kate, bowing and turning towards her seat; then, as though suddenly recollecting herself, bent a look over her shoulder and repeated in a nobly determinate voice—"I will."

A fit of merriment seized the school, which the principal was not in condition to notice.

At recess there was an eager grouping around her, with the question: "How did your ride end, Kate?"

"Finely, of course," she answered. "Miss Nelly ran a mile, leaped a fence, and went to nipping her own grass. I kept her back, and was considering whether I would not touch her up again and lengthen out my ride, when along came father Thompson, and Jack, and Dick, panting and blowing, their hats in their hands, asking in astonishment, 'if I had rid at that rate, without being thrown! Why, they expected to find me dashed to death in the road.'"

"I replied, coolly, that I hoped they would excuse the disappointment, and said not another word to them—would you? I hate busybodies in other folks' matters. When Jack came to help me from the horse, I jumped down the other side, and started straight back here."

"But how could you say, Kate, you had your father's excuse?"

"Because I did have—one he wrote in reply to an invitation from some mass meeting committee at Boston, last year. Afterwards he repented, and went; I thought it a pity to have the excuse wasted, so I preserved it, and you saw how it came in use this morning."

"But what if Miss Aymar had chosen to take and read it?"

"Oh, she was too suspicious of witchcraft not to stop the affair in the right place, and save you nonsensical things, your risibles as much as possible. I shouldn't wonder if the lady knew what it 'twas all about as well as any of us, and was envying me my ride all the while."

It was two or three weeks after the ride, at the beginning of the long summer vacation, that Calla, going one afternoon to call on her friend, met her moping down the walk, a half-folded letter in one hand and its envelope in the other, which also held the brim of her straw

hat tightly over her face. She was talking to herself.

"Well, Ben, it's no use—if the rye isn't reapt till thanksgiving, you must quit and go to Mr. Clifford's for me right off-hand."

"Why must he go, Kate, for what?"

"Oh, you dear little mischief!" cried Kate, coming out from her blindfold. "How could you guess I wanted to see you? Lucky! Now, Ben can delve on to his heart's content. I was going to call him from the field to send for your ladyship."

"Indeed! tell me how I may begin to serve you."

"By coming directly into the house, putting off your chapeau and *valise-visite*, and generally making ready to help me support the downfall of a great calamity. You see," she continued, detaining her visitor in the hall door, "this document, which is just received," holding up the letter, "is *gubernatural*; in it the governor informs me that he will arrive home to-day instead of to-morrow, as we expected."

"Calamity, Kate!—did ever lips so falsely interpret the heart."

"Doubtless they have, then; you should hear me through. Or, listen to this,"—reading from the letter. "'A gentleman, a younger friend of mine, will accompany me, Katy, and, if he finds our place agreeable, remain awhile for the benefit of northern air.'"

"What is his name?" inquired Miss Clifford, with girlish curiosity.

"Not given," Kate responded, "and," with a gesture of disgust, "who cares to know? I infer that he is a southerner; some nabob scion of a first family, no question; whose occupation is losing his health by dissipation in winter, that he may endeavor to regain it by recreation in summer. Polly has set to frying doughnuts with all her might, to tempt his invalid appetite with. I shall be certain to make the place more agreeable than he will be able to bear beyond a week."

"Listen, Kate! you forgot the stranger is to be your father's guest."

"No invited one, I'm sure of it. Simply one who quarters himself upon him because he is goodnatured, and because doing so suits his own convenience. It can be no person of whom he has ever spoken to me, or he would not have failed to repeat his name. I have heard of his Washington friends; there is none among them, whom, under such circumstances, he would dispose of in barely two lines."

"But he calls him a gentleman, and his friend."

"Yes, and I know he can use those terms with peculiar meaning. 'My dear gentleman,' said he to the thief, whom he caught leading Nelly

from her stall, one dark evening last winter—I was just behind the governor, and heard it—'take a friend's advice and walk. The mare is smooth-shod, and on these icy hills, might be the death of a rider. Why, sir, had I found you already departed, I doubt whether my anxiety on your account would have allowed me to sleep!' I tell you the fellow will prove to be some puny aristocrat, who thinks to astonish such democrats as we, by dilating upon his father's plantations and hundred slaves, to which himself is sole heir. He'll not find me worshipping."

"How ridiculous, Kate," laughed her friend, "to rear so towering a prejudice, on no foundation whatever. Be sure your edifice will fall to the ground. Yes, hear now a prophecy from me. This person, whoever he may be, Miss Kate Mattocks is destined to fall in love with, directly and desperately—provided he is not married already, which it would be well to ascertain, Kate—and should I venture to flirt with him the least bit, her highness is jealously offended—"

"Hold! as the hero of a fifth story romance might exclaim—'another word'—and so forth. You know better, Calla Clifford, than that I would fall in love, or be pushed or dragged into it with any living man. Have you forgotten how at our leap-year ride, all the girls were rushing to secure their partners, and wondering whether Kate Mattocks would go with Dr. Carpenter, or Esquire Smilie; they ought to have known me better. And who *did* I go with but our Ben? who plead against it, declaring to me that he was forty years old, and never went 'long side of a gal' in his life. And he consented only through my flattering him into the belief that nobody else could possibly drive Miss Nelly without breaking her neck and mine. What use have I for a beau or a husband? The thought disgusts me! No disparagement to you, Calla, who have been engaged ever since you could speak the name of Charley Seymore. If my father *wasn't* my father, I would marry him; or if your father was a widower—than which nobody can be more thankful that he isn't than I am—I might be tempted to make a nice step-mother for you; but that is all."

"That leaves old lady Thompson quite at fault, Kate. I heard her say the other day that 'she was sartin Kate Mattocks would stiddy down arter awhile, and be one of the best o' wives and mothers.'"

"Ha! you shall see something in my line after the advent of this somebody. Won't I make myself disagreeable to him, as he will of necessity be to me! I always give a loose rein to nature, now I'll lay on the whip. Fah! how perfectly I can imagine his picture! Big, black-

whiskered, in the fore-ground, little sallow face, in the back-ground. Wears spectacles in company, though it troubles him immensely to see through them. His habits are all stereotyped. He never retires to bed at night till it is time he was up for the next morning—breakfasts at half-past ten—afterwards smokes two Havanas, lolling in the garden chair, yonder, with immaculate kids on his hands, a pair of loaded pistols worn over his heart, and a sword cane leaning against his knee. In the afternoon he will look over a paper, ride gently down town, from Maple Farm and back; spend his evenings in the library, making shallow speeches to the governor, or may be scribble a little. Yes, now I think of it, he'll be sure to be correspondent to some New York, or Philadelphia, or Washington penny daily—not for the vulgar object of *pay*, by any means, but rather to enlighten the world, and keep the lamp of his genius trimmed. Let me see; he will attempt to touch off for original the squib that Vermont girls chew spruce gum while standing up to be married; will say that the governor's daughter, to judge from the appearance of her hands, has washed a few dishes or potatoes in her day; and that Senator Clifford, who resides in the same neighborhood, has a daughter, who is thought by the rustics here, to be exceedingly pretty, and who has some manners, having spent the last winter with her father at Washington."

"Hush, hush, Kate! Here they are."

And there they surely were—his Excellency, and the stranger—at the very door. The carriage in rolling leisurely up the drive, had given out no sound which had caught their attention.

Kate, flinging down her hat in the hall, bounded to the foot of the steps into her father's embrace. Some seconds elapsed ere she would bethink herself of the unwelcome presence, and then, to her astonishment, she saw the gentleman's hand releasing that of Miss Clifford, while his eyes, which she could not but secretly acknowledge were the finest she had ever seen, rested upon her with an expression of pure respect and devotion too eloquent to be read amiss. Calla's eyes were downcast; her face had suddenly paled, and there was on it a pained and chilling look, especially about the mute lips, which was as unlike to itself as to what the other could have desired it.

A glance at her father sufficed to tell Kate that to him there was in this no deep mystery; and then there flashed a solution to her own mind. She did not need to wait for Mr. Mandeville to be presented before recognizing in him one, of whom, as the confidante of Calla Clifford, she had already heard. It was doubtful whether the discovery was one fitted to exalt the stranger in her estimation. The next moment, as the

others entered the parlor, she disappeared. Calla longed to follow her example, but, the host going out to speak with Ben, and give directions concerning the horses, she only was left to entertain Mr. Mandeville. Her self-possession was recovered; yet her manner remained a purposed constraint, which forbade any approach to familiar conversation. The gentleman, however, found an evident difficulty in removing his eyes from her face; and all that he addressed to her was in softly-modulated tones of his deep, rich voice, as if a noble organ were giving intermittent measures of the *Sonata to the Moonlight*.

The next seen of Kate was in the supper-room, where, as the others entered, she stood at the head of the table awaiting them. Her skirts were slightly raised in one hand, and a foot put forth from beneath, after the manner of a woman with a pretty ankle and vain head. In the present instance, however, no one could have gotten further towards criticism than receiving a general impression of fair proportions correspondingly encased, except (and here it was that the interest stayed,) that the toe of the perfectly unsoiled, well fitted, and neatly laced boot was *cut off* squarely with the toes it had been designed to cover. The Governor smiled, Miss Clifford suppressed a smile, which changed to a blush; the stranger assumed the air of well-bred blindness to an erratum.

Miss Mattocks had been too long accustomed to preside at her father's table not to do so with grace almost perforce; but when her first round of duties was ended, and the excellence of Polly's biscuits beginning to be proved, she uncovered a dish beside her plate, and with knife and fork transferred from the former to the latter a quantity of cold boiled cabbage, upon which she seemed to feast sumptuously, re-supplying herself from time to time as the meal progressed.

Calla would have rejoiced to take early leave, but saw herself in fetters still. Charles Seymour had arranged to pass the evening with her there, and now that his Excellency had reached home, the young man would, she knew, feel especially disappointed to lose the occasion; he would press inquiries, and she would hardly be able to satisfy him short of a confession, which she had no mind to make. She chose, as the lesser evil, to remain.

With Charles' coming, Calla's embarrassment was at an end. She believed she saw that Mr. Mandeville, within the first minute, penetrated the position which they occupied to one another; and while the blush-roses deepened their tint through the alabaster of her complexion, her heart fluttered with a gladness pure maidenly at the thought of so readily terminating advances

which could result in nothing better than humiliation to the author. Calla was very proud, and well might be, of her lover. Admitted to the bar within the year, he had already succeeded in laying the foundation of professional eminence; he was likewise endowed with all manly graces of manner and exterior which favorably prepossess before the more intrinsic qualities of mind and heart can be reached. Diamonds of happiness glistened in the young girl's eyes; lily-bells, wafted by the zephyrs of animated feeling, appeared and reappeared over the velvet cheeks and dainty chin; the grace of her movements was at the nest of Halcyone, upon the waters.

Miss Mattocks, in the matter of personal charms, did not suffer by comparison with her most intimate associate. They were of equal height—the utmost medium; Kate's form had the fuller rounding, her cheeks the deeper tinge, her eyes and hair were the jet for the brown. The hair of both fell in natural curls, abundant and beautiful. Kate's, to-night, was put back of the ear, and flowed in a mass to the waist behind; while Calla's depended evenly around her head, drooping from the temples down the white throat and over the delicate bust. In their usual summer afternoon dress, of only white muslin, the full, low corsage and short sleeves, fitted by inserted narrow pink ribbons, they yet might have adorned a gay party. A party, indeed, it seemed—an unceremonious gathering it was; for the news of the magistrate's return spreading, neighbors and friends hastened to shake his hand in welcome, so that by nine o'clock the parlors at Maple Farm were considerably filled.

"I'm in a fever of impatience, Calla," said Kate in her ear, "to know what Esquire Seymour thinks of Mr. Mandeville. I'm sure such glances as the gentleman casts this way every now and then will make him hate him from jealousy."

"On the contrary," replied Calla, "I discover that he is well pleased with him. As to the glances, if they speak admiration, you are very modest not to appreciate them yourself; I have been fancying how, if I were a gentleman, and saw you to-night for the first time, I would name you *L'étoile du nord*. You are resplendent, Kate."

"Nonsense! Nobody ever called me handsome—never called me anything but Kate and Crazy; while you, I know, might have been the *bell* at Washington, only that you would not consent to be rung."

"A fine evening for astronomical observations, otherwise termed star-gazing," smilingly remarked Mr. Mandeville, joining the young ladies in the deep embrasure of a window. "May I be

permitted to enjoy the occasion with you?" he lifted his eyes to the studded firmament.

"Yes, certainly," answered Kate. "It is a beautiful sight—the stars looking down on us; I am reminded of the hundred eyes of Asparagus."

Mandeville let fall upon her face a quick, involuntary glance.

"Perhaps you never read it," Kate proceeded with the utmost immobility of feature, "it is related somewhere in history, that Asparagus was a Grecian king who had a hundred eyes in his head, and never slept with more than two at a time, though there is a great deal of winking among those we see."

"Kate! Kate! *why will you?*"

"O, thank you, Calla—I had quite forgotten," said Kate aloud, in seeming reply to the beseeching whisper, "you'll both excuse me," and she vanished as though intent on some embassy, but the next moment was seen leaning on her father's arm at the opposite extremity of the apartment.

"Miss Clifford, I beg you will grant me a moment's hearing," said Mandeville, "trust me, you shall not regret it."

Reluctantly Calla turned again within the shadow of the embrasure, and waited in silence. The other pursued: "You are ignorant with what sentiments I have regarded you since the hour of our first meeting in Washington. They were of too ardent a nature to be concealed, even had there existed a motive for concealment; and you were too pure-hearted and ingenious not to show me at once that they were in no measure reciprocated. Yet I would not view you as having made final decision against me; I resolved, if ever man won woman, I would win you. Your name I uttered to no one; I ventured not to address you by letter; but, at the earliest opportunity, came to see you at your home, declare myself fully, and plead my cause the best I was capable. The truth, as I now suspect it, had never dawned upon my apprehension. You were so young—yet was not your heart already given to another? And the happy man, is he not Mr. Seymour?"

He spoke with such true manliness of soul, that Calla's dread and trepidation were dissipated, and she honored him in every pulse of her nature. She answered his question with a frankness she felt to be his due.

"You are right, sir; Mr. Seymour and myself have been betrothed for years."

Only the stars, that never betray love confidences, witnessed what mute emotions were stamped upon his face during the succeeding interval of silence.

"Shall we be friends, Miss Clifford, since we can be no more?"

It was the interrogatory Calla was hoping to

hear. The response was immediate, and no less earnest and sincere: "Friends ever."

The consideration of Miss Clifford's prior engagement no little modified the gentleman's disappointment, by sparing his pride the wound which otherwise had been attendant on the rejection of his suit. Between him and young Seymour a fellow-feeling rapidly germinated; his distinguished host was pleased to bestow on him every courtesy; his intelligence and affability recommended him everywhere, and made him friends of all, except Kate. She, though obliged to concede that he was in nothing what she had prejudged him, was determined on not abating one iota of her preconceived dislike. True to her promise, Kate illustrated the romp most wickedly; ran races on the lawn with the hound Zela, for prizes of new curd or maple sugar cakes; zealously drilled a calf in the art of reaching the hall by the front steps; and brought apples from the orchard, by the peck, in one of Polly's homespun linen aprons, taking pains to say that she picked them from the very top of the tree. If her father and his guest had been absent for the morning, Kate would be sure at dinner to relate with what success she had hunted hare's nests on the high scaffold; or how, in riding from the field on Ben's load, she had saved the grain from overturning into the brook.

But, one evening as the sun was setting goldenly, after three days of drenching rain, Mrs Clifford and her daughter were electrified by the spectacle of Wild Kate approaching the house, walking in the most womanly fashion at the side of a gentleman, and that none other than Mr. Mandeville. With every moment during their call, they expected some characteristic outburst; but Kate the while was quiet, even to shyness; they went—herself and companion—as they had come, only by the gate and field path instead of the road, and lighted now by the moon.

There were a host of similar marvellers at the grand horseback ride which distinguished the next day. Kate's submitting to be cavalierly attended, and enacting properest propriety from morning to night, was indeed a thing unprecedented. Once only, for a moment, she lapsed from her assuming into herself. It was while the party rested in a grove, and adorned themselves with the gems summer was letting fall from her gorgeous crown. Kate wreathed, with dead cedar, a stately mullen for a May-pole, and was devising how to fasten it upon the front of her hat; but at the appearance of Mr. Mandeville, who had been a little extending a search for something rare, the queer production was torn into fragments and cast behind the log upon which she sat; and Kate blushed to the hue of the cardinal's flower which he laid on her lap, and dropping a knee beside, helped her to weave with

sprays of delicate larch and deep-polished leaves of wintergreen, into a corona. Some averred it was but Kate's masterpiece of acting; she would dupe them into the belief that she cared for the opulent southerner, and just when all were prepared for a consummation, instead of marriage bells, their ears would be greeted by the merriest peals of laughter that ever rang from mirthful lips. But Calla, at least, saw deeper, and understood that her friend's heart was her prompter.

"Ah, decorating a gentleman's chamber, as I live, Kate!" she said, rallying, on finding her some mornings later pressing the carpet in the midst of stems and rejected flowers, "a vase here upon the table, another there upon the mantel—very prettily they look, to be sure—may I interpret their language? Oh, no, you are blushing so!"

"Nothing of the kind," denied Kate, with dignity, "it's only the reflection of the curtains."

"The curtains! are they not white? Oh! Kate, dear!"

"Well, if they are, no matter," stammered Kate. "I was thinking so busily, your coming in was like the explosion of a bomb-shell in the room."

"You musing! and in that hateful Mr. Mandeville's room, too!"

"Pshaw, Calla Clifford! He is my father's guest, you bade me remember; I have been making his room a little pleasant, and was just deploring the terrible task before me, of gathering up all these roots and branches, that's all."

"You find him as disagreeable as ever?"

"Why, to say truth, no. I expected all the governor's time would have to go for his entertainment, and that I should be quite left out; but, instead, he entertains us both. You should have heard him read *Twelfth Night*, last evening, it was splendid!"

"Katy, darling, don't keep a secret from me! Confess all, and let me felicitate you."

"What should I confess?"

"That you and Mr. Mandeville are in love with one another."

"If I could know that entirely true," the other responded candidly, "it needn't be concealed from you, dear Calla, I do like Mr. Mandeville, but he —"

"He is devoted to you."

"No, he is not. He did show me some slight attentions, perhaps, more than the circumstances made obligatory; but it is past. He is more indifferent to me this morning than yesterday, and was more yesterday than the day before. I would never have believed that I should care so anxiously to please any man. Calla, Calla, I feel sometimes that I would exchange everything below the skies for one such look from him as he gave you that evening of his coming!"

Mr. Mandeville had already spoken of departing; and two days afterward Kate said to her friend: "He is going to-morrow morning; they are over at the Council Chamber—Mr. Mandeville and the governor—and will stay the evening; I shall see him no more except to exchange a formal good-bye."

Kate was shut in her own room and had evidently been indulging in tears; now, however, she was calm, and made the announcement with the cold resolution of a sick one, when he turns to his nurse with, "There, I have dreaded the potion long enough; since it must be swallowed, bring it to me now."

Calla secretly was glad that Mr. Mandeville's stay was not to be prolonged; she accused him of having coquetted with Kate, and doubted whether her own pledge of friendship to the gentleman, should not be virtually revoked. Until his coming Kate had experienced no more of "woman's destiny" than the parrot in tropical groves, of the dearth of a city and the confinement of a cage. The fading plumage and drooping wing were sad to see; yet Calla, with true delicacy, felt that much sympathy had best be left unexpressed. She thought to draw from her solitude as much as possible.

"Kate, Charles will take us down the river to-morrow for a sail, and to gather some wild grapes and cherries. Be ready, and the moment you are at liberty come down to the shore; we will row down and take you in. We'll have a picnic dinner in some delightful spot; and then, Kate, you must go home with me and spend the night."

The morning came, and with it the expected event. During breakfast Mr. Mandeville had been absent and apparently dispirited; Kate neither showed him much attention, nor seemed to claim any from him; but was, as she had been day after day, silent and gentle as an infant. The parting was precisely such as she had foretold; though the gentleman, as he turned away and left her standing in the hall door just where he had first seen her, wore certainly a thoughtful, it might almost be said, regretful expression. As the latter, attended by his host, passed down to where the carriage was in waiting at the head of the drive, his ear caught a strain of Kate's old time music laugh.

"Polly, if anybody asks for me, say I've filled my pocket with cream toast and gone a voyage."

The governor did not catch the lightning like flash that brightened his visitor's countenance; he observed, however, the sudden hesitation and backward glance. "Is something forgotten?" he would have asked, but the other recollected himself, and with some casual remark advanced. A few minutes later the carriage was being driven slowly away down the declining declivity.

Half a mile from Maple Farm, the bluff which bears the road by easy approach toward Onion river, (a sweet stream, notwithstanding its name) jutting brusquely out of its woody covert, threatens to dam the waters in their progress; but, charmed by their beauty, drops into their embrace, and rises from the magic bath a meadow as smiling as ever graced a landscape. It was just at reaching this point, that Mandeville's eye, in taking leave of the scene, descried a fairy boat, containing two persons, approaching with the rapid current. At the same moment the most expressive ejaculation in the vocabulary of the colored driver, directed his attention opposite. A horse that, save for the echo of its gallop, seemed not to touch the ground, with the form of a woman its rider, came down from the height like a snowfall destined to cut off his course. He did not wonder at the "Gov-a-mighty! what dat, massa?" and was nearly ready to answer, "Nothing earthly!" when, as fence and ditch were spanned, and the iron hoofs clashed on the high-way scarce twenty-yards in advance, the objects could no longer be unrecognized as Kate and Miss Nelly.

A piercing shriek from the river; the little boat was seen overset and whirling down the tide like a bubble; of those whom a moment before she had conveyed, one drifted beside her, making occasional faint strokes like the last efforts of an exhausted swimmer, while the other clung by her garments rather than her own strength, to a finger of rock pointing the centre of the stream.

"Round the bend, Pompey,—run, and try to save the gentleman."

"Yes, massa—all dat."

Ere Mandeville could give this order from his carriage, Kate had her horse reined full to the brink; once the animal, disobeying the word, reared aside, but a prompt check and the clapping of a fair hand upon her neck, were followed by a plunge into the stream. She came to footing upon the broad hidden pedestal of the shaft which sustained, though more uncertainly every instant, the affrighted and half drowning Calla.

"There, have you your seat firm? Now cling fast to Nelly's mane, but on no account touch the bridle; you'll be safe ashore in a minute."

Kate stood watching from her pinnacle till her assurance was verified. Superbly as the dolphin that saved Arion from the fate assigned him by his mutinous crew, Miss Nelly swam the waters, and landed her precious burden. So entirely were the senses of the dauntless Kate concentrated on a single object, that the frantic and repeated call to her, to sit calmly down and close her eyes till a boat could be brought, could not be heeded. However, there was no occasion for alarm. Scarcely in a smooth lake's sky of

waters, would the galaxy have faded out behind Miss Nelly, than Kate stooped from her narrow foothold and followed, fearless as a naiad. The lumbering of her robes aided the force of the current against her; spite of her utmost endeavors, she was borne somewhat from her course. While still beyond her depth, Mandeville caught her in his arms.

"Brave girl! *Dearest.*"

If with the words she failed to see a look of impassioned fondness, beyond all she had so piningly coveted, it was because of the dimness of her vision at the moment.

"Got 'im, Charles; massa, safe and sound, wid a killin' hit 'bove his one eye," screeched the servant, appearing through an undergrowth that skirted the river below.

He was closely followed by Seymour, the blood trickling from a wound in the temple. But the hue of life returned to his ghastly visage, when his affianced, reviving from her partial swoon, started up to greet him. It was herself, she averred, who had occasioned the accident, by springing to the side of the skiff, thoughtless, from excitement, at sight of Kate in her dashing ride. Charles' hurt was by a blow received at the overwhelming of the boat. Though not serious in itself, it came near being fatally so in its result; for, stunned, he was left to the mercy of the waters, only buoying himself up from a kind of instinct. On recovering a measure of consciousness, he succeeded in grasping some alders that inclined from the shore, where he was found and assisted by the negro.

Kate was the silent one of the group; but that evening, sitting alone with Mr. Mandeville—for the gentleman did not leave Maple Farm that day nor that week—she uttered her heart responsively to him.

"Beloved Kate—my plighted wife! how nearly had the fates dissevered us! The independence and originality of your character interested me. I said to myself, that never before had I seen Art painted on nature but the colors affected the texture of the canvas. I penetrated your assumptions, and discovered that you were neither uncultivated nor unfeminine. Your very carelessness to please conferred pleasure. I doubted whether your heart could be touched, but thanked heaven I was free for the enterprise. Then suddenly, as if I had been the subject of a mocking dream, your individuality seemed to blend with that of the mass; the spirit and abandon which had captivated were extinguished. The mystery of the illusion I can never fathom. Forgive me, my own Kate, but to me you appeared as insipid as before you had appeared piquant. But the nightmare is past; the 'sweetest thing in life' is ours—the dream with which there is none in *Somnus'* cave to be compared."

"And I," said Kate, yielding more entirely to the pressure of her lover's arms, "I believed you could never love me with the hoydenish ways I had, so I resolved to become at once a square-rule young lady. In your presence I succeeded; for I had only to abash myself by a thought of what I must have appeared in your eyes, and I was tamed as effectually as the dog Lelaps and the fox of his pursuit. Out of your presence—well, I hoped by degrees to arrive at a thorough reform. It is a secret, though, between myself and Miss Nelly, the number of bare-back rides I have had. Polly used to wonder at the packages of salt and sugar I made up and carried over the hill. Do you remember how the creature came galloping up to us, and followed with her nose at my hand, the evening we came from Mr. Cliffords? But for the last three days I have had to affect nothing. I was really as spiritless as I could have seemed—I confess it now. At the eleventh hour and half-past, I was seized with the fear that you had read my heart, and suddenly determined on a

grand counterpoising show-off. But for the catastrophe I occasioned, I should merely have crossed your path and vanished."

All the woods of Maple Farm wore gayest brocade at the wedding of Kate and Mandeville. Calla became Seymour's bride on the same day.

"But, I am sure, the story has two heroines without Miss Nelly."

Says the reader that? Very well; arrange it then as you like. I am anxious to accommodate all parties. I asked Mrs. Seymour's leave to tell you the story, and she shrank within herself, pleading—"Don't make *me* a heroine." I put the same question to Kate, who had come from her beautiful home in Savannah on a visit to her friends at the north, (we found her, with her year-old son, playing hedgehog in a bank of shavings in Ben's carpenter shop,) and she laughed till she cried—as I am certain all her acquaintances would—at the idea of *her* being made a heroine. Miss Nelly furnished my dilemma a horn, and I took hold on it.

THE SPELL OF HER MEMORY.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

This world's wild range of chance and change,
The wanderer's heart may steel and strain,
Yet in its cell—there lies a spell,
A word—a look—a thought may wake;
That thro' the stubborn crust will break,
And win its softness back again!

The mystic word—by chance o'er heard—
Some Hesper cherub whispers low
To her whose breast affords a rest,
His blooming cheek—in after years,
Embrowned by toil and stained with tears—
May seek again, but ne'er can know.

Her look, that speaks, the while it seeks
His orbs by grief or time untried—
Some spell of love so strong to move—
The smiling prattler's tender heart,
That sympathetic tear-drops start,
And he creeps closer to her side.

A thought, that back o'er memory's track,
Traces its footsteps in life's sand,
And, wild and waste, and woe o'erpassed,
Sees dimly—as thro' tears, at last
In a far vista of its past—
A child blessed by a mother's hand.

SUMMER DREAMINGS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Sitting by the flowing waves
Of this gentle, sunny stream,
All my pulses wildly thrilling
To the rapture of a dream,
That has softly stolen o'er me
In this balmy eventide,
As I muse upon those hours
We were sitting side by side.

Still as then, the wanton sephyras
Waft to me the breath of flowers,
But I scarcely heed their pleading,
In these sad and lonely hours;
For a voice whose softest whisper,
Swept like music o'er the tide;
Greets me, not as in those moments,
We were sitting side by side.

Still the summer sunshine dallies,
With wild roses at my feet,
And the notes of woodland warblers,
Steal upon me, soft and sweet;
But those dark eyes' gentle glances,
Do not thrill me in their pride,
As in those sweet rapturous moments,
We were sitting side by side.

Ah! the dreamy charms of summer
Fade, when thou art no more near;
And its notes without thy music,
Bring but discord to my ear.
Softly, from their mystic chambers,
Steal the night-winds on my brow;
Spirits only, sit beside me,
And my heart is weary now.



MRS. LENNOX REFUSES CAPTAIN KELLER'S HAND AND FORTUNE.

TOO POOR TO MARRY.

A STORY OF AMERICAN DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE young Charles Keller, of good family and highly educated, had a commission as captain. His daring courage, his cultivated mind, his pleasing talents, and a character remarkable for its frankness, heightened the effect of his distinguished appearance.

Charles had fallen passionately in love with a young person, whose beauty had become a standard in the first society. Her name was Cecilia Barton, the only daughter of a noted banker. The captain, by his assiduity, his

manner, and his words, soon revealed to the young lady the violence of a passion which he could not hide even from the world.

"Mr. Keller," said she to him in that graceful manner which heightened her peerless beauty, "I have penetrated the secret of your sentiments towards me. I should be proud and happy to have awakened them; for if you love me as I am told you do, I feel that it would be difficult for me to hate you; but our destinies can never be united—you are too poor for me."

"Too poor, Miss Barton!" answered the Captain, astonished that such a reproach should be uttered by such lips. "Too poor!" repeated he; "I was far from expecting a dismissal expressed in so laconic a manner. I thought that in love matters ——"

"Oh! do not let us have anything of a sentimental order, Captain," interrupted Cecilia, laughing; "I do not like it." Then resuming her seriousness, "Yes, Captain," added she, "you are much too poor for me. I like luxury, gayeties, and handsome clothes. Could your love alone furnish me with these trifles, which are necessities to me? You adore me, you say. Well, then, would it not be a punishment renewed every hour for you to see me deprived, by the force of circumstances, of all that constitutes my happiness? The rich pilgrim, you know, loves to decorate the saint which has protected, as he believes, his weary wanderings; he loves to place costly offerings upon her altar—a cluster of diamonds or a necklace of pearls are generally the proofs of his devotion; but, Captain, the pilgrim, when once his vow is accomplished, leaves the altar, and often returns no more. A wife, on the contrary, should be a permanent idol, an immovable saint, to whom must every day be made new offerings. You could not do this, Captain, and, I repeat it, you would be unhappy in consequence. Who knows that, tired out by my demands and weary with my complaints, you would not end by hating me?"

"Oh! never, Miss Barton!" interrupted the young man.

"If you did not hate me that might not prevent my hating you," resumed Cecilia. "I hope you admire my frankness. The young girl of eighteen, who has appeared to you up to this time a model of simplicity, sweetness, and some degree of beauty, would be succeeded by the capricious, sullen wife; perhaps I should even become a flirt. Captain, I prefer to speak as I do, to keeping up in your mind dangerous illusions, which would make their final dispersion more frightful to both of us, and would embitter days of which, while free, each of us can make a good use—you in continuing to serve your country; I by giving myself up to the whirl of gayety, which pleases and makes me happy."

Charles Keller had nothing to expect by inheritance, for his father, long since dead, had willed all his property to his second wife, to whom Charles was an object of aversion.

"My love is not egotistical, Miss Barton," replied Charles. "Alas! I see it too late. I am, indeed, *too poor* for you; but while I abandon the hope of ever calling you mine, do you not permit me at least to consider myself your most devoted and respectful friend?"

"My most *esteemed* friend, Captain Keller," answered Cecilia, extending to him a little hand covered with a glove of perfumed kid.

Some months after this conversation, Cecilia Barton married one of the richest merchants in New York, and Captain Keller, whom the peace which reigned in America prevented from going to the field of battle to be killed, (for he would have gloried in dying for Cecilia's sake,) now repaired to visit an infirm and crippled uncle, who sent for his nephew to soothe his declining days.

Some years passed, the uncle of Charles Keller expired, leaving his nephew the heir to millions. His step-mother died of a fever of the most malignant description, which attacked her while in a city distant from her usual place of residence, and his father's estates passed almost unimpaired into his hands. The poor Captain Keller, whom Cecilia Barton had considered as little better than a beggar, was the wealthiest man in New York.

Eighteen years of absence had not extinguished from the heart of Charles Keller the memory of the love he had avowed to the beautiful Cecilia Barton. She had become Mrs. Lennox. The first care of Charles, when, after various changes, he again found himself in New York, was to find out the whereabouts of Mrs. Lennox. On learning that she had been a widow for two years, his heart beat with rapture, and when he learned still further, that a law suit, undertaken against her by her husband's family, would completely ruin her if gained by them, and that it would in all probability be decided against her, his heart beat still more rapturously. "Ah! this time," said he to himself, "my happiness will not vanish like a dream. Cecilia must now be mine."

The wealthy Captain Keller was ushered one fine morning into the drawing room of the almost beggared Mrs. Lennox.

In spite of her thirty-six years, and the troubles which had assailed her since the death of her husband, Cecilia had preserved all the attraction of her early beauty. She was no longer, it is true, the airy nymph she had been; she was a queenly woman whose brow bore something of the starry light of Raphael's Virgin Mother, or Correggio's loveliest women. Her eyes, black as night, full of fire; her brown hair, her graceful figure, her alabaster complexion, and all those treasures of beauty which women lose generally one after another, as the rose loses its leaves, were still in Mrs. Lennox's possession. Her mind alone was wrinkled, misfortune had aged her spirit; the woman now in the presence of Captain Keller, retained in her character no trace of the frivolity of Cecilia Barton. Time and experience had satisfied those empty tastes which had formerly been hers, and convinced her that

that which she had taken for happiness was but its shadow.

The interview was a touching one, though at first both parties were ceremonious and constrained. Charles related his adventures to Mrs. Lennox; Cecilia returned his confidence by telling him her misfortunes, her every-day sufferings and her despairing provisions for the future. Then, when the whole recital was complete, and those little nothings which are everything in intellectual life, were exhausted by both, Charles took the hand of Cecilia, and in a voice of deep emotion, said to her: "Cecilia, you are now free; I have never ceased to be so—let us unite our destinies; be to me the wife I have yearned to possess—grant me your hand and perhaps both of us will date from this hour our true happiness."

"Captain," replied Cecilia, "I did not accept you formerly, because you were too poor, I cannot accept you now."

"Why not, Cecilia?" exclaimed the Captain.

"Because at present you are too rich. It did not suit my folly to accept your love formerly without riches, at present it does not suit my principles or my pride, to accept your generous offer! Do not speak of love to me, therefore, or of marriage, but of your friendship, we shall always be true friends."

"But, Cecilia," replied the Captain, "in *friendship's* name I adjure you to accept my hand and fortune. What will become of you when this law suit is lost; yes, what can become of you?"

"My friend, if heaven leaves me the little I possess, I confess that I shall not hesitate a moment in accepting you; but at the present moment I most probably am penniless, for I own nothing but the handsome furniture which you see, and that last remnant of former pleasure will soon disappear also."

"In the name of mercy," exclaimed the Captain, "grant at least ——."

"No more offers, Captain Keller, if you please, they might humiliate me, and I know you are too gallant to wish to make me blush."

The Captain, seeing that he could not shake the firm resolve of Mrs. Lennox, left her and repaired to the residence of her lawyer, turning over in his mind every imaginable stratagem by which to conquer the exaggerated scruples of her whom he loved more than ever.

"Will you tell me, sir," said he to the attorney, "what is the state of the law-suit against Mrs. Lennox?"

"Alas, sir, it was lost this morning in spite of all that could be done," answered the lawyer.

"And its loss ——."

"Reduces my client to poverty; she has nothing but a few pictures that she can call hers, and some few jewels, which will scarcely pay costs."

"And the estate which was at law, how much is it worth?"

"Fifty thousand dollars. It will probably be sold for much less."

"Well," replied Charles, "I consider it mine," and he arranged with the lawyer to make purchase of the property, instructing him at the same time to buy it secretly, and above all to prevent Mrs. Lennox from knowing of the purchase.

When he arrived at home, Captain Keller called his servant, Jonas, a man who had been in his confidence for several years.

"Jonas," said he, "I am going to make you assume a Jew's dress."

"You don't say so, cap'an?"

"I am quite serious, you are to hire a little shop and let your hair and whiskers grow. You must fill your shop with porcelains, bronzes, pictures and furniture, but you must only purchase of one person, a lady whom I will send you to see. You must obtain the confidence of this person."

"How can I when I don't know her?" remarked Jonas.

"Will you listen without interrupting, sirrah? You must buy as cheaply as possible."

"Yes, cap'an, let me alone for that; I'm your man. I'm up to that sort of thing ——."

"Pray attend to what I am saying; you are to buy the furniture which belongs to this lady, and if you can so manage it, you will advance money to her on her property, so that soon you will have a right to carry off every bit of furniture in her apartments."

"Very well, cap'an; when am I to attack the fortress?"

"To-morrow."

"Nuf 'sed," replied Jonas, smiling after the manner of Shylock, "you wish me to ransack the premises and carry off the spoils?"

"That is precisely what I want. You must manage so that in six months from this time you can show me the bare walls of the house to which I shall send you."

"That is not long," replied Jonas, "but the thing is feasible if well managed. But you will let me do as I please, won't you?"

"Yes, on condition that you do nothing unbecoming the character of a man."

"Or disgraceful to my master, or unlike what he would do if he could be so situated!"

After having acquainted his servant with all the particulars of what he had to do, the Captain added to his instructions this remark: "It is on your conduct in this matter that the happiness of two persons depends."

"All right, cap'an, I'm all primed and precisely ready."

Three days after, Jonas, (who had been a soldier and was singularly out of place,) was in-

stalled in a shop a few steps from Mrs. Lennox's residence, Fifth Avenue, New York, and in a week the veteran had managed matters so well that he knew exactly what he had to do, that is he was acquainted with Mrs. Lennox's only remaining servant.

One evening Jonas sought his master, "Cap'an," said he, with an air of great mystery, "I've scraped acquaintance with Missis Lennox's chamber-maid, and she says that her Missis wants to sell two pictures which are in her boodur, but she's a kinder shamed like, because she don't waz't nobody whatsoever to know that she's in such a fix. Well! I've seen the pictures and I have spoken to her, just as I'm talking to you, cap'an, natural-like. She wants a thousand dollars for the two. That's very dear, considerin' how small they are."

"The size is of no consequence; offer eight hundred dollars. She will sell them, she wants money."

"You would have made the best Jew of the two of us, Cap'an," answered Jonas, who had completely metamorphosed himself by the long hair and beard, and Jewish dress which he now wore. "I was afraid I should have to keep an eye on you for fear somebody would cheat you."

"I think I shall be able to take care of myself, Jonas," answered Captain Keller. "Buy the pictures." The two pictures were purchased.

Soon afterwards every week saw some piece of Mrs. Lennox's furniture transferred to Jonas' shop; and every time the latter announced to his master a purchase of this kind, the Captain rubbed his hands with great glee.

"But, Cap'an!" Jonas could not help exclaiming at this strange sight, for he knew the goodness of his master's heart, "you seem to have a terrible grudge against that poor lady, since her poverty tickles you so much. She is a nice sort of lady; howsumdever, she's always a weeping from morning till night, and then, for the sake of a change, from night till morning again; so the maid says."

"Certainly I must have a grudge against her," answered Captain Keller, "for I would give half my fortune on the instant, if she were completely beggared."

"Dew tell," answered Jonas; "well, well, Cap'an, she won't be ternal long about it nither, at the rate that that 'ere furnitur's a leaving them are rooms of hern; pretty soon I shall have the whole lot down in my shop. Before next week her house will be as clean as an egg-shell, and she'll be obliged to buckle up her knapsacks and change into another regiment. But I forgot, Cap'an, she's sent away the maid and the other servant, I ought'er told you. If I was of the opposite sex, I'd offer to do her work myself, free-gratis, for nothing."

"You must not offer anything, you'll spoil all," answered the Captain, smiling bitterly.

"Well, I'll hold on to the furnitur," answered Jonas, withdrawing in a state of complete mystification.

Jonas's prophecy was soon verified. Six months had hardly gone by since the metamorphosis of the veteran, ere Mrs. Lennox had sold every piece of her magnificent furniture, except her bed in which she languished in a fever caused by despair, and wished that her sorrowful days might end.

Now was the mement for the Captain to appear again. For six entire months he had voluntarily exiled himself from the residence of the woman whom he had not ceased to love. He now suddenly appeared at her residence like the *Deus ex machina* of the antique comedies.

At sight of him, Cecilia turned pale. The frightful distress which surrounded her had not impaired the beauty of her features or the dignity of her manners, nor her pure and serene expression. A vivid crimson overspread her cheek, as taking the Captain by the hand, she led him to a dilapidated writing-desk, saying: "Charles, you have doubted my love, you have perhaps even doubted my friendship; now read what I was writing to you."

The Captain took the letter and read as follows: "I address to you, dear Charles, the last request I shall ever make, for I am now about to endeavor to procure the most menial occupation in order to support my two daughters at the boarding school at which I have placed them. I fear, however, I shall not live long to work for them. Poverty has greatly weakened my health. My cough is continual and I fear that I cannot recover with such fare and such surroundings as must now be mine. But I wish that my dear children should be able to continue in that sphere of society which I must quit. The poverty of their mother, who lives but for their sake, must be concealed from them. You have offered me your hand, I have been obliged to refuse it. A woman who had not the courage to share poverty at a former time, with the man whom she loved, and who loved her, is unworthy to share his wealth.

"Should I die, Charles, I ask you to remember me, and with my whole soul I entreat your protection for my two poor orphans, two innocent girls who will then be motherless.

"The successive sale of my jewels, and all that I possessed, has enabled me to pay their board at their boarding school up to the present time. Will you, Charles, succeed them if they are left at last without resources, without a protector? Become the tutor, the father, the benefactor of my children, and heaven will bless you. Think how I have loved you, for you must know that now, and remember that the wishes of the dead are sacred to those who believe in God.

"Farewell, Charles; I fear we shall never meet again. I shall not invoke in vain the remembrance of a love which I now confess, but which the love of the world has rendered useless, either for your happiness or mine. You will forgive me. Repentance is a woman's last strength.

CECILIA LENNOX."

Captain Keller was several times obliged to interrupt his reading to wipe away his tears. When it was finished he tore the letter in pieces, exclaiming: "So it is thus that you welcome me back! But a truce to reproaches," resumed he, with emotion, "a truce to all talk of forgiveness. Cecilia, I have come again, after six months of reflection, to offer you my hand and fortune."

"Dear Captain," answered Mrs. Lennox, "the same obstacles exist that previously existed. You are too rich, as I told you before."

"You are rich, too, now, replied the Captain, placing in Cecilia's hands a contract which put her again in possession of her husband's property, "and if that is the only reason you have for rejecting me, it is null and void."

"Ah, my friend," answered Cecilia, throwing herself into the arms of Charles, who pressed her passionately to his heart, "I yield to the weight of your benefits and your delicate kindness. I accept the hand you offer so determinately, but on condition that I spend every day in repaying you with my gratitude and love."

"*Gratitude* I will not receive, Cecilia," replied the enraptured Charles, "*love* will suffice; in that word you express what will make my life a heaven."

The marriage of Captain Charles Keller with

the widow Lennox took place with great magnificence at the domain which he had restored to Cecilia; but what was the surprise of the bride in recognizing in every apartment in her superb house, the pictures, the furniture, and all the little articles of luxury, so important to a woman, which she had sold to the Jew merchant for her daily bread.

"Madame," said Jonas, whom she did not recognize in the semi-military costume which he had adopted again, and who was minus whiskers and long locks, "it was I who helped you to get rid of all those gimcracks, more or less susceptible to the fair sex. You see, Madame, that, Jew as I was, I had some conscience, for I sold the whole parcel to my Cap'an at first cost. Isn't it true, Cap'an?" said the old soldier to Charles, respectfully raising the back of his hand to his forehead. A smile was the Captain's reply, but the fair widow obliged Jonas to relate, from beginning to end, all the particulars of the trick of which she had been the victim, and was greatly entertained by his characteristic account.

"My good Jonas," said she, "you shall not have an opportunity of forgetting me; for I settle on you, from to-day, an allowance of eight hundred dollars a year, to be paid monthly."

Those who heard the story of Charles Keller and the gentle Cecilia have insisted that the Captain's conduct was like that of the Spanish knight who set fire to his lady-love's house in order to save her from the flames at the peril of his own life. His action, and that of Charles, the one ingenious and the other heroic, could only have been conceived by a generous heart and a noble mind.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BY S. D. PRATT.

In Abydos, near the Hellespont, Leander lived, they say,

And Hero, his own Hero, dwelt across the watery way.
Leander was a valiant youth, and oft would breast the wave,

To meet at night his heart's delight, and hear her call him brave.

And they would sing and talk of love, while Cynthia, fair queen

Had thrown a softened radiance around the lovely scene,

Until the herald of the morn proclaimed approaching day;

Leander then would brave again the Hellespontic bay.

His Hero on the shore would stand, and gently chide the youth,

For trusting to the fickle wave his constancy and truth;

But sadness lingered on the breeze which bore her last adieu;

The world has few, ah! very few, so constant and so true.

One night she missed his manly form and his endearing voice,

The sweet caress of him who was the darling of her choice;

Her fears soon told her she might look for him beneath the wave;

Ah! woe is me, she said, if he no more the storm can brave.

The world has nothing left to bind me to its sphere,
And death, grim death, has nothing new which I need shun or fear,

I come, Leander dear, she said, to meet thee in the sea;
The fickle wave which would not save, shall set my spirit free.

THE HERO OF THE BASTILE.

WHILE the Bastile was standing, few would venture even to whisper what they had experienced within its walls. Fortunately, however, there does exist one faithful record of the severest woes, protracted by untirable tormentors, through a series of years extending to half the natural life of man. Let us then avail ourselves of it, fix our attention steadily on a single individual, watch his anguish, bodily and mental, his privations, his struggles, and his despair, and mark how deeply the iron can be made to enter into his soul by vindictive and ruthless tyrants.

Henry Masers de Latude, the person alluded to, spent thirty-five years in the Bastile and other places of confinement. If we did not know that power, when it is held by the base-minded, is exercised by them without mercy, to punish whoever offends them, we might suppose that Latude brought his long agonies upon himself by the commission of some enormous crime. That he committed a fault is undeniable, and it was a fault of that sort which most disgusts high-spirited men, because it bears the stamp of meanness and fraud. It deserved a sharp reprimand, perhaps even a moderate chastisement; but no heart that was not as hard as the nether millstone, could have made it a pretext for the infliction of such lengthened misery as he was doomed to undergo.

Latude, who was in his twenty-fifth year when his misfortunes began, was the son of the Marquis de Latude, a military officer, and was born in Languedoc. He was intended for the engineer service, but the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle prevented him from being enrolled. The notorious Marchioness de Pompadour, who united in herself the double demerit of being the royal harlot and procuress, was then in the zenith of her power, and was as much detested by the people as she was favored by the sovereign. As Latude was one day sitting in the garden of the Tuileries, he heard two men vehemently inveighing against her; and a thought struck him, that by turning this circumstance to account, he might obtain her patronage. His plan was a clumsy one, and it was clumsily executed. He began by putting into the post-office a packet of harmless powder, directed to the marchioness; he then waited on her, related the conversation which he had overheard, said that he had seen them put a packet into the post-office, and expressed his fears that it contained some extremely subtle poison. She offered him a purse of gold, but he refused it, and declared that he was only desirous of being rewarded by her protection.

Suspicious of his purpose, she wished to see his handwriting; and, therefore, under pretence of intending to communicate with him, she asked for his address. He wrote it, and, unfortunately for him, he wrote it in the same hand in which he had directed the pretended poison. He was then graciously dismissed. The sameness of the writing, and the result of the experiments which she ordered to be made on the contents of the packet, convinced her that the whole was a fraud. It is scarcely possible not to smile at the blundering folly of the youthful imposter; had he sent real poison, and disguised his hand writing, he would perhaps have succeeded.

But this proved to be no laughing matter to the luckless Latude. The marchioness looked upon the trick as an unpardonable insult, and she was not slow in revenging it. In the course of a few days, while he was indulging in golden dreams, he was painfully awoke from them by the appearance of the officers of justice. They carried him to the Bastile, and there he was stripped, deprived of his money, jewels, and papers, clothed in wretched rags, and shut up in the Tower du Coin. On the following day, the 2d of May, 1749, he was interrogated by M. Berryer, the lieutenant of police. Unlike many of his class, Berryer was a man of feeling; he promised to intercede for him with the marchioness, and, in the meanwhile, he endeavored to make him as comfortable as a man could be who was robbed of his liberty. To make the time pass less heavily, he gave him a comrade, a Jew, a man of abilities, Abuzaglo by name, who was accused of being a secret British agent. The two captives soon became friends; Abuzaglo had hopes of speedy liberation through the influence of the Prince of Conti, and he promised to obtain the exercise of that influence in behalf of his companion. Latude, on his part, in case of his being first released, bound himself to strain every nerve to rescue Abuzaglo.

Ever on the listen to catch the conversation of the prisoners, the gaolers appear to have obtained a knowledge of the hopes and reciprocal engagements of the friends. When Latude had been four months at the Bastile, three turnkeys entered, and said an order was come to set him free. Abuzaglo embraced him, and conjured him to remember his promise. But no sooner had the joyful Latude crossed the threshold of his prison, than he was told he was only going to be removed to Vincennes. Abuzaglo was liberated shortly after; but believing that Latude was free, and had broken his word to him, he ceased to take an interest in his fate.

It is not wonderful that the health of Latude gave way under the pressure of grief and disappointment. M. Berryer came to console him, removed him to the most comfortable apartment in the castle, and allowed him to walk daily for two hours in the garden. But he did not conceal that the marchioness was inflexible, and in consequence of this, the captive, who felt a prophetic fear that he was destined to perpetual imprisonment, resolved to make an attempt to escape. Nearly nine months elapsed before he could find an opportunity to carry his plan into effect. The moment at length arrived. One of his fellow prisoners, an eclesiastic, was frequently visited by an abbe; and this circumstance he made the basis of his project. To succeed, it was necessary for him to elude the vigilance of two turnkeys, who guarded him when he walked, and of four sentinels, who watched the outer doors, and this was no easy matter. Of the turnkeys, one often waited in the garden, while the other went to fetch the prisoner. Latude began by accustoming the second turnkey to see him hurry down stairs, and join the first in the garden. When the day came on which he was determined to take flight, he, as usual, passed rapidly down the stairs without exciting any suspicion, his keeper having no doubt that he should find him in the garden. At the bottom was a door, which he hastily bolted to prevent the second turnkey from giving the alarm to his companion. Successful thus far, he knocked at the gate which led out of the castle. It was opened, and, with an appearance of much eagerness, he asked for the abbe, and was answered that the sentinel had not seen him. "Our priest has been waiting for him in the garden more than two hours," exclaimed Latude; "I have been running after him in all directions to no purpose; but, egad, he shall pay me for my running!" He was allowed to pass; he repeated the same inquiry to the three other sentinels, received similar answers, and at last found himself beyond his prison walls. Avoiding as much as possible the high road, he traversed the fields and vineyards, and finally reached Paris, where he shut himself up in a retired lodging.

In the first moments of recovered liberty, the feelings of Latude were those of unmixed pleasure. They were, however, soon alloyed by doubt, apprehension, and anxiety. What was he to do? whither was he to fly? To remain concealed was impossible, and even had it been possible, would have been only another kind of captivity; to fly from the kingdom was nearly, if not quite as difficult; and, besides he was reluctant to give up the gayeties of the capital and his prospects of advancement. In this dilemma he romantically determined to throw him-

self upon the generosity of his persecutor. "I drew up," says he, "a memorial, which I addressed to the king. I spoke in it of Madame de Pompadour with respect, and on my fault towards her with repentance. I entreated she would be satisfied with the punishment I had undergone; or, if fourteen months' imprisonment had not expiated my offence, I ventured to implore the clemency of her I had offended, and threw myself on the mercy of my sovereign. I concluded my memorial by naming the asylum I had chosen." To use such language was, indeed, sounding "the very base-string of humility."

This appeal of the sheep to the wolf was answered in a wolf like manner. Latude was arrested without delay, and immured in the Bastille. It was a part of the tactics of the prison to inspire hopes, for the purpose of adding the pain of disappointment to the other sufferings of a prisoner. He was accordingly told that he was taken into custody merely to ascertain by what means he had escaped. He gave a candid account of the stratagem to which he had resorted; but instead of being set free, as he had foolishly expected, he was thrown into a dungeon, and subject to the harshest treatment.

Again his compassionate friend, the lieutenant of police, came to his relief. He could not release him from his dungeon, but did all that lay in his power to render it less wearisome. He consoled with him; tried, but in vain, to soften his tormentor; and as a loophole in the vault admitted light enough to allow of reading, he ordered him to be supplied with books, pens, ink and paper.

Eighteen dreary months passed away, during which Latude was strictly confined to his dungeon, scarcely hearing the sound of a human voice. At last M. Berryer took upon himself the responsibility of removing him to a better apartment, and even allowing him to have the attendance of a servant. A young man, named Cochar, was found willing to undertake the monotonous and soul depressing task of being domestic to a prisoner. He was gentle and sympathizing, and in so far was qualified for his office; but he had miscalculated his own strength, and the weight of the burden which he was to bear. He drooped, and in a short time he was stretched on the bed of mortal sickness. Fresh air and liberty might have saved him. Those, however, he could not obtain; for it was a rule that the fate of any one who entered into the service of a prisoner became linked with that of his master, and that he must not expect to quit the Bastille till his employer was set at large. It was not till Cochar was expiring, that the gaolers would so much as consent to remove him from the chamber of Latude. Within three months from his entrance into the Bastille, he ceased to exist.

Latude was inconsolable for the loss of the poor youth, who had always endeavored to comfort him, as long as he had spirits to do so. To mitigate his grief, M. Berryer obtained for him the society of a fellow-captive, who could scarcely fail to have a perfect communion of feeling with him. This new associate, D'Alegre by name, was about his own age, full of activity, spirit, and talent, and had committed the irremissible crime of offending the Marchioness de Pompadour. Taking it for granted that she was reclaimable, though on what ground he did so it would be difficult to discover, he had written to her a letter, in which he apprised her of the public hatred, and pointed out the means by which he thought she might remove it, and become an object of affection. For giving this advice he had already spent three years within the walls of the Bastille. Yet his woes were now only beginning. The unfortunate D'Alegre had ample cause to lament his having forgotten the scriptural injunction, not to cast pearls before swine.

M. Berryer took the same warm interest in D'Alegre as in Latude. He was indefatigable in his exertions to obtain their pardon, and for a while he flattered himself that he should succeed. At last, wearied by his importunity, the marchioness vowed that her vengeance should be eternal, and she commanded him never again to mention their names. He was, therefore, obliged to communicate to them the melancholy tidings, that their chains could be broken only by her disgrace or death.

D'Alegre was almost overwhelmed by the first shock of this intelligence; it inspired Latude, on the contrary, with a sort of insane energy, and his mind immediately began to revolve projects of escape. The very idea of escaping would seem to be indicative of madness; egress through the gates, tenfold guarded as they were, was utterly impossible, and to ascend to the summit of the lofty tower, which must be done through the grated chimney, then to descend from the dizzy height into the ditch, and, lastly, to break through or climb the outward wall, appeared to be equally impracticable. Yet, with no apparent means of accomplishing his purpose, Latude firmly made up his mind to try the latter plan. He had two things in his favor, time and perseverance, and their sovereign efficacy has often been proved.

When Latude mentioned to him his scheme, D'Alegre considered it as little better than the ravings of delirium. Latude, however, continued to meditate deeply upon it, though in silence. The first step towards the execution of it, without the success of which no other could be taken, was to find a hiding-place for the tools and materials which must be employed. From his

being unable to hear any of the movements of the prisoner in the chamber below, Latude concluded that there was a space between the floor of his room and the ceiling of his neighbor's, and he immediately set himself to ascertain whether this was the fact. As he was returning with D'Alegre from mass, he contrived that his fellow-prisoner should drop his tooth-pick at the bottom of the stairs, and request the turnkey to pick it up. While the turnkey was descending, Latude looked into the under chamber, and estimated its height at about ten feet and a half. He then counted the number of stairs between the two rooms, measured one of them, and found, to his infinite delight, that there must be a vacancy of five feet and a half between the bottom of the one room and the top of the other.

As soon as they were locked in, Latude embraced D'Alegre, and exclaimed that, with patience and courage, they might be saved, now that they had a spot where they could conceal their ropes and materials. At the mention of ropes D'Alegre thought that his companion's wits were wandering, and when he heard him assert, that he had more than a thousand feet of rope in his trunk, he felt sure that the assertion was prompted by madness. "What!" said Latude, "have I not a vast quantity of linen—thirteen dozen and a half of shirts—many napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other articles? Will not these supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have abundance of rope."

D'Alegre began to have a gleam of hope, but he still started numerous difficulties, among which were the want of wood for ladders, and of tools to make them, and to wrench the iron gratings from the chimney. Latude silenced him by replying, "My friend, it is genius which creates, and we have that which despair supplies. It will direct our hands; and once more I tell you, we shall be saved."

Their first essay in tool-making was to grind down to an edge on the tiled floor, two iron hooks, taken from a folding table; with these they meant to remove the chimney gratings. The next was to convert a part of the steel of their tinder box into a knife, with which they made handles for the hooks. The hooks were immediately applied to raise the tiles, in order to find whether there was really a cavity beneath. After six hours' toil, the prisoners found that there was an empty space of about four feet, and having gained this satisfactory knowledge, they carefully replaced the floor of the cell. The threads of two shirts were then drawn out, one by one, tied together, wound into small balls, and, subsequently formed into two larger balls, each composed of fifty threads, sixty feet in length. These were ultimately twisted into a rope, from which was made a ladder of twenty

feet, intended to support the captives, while they extracted the bars by which the chimney was closed.

The removal of the bars was a work of horrible labor. Cramped into the most painful postures, it was impossible for them to work more than an hour at a stretch, and their hands were always covered with blood. The mortar was nearly as hard as iron, they had no means of softening it but by blowing water on it from their mouths, and they thought themselves lucky when they could clear away as much as an eighth of an inch in the course of a night. As fast as the bars were extracted they replaced them, that their operations might not be betrayed. Six months' unremitting toil was bestowed upon this single object.

Having opened the passage up the chimney, they proceeded to construct their ladders. Their fuel, which was in logs of about eighteen or twenty inches long, supplied the rounds for the rope ladder, by which they were to descend from the tower; and the whole of that by which they were to scale the outer wall. More tools being required to cut the wood, Latude converted an iron candlestick into a saw, by notching it with the remaining half of the steel which belonged to the tinder box. To this implement he afterwards added others. They then set to work on their wooden ladder, which it was necessary to make of the length of twenty or five-and-twenty feet. It had only one upright, three inches in diameter, through which the rounds passed, each round projecting six inches on either side: the pieces of which it consisted, were joined by mortises and tenons, and each joint was fastened by two pegs, to keep them perpendicular. As fast as the pieces were finished, the rounds were tied to them with a string, that no mistake might occur when they were put together in the dark. They were then carefully hidden under the floor.

There was still a pressing necessity for another enormous quantity of rope. Along the upper part of the outside of the Bastile ran a kind of cornice, which stood out three or four feet beyond the wall. The effect of this would be, to make the ladder hang loosely in the air, and vibrate in such a terrific manner, that there would be great danger of the captive who led the way being precipitated headlong to the ground. To avert this peril, they made a second rope, three hundred and sixty feet long, to be tied round the person first descending, and passed gradually through a sort of block fixed above, in order to steady him. Shorter ropes were also provided, to fasten the ladder to a cannon, and for any other occasion that might occur. On measuring the whole of their manufacture, they found that it extended to more than fourteen

hundred feet. Two hundred and eight rounds were required for the ladders, and, lest their knocking against the wall should give the alarm, they covered them with the linings of their morning gowns, waistcoats, and under waistcoats. These last preparations for flight occupied some eighteen months.

All was now prepared for their flight, and they had only to decide upon the day for attempting their hazardous enterprise. The 25th of February, 1766, was the day which they chose. A portmanteau was filled with a change of clothes, the rounds were fastened into the rope ladder, the wooden ladder was got ready, the two crowbars were put into cases to prevent them from clanging, and a bottle of brandy was prudently added to their baggage, to hearten them while they worked in the water—for the Seine had overflowed, and at that moment there was from four to five feet water in the moat of the Bastile, and ice was floating upon it.

Supper being over, and the turnkey having looked them in for the night, the captives, doubtless with throbbing hearts, began their operations. Latude was the first to ascend the chimney: "I had the rheumatism in my left arm," says he, "but I thought little of the pain, for I soon experienced one more severe." Before he reached the top, his knees and elbows were so excoriated, that the blood ran down from them. When he arrived at the summit, he let down a rope by means of which he successfully drew up the portmanteau, the ladders, and the other articles. The end of the rope ladder he allowed to hang down, and the upper part he fastened across the funnel with a large wooden peg. D'Alegré was thus enabled to mount with less difficulty than his predecessor had experienced.

At last they breathed the free air of heaven on the platform of the Bastile. As the *du Tresor* tower appeared to be the most favorable for their descent, they carried their apparatus thither. One end of the rope ladder was made fast to a cannon, and it was gently let down. The safety rope was next passed through a firmly fixed block, and it was tied securely round the body of Latude. The daring adventurer now commenced his fearful descent of more than fifty yards; D'Alegré meanwhile slowly letting out the rope. It was well that they had taken this precaution; for, at every step that he took, Latude swung so violently in the air that it is probable he would have lost his hold, had not the safety rope given him confidence. In a few moments, which however must have seemed hours, he reached the ditch unhurt. The portmanteau and the other effects were then lowered to him, and he placed them on a spot to which the water had not risen. D'Alegré himself followed; and, as Latude applied all his strength to steady the

ladder, the descent of his companion was effected with less annoyance and hazard than his own had been. That regret, at being unable to carry away their ladder and implements, should have found a place among the feelings by which they were agitated, may at the first glance seem strange, but was certainly not unnatural; articles on which they had bestowed such persevering toil, which had proved the instruments of their deliverance, and were also the trophies of their triumph, they must have regarded with something like affection.

As they heard a sentinel pacing along at the distance of ten yards, they were obliged finally to relinquish the scheme of climbing the parapet, which they had still cherished a hope of carrying into the execution. There was, therefore, no resource but to break a hole through the wall. Accordingly they crossed the ditch of the Bastille to the spot where the wall separated it from that of the St. Antoine gate. Unluckily, the ditch had been deepened here, and the water, on which the ice was floating, was up to their arm-pits. They nevertheless set to work with a vigor which can be inspired only by circumstance, like those under which they were placed. Scarcely had they begun when, about twelve feet above their heads, they saw light cast upon them from the lantern which was carried by a patrol major; they were compelled instantly to put their heads under water, and this they had to do several times in the course of the night. The wall at which they were working had a thickness of a yard and a half; so that, although they plied their crowbars without intermission, they were nine mortal hours in making a hole of sufficient size for them to creep through. Their task was ultimately achieved, they passed through the aperture, and were now beyond the walls of their prison. But even at this moment of exultation, they had a narrow escape from perishing. In their way to the road by which they were to go, there was an aqueduct; it was not more than six feet wide, but it had ten feet of water and two feet of mud. Into this they stumbled. Fortunately, Latude did not lose his upright position; having shaken off his companion, who had mechanically grasped him, he scrambled up the bank, and then drew out D'Alegre by the hair of his head.

The clock struck five as they entered the high road. After having joyously clasped each other in a long and close embrace, they dropped on their knees, and poured forth fervent thanks to the Divine Being, who had so miraculously aided them in their dangerous undertaking. In consequence of the evaporation which was taking place, they now began to feel more acutely than when they were in the water the effects of their immersion; their whole frame was rapidly

becoming rigid. They, therefore, drew a change of clothes from the portmanteau; but they were so much benumbed and exhausted, that neither of them could dress without being assisted by his friend. When they were somewhat recovered, they took a hackney-coach, and eventually found shelter in the house of a kind hearted tailor, a native of Languedoc, who was known to Latude.

To gain strength after their toils, as well as to let the hue and cry die away, the friends remained nearly a month in concealment. It having been settled between them that, in order to avoid being both caught at once, they should quit the country separately, D'Alegre, in the disguise of a peasant, set out on his journey to Brussels. He reached that city in safety, and informed Latude of his success. Furnished with a parish register of his host, who was nearly of his own age, and with some old papers relative to a lawsuit, and dressed as a servant, Latude departed. He went on foot a few leagues from Paris, and then took the diligence for Valenciennes. He was several times stopped, searched, and questioned, and, on one occasion, was in imminent danger of being detected. By dint, however, of sticking to his story, that he was carrying law papers to his master's brother at Amsterdam, he got safely to Valenciennes, at which town he removed into the stage for Brussels.

Latude had appointed D'Alegre to meet him at the Hotel de Coffi, in Brussels. Thither he went immediately on his arrival; but there disappointment and sorrow awaited him. He was told that one of the two prisoners, escaped from the Bastille, had arrived at the Hotel de Coffi, had been apprehended by a police officer, and had been ultimately sent under a strong escort to Lille, and there delivered into the custody of a French exempt; and, moreover, that all this was kept as secret as possible, in order not to alarm the other fugitive, the search after whom was carried on with such activity that he must inevitably fall into the hands of his pursuers.

Believing that if he went on immediately to Amsterdam he would find there an officer of the police waiting to seize him, he directed his steps to Bergen-op-Zoon, where he remained for some time. Finally, hoping that the blood-hounds of the marchioness had desisted from seeking him in the Dutch capitol, Letude ventured to embark for Amsterdam, where he arrived, and was fortunate enough to meet with one of his countrymen, Louis Clergue, who was a native of Martagne, where the fugitive was born. Rich and compassionate, Clergue gave him a room in his house, made him a constant partaker of his table, and furnished him with clothes and linen. The linen was not the least acceptable of these gifts; for Latude had been forty days without a change of it. Clergue also assembled his friends, to hear

the story of his guest, and to consult what could be done for him. They were all of opinion that Latude had nothing to fear, as neither the states-general nor the people of Amsterdam would ever consent to deliver up a persecuted stranger, who had confidently thrown himself on their protection. Even Latude himself began to believe that at last he was safe.

The unfortunate man was soon woefully undeceived. Not for a moment had his pursuers slackened in the chase, not a single precaution had they neglected that could lead to success. In aid of the subaltern agents, the French ambassador had also exerted himself. By representing the fugitive as a desperate malefactor, he had obtained the consent of the States to arrest him.

Though Latude had changed his name and the address to which his friends were to direct their communications, the active agents of the marchioness had succeeded in intercepting all his letters. One was at last allowed to reach him, as the means of effecting his ruin. It does not appear whether his residing in the house of M. Clergue was known to them; probably it was; but, if it were, they perhaps thought that it would be imprudent to seize him there, as his protector might proclaim to the populace the innocence of his guest, and thus excite a tumult. A letter from Latude's father containing a draft on a banker, was therefore forwarded to him. Into this snare he fell. As he was proceeding to the banker's, the Dutch police officers pounced upon him, and he was immediately fettered and dragged along to a boat, into the foulest corner of which he was thrown, and conveyed back to his old quarters in the Bastile, and placed under the charge of a brutal turnkey, named Daragon, who had been punished for his former escape, and cherished a rankling feeling of revenge.

Despairing, as well he might, of being ever released by his inflexible enemies, Latude meditated incessantly on the means of again escaping. Fifteen months elapsed before an opportunity occurred, and then it was brought about by chance. He was walking in the garden, on a November afternoon, when a thick fog suddenly came on. The idea of turning it to account rushed into his mind. He was guarded by two sentries and a serjeant, who never quitted his side for an instant; but he determined to make a bold attempt. By a violent push of his elbows he threw off the sentries, then pushed down the serjeant, and darted past a third sentry, who did not perceive him till he was gone by. All four set up the cry of "Seize him!" and Latude joined in it still more loudly, pointing with his finger, to mislead the pursuers. There remained only one sentry to elude, but he was on the alert, and unfortunately knew him. Presenting his bayonet,

he threatened to kill the prisoner if he did not stop. "'My dear Cheau,' said I to him, 'you are incapable of such an action; your orders are to arrest, not to kill me.' I had slackened my pace, and came up to him slowly; as soon as I was close to him, I sprang upon his musket, I wrenched it from him with such violence, that he was thrown down in the struggle; I jumped over his body, flinging the musket to a distance of ten paces, lest he should fire it after me, and once more I achieved my liberty."

Favored by the fog, Latude contrived to hide himself in the park till night, when he scaled the wall, and proceeded, by by-ways, to Paris.

He was out of prison, but not out of danger. He was convinced that, to whatever quarter he might bend his steps, it would be next to impossible to elude M. de Sartine, who, by means of his spies, was omnipresent. In this emergency, he deemed it prudent to conciliate his persecutor; and he accordingly wrote a letter to him, entreating forgiveness for insults offered in a moment of madness, promising future silence and submission, and pathetically imploring him to become his protector. This overture had no result. He tried the influence of various persons, among whom was the Prince of Conti, but everywhere he was met by the prejudice which Sartine had raised against him; and, to add to his alarm and vexation, he learned that a strict search was making for him; and that a reward of a thousand crowns was offered for his apprehension.

As a last resource, he determined to make a personal appeal to the Duke of Choiseul, the first minister, who was then with the court at Fontainebleau. It was mid-December when he set out, the ground was covered with ice and snow, and the cold was intense. A morsel of bread was his whole stock of provisions, he had no money, and he dared not approach a house, proceed on the high road, or travel by day, lest he should be intercepted. In his nightly circuitous journey, of more than forty miles, he often fell into ditches, or tore himself in scrambling through the hedges. "I hid myself in a field," says he, "during the whole of the 16th; and, after walking for two successive nights, I arrived on the morning of the 17th at Fontainebleau, worn out by fatigue, hunger, grief, and despair."

Latude was too soon convinced that there was no chance for escaping from the vengeance of M. de Sartine. As soon as he had announced his arrival to the duke, two officers of the police came to convey him, as they said, to the minister; but their mask was speedily thrown off, and he found that they were to escort him back to Vincennes. Into this den, where he was as it were walled up, no ray of light entered; the air was never changed but at the moment when the turnkey opened the wicket; the straw on which

he lay was always rotten with damp, and the narrowness of the space scarcely allowed him room to move. His health of course rapidly declined, and his body swelled enormously, retaining in every part of it, when touched, the impression of the finger. Such were his agonies that he implored his keepers, as an act of mercy, to terminate his existence. At last, after having endured months of intense suffering, he was removed to a habitable apartment, where his strength gradually returned.

It was not till Latude was again at death's door that he was removed from his dungeon; on being taken out he fainted, and remained for a long while insensible. When he came to himself his mind wandered, and for some time he imagined he had passed into the other world. Medical aid was granted to him, and he slowly recovered his health. The turnkeys now occasionally dropped obscure hints of some beneficial change, which he was at a loss to understand. The mystery was at length explained. The benevolent M. de Malesherbes had lately been appointed a cabinet minister, and one of his first acts was to inspect the state prisons. He saw Latude, listened to his mournful story, was indignant at his six-and-twenty years' captivity and promised redress.

Latude had been more than eleven years at Vincennes, when the order arrived for his release. His heart beat high with exultation; but he was doomed to suffer severe disappointment. At the moment when he imagined that he was free, an officer informed him, that the minister thought it expedient to accustom him gradually to a purer air, and that therefore he was directed to convey him to a convent, where he was to remain for a few months. These were the very same words which had been spoken to him when he was sent from the Bastille to Vincennes; and, knowing their meaning but too well, they almost palsied his faculties. His enemies had been busily at work; by gross misrepresentations, and by forging in his name an extravagant memorial to the king, they had induced M. de Malesherbes to believe that the prisoner's intellects were disordered, and that he could not be immediately released without peril.

It was to the hospital of Charenton, the Parisian bedlam, that the officers were removing Latude. When he was about to quit Vincennes, he heard the brutal Rougement describe him to them as a dangerous and hardened criminal, who could not be too rigorously confined. It was also hinted, that the prisoner was gifted with magical powers, by virtue of which he had thrice escaped in an extraordinary manner. When he was turned over to the monks, called the Brother's of Charity, who had the management of Charenton, these particulars were faithfully reported

to them, and he was introduced under the name of Danger, in order to excite an idea of his formidable character. Though he failed to obtain his freedom, the situation of Latude was much ameliorated; he might roam wherever he would, within the bounds of the establishment.

After Latude had been nearly two years at Charenton, his friends succeeded in obtaining an order for his release, on condition that he should permanently fix his abode at Montagnac, his native place. He quitted the prison without hat or coat; all his dress consisting of a tattered pair of breeches and stockings, a pair of slippers, and a great-coat thirty years old, which damp had reduced to rottenness. He was penniless, too; "but," says he, "I was regardless of all these circumstances; it was enough that I was again free!"

With some money, which he borrowed from a person who knew his family, Latude procured decent clothing. He called on M. Le Noir, who received him not unfavorably, and desired him to depart without delay for Montagnac. Unfortunately, he did not follow this advice. He lingered in Paris to draw up a memorial to the king, soliciting a recompense for his plans; and he had an interview with the Prince de Beauveau, to whom he related his woeful story. In his memorial, he mentioned M. de Sartine; and, though he intimates that he said nothing offensive, we may doubt whether he manifested much forbearance. The ministers now gave him peremptory orders to quit Paris; it is obvious that they were acquainted with his memorial, and were irritated by it beyond measure. He had proceeded forty-three leagues on his journey to the south of France, when he was overtaken by an officer of the police, who carried him back a prisoner to the capital.

Latude was now taught that hitherto he had not reached the lowest depth of misery; he was doomed to experience a "bitter change, severer for severe." Till this time his companions in suffering had been men with whom it was no disgrace to associate; but in this instance, he was tossed among a horde of the most abandoned ruffians on earth; he was immured in the Bicetre, in the part of the gaol which was appropriated to swindlers, thieves, murderers, and other atrocious criminals, the scum and offscouring of France. On his arrival there, he was stripped, clad in the coarse and degrading prison attire, thrust into a dungeon and supplied with a scanty portion of bread and water. Eight-and-thirty months were spent in this infernal abode.

Gloomy as appearances were, the dawn of a brighter day was at hand. A providential occurrence which seemed calculated to destroy his last hope, was the cause of his redemption. In

1781 the President de Gourgue visited the Bicêtre, heard the story of Latude, desired that the captive would draw up a memorial, and promised to exert himself in his behalf. Latude wrote the memorial, and intrusted it to a careless messenger, who dropped it in the street. The packet was found by a young female, Madame Legros, who carried on in an humble way the business of a mercer, and whose husband was a private teacher. The envelope being torn by laying in the wet, and the seal broken, she looked at the contents, which were signed "Masters de Latude, a prisoner during thirty-two years at the Bastille, at Vincennes, and at the Bicêtre, where he is confined on bread and water, in a dungeon ten feet under ground."

The gentle heart of Madame Legros was shocked at the idea of the protracted agony which the prisoner must have suffered. After she had taken a copy of the memorial, her husband, who participated in her feelings, carried it to the president, and it is delightful to know that her noble labors were crowned with success. Her toils, and the result of them, are thus summed up by Latude, who has also narrated them at great length. "Being thoroughly convinced of my innocence, she resolved to attempt my liberation; she succeeded, after occupying three years in unparalleled efforts, and unwearied perseverance. Every feeling heart will be deeply moved at the recital of the means she employed and the difficulties she surmounted. Without relations, friends, fortune, or assistance, she undertook everything, and shrank from no danger and no fatigue. She penetrated to the levees of ministers, and forced her way to the presence of the great; she spoke with the natural eloquence of truth, and falsehood fled before her words. They excited her hopes and extinguished them, received her with kindness and repulsed her rudely; she reiterated her petitions, and returned a hundred times to the attack, emboldened by defeat itself. The friends her virtues had created trembled for her liberty, even for

her life. She resisted all their entreaties, disregarded their remonstrances, and continued to plead the cause of humanity. She went on foot to Versailles, in the midst of winter; she returned home exhausted with fatigue and worn out with disappointment; she worked more than half the night to obtain subsistence for the following day, and then repaired again to Versailles. At the expiration of eighteen months, she visited me in my dungeon, and communicated her efforts and her hopes. For the first time I saw my generous protectress; I became acquainted with her exertions, and I poured forth my gratitude in her presence. She redoubled her anxiety, and resolved to brave every thing. Often, on the same day, she has gone to Montmartre to visit her infant, which was placed there at nurse, and then came to the Bicêtre to console me and inform me of her progress. At last, after three years, she triumphed, and procured my liberty!"

It was on the 24th of March, 1784, that Latude emerged into the world, from which he had for five-and-thirty years been secluded. He and his noble-minded benefactress, were for a considerable time, objects of general curiosity. Happily, that curiosity did not end in barren pity and wonder, but proved beneficial to those who excited it. A subscription was raised, by which two annuities, each of 300 livres, were purchased, one for Latude, the other for his deliverer. Two other pensions, of 600 livres and 100 crowns, were soon after granted by individuals to Madame Legros, and the Montyon gold medal, annually given as the prize of virtue, was unanimously adjudged to her by the French Academy. The income of Latude also obtained some increase; but it was not till 1798 that it received any addition of importance; in that year he brought an action against the heirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, and heavy damages were awarded to him. Notwithstanding the severe shocks his frame had undergone, the existence of Latude was protracted till 1806, when he died at the age of eighty.

TO MARIA.

BY GEORGE F. OLIVER, M. D.

I love to see thy laughing eyes,
Bright as the orb in yonder skies,
Declining in the west;
While viewing them, methinks I see
A ray of sweetness shed for me,
Which makes me ever blest.

I love to see thy ruby lip,
Its honied nectar I would sip,
If I dare urge a claim,

Although I'd snatch the enchanted kiss,
And fill my soul with perfect bliss;
Thy charms would be the same.

I love to see thy angel form,
It lights my pathway thro' life's storm,
When on its waves I'm driven;
But if on earth we meet no more,
When life with all its ills is o'er,
How sweet to meet in heaven.

A LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED CAVE.

BY GAYLORD J. CLARKE.

Now the dusky-sandaled even,
As the glow of daylight dies,
Hangs the holy lamps of Heaven
In the skies.

And the moon, her vigils keeping,
Sits upon her silver throne,
Gazing at the river sleeping,
Calm and lone.

Clouds drift by, like mermaids boating
O'er the sleeping sea afar,
Hearing music floating, floating
From a star.

And the nightwind, sadly sighing,
With a half-complaining woe,
Hears the sweet-voiced brook replying,
Soft and low.

'Tis an hour when spirits wailing,
In my soul, raise temples vast,
Where sad thoughts, with garments trailing,
Hurry past.

Like the notes of music olden,
Breathing wild of love and woe,
Comes a legend of the golden,
Long ago.

It was told to me in childhood,
By an old and grief-marked man,
In a dim and shadowy wildwood;
Thus it ran:

"Far beyond the hills, where only
We behold dark forests wave,
Is the mystic, strange and lonely
Haunted Cave.

"At the door, where light, faint-falling,
Struggles through the wild-vine bands,
Wrapped in gloom a shape, appalling,
Ever stands!

"Ever stands—while smiles infernal
On his fleshless features dwell,
Lone as he whom the Eternal
Sent to Hell.

"In that gloomy cave the raving
Spectres roam, while o'er and o'er,
Frenzied, they their hands are waving,
Red with gore.

"Dimly burn funeral tapers,
And the light rays from a lamp,
Scarcely penetrate the vapors,
Dense and damp.

"Ne'er was seen an eyelid tearful,
On the ghostly beings there,
But upon their faces, fearful,
Sits despair.

"Sometimes they, escaped from prison,
At night's melancholy noon,
Dance, like goblins newly risen,
'Neath the moon

"Dance they to a mournful measure,
Sad as songs from chaos-shore,
But their souls will drink in pleasure—
Nevermore!

"Seems it like vile desecration
Of this earth-land, good and fair,
When their many an imprecation
Fills the air.

"But before the rosy morning
Throws aside the gates of day,
And the sun is earth adorning,
They're away.

"For their king, with sway imperious,
Keeps them at the dawning hour,
In the cave, by his mysterious,
Magic power.

"Many a deed of terror thrilling,
Is performed from year to year,
By those horrid beings, filling
Hearts with fear.

"Chide me not now for my weeping,
Here, where happy forests wave;
For a loved one's form is sleeping
In that Cave!

"In the valley lived a maiden,
Pure as seraphs from above,
When they come at night from Aiden,
Breathing love.

"With a form of fairy lightness,
And in every motion grace,
Dwelt there o'er a Heaven-like brightness
On her face.

"And the music of her singing
Would disarm a fiend of wrath,
Pleasure she was ever flinging
Round her path.

"She had been my friend in childhood,
And together we had strayed,
During youth-hours in the wild-wood,
'Neath the shade.

"As the stream of time kept flowing,
Smoothly bearing us along,
Sinless friendship was but growing,
Still more strong.

"Till I loved that guileless being,
With a love as pure, though wild,
As is felt by mother seeing
Dying child.

"Pleasure's sky was smiling o'er us,
Fell the foot of Time on flowers,
And there only seemed before us
Happy hours.

"Oft there dawns a dark to-morrow,
On the beautiful to-day,
When the withering friends of sorrow
Hold their sway.

"Thus when Hope our cup was filling,
And we gaily laughed at care,
Like a death-dirge, came the chilling
Sound of war.

"And though not the battle fearing,
O'er our heart skies dropped a pall,
While in sadness we were hearing
Duty's call.

"And the thoughts of our last meeting
Ever will in my spirit dwell;
Memory our words repeating
Keeps them well.

"It was on a summer's even,
And we sat 'neath cloudless skies,
While there shone the light of Heaven
In her eyes.

"Sorrow-bells were loudly pealing,
Mournful requiems in each soul,
Wildly did the waves of feeling
Dash and roll.

"When her long and golden tresses
Gently on the nightwind swayed,
'Mid her spiritual caresses,
Thus I prayed:

"Holy One! Thou King of glory,
Thou, whose every word is truth,
Gazing now on sages hoary,
And on youth.

"Yonder stars by sin untainted,
Swung in space at thy command,
And those azure skies were painted
By thy hand.

"On us now Thine eye is dwelling,
As on every one below,
See'st thou the grief-tide swelling,
And our woe.

"Whate'er fortunes may betide us,
Hope's bright ray, or Sorrow's power,
Let Thy holy councils guide us
Every hour.

"And when swords in sunlight flashing,
Wielded are by arms of might,
And are war-steeds madly dashing,
Speed the right!

"Then protect this fragile being,
Dearer far than life to me,
Keep her, oh! then Great All-seeing,
Close to Thee.

"And when welcome Peace, descending,
Smiles upon the quiet plain,
May we then, our sorrows ending,
Meet again.

"But should right not prove victorious—
Should I fall by foeman's hand,
May we meet then in Thy glorious
Eden land!

"When the sun was earth awaking,
And went out the day-star's light,
Seemed our hearts so near to breaking,
Dark as night.

"Lone as pallid Luna pining,
For companionship on high;
Or a single starlet shining
In the sky.

"Or a wreck upon the ocean,
Drifting on the dashing wave,
'Mid the element's commotion,
To its grave.

"O'erless were we when we parted,
Grief-bells then were rung by Fate,
Weary and half broken hearted,
Desolate.

"When 'mid death-arm loudly rattling,
Came the thought, like glory-light,
Of that loved one, while fierce battling
For the right.

"Years passed on, and Peace descended,
Throwing round her angel-rays
Thanked I Heaven that thus were ended
Conflict days.

"Sought I then the cottage olden,
Where I'd been so blest before,
Thinking of the happy, golden
Days of yore.

"But the words that then were told me,
Banished blissful visions all,
Did Despair's wild wings enfold me,
Like a pall.

"Soft the moon her light was throwing
On the calmly sleeping earth,
And the stars as bright were gleaming
As at birth.

"Talked the streamlet musically,
With a soothing tender tone,
Nelly wandered in the valley,
Sad, alone.

"Still Hope to her heart was telling,
When we once should meet again,
Then she heard those demons yelling
In the glen.

"While the cloud of fear hung o'er her,
On the bright translucent wave,
Fiendishly, those spectres bore her
To that cave.

"And she gazed upon their faces,
While she for her lover sighed,
And endured their vile embraces
Till she died.

"And beyond the hills, where only
We behold dark forests wave,
Sleeps her loved form in the lonely
Haunted Cave.

"I shall for that being languish,
While I draw this mortal breath,
Oh! 'tis deep, o'ermastering anguish,
Worse than death!

"I am but the curtain lifting,
That hangs o'er my spirit's gloom,
While my soul goes drifting, drifting
To its doom!"

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MERCY AT FLORENCE.

THE universally-received popular tradition in regard to the origin of the Misericordia is given by the Cavalier Gasparo Menabucco, from an old book, as follows:

"It was in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1240. At this time the city of Florence and her citizens were engaged and occupied with the traffic of merchandize, or rather with dealings in woolen cloths, which, by their excellence of fabric, supplied all the cities of the world, so that two fairs were held every year, on St. Simon's and St. Martin's days, at each one of which were present the richest merchants of Italy, who came from abroad to provide themselves with all sorts of stuffs. And so great a sale was there, that the least that was spent at each one of those fairs was fifteen and sixteen millions of florins of this city. Wherefore many porters and carriers of burdens were needed to carry the aforesaid cloths and wools to and from the shops, the dye-houses, and wash-houses, and other places needful to the making of these goods, all for the greater convenience of the workmen who were engaged in the forementioned manufacture. Now, the greater number of these porters used to assemble on the Piazza of San Giovanni, or of Santa Maria del Fiore, as a place assigned to them by the Republic of Florence, to await there the opportunities of employment, which continually occurred. On this place was a vaulted range of cellars, supposed to belong to the Adimari, which stood always uncovered, on account of being subject to inundation. These cellars the porters made use of for shelter, especially in the winter, against the rain and the rigor of the cold, collecting round the fire, and amusing themselves with play, when they had no work to do, which, indeed, occurred but rarely. It happened that among the seventy or eighty porters who assembled there, was one Piero di Luca Borsi, a man advanced in years, who held in devout regard the most holy name of God, and who was greatly scandalized at hearing every little while the Maker of every good abused by the blasphemies of his wicked companions. He therefore resolved, as their elder, to propose to them that every time any one of them should dare to utter blasphemies against God, or against his Most Holy Mother, he should immediately without fail put a crazia into a box destined to this object, in penitence for his fault, and in order to utterly root out so pernicious an abuse and so grave a sin. The proposition pleased his companions, who promised to accept it, and so maintain it, that it might result to the greater glory of the Divine Majesty.

"Much time having passed with this devout

custom, and a good sum of money having accumulated in the box, it seemed well to Piero di Luca to make another proposition to them which might be of no less profit than the first, since it was to serve for the benefit of the soul as well as of the body. He proposed to them to make six dresses with masks, large enough to fit a person of common height and size, and to allot one to each section of the city, choosing one or more porters who should wear it from week to week, and should receive from the box a giulio for each journey that they might make through the city, in carrying the poor sick, as well as those who might fall from buildings, or might fall dead or fainting, and those murdered, and those who might be found in the streets in any condition that needed human aid, to such place as they might wish to go, or to the hospitals. The wise proposition and good counsel of Piero pleased all his companions, who swore carefully to observe, and with all diligence and charity to maintain this project. And it was also agreed by them to do so without receiving the pay proposed, for the reward of charity is to be required in the other life, from the hands of God, who recompenses each man justly. Thus for the space of many years they continued to engage in this exercise of mercy, with such applause from the citizens, that had they wished to accept great sums of money, which were offered to them, they might have gained as much as three giulio each time they went out, if their best leader, Piero, had not refused them, in the hope of winning an eternal blessing. At this time the above-named Piero passed to the other life, and another of them was moved by a divine inspiration to provide a picture of Christ dead, at whose feet he placed a little box, with an inscription upon it, which said, 'Give alms for the poor, sick, and needy of the city;' and to put this, with the picture of Christ dead, near to the church of St. Giovanni, on the day of Pardon, which fell on the 18th of January. His idea was to make use of the money in buying some chambers for a chapel for the use of the company, that they might there make prayers, and discourse of the affairs pertaining to this pious exercise of mercy. His good thought was finally approved by all, and so put in practice in the same year, that on that day so many devout people united in giving alms that the little box was not large enough to hold all the money that was offered by the faithful at the feet of the Saviour for the poor and distressed; so that they found about five hundred florins, which were enough to buy some chambers above the cellars that had been spoken of, and to arrange them for the use of the company."



OLD WINNA SHOWING CECELE THE LINEN SHE HAD WASHED FOR THE FINE LADIES.

CECELE VANNIER.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY MRS. HELEN MARIA ARJON.

CONCLUDED FROM THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Doctor Hall stood a moment looking in my face. I was speechless. "You do not need me, I presume," said he, and left. When the door closed upon him, I shrieked aloud. Winna, my faithful Winna, was my only friend.

"Don't take on so, Miss Celee, Doctor Hall won't think no worse of you when he knows all; I wonder you did not tell him."

"I could not," I replied, "I was so overwhelmed by astonishment at seeing him just then, and

knowing his impressions at seeing that man here, that I felt incompetent to explain, unless he had asked me the cause of his visit; indeed my delicacy was shocked at the idea of telling him even his errand. No, Winna, I could never say I was not guilty of that which I blush even to think or speak. God knows my innocence, and you and Anna are left me. I feel I have a heart to love, but not power to retain the affection of others. It is my misfortune, and I sometimes dread lest my child will cease to love me, and you too, Winna."

"Me, Miss Celee, me did you say? No, no, may the good Lord forsake old Winna if ever she does you, or baby. These arms have carried you 'bout too often," said she, baring a pair of dark muscular arms, "to think of that. No, don't fear me, Miss Celee; I'll stick to you whilst there's breath in this body."

"Winna," said I, taking her large dark hand in both of my own, "I will not distrust you, for you have been true to me in the midst of all my misfortunes; but I want you to promise me if any thing happens to me; for I often feel that I cannot live, that you will take my child back to Mobile; tell my friends there my wrongs and sufferings, and how hard I tried to bear them patiently. They will be surprised, and many of them will weep when they hear my sorrows related. They will think I was imprudent, but oh, Aunt Winna, I would not have dishonored my family for the world; and one of my hardest trials has been to be suspected by those I love, and insulted by the profligate. Take my child to my dear old home, for it was an Eden to my young spirit; although it has passed into other hands, yet there will be traces of me there which you can point out, and if my spirit ever comes back to earth it will go there to meet you, and though you cannot see me I shall be there, the ministering angel to you both."

Aunt Winna brushed a tear from her eyes, saying as she did so, "nonsense, Miss Celee, you ain't going to die; God is good, and he's not going to let you suffer always. You must get over this troubled feeling. See here," said she, showing me a handful of money.

"Where did you get that?" said I, with consternation; the fear being uppermost that some profligate had given it to her; for although strictly honest, I knew she loved money and that it required a struggle to resist the temptation of receiving it when it was offered.

"Why, how should I get it but by work? Did you think Aunt Winna idle while you were keeping that school; which I wish you had never seen, it kept you so vexed and worried. Why I have been washing and starching collars and laces for a great many fine ladies, and they pay me well for it; see here," said she, drawing a basket from under the bed full of such articles all beautifully prepared for wear, "I shall get four or five dollars for these."

I often wished I too could wash or iron, for it seemed the only profitable employment for a woman. It was labor of a severe kind or it would not have been left for us. The other sex had tried it, but found it to be unenviable drudgery, so we were allowed to pursue it. Days and weeks passed along without my seeing or hearing from my friends, the Hall's. I had confidently looked for Mrs. Hall, but she came not; consequently all

my desires and expectations were disappointed of getting a situation in a store. They mistrusted my virtue; and like the world, forsook me. Ah! how many erring ones, who in a frail moment have been led astray by the licentious libertine, would gladly return to virtue if some one would kindly take them by the hand and lead them again into her pleasant path? But they come not and she is lost; and she who can throw a stone large enough to crush her at once, is often applauded for the rigidity of her virtue. I resumed my sewing, for I was too wretched to be idle. A hopeless feeling, which I had not hitherto experienced, seemed settling upon my spirits. My child, too, grew delicate, and her pale face often reproached me for her joyless existence. Winna had gone out, and I was seated with my child upon my lap one afternoon, when a gentle rap at the door startled me. I had become nervously fearful lest I should have another insulting visitor, but what was my surprise to see Mrs. Hall enter. It needed but a glance into her kind eyes to convince me she was still my friend. I threw my child upon the bed and rushed into her arms, and wept upon her maternal bosom.

"Mrs. Vannier, I am sorry my husband has felt so towards you; I left home the day of his last visit, and sent him to tell you of it, when he left you so unkindly."

I wiped away my tears at those words and began an explanation. It was not a difficult task to do so to one whom I felt did not suspect me of deceit or crime. My kind, good friend wept as I detailed the insult and my sorrows since I last saw her. While we were talking Winna came in. When she saw Mrs. Hall she ran to her with a wild joy I had never before seen her express, and lifted her entirely off her chair into her arms, saying, "I told you so, Miss Celee, I knowed God wouldn't forsake a dear innocent lamb. Old Winna is so glad to see you Madame Hall; I was getting so skeered about Miss Celee and the baby. I feared I should be left alone, but they'll all get well now, you're here."

No one can appreciate a kind friend until they feel as desolate as I did at this time. We were still chatting, when another knock at the door came and Winna announced Dr. Hall; he came and took my hand affectionately; "can you forgive me? I wronged you, but why did you not explain. I met the person yesterday whom I saw here at my last visit, and he gave me a full account, expressing deep contrition for the insult and great admiration for your conduct." I was so overcome with gratitude at again having my friends restored to me, that I wept and laughed alternately. I felt that nothing could harm me whilst I had their friendship and protection. After we had settled all other little matters, I mentioned my desire to get a situation in a store.

The Doctor shook his head negatively. "Mrs. Vannier, it will never do. You will be too much exposed; I mean not to flatter you, but you are too young and possess too many personal charms for such a position. Now do not imagine I suspect you beyond a little lightness and vanity, for I do not, nor do I suppose you have more than your share of that; for I must confess I have never seen it manifested; but all women have it."

"And men, too," said Mrs. Hall.

"Well, I do not wish to argue that point now. It will require great dignity of deportment, more than one of your years could be expected to maintain, to check the rude flattery, and perhaps insults, you might be subject too. Besides, you have a cultivation of manner and mind which would excite curiosity, and to one in your situation, would be exceedingly unpleasant."

"You need not fear the flattery of others, my dear Doctor," said I, "if you can flatter me thus without upsetting my weak brain. You forget that, though young in years, I am not so in experience and sorrow. Vanity cannot tempt a heart which has been crushed by a great misfortune such as mine; ah! you mistake me altogether. I no longer prize that which has been my ruin; for beauty is a snare to a poor and unprotected woman. That which God bestows as a blessing to our sex, is too often by the wickedness of man converted into a curse; have no fears, my dear friends, on that account for me, for in the quiet discharge of my duty I shall be enabled, I feel, to live above those trifling vanities. I desire only to acquire the means, by this situation, of placing this little one and Aunt Winna above want, and I am sure I have perseverance and energy to do it."

"You shall have it, then," said the Doctor, as he and his wife rose to leave.

In a few days the Doctor returned to inform me he had secured the desired situation, requesting me to get ready to go and be introduced to my employer. My heart bounded with joy at the prospect of being able not only to support my family, but also to show my good friends that I could and would be worthy their friendship. I did not view the situation as he did, for surely it was not more exposing to sell than to buy goods, and it was considered perfectly lady-like to do the latter. He feared, too, that my delicacy might be worn off and I become a coarse, business-like woman.

"Why," said I, "even should I become masculine as your sex of the present day are, I should not, I think, loose much of my effeminacy, for your city gentlemen love perfumery and paint, and curling ringlets as much as we ought at least to do, and many of them live in a state of soft indulgence that would unfit even us for the duties of the most quiet domestic life."

At the Doctor's request, I dressed myself with more care than I had done since the desertion of my husband. I wore mourning for my aunt, and concluded never to change it, being a widow's garb which was my assumed character—my friends concurring with me in the opinion that it would save me many disagreeable explanations to do so; and I was surely one in feeling. When I was dressed the Doctor eyed me from head to foot, exclaiming, "Why, my dear Madam, you look perfectly charming!"

"Am I too much dressed?" asked I, in alarm, "I have nothing suitable; my dresses are either too coarse or too fine."

"No, no, just the thing, for I represented you as having seen better days, and they will judge you less to be the remains."

So putting on a close bonnet and crape veil, we started for the store. My heart beat violently as we approached it, but I commanded myself as well as I could. We were conducted into a counting-room, where I was introduced to my employer, Mr. Grey; he was a man of perhaps 27 or 28 years, tall, but thin, with an air of cold reserve which amounted to stiffness. His eyes were deep, but penetrating, and when he turned them full upon me I felt obliged to look down, and did not dare to again encounter his scrutinizing glance until all preliminaries were settled as to salary, etc. My remuneration was, of course, to be small, until I should become a competent clerk. Dr. Hall took me home with him, and there I found my nurse and child, both dressed in Southern fashion, awaiting my return. Winna assuming all the airs of a lady's maid; good Mrs. Hall was waiting tea for us. How grateful I was, and how much built up by those kind attentions, I cannot tell you. I felt at home in the elegant parlors of Doctor Hall, and when he asked me to play on the piano I could not refuse, although tears came to my eyes as the tones of the once familiar instrument struck upon my ear. Winna's eyes danced again as she held up baby to hear the music. I went home that night with new hopes and aspirations for the future. I dreamed of a pleasant home of my own, with the quiet elegance of Dr. Hall's; I saw my child dancing and caroling through it, as a happy child should, and Aunt Winna in light wrapper and gay turban, superintending the whole; whilst I, a grave business woman, sat reading the accounts of foreign stocks. The next morning I was on my way, early, to the store. Mr. Grey met me, I thought, with a little less stiffness. There was in the store several girls and one or two young men. They all seemed to look doubtfully upon me as I passed, and I heard the murmur of "too much lady for this place." I will show you, thought I.

I could not help wishing that Mr. Grey had

less dignity, for I feared my awkwardness might offend him, and I felt it would be hard to bear his cold censure. But he soon relieved me by consigning me to the care of his eldest clerk, saying he was not often there, as his time was principally occupied in a wholesale house in another part of the city. I breathed freely at this announcement, and went to work. Need I say that I went home that night with weary limbs, but slept well, and arose the next day with renewed vigor for a better day's work.

I will not weary you with too much detail. In less than three months I was a competent book-keeper and saleswoman. I loved the vocation. It suited me in its excitement. I still had a constrained feeling whenever my employer was present—although he was the most uniformly polite gentleman I ever knew. He possessed, I found, some delicacy of character, for he did not wait for me to ask an increase of salary, but when I went to receive it, kindly put almost double in my hand, saying: "Do not look upon this as an obligation, for your services have been worth all I give you."

"Indeed," said I, with emotion, "I am grateful to have it given unasked." You must overcome your sensibility if you would be a merchant.

Mr. Grey seldom ever spoke to his clerks except on business. His kindness to me was often shown by lifting some weight or reaching to a height which I could not conveniently. This was always done in an indifferent manner, which seemed to forbid even thanks. I was standing at the counter one day selling goods to some ladies, when one of them addressed the other by the name of Dinsmore, and the name was scarcely uttered when the elder Mr. Dinsmore came in. I became faint in an instant, and should have fallen, had not one of the clerks caught me and assisted me into another room. Mr. Grey seeing my situation helped to bathe my head with water in the gentlest manner. I recovered and went back into the store, but a deep dejection seemed to settle upon my spirits the whole day. Every new face that came in startled me until I could scarcely suppress a scream.

Mr. Grey remained in the store the whole day, much to my annoyance. He seemed to turn his eyes upon me with evident curiosity, and I sometimes imagined, with a degree of sympathy. At length he came towards me, saying, "Mrs. Van- nier, you seem ill and agitated—shall I not call a carriage to convey you home?" This was an unexpected attention, and I knew it would be uncivil in me to decline. The carriage came, and Mr. Grey helped me into it, and to my surprise got in and took a seat beside me. I knew not what to say—but, with some confusion, began thanking him for his attentions.

"Not at all, Madam," was his cold reply ;

"I am interested in your health, as I should miss your services just now."

This relieved me from all embarrassment instantly, though, I must confess, it did not raise my employer in my estimation. I looked into his face, and he seemed to be reading my thoughts, and I thought, too, enjoying my disappointment.

"You," said he, "have much to learn: you know but little, I imagine, of the world and its realities."

"I do not," I replied, "but I am learning fast." I looked up, and his inquisitorial looks vanished, and was succeeded by one of pain and anxiety, as he observed: "Take care that you do not suffer yourself to pass from one extreme to another. You are, I would think, credulous."

"I have been," I replied.

"You are too young to have been much that you are not now."

As he said this, the carriage stopped, and out came Aunt Winna and Anna.

"Good Lord, Miss Célee, you too sick to walk," and she lifted me in her arms upon the door-step, where little Anna stood, with her silken curls blowing around her face and neck, waiting for her accustomed kiss. Winna was alarmed at my paleness, but I assured her nothing serious was the matter. My Grey stood a moment, then taking my child in his arms, observed: "I have never seen anything in my life so beautiful, except—" He did not wait to finish the sentence, but bowing, and wishing that I might be able to attend the store in the morning, left.

I felt a greater respect for my employer, and regretted he had been so careful to impress me with the fact that his attentions arose from no higher motive than self-interest. Dr. Hall undertook to question me concerning Mr. Grey's attentions. I told him to have no fears, and repeated the conversation.

"The cold-hearted fellow," said the Doctor, "I thought better of him. Why, I supposed he had a soul. I like it, though, for it relieves me of all embarrassment when I think his care arises from the same feeling that actuates a merchant to take good care of his goods. But I really find it hard to harmonize his delicate kindness with his sordid motives."

Two years passed along without any event transpiring worth relating. Once in awhile my husband's father or mother came into the store—but I learned to govern myself so as not to excite attention, although I uniformly spent a sleepless night afterwards. I had rented better rooms, and supplied myself with many little comforts of which I had long been denied. It would have afforded me great happiness if I had possessed the means of commencing business for myself. I was ruminating upon this subject one evening when a servant brought me a note from Mr.

Grey, requesting to see me at his house that evening, as he wished to talk with me upon business; if I could come his carriage should be sent for me. Of course, I could not decline, and dressing with some little care, I soon found myself in the carriage and on the way to his house. I did not know before that Mr. Grey kept house, and was wondering who lived with him; when the carriage stopped at the door of his elegant mansion he met me, and handed me from the carriage to the door. His dress was elegant, and that business-like, stiff manner had entirely disappeared. Heled me with the ease and grace of an accomplished gentleman into a back parlor, where was seated an old lady in an easy arm-chair, with her feet resting upon a stool. Her dress was of dark merino, and fitted neatly a form which time had not robbed of its symmetry. Thrown carelessly around her was a shawl of the richest cashmere, worn as only high-born, graceful ladies can wear them. Her face wore an expression of sadness mingled with great benevolence, which inspired you at once with confidence and respect; but also with the feeling that you looked upon one who had outlived most of her ties and comforts, yet was willing to stay here while she could be useful. There was about her whole bearing a hopeful, beaming resignation—beautiful as a bright sunset gilding the faded leaves of autumn. Mr. Grey presented me, calling her by the endearing name of mother. She received me cordially, with an apology for not rising, which I readily excused. I felt somewhat flurried, which, Mr. Grey perceiving, attentively exerted himself to wear off. I could not be treated as a guest, when I had only responded to a business call, and I ventured to remind him of it. "Oh, yes," said he, as though he had entirely forgotten it; "we will talk of that after a while—consider yourself my own and my mother's guest for the present."

A servant came in with refreshments, which was laid upon a table opposite Mrs. Grey, and chairs were placed for us around it. I was seated exactly before the old lady, where she could see me without the aid of glasses.

"This is all very nice and delightful," thought I; "done, no doubt, to encourage me to greater usefulness, or to impress me with the dignity and elegance of my employer's position." The latter thought I discarded, for he was not a vain or ostentatious man. "I will enjoy it at any rate, let it proceed from what motive it may." With these reflections I sallied and set about making myself as agreeable as possible. Indeed, I could not help feeling so—for Mrs. Grey talked to me so kindly of my child and led me on to speak of my southern home, that I felt at once that I was in the presence of one who felt for me the interest of a friend.

"You sing and play," said her son, opening the piano, after the refreshments had been sent out of the room.

"I do, but am a little out of practice, which you will excuse," said I, seating myself at the instrument. I sang the old lady's favorite songs, and then commenced a difficult piece, which few but those who have a genius for music ever attempt to perform. They looked at each other in astonishment.

"Mrs. Vannier, you could have made your fortune teaching music; I wonder much you never attempted it."

"I attempted a school," said I, "and it was a great failure—giving me a disgust for even teaching my own child. Teaching requires an organization which I do not possess." I again reminded Mr. Grey that I had called upon business, and it was getting late.

"We will talk of that on the way home—for, with your permission, I will see you there."

I felt puzzled—I knew not what to think. He paid no attention whatever to my doubtful looks and manner. I proposed walking home, and we started. He drew my arm within his, saying—

"Now we will discuss the business which I sent for you to talk of. The truth is, I desired to introduce you to my mother, as she is too feeble to visit you, and as I intended to ask you to become a partner not only in the store, but in my mother's and my own affections. I felt a desire she should see you. You will, I hope, forgive the ruse. Will you accept of such a partnership?" said he, playfully.

"Mr. Grey," said I, "you surprise me;" and drew, as I said this, my arm from him, and turning quickly round, stopped. "You must not talk thus to me."

"Why not? You are young, and because you have lost one friend and protector, will not, surely do not intend to live a life, which may be a long one, in loneliness. You have qualities which would make you a blessing to any one, and will not hesitate to again draw around you those tender cords of affection which may not only render another happier, but which may also make you and your child so."

Again he drew my arm in his, and we walked slowly on. I could not speak—I was overpowered with emotion.

"Speak," said he; "and tell me what I may hope. I have already lived too long in suspense; for I have loved you a long, long time, and determined, if you proved what I thought you, to offer you my hand and heart, with all I possess. It was not your beauty alone which won me, but your courage, under trials which most of your sex would have sunk under. The preservation, too, of a womanly dignity which awed the trifling flatterer into respect. You have thought me cold

and calculating. I purposely led you to this view of my character, that I might study yours."

We had now reached my own door. Mr. Grey came in.

"I cannot go until you tell me my destiny."

I was pale and agitated, and my voice trembled until I could scarcely articulate a word.

"Mr. Grey," said I, assuming all the calmness in my power, "will you forgive a deception which I little dreamed would lead to this. I will be frank with you, for I honor and respect you, and I feel at this moment a gratitude glowing within my heart which time cannot dim. I thank you for the offer you have made me—an offer so disinterested, so above all, that I, a poor, friendless woman, could expect or ask, that the devotion of my life could not repay it. But such is not mine to give. I am the wife of another."

He sprang from his chair—his looks expressive of deep, wild anguish. "My God! can it be possible! Where, then, is that husband? You are trifling with me!"

"No, I am not. Far from me is it to do so with one so much entitled to my esteem and gratitude. Be calm—and though painful beyond description, I will tell you all." I arose, and taking from my bureau my marriage certificate, put it in his hands.

"Gracious heavens! are you the wife of that accomplished villain? I heard at the time, of his amour with a young and beautiful Southern girl, and that he had sent her back to die in poverty and disgrace. Can it be that you are this victim?"

"I am," said I—sinking into my chair, as thoughts of my wrongs came upon me—"that broken-hearted, forsaken, betrayed wife." With an emotion I could not control at times, I briefly related my history.

His tears fell fast with mine during its recital. "This," said he, when I had finished, "gives my heart a new impulse to love you, while it casts an uncertainty upon the attainment or possession of the object. I have watched over you with a vigilance, and I will add a tenderness of which you never dreamed. Sometimes I thought you without sensibility, you were so indifferent to the flatteries which surrounded you, and the admiration which your appearance elicited from every one wherever you moved; but when I came with you to your home, and witnessed the manifest love of your child and nurse for you, and saw the dew gather in your eyes as you gazed upon them, I was convinced it was not so. My heart was then yours, and I was only kept from offering it to you by my mother, who feared I did not sufficiently understand your character, but was led on by the fascination of your beauty to a step which might ruin, not only my happiness, but hers. I

loved my mother too much to jeopardize her quiet contentment, and have waited her consent until now. Oh, God! that it should end thus! But it is not the first disappointment of my life. I was deprived, when young, of a father, who had reared myself and two young sisters in luxury; a heavy loss at sea ruined him, and, without doubt, brought on an attack of illness of which he died. My mother, accustomed to all the elegancies of life, almost sunk under an adversity so sudden and appalling. I, although but a boy, felt the responsibility of the family, and applied myself to business with unwavering assiduity. Friends, who knew and loved my father, assisted me, and to no one am I more largely indebted than to the elder Mr. Dinsmore. He is a good and generous man, who has, by an improper indulgence, reared a vicious and selfish son, who is fast bringing his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Was it you who, on a certain night, went to his house in great distress, and asked the loan of money?"

"It was; yet I should not have told you."

"You will be surprised when I tell you that, at the request of Mr. Dinsmore, I followed you several squares, until I saw you get into a buggy and drive off."

"With my good friend, Dr. Hall, for it was on that sad night I made his acquaintance."

"I thought you an imposter, and told Mr. Dinsmore so. He seemed satisfied it was so for a time; but when you returned the money, he was again unhappy, and tried to find you. I even made search for you after you came into the store."

"Prepossessed as I was against them, believing they had destroyed my happiness, I could not look to them for kindness or justice."

Mr. Grey resumed: "Those sisters whom I had educated with care, and whom I anticipated again placing in their circle of society, were snatched, by cholera, in a few short hours from us, leaving our home a desolation. Their merry cheerful voices no longer resounded through the house. Ah! the ringing laugh of my youngest sister, as she flew to meet me when I returned weary from business, still haunts my memory with the vividness of yesterday's events. She was too fair for earth, and God transplanted her to a purer sphere. She was angelic in her nature, and her Heavenly Father, as he often does, gave her a form that corresponded with it. Both my sisters were alike good; but the youngest was my pet—my plaything. My poor old mother bore this trial with the beautiful resignation of a Christian, and now dwells with almost rapturous delight upon her re-union with their father and them. But I have remained too long—my mother will be anxious. Good night! We will talk again. I cannot give you

up. You are not tied to that villain. He has unloosed them. You can yet be mine."

"Never, never!" said I emphatically. "Do not hope; for my vows were plighted before God. They are registered in Heaven; and I should despise myself were I capable of being false to them. It is hard to suffer wrong, but ah! much less than to be yourself guilty. Go—talk to me no more upon this subject; I feel it is wrong to permit it. Hope not that I shall ever change. As well think to lure from its course yonder planet, which now so brightly shines upon us," said I, pointing to it from the door where we stood.

"You still love your husband. Your heart does not plead for me, or you would not be thus inexorable."

"Perhaps I do—I cannot analyze my feelings. I once loved him with an infatuation that has been my ruin; it was a whirlwind which uprooted every hope and joy of my life. A ruinous waste still remains, with but one green shrub blooming amid its desolation; that shrub is my child. Go, and learn to think of me as the wife of another. Life with one who has had such a fierce tornado pass over her heart could not be a happy one; the very remembrance of such sorrows will always create a sadness and gloom, which might darken, not only my life, but yours—even if I were at liberty to bestow myself upon you. You should seek the gay and happy; you are worthy such. Unnatural unions are never prosperous. Farewell! We must separate."

I retired to my room, but not to sleep; emotions that I could not control overpowered me. I felt thankful that I had seen Mr. Grey in a different aspect from what he now appeared in; I might otherwise have formed an attachment that, in my situation, would have been guilty. I felt for him no warmer feeling than an elevated friendship; and I should place myself where this could not ripen into a warmer affection. "Lead me not into temptation" was the silent prayer of my soul.

A week had elapsed since Mr. Grey's proposal. I had been at my place every day, but he was not there. "He was indisposed," was his excuse. I was anxious and uneasy. I felt my situation to be a delicate one, and determined to change it. After mature deliberation, I wrote, to this effect, to Mr. Grey. He again appointed a meeting at his house. I went, and was again ushered into that back parlor. Mrs. Grey received me even tenderly. She made room on the sofa, where she had been reclining, for me to sit. Tears came into my eyes, and I observed her's was not dry.

"Have I done right?" I asked.

"You have," was the reply, "although I could wish it to be otherwise for his sake. God

will reward you for a perseverance in it." As she said this, Mr. Grey entered, his face was pale, and his frame agitated. I arose to meet him, he took my hand and gently led me back to the sofa, where, seating himself between his mother and myself, he observed:

"Here is where I had hoped to dwell; mother, can you not plead for me?"

"I cannot, my son, do not ask me to plead with one to do a great wrong; which might, nay, would end in misery to you both. The path of duty, my children, is the only one to happiness. What has the world to give us in exchange for a consciousness of having done our duty? Joy is transient purchased at the price of self respect."

Oh! how I felt strengthened by these words. How I thanked her for the courage it gave me. I arose to my feet. "Mr. Grey, I respect your feelings, and honor your motives, but I cannot longer listen to them; it is unbecoming my situation, and I request that the subject be forever dropped."

He arose, too, and paced the floor in long rapid strides.

"Is there, then, no hope. Has this been like all the anticipations of my life: a vision, that faded ere I had realized its brightness? Oh, is it a meteor, which flashed up a moment but to leave me bewildered, and plunged into a deeper, darker night?"

I could not but deeply feel his disappointment; but I was firm and unyielding in my determination to hear no more upon the subject. We then talked of business. I told him that he could perceive, at once, the delicacy of my situation. He, without a moment's hesitation, offered to sell me the fancy store. Need I dwell on all the preliminaries of sale, etc. It is sufficient that I became proprietor, although possessed of not much more than five hundred dollars capital, and went to work with an energy of purpose which few at my age have acquired. When I told my good friend, Dr. Hall, he looked wild with astonishment.

"Why, my dear Madam, you have ruined yourself. You are irretrievably in debt, and I fear Mr. Grey has placed you in that position through design."

"You wrong him, I know, in your suspicions, for he is all nobility and generosity; but he will gain no power over me, were he otherwise, for I intend soon, if perseverance will accomplish it, to be relieved from all indebtedness to any one. Yet I shall ever be, and am willing to feel the obligation I am under for his kindness in placing me in my present situation, for it is one I have long desired."

"You are warm in his praise," observed the

doctor, looking deep into my eyes, whilst a little playful sarcasm twinkled in his.

"I have a right to be warm in praise of one," said I, returning his look with one of confirmed innocence of what his remark implied, "who has been so truly my friend."

"Well, well," said the doctor, after keeping up the conversation long enough to decide that all was right on my part, at least, "I will do all I can to help sustain you, and that is no little, my dear friend, judging from the past."

I pursued business with energy, and it flowed in upon me rapidly. I had the cultivated tastes of a lady, and, also, that inherent love of pleasing which characterizes the sex. I soon made myself popular. It became the fashion to deal at my store, and when that is accomplished in a city, the road to fortune is almost sure.

In less than three years I paid my last note to Mr. Grey, and felt an independence which I cannot describe. I could not resist the desire to pass Dr. Hall's and show him the note. The old man's joy was really as great as my own.

"My dear Madam," he exclaimed, "I begin to think you a wonderful woman, and that you will yet make a fortune."

I went home that night, a happier woman than I had been for years. I anticipated soon being able to place my family above want, and, although in the present construction of society, I could not elevate myself where a man could, for the talents which I manifested in business, and the success which attended me, only detracted from me; while it exalted him. The very name of business woman, with most persons, I knew, brought with its utterance a feeling of disgust for her character. But I had learned to brave all this, and set it aside as one of the false notions of the world, that would soon become extinct. Feelings of this kind should not damp the ardor of my pursuit.

Mr. Grey and myself were friends, and he showed the most unabated interest in all my affairs. But he never renewed his offers of marriage. It was upon this ground alone, that I permitted the intimacy. So closely did he guard his actions, that I began to think he had conquered his desire for a more intimate connection. His mother treated me as a daughter, and when I went there, which I occasionally did, I felt strengthened in religion and virtue. The very atmosphere of her room seemed to inspire a feeling of devotion. She was very feeble, and I could see, every time I visited her, she grew more so. Often I sat and listened to the low accents of her voice, and gazed into eyes which age had not robbed of their brightness; but which seemed to ever beam with a more gentle and affectionate expression, as disease and death advanced. I felt that all needed change had

passed, and although it had not come in the twinkling of an eye, yet long years of chastening and affliction had surely done its work, and that she only waited transition into a heavenly world to be an angel. The graces of a Christian spirit shone vividly in her, like the tints which storm and frost gives to the green foliage of summer, ere it perishes forever from the earth.

The transition came, attended by no suffering but the recollection that she should leave one being desolate. But she commended him to God, and died asking blessings upon him. After she was laid in her last resting place, Mr. Grey wound up his affairs and started to travel. It was with a grief I did not expect to feel, I bade him farewell; yet it was not strange, for he had been a friend, nay almost a brother, one in whom I had confidence, whose advice was always at my service, and whose clear, discriminating mind never misled me.

My business continued flourishing beyond my most sanguine expectations. If I invested in stocks, which I often did, after I had acquired more capital than I needed in trade, it was sure to double its value; indeed my pecuniary prosperity was a marvel to myself. Eight years only had I been in business, and had acquired a sufficiency to live handsomely without attending to my store; accordingly I sold out, putting my funds where they were constantly increasing in value. I bought a beautiful residence, and lived in ease and retirement; fully realizing my dream when I first commenced my career. Aunt Winna was really superintendent of my household, and presided over its interests with a dignity of one in authority. It was a real joy to me to see her so happy. Good, faithful woman, I have seen many with more pretention, but seldom one within whose bosom beat a truer, or braver heart.

I was sitting one evening alone, Winna and Anna had gone out, when the bell rang, and the servant brought me the card of Louis Dinsmore. The card fell from my hand, and a death-like feeling came over me. It was some moments ere I could speak. The servant stood looking at me with astonishment.

"Go tell him," said I, as soon as I could speak, "that I do not wish to see him."

She went, but returned again with another card, upon which was written: "Will you not see a repentant husband, who longs to throw himself at your feet, and plead forgiveness for wrongs committed in thoughtless youth."

My hand trembled too much to attempt writing, and I was unprepared to see him, I therefore sent word again that I could not, nor would not receive him. The servant reported that he went away very angry; but he was gone, and I breathed freely again, yet I was agitated. I

knew not how to act. The next day my excitement instead of abating only increased. All the strength I had been years in cultivating, seemed now to have deserted me. I had not recovered from the effects of his first visit, when he called again; but, fortunately, I was out riding with my friends, the Halls. The servant reported my absence, but he did not credit her, and insisted if he could not see me, he had a right to see Anna. This caused scandal in my household, and I could not endure it. Dr. Hall made inquiries concerning him, and ascertained that while abroad, he had, by gaming and extravagant living, nearly ruined his father, and it was probable his desire to see me was induced by the knowledge that I had accumulated a fortune, which, in his present circumstances, might be a convenience to him. The doctor gave him credit for no higher motive. He had traced me from seeing the name Mrs. Cecele Vannier, accidentally, in a directory.

Anna did not know that her father lived. She had avoided asking much in regard to him, for with the intuitive sense of a child, she early discovered the subject was a painful one to me. I now felt it necessary to disclose everything to her, keeping back all that was calculated, as much as possible, to give her a dislike or horror of her father.

It was my own conviction, united with the advice of my friend, that I should see my husband, and I was preparing my mind for the interview, when I received a note from him, saying he was ill, and entreating me to come. I answered I would, and appointed an hour. Winna dressed me, for I was too much agitated to do anything myself. As she performed this task with care, my mind reviewed every event connected with my husband. When Winna had pinned my mantle and tied my bonnet in the most approved style, she observed:

"There now, you look most as young, and quite as handsome, as when Massa Dinsmore brought us here. Miss Cecele," she continued, turning her large dark eyes inquiringly upon me, as though a thought had just entered her mind. "You don't intend to live with that man? I cannot call him gentleman, tho', to be sure he do look like one; do you? If I thought you did, old Winna would go back to her old home, and never see you or Anna again."

"Aunt Winna, he may be a good man now."

"That he can never be, old Satan too deep in him for that."

Her face assumed an earnest, solemn expression, as she endeavored to extort a promise that I never would live with my husband again. The announcement that the carriage was at the door, prevented my giving the promise, and seating myself into it I drove off. My old nurse looked

deeply concerned, and would, I doubt not, have taken less pains with my toilet, had she dreamed of the possibility of my being united again to my husband. I was directed to the elder Mr. Dinsmore's residence, and was soon there, and ushered into that hall where twelve years since I stood a trembling beggar. My limbs tottered as I ascended a flight of steps to my husband's room. As I approached it I nerved myself for the interview. A servant opened the door, and I stood in the presence of my husband.

Louis Dinsmore was what the world called a handsome man. He was reclining on a lounge, dressed in an elegant morning gown, and embroidered slippers. His room was magnificently furnished, and flowers of the most rare beauty and perfume, were blooming in its recesses; emitting upon the air, which was balmy as June, a fragrance that was not overpowering, but soft and light, calculated to steep the senses in a dreamy forgetfulness of all outward events. He had an exquisitely refined taste, which had been highly improved by foreign travel. He arose, as I entered the room, and, although a man of elegant address, was evidently embarrassed, as I stood there with a calmness he was unprepared for. My agitation, which was great before I saw him, had all vanished, and left only a strong feeling of contempt or pity. His wavering, unsettled countenance expressed nought save the indulged debauchee. With outstretched arms he approached me, as though he expected I would rush into his embrace; but seeing I did not move he then extended his hand, but I stepped back, and merely bowed.

"Cecele, my wife, can this be you? Ah! no," he sighed, as he drew his features into a sorrowful expression, "it is not."

"No," said I, speaking for the first time, "you say truly, I am not the young, unsophisticated, loving wife, you deserted."

"Upbraid me as you like; I deserve it all," said he, submissively.

"I came not here for that purpose, for if you have a conscience, not seared as with red-hot iron, it has done its work, and if it has not, words of mine will not affect it, nor do I know that I care it should."

I spoke as I felt, for I had imagined I retained some affection for him, but I now found it was not so, or this interview had erased it all.

"Cecele," he resumed, in the still submissive tone, "you have ceased to love me."

"I have," said I, emphatically.

He gave me a scrutinizing glance, as though he would read the truth of my assertion, which ended in a look of deep disappointment.

"You are not then constant, as I supposed," said he, for he read in my face that what I said was true—that I no longer loved him.

A woman is so constituted that a man must be her equal in strength of character, or she can not respect, much less love him. I could not help feeling, as I compared myself with Louis Dinsmore, elegant gentleman that he was, in all exterior accomplishments, that I was his superior, and I almost, in that moment, thanked God for the trials that had developed my character. His life had been one of ease and sensual gratification, and the beautiful gems of the soul which our Heavenly Father plants in every human mind and heart, had, from neglect and disuse, become dim—yes, almost extinct—and his countenance told the tale. I was fully impressed with the folly of so young a person marrying from mere infatuation. Yet it is probable, if we had lived together, and our love had been mutual, our characters would have become sufficiently alike to have been at least contented.

"I am disappointed, Cecile; I expected resentment, but not this cold indifference; for, despite my conduct, I have always loved you."

(My countenance alone expressed the contempt I felt for his assertion;) "and I came back to again take you to my heart, and, by kindness and affection, try to compensate for all the sorrows I have caused you. I called twice to see you, but was refused, not only seeing you, but *our* child." He laid stress upon the word *our*. "I had at last to feign sickness to decoy you here. It is true that I am so unhappy at your rejection of me that I am almost ill. Will you not," said he, with great tenderness of manner, "forget the past, and try to love me as you once did?"

As he said this he approached nearer to me, and made an effort to take my hand. I involuntarily sprang from him; for the serpent, who has once stung us until the poison still rankles in our veins, we have reason to dread. "Live with you again? Can you ask me to once more lay my head upon your bosom, or seek protection from an arm which once cast me forth upon a pitiless world when I was but a child, and loved you with all the ardor of a young and enthusiastic nature? No, never, never! You mistake my character. The poor tender plant which you transplanted from its own kindred soil and then rudely crushed, has grown, despite of care from you, until it is a stronger tree than you conceive; it is far too stoutly grown to bend to soft breezes; it must stand firmly or be broken to atoms." His eye quailed as I said this. "I came here at your request, but I came to tell you plainly the relation we should forever sustain towards each other."

"*Our* child," he again murmured, "is most unhappily situated; I would gladly place her in her proper position, and be a father to her."

"What my child has never known she will

never miss; and as to position in society, I have no ambition to place her where worth, education, and refinement, will not give her access. I cannot see that her interest will be advanced by her mother condescending to live with a husband who did not design to stand in that relation to her, and who felt himself outraged that the friend in whom he had confided to perform a deception had a conscience which forbade the wicked act. I have not even given her your name. She owes you nothing, but an existence, which you tried to make a dishonor and a curse. I would, for the sake of my child, that this should not be made public, as such circumstances reflect unpleasantly upon children; but I do not fear it, for you have a deeper interest in concealment than I have. Louis Dinsmore, we part, to meet as strangers, if we should ever be thrown accidentally together."

"Oh, God!" he exclaimed, with apparent anguish, "I am ruined! Can you not, Cecile, make allowances for me? I was young—reared, too, in indulgence—accustomed to the gratification of every wish. I loved you, but could not tie myself down to the cares of a family, as I knew my parents would expect if they knew I was married. I was admired and caressed by the world, and I could not forfeit all its pleasures and settle down into a quiet domestic life. I did not intend to desert you, although I knew not, until long afterwards, that you were my wife. Mr. N. wrote me in England, telling me of it. My father, not knowing of my marriage, and being told I was living in an illicit connection with you, proposed to break it off by sending me to Europe. I could not resist the temptation to go and enjoy life. I often sent money to be given you, but no one could find you either here or in Mobile. Can you not let these circumstances somewhat extenuate my conduct?"

"I will pity you that your love of pleasure and self-gratification was stronger than either your principles or affections; but it inspires me with no other emotion. I have remained long enough. We now, I trust, understand each other." I turned to leave; he followed me.

"You are determined, then?"

"I am," I replied.

"Then," said he, his face reddening with passion, "I may pursue a course which may not add to your comfort, even if it disgraces me."

"You must do as you please. My course is fixed." And bidding him good morning, I drove home, somewhat relieved that the interview was over, yet not altogether at ease. My old nurse met me at the door with the question which she put as I was starting:

"You aint going to live with that man?"

"I am not, Winna. Make yourself easy on that subject."

When I reflected in secret upon this interview with Louis Dinsmore, I felt it had not been characterized by that Christian spirit which it should have been, and I determined to see him once more, and show him that I had forgiven him, even as freely and perfectly as I hoped my Heavenly Father would me.

I was making my arrangements to leave New York, and travel, when I received a message that my husband was perhaps dying. I flew to him, and found it even so. My heart rejoiced in the opportunity afforded me of extending that entire forgiveness which I had intended before leaving; had he died without it I should have always regretted it. I took Anna with me, and we remained during the rest of his life. He was truly penitent, and his last words were, "Oh, God! what I threw from me for the pleasures of a world which has now forsaken me; whilst you, whom I have injured beyond repair, now come to me, and administer comforts of which I am altogether undeserving."

For his parents' sake I regretted his death; but had he lived, and been altogether changed, I do not believe I could ever have lived with him. We had become uncongenial; and my love, in the first place, was a wild infatuation, without the foundation of the only principle upon which a true affection is ever built, namely, respect and confidence.

I was a heroine in New York for some time after the events of my marriage were made known; but I shrank from the notoriety, and resumed my preparations to travel.

My husband's parents urged me to take the name of Dinsmore, which I at last consented to do for the sake of my child.

I had an uncle of my mother's in England, and I determined to visit him. I went, and was received with open arms by this aged relative. Whilst there I made many interesting acquaint-

ances; among the rest, an American gentleman. I was one day visiting the latter, when he came in, telling us he had invited a friend to dine with us, and that he was a gentleman of fine taste, and he wished everything to be in exceedingly good order. I was seated in the parlor, alone, reading, when he came in. He had reached the middle of the room ere I looked up, so absorbed was I in my book. A scream of joy and surprise broke from me as I raised my eyes and they fell full upon the stranger, for it was my old, my long tried friend, Mr. Grey.

"Why, how is this?" said our friend. "I thought you despised the very name of Dinsmore." Mr. Grey looked doubtfully and sorrowfully at me, but I put my finger on my lip to warn him to silence.

Need I dwell longer here? Mr. Grey soon heard my history; and, after being gone two years, I returned, not Mrs. Dinsmore, but Mrs. Grey. You, my friend, know the rest. You have often admired the friendship that has existed between myself and Dr. Hall and wife—now you know its origin. You also know what a pet my little Anna is with her grandparents, although they do object to my manner of educating her, for I am giving her the commercial acquirements necessary for a woman of business. They fear she will be too masculine, but I do not, for I cannot believe that education or business pursuits ever changes the nature of a true woman. Her instincts are different and distinct from mans, and, by cultivating her strength of character, are only brought out in bolder relief, and she rendered capable of practising the duties for which Heaven designed her, whether that be merely rearing her children, or, if there be a necessity for it, of providing, in an honorable way, the means of subsistence. You also know that Aunt Winna now rocks a little boy that has put Anna's nose out of joint.

FANNY.

BY DAVID L. BOWNE.

I am coming, Fanny dearest,
When the shades of evening fall,
I would have thee ever nearest
To my loving heart of all!
I would give thee every treasure
That the world has to bestow,
I would strew thy way with pleasure,
Such as angels only know!
With thy sweetest smiles shed o'er me,
And thy white arm 'neath my head,
Could there be ought seen before me
That would bring a moment's dread?
I would closer cling unto thee
As the storm-clouds gather'd near—
I would know thee as I knew thee,
When the sky above was clear.

I am thinking—ever thinking,
Of the hour when first we met—
Of the love that knows no shrinking,
But is brighter burning yet!
In my heart of faith unshaken,
There is no voice heard but thine—
Oh, I would ne'er awaken
From this pleasant dream of mine!
I am coming, Fanny fairest!
And I'll nestle by thy side;
I will sing thee songs the rarest
As I gaze on thee in pride:
I will tell thee how I miss thee
In the long and weary day,
And a thousand times I'll kiss thee
Ere from thee I turn away!

MOTHERS OF FAMILIES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

(THE following sketch of Parisian manners and fashions, by a lively French writer, contains some satirical hints which may be found applicable to society in particular localities of our own country. As a general rule, however, American mothers are entirely guiltless of the charge of frivolity. The artist's strictures on the application of the principles of taste to dress are deserving of attention.—ED.)

"Who is that large woman dancing yonder?" asked I of the Parisian who piloted me for the first time across a ball-room.

"It is my aunt," said he, "a very gay, very young, and, as you see by her diamonds, a very rich person."

"Very rich, very gay—that may be," thought I, "but very *young*—that cannot be." I looked at her in astonishment, and not being able to discover any trace of youth, I risked asking the number of her years.

"That is a simple question," answered Arthur, laughing at my simplicity. "I am my aunt's heir, my dear fellow, and I do not tell her age," and, seeing that I did not understand him, he added, "I don't want to be disinherited. But come, let me introduce you to my mother; she was formerly very intimate with your mother, and will be pleased to see you."

I followed Arthur, and near a bush of japonicas we found two young persons seated in the midst of a group of male butterflies, more or less light. Arthur introduced me to the youngest, at least to her who at the first glance appeared such to me; for she was the best dressed, the most coquettish, the most mannerish, and the most courted, of the two. I was still dizzy, from the lights and music, from my debut in the world of the capital, and from the fear of seeming awkward and provincial; and I was so to an amusing degree, for I did not hear the introductory compliment uttered by Arthur as he pushed me by the shoulders towards this dazzling lady, and I remained at least five minutes before I could recover from the provoking and arch look which she gave me with her handsome black eyes. She spoke to me, questioned me, and I answered at random, not being able to appear calm. At last I succeeded in comprehending that she asked me if I did not dance, and as I said no—"He dances as well as anybody," was Arthur's interruption, "but he does not like to start."

"Bah! *il n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," answered the lady; "you must conquer this timidity. I wager that you do not dare to ask anybody. Well, I will help you out of this

dilemma, and start into the crowd with you. Come, waltz with me. Give me your arm—not that way—put your arm around me, so—not stiffly—don't tumble my lace—that's right. You will form your manners. Wait for the starting note; follow my movements. Now, let us start."

And she bore me off into the whirl, as light herself as a sylph, as bold as a soldier, invulnerable in the midst of jolts from the dancers, like a citadel under a cannonade.

I made the steps, and turned on my heels, at first, as if in a dream; all my pre-occupation was caused by a devout wish that I might not fall with my partner, nor tumble her laces, nor miss a step. Little by little, seeing that I danced as well as anybody, that is that the Parisians all waltzed as badly as I did, I calmed myself and became collected; I even ventured to look at the lady whom I held in my arms, and perceived that this brilliant doll, whose corsets were a little too tight, and who was a little out of breath, was growing uglier every moment, at each turn in the waltz. Her début had been brilliant, but she could not bear fatigue; her eyes grew hollow, her complexion spotted, and, since it must be said, she seemed to me less and less young and light. I had some difficulty in leading her back to her seat; and when I wished to address to her some agreeable words for not having abandoned me for a ninny in the midst of the dance. I only found words so cold and awkwardly respectful that she did not seem to hear them.

"*À la ca!*" said I to my friend Arthur, "who is that lady whom I just waltzed with?"

"That's a pretty question. Have you lost your reason? I just introduced you to her."

"That gave me no information."

"Oh! absent-minded individual! It was my mother," said he, out of patience.

"Your mother!" repeated I, in consternation at my own foolishness, "Pardon! I thought it was your sister."

"Charming! He took my mother for my sister! My dear boy, don't, by making these mistakes, end by paying the young people the compliment of Thomas Diafoirus."

"Your mother!" repeated I, without paying any attention to his mockery. "She dances well. How old is she?"

"Ah, *encore!* that is too much! You will be chased out of every place if you persist in knowing women's ages."

"But this is a simple compliment, at which Madame, your mother, ought not to be offended, for, from her dress, her figure, her vivacity, I

look her for a young person, and I cannot persuade myself that she is old enough to be your mother."

"Good!" said Arthur, laughing. "You provincial people understand how to procure forgiveness for your mistakes. Don't be too gallant to my mother, I advise you: She is fond of raillery; and, besides, it would be the worst taste imaginable to seem surprised that a mother is dancing still. Look—see—are not all the mothers dancing? It is an innocent amusement, suited to their years."

"The women marry very young, then, here, as they have such tall children?"

"No younger than elsewhere. But abandon that fixed idea, my boy, and know that after thirty, the women of Paris have no fixed age, because they no longer grow old. It is the rudest thing imaginable to try to find out, as you do, the number of their years. If I were to tell you, now, that I don't know my mother's age——"

"I shouldn't believe you."

"Nevertheless, I do not know it. I am too well born and too well brought up as a son and citizen, ever to have asked her such a question."

I went from one surprise to another. I approached the sister, and I persisted in thinking that at the first glance she seemed less youthful than her mother. She was a girl of about twenty-five years of age, whom it had been forgotten to marry and who was sulky for that reason. She was badly dressed, either because she had no taste, or because the necessary outlay was not made on her toilet. In either case her mother had done her a serious wrong; that of not making her of consequence. She was not coquettish, perhaps from a spirit of reaction against the frivolous manner of her mother. She was not noticed or invited to dance. Her aunt—the fat aunt from whom Arthur expected to inherit property, and who danced with a sort of frenzy—came from time to time to sit beside her as *chaperône*, when her mother danced, and impatient to dance herself, brought her some recruits to pay her attention. I was soon selected to fill this office; I acquitted myself with more voluntary resignation than the others. This girl was not at all ugly, she was only awkward and cold. However, she took courage and showed animation in conversing with me. She told me, at last, that balls tired her and that society was her detestation. I comprehended that she came thither to accompany her mother, and that the *role of mother* was played by her towards the author of her existence. She was condemned to serve as a pretext. The father of Arthur, who had the tastes of age which time had led him to contract, submitted to running about here and there, or remained alone at the fireside, when Madame would say to him: "When

one has a daughter to marry, she must be taken to balls." Meanwhile the daughter did not marry. The father yawned and the mother danced.

I danced several times with this poor young lady. At a country ball this would have compromised her, and her parents would have lectured me for it; but at Paris, far from that. I was the better liked for it, and the young lady did not put on that pretty little prudish air, which begins in a little town every sentimental romance between young people. This gave me the right to seat myself then beside her, and to talk with her while the two matrons exchanged silly talk and mincing coquetties with their adorers.

Our conversation, on the other hand, was anything but trifling; Miss Emma had judgment, too much judgment; it made her malicious; although her disposition was not gay, my simplicity inspired her with confidence. She began to instruct me concerning the subject of my surprise ever since the commencement of the ball; and without my risking many questions, she was a more accommodating *cicerone* than her brother.

"You are astonished to see my fat aunt whirling about so gayly," said she to me, "that is nothing, she is only forty-five; quite a young lady. Her *embonpoint* afflicts her because it makes her look old—my mother is much better preserved—is she not? Nevertheless, I have an elder sister who has children, and mamma has been a grandmother for some years. I do not know her age exactly, but supposing she was married very young, I am sure she is at the very least fifty years old."

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed I. "Ah, me! when I compare my poor mother, with her large caps, her large slippers, her great knitting needles and spectacles, with the numbers of ladies whom I see here of the same age, but in short sleeves, satin slippers, flowers in their hair and young men on their arm, I think I am in a dream."

"Perhaps it is a night-mare," said the malicious Emma. "My mother was so prodigiously beautiful that she seems to have preserved the right of always appearing so. But my aunt is less excusable for wearing so low-necked a dress and showing everybody what a distressing amount of fat she has accumulated."

I turned involuntarily, for I found that I was, unknown to myself, pushing against a mass of fat so voluminous that I was obliged to look afterwards at the florid face of the aunt to convince myself that so much fat really belonged to one person. This excess of health really frightened me, and Miss Emma noticed my paleness.

"That is nothing," said she, smiling, (and the pleasure of raillery made her eyes sparkle as tenderer feelings had never caused them to do.) "Look before you count the young girls and the pretty women. Count the faded women, the ugly

women, who are of no age at all—and complete the account with the old women, the deformed, or if you will, the mothers, the grandmothers, the great-aunts—and you will see that the majority at balls, the predominant number in the world, consists of the ugly and decrepid.”

“Oh! I really have the night mare!” cried I. “And what scandalises me the most is the insane luxury of toilet displayed on these withered phantoms. Never did ugliness seem to me so repulsive as now; until now I pitied it. I had even a sort of commiserating respect for it. A woman without youth or beauty, is something which one must try to esteem so as in a manner to make her some compensation. But this decorated age, this arrogant ugliness, these wrinkles which grimace in order to smile enchantingly; these hoary and superannuated odalisques who crush their slight attendant cavaliers; these skeletons covered with diamonds, who seem to creak as if they were going to fall into dust; this false hair; these false teeth; these false figures, all these false charms and false airs are horrible to see, it is the dance of death!”

An old family friend of Arthur's had approached us, and he heard my last words. He was a painter somewhat distinguished, and man of mind. “Young man,” said he to me, seating himself near us, “your indignation pleases me, although it does not soothe my own. Are you a poet? Are you an artist? Ah! if you are either, what brings you here? Fly! for you may perhaps become accustomed to this abominable overthrow of the laws of nature. The first law of nature is harmony. Harmony is beauty. Yes, beauty is everywhere, when it stays in its place and does not seek to depart from natural proprieties. Age too, is beautiful, when it does not attempt youth and caricature it. What can be more august than the noble bald-head of a calm and worthy old man? Look at old fops in wigs, and know that if I could dress and arrange their hair according to true taste, and accustom them to a natural expression, I could make them fine models. Such as you see them there, they are hideous caricatures. Alas! whither has taste fled? Where is the true idea of true rules? Where is simple good sense? I do not speak alone of the costume of our time; that of the men is the gloomiest, the most ridiculous, unbecoming and inconvenient in the world. This black is a mourning garb which saddens the heart.

The dress of the woman is fortunate and might be beautiful at the present time; but few women have the gift of knowing what becomes them. Look, you can scarcely count three in forty who are properly dressed, and who know how to turn to advantage what fashion admits of. The taste for the costly replaces the taste for the beautiful

with most of those present. It is as in all the arts and all the systems of ornamentation. That which prevails at present is the *costly* for rich prodigals; the *showy* for the rich who are avaricious; the *simple* and *beautiful* for no one! Why? Have not our Parisian women before their eyes here monstrous types, which should inspire them with a horror for the ugly?”

“Oh! those old English women, loaded with feathers and diamonds,” cried I, “those horses of the Apocalypse so fantastically harnessed?”

“You may talk about them if you choose,” said the artist. “As for me I have the gift of not perceiving them. When I presume that they are near, by an effort of my will I render them invisible.”

“Really!” said Miss Emma, laughing; “oh! it is impossible for you not to see the colossal Lady Peon. She is walking over you now, and if you do not see her you must feel the weight of her gigantic person. Five-feet and a half high, six feet in circumference, a hearse plume on her head; laces about her worth three thousand francs an ell, and which have grown yellow upon three generations of dowagers; a corsage in the shape of a watch-box; teeth which descend to her chin—a grey beard on her chin—and to harmonize with all, a pretty little wig of a light blood color, with little curls à l'enfant! Look! you had better look! she is the pearl of the three kingdoms!”

“My imagination is excited by this portrait,” replied the painter, turning away his head, “but imagination cannot create anything so ugly as certain realities; therefore, though this lady should walk over my prostrate body, I shall not look at her.”

“You were saying, however, that nature created nothing ugly,” remarked I.

“Nature has made nothing so ugly, but that art can embellish it or make it still uglier; it depends upon the artist. Every human being is the artist of his or her own individuality, morally and physically. Good or evil is made of the nature bestowed according as the person is in the false or the true light. Why are so many women, and even men, affected? Because they have false notions of themselves. I said that the beautiful was harmony, and that, as harmony presides in the homes of nature, the beautiful is in nature. When we trouble this natural harmony, we produce the ugly and nature seems then to second us; so does she persist in maintaining that which is her rule, and that which produces the contrast. We accuse nature, while it is ourselves who are senseless and lawless. Do you understand, Miss?”

“This is a little too abstract for me,” answered Emma. “I confess it.”

“I will explain myself by an example,” said

the artist, "by the example itself which caused our reflections on this subject. I told you in the beginning there is nothing ugly in nature. Let us take human nature and confine ourselves to a single fact. It is agreed to say, it is horrible to grow old, because old age is ugly. Consequently women have their gray hairs pulled out or else they dye them; they paint to hide their wrinkles, or at all events they seek in the deceitful reflection of brilliant stuffs to cast a brilliancy on a discolored face. Not to make a long enumeration of the artifices of the toilet, I will stop here, and will say that in trying to make the traces of age disappear, they are rendered more fixed and implacable. Nature persists, old age gets angry, the forehead is more wrinkled, the face more angular under the false hair, of which the borrowed shade is discordant with the real and ineffaceable age. The fresh and lively colors of stuff, flowers, diamonds, against the complexion—all of which shines and attracts the eye—wither so much the more what is already withered. And then, besides the physical effect, the thoughts cannot ignore the impression received by the eyes. Our judgment is shocked at this anomaly. 'Why,' say we instinctively, 'is this struggle against the divine laws? Why decorate their bodies as if the sight of them could inspire pleasure? Why are persons not satisfied with the majesty of age and the respect it awakens? Flowers upon these bald or snowy heads! What wrong! What profanation!'

"Well! this horror which painted age, spreads around itself, would give place to more flattering and softer feelings if it did not endeavor to transgress the laws of nature. There is a toilet, a dress for the old of both sexes. See certain portraits by the old masters, certain men with white beards by Rembrandt; certain matrons by Van Dyke, with their long silken or velvet corsage, their white coifs, their ruffs, their austere stomachers, their grand and noble foreheads, uncovered and imposing, their long venerable hands, their rich and heavy chaplets—those jewels which heighten the dress of ceremony without taking away its rigid aspect. I do not mean that persons should become eccentric by copying servilely the fashions of by-gone times. All pretension to originality would be unbecoming to old age. But wise manners and logical habits would spread in society analogous customs, and soon public good sense would create a costume for each age of life, instead of creating one to distinguish classes, as has been done too long. Let them charge me with inventing one for old men, me who am an old man myself, and you will see that I will render handsome many of these persons who only serve at present as types of caricature. And I, first of all, who am obliged, under pain of being singular and of wounding the con-

ventional forms of society, to wear a cut-away coat, a pair of pumps which pinch my feet, a cravat which goes against the acute angle of my chin, and a shirt-collar which puckers up all my wrinkles in a heap; you would see me in a beautiful black robe or an ample and dignified cloak, with a venerable beard, slippers furred, or furred boots—a complete dress suited to my natural air, to the heaviness of my walk—to my need of ease and gravity. And then, my dear Emma, you would perhaps say: 'That is a handsome old man,' instead of which you are forced to say, seeing me in a dress like my grandson's, 'Oh! the ugly old fool!'

"I think you are too severe with regard to yourself and others," said Emma, after laughing at his amiable conversation. "Think what a revolution, what fury would be caused among the women, if they were obliged to tell their exact age by taking, at fifty years, the costume of octogenarians!"

"That would make them look younger, I assure you," answered the artist, "besides, a different costume might be invented for every twenty years of a life-time. Let me tell you, in passing that, women make a silly calculation in hiding mysteriously the date of their birth. When the time is fairly proved by some indiscreet remark—(always inevitable) showing that a lie has been told on that point—if only for the sake of appearing a year younger, the malignity of people repays you fully." "Oh, yes! thirty!" "Nearer forty." "She looks fifty," says another. And some wit will add, "or a *hundred*!" or "how can the age of a woman be known who is so skilful in disguises? It seems to me that if I were a woman, I should be better pleased at appearing very well preserved at forty years, than very much faded at thirty. I know that when I hear of a woman, that she conceals her age, I always suppose her old, and very old!"

"In that, I think with you," said I, in my turn, "but tell me some more about your costumes. You would not change the present dress of young persons?"

"I ask your pardon," said he, "I think it much too simple in comparison with that of their mothers, which is so luxurious; it is disgustingly mean. I think, for instance, that Emma's dress is that of a child, and I think that from her fifteenth year she should have been better dressed than she is now. Do they want to make her younger already? There is no need of that. 'It is custom,' people say; 'it is *le bon gout*;' simplicity is united to the modesty of youth.' Well and good. Is it not suited, too, to maternal dignity? Then people say to young persons, to console them, 'We need art—we old ones; you are adorned with your natural graces.' Strange example—strange profession

of modesty and morality! and what a contradiction in the eye of an artist! Here is a matron dazzlingly garbed, and her daughter, beautiful and charming, in a dress suited to her conformation—almost a nun's dress. And for whom are these flowers and diamonds, rich stuffs, and all the treasures of art and nature, if not to adorn beauty? If you praise simple and modest chastity of taste, is it not suited to maidens? Why do you deprive yourself of the only charm which could embellish you? You wish to appear young, and you only appear immodest. Strange calculation—insoluble problem! 'Woman,' say some bold women, 'must, then, be like the flower, which displays its bosom the more the nearer its bloom is to its

end.' But they do not reflect that woman does not pass from the death of her beauty to actual death. She has the happiness of preserving within her mind, after the loss of her brilliancy, a more durable perfume than that of the rose."

The ball was over. The mother and aunt of Emma remained until the last. They became gayer and bolder, while fatigue and excitement made them look uglier and uglier. Emma was in a good humor at the anathemas which she had heard launched against their folly. The old artist left. She still talked with me, and became so bitter and vindictive in her speech that I left her in deep sadness. "Bad mothers make bad daughters. Is this the world?" said I to myself.

NOW AND THEN.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Long time I wandered in a dismal void;
Dark places were about me, and the night
Of utter blackness shadowed everything.
Voices that made me shudder filled mine ear,
And echoed, with a sad and hopeless sound
Along the gloomy corridors that were
Around me. Phantoms, hideous and dread,
And grisly spectres, breathing lurid fire,
Were gliding past me, and their baleful eyes
Burnt into my cold heart, and filled it with a flame
That made me mad, and brought before my sight
Such images as fiends have never seen.
The sole companions that were with me then,
Were demons that the frenzied soul creates,
And dark tho'ts, blacker than the night's dun pall.
Nought but a world of darkness was without;
Nought but a world of darkness was within.
I groped in utter hopelessness, and searched
For light to penetrate the fearful gloom.
And when I found it not I shrieked and cursed,
And e'en blasphemed the mighty name of God!
And execrated him, that he had placed
Me in a world of unilluminated night.
And dark despair convulsed my shrieking soul,
And filled me with an agony so keen,
That I fell prostrate on the passive earth,
And prayed for rocks to crush me in their fall.
A pitying angel, by compassion moved,
Stooped down from his high home among the stars,

To sooth the utter misery I felt.
He took me by the hand and bade me rise:
O! bliss ineffable! The murky gloom
Had disappeared, and light pervaded all
That met the wand'ring vision of my eye.
No solemn voices now, but heavenly tones
That made each fibre of my heart to thrill
With bliss ecstatic and divinest joy.
Music, sweet as the tone of cherubim,
Or angels choiring hymns of heavenly praise,
Made the bright fields, and dewy air resound
With strains so soft they made the spirit melt
With holy rapture, and the earth was hushed
With sounds of never tiring melody.
The phantoms had all flown, and in their stead
I saw angelic spirits, pointing me
To Edens of delight and endless bliss.
They wove them wreaths of fairer, sweeter flowers
Than ever bloomed upon this lower world,
And interwove among them bliss and joy—
Then cast them at my feet, or twined them round
My beating heart and pleasure-beaming brow.
O! angel tongue could not be eloquent
Enough to give an utterance to thoughts,
That held me in their magical embrace,
And made my heart the home of seraphim;
Descended from the golden courts of heaven.
No gloom remained—light beamed from every thing,
The angel's name that pitied me was Love.

THINE AND MINE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Hopes have budded and then withered
E'er they opened into bloom,
Like the early flowers that perish
'Mid their sweetness and perfume;
And around Affection's garland,
Clings the mournful cypress vine;
Wracks of earthly hopes and dreamings,
Withered flowers, are thine and mine.

Faith, all rosy as the sunlight,
Gives us hope that cannot die;
And its light around our pathway
Sheds a radiance constantly.
Looking unto rest eternal,
Rest in love that is divine—
All our earthly dreams forgotten,
Heaven and peace are thine and mine.



ALPHONSO AND LUCRETIA.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

A TALE FROM THE OPERA.

It was a festival at Venice—beautiful Venice, the Sea-Bride,

fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers.

The Grimani palace was brilliantly illuminated, and all was gay, was bright, was festal, within and without. Along the terraces strolled the masked revellers, and sounds of song broke upon the ear of midnight from passing gondolas upon the moon-lit canal of Giudecca.

"Beautiful, beautiful Venice!" "The daylight of other skies is less lovely than her mid-

night!" "We follow the senator Grimani, in his progress to Ferrara to-morrow, but shall we find such blest delight, such mirthfulness, such brightness, on the borders of the Po, I wonder?" Thus spoke among themselves a band of light-hearted revellers, Orsini, Petrucci, Vitellozzo, Liverotto. Gennaro, one of the band, but more tired than the rest, lay down upon a seat apart, and rested his weary limbs.

Challenged, as it were, to speak in Ferrara's behalf, Gubetta came eagerly forward. There was something sinister in his looks, and though

he was with the band, he seemed scarcely of them as he spoke. "Who doubts the glories of Ferrara, my friends? Alphonso d'Este is no niggard and no churl, and then, Lucretia Borgia—"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed Orsini, with uplifted finger. "Speak not her name, rash man!"

"Thrice execrated name!" cried one.

"The Borgia! I detest, abhor her!" said another, in a whisper of smothered hate.

A universal burst of execration here, smothered individual voices; and Gubetta found he had said too much for his company, whatever might have been his object. When the hubbub had a little subsided, Orsini, with one finger at his lips, summoned his friends around him, and prepared to tell them a story of some sort. The bustle and noise had aroused Gennaro, who showed that he knew Orsini's story-telling propensities by interrupting him.

"I wish you would leave off your prating tricks, Orsini! Leave the Borgia alone, and mind your own business." This was spoken, not angrily, but with the kindly freedom of a friend who could take liberties. But the desire of the others to hear Orsini's story, whatever it might be—and, in truth, it was of no great moment—would not be disappointed, and Gennaro was bidden to keep quiet. He obeyed with a growl, and settled himself to sleep in a corner. Probably he had heard the same tale many times from his friend Orsini, delivered to different audiences.

"It chanced," said Orsini, "that during the memorable and fatal war of the Rimini, I got dangerously wounded. When nearly lifeless and quite prostrate on the ground, Gennaro came to my relief, gave me his horse, conveyed me to a place of safety in a wood, and tended me like a brother——"

"We know Gennaro's goodness, we know it well!" exclaimed all the band with one voice.

"There we swore to live and die together. And we had no sooner uttered the oath than an aged man of giant mould and stature, dressed in funeral black, stepped forth from the darkness of the forest, and in a deep, sepulchral voice, confirmed the last words of our oath—'Well said, brave youths! ye *shall* die together! But fly the Borgia, the hateful Lucretia. For where Lucretia is, there is death.' Then the old soothsayer disappeared, and the night wind awfully repeated the dreaded name of Lucretia thrice in my ears. Friends, I am not superstitious; but I cannot forget that moment, and whenever I hear the name of Lucretia, it is reproduced in all its horrors by memory. Tut! Gennaro mine! thou sleepest peacefully, while I am yielding to these vague fantasies. Lucretia cannot harm us in Venice. The Lion of our republic guards us well. Let us leave Gennaro to sleep it out, and proceed to the dance!"

Gennaro still slumbered peacefully in the absence of his friends. From a passing gondola stepped forth a masked lady; at the same instant Gubetta loitered back to the spot. The lady seemed entranced in gazing at Gennaro; and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "Oh, tranquil repose! oh, blessed, stingsless sleep! Sleep ever thus, for ever! and never may the torment of nights be like mine—Ha! it is thou?" She started.

"Yes, it is I," replied Gubetta. "But I tremble for you in Venice. You cannot be harmed, but you may be insulted."

"Ah me! I was not born for such a fate. All men abhor me. Oh, that I could but live so that the past should be forgotten—that I might see the response of pity and of love from one human bosom! Oh, Gubetta, I would give all my grandeur for one hour of love, of sympathy! Thou seest this youthful sleeper, Gubetta?"

"Lady, I see him. For days I have closely followed his footsteps under a feigned name. In vain I have sought to learn the secret which draws thee from Ferrara to Venice thus; I would"

"Hush," said the masked lady with a gesture of impatience; "how should'st thou know it? Leave me with him." And Gubetta, like one accustomed to obey her, retired, while two men, also in masks, approached with the stealthy steps of spies.

Once more alone, as she fancied, the masked lady gave way to her emotions, with all the passion of her clime and century. Bending over the sleeping youth, she called him by the fondest names, and gazed on him long, in a passion of admiration or of love. "Oh, beautiful one! Oh, noble, open face! At last I see him, and my soul overflows at my eyes. Yet, if he should awake, spare me, kind Heaven, spare me the pang of his contempt! Dare I, indeed, awake him? No, no, I dare not! My eyes are blind with tears; I cannot see him. I must look on him again, or perish!"

Turning her head away, the lady removed her mask. That glorious face of imperious, yet all womanly beauty, those dreamy, yet gleaming eyes, that dazzling golden hair, can belong to none but Lucretia Borgia! The sleeper did not rouse; but the spies had seen her face, and now whispered together in ominous accents.

"Seest thou? It is she!"

"In truth, and in truth, no other!"

"Who is this stripling, after all?"

"Only an adventurer; homeless, fatherless, but a brave soldier."

"I am using all my arts to entice him to Ferrara."

"To-morrow, at dawn, he departs in the diplomatic *cortège* of Grimani."

"It is enough. Let us stand aside."

Meanwhile Lucretia, overcome by an uncon-

trollable impulse, approached the slumbering Gennaro, and snatching his hand, kissed it wildly. The sleeper awoke, and held her fast, in spite of her struggles and cries.

"Great Heaven! let me go!" she exclaimed; but Gennaro, dazed with her beauty, detained her with a passionate clasp.

"No, no, most irresistible signora! By my faith, you go not yet! Let me look on you again. Beautiful creature that you are! Every human heart must love you!" Lucretia shuddered.

"Love me? Is it possible that *one*, that *you*—Oh, tell me that you love me, and I care for no more!"

"Love you, dear lady? Aye, as much as I may, I love you."

Lucretia, trembling with strong emotion, listened and hesitated, with an expression of inquiry on her face which did not escape Gennaro. "*As much as I may, I love you!*" Mysterious words, of which she would fain know the meaning, if possible. She lingered.

"Listen to me," Gennaro resumed; "I will speak truth. There is one dearer to me—one who has prior, stronger claims upon my heart than any other woman."

"Who is it? Speak!"

"My mother."

"Thy mother! She! Oh, say once more thou lovest her!"

"More than my life, I love her!"

"And where is she, thy mother, whom thou lovest so well?"

Lucretia fixed upon Gennaro a glance that pierced him through and through, while he told the story of his founding nurture and his founding toils; and of a stranger, a soldier, who sought him out when arrived at manhood, told him he was not ignobly born, gave him arms and a horse, and a writing from his mother solemnly charging him not to seek to know her name, but to be worthy of himself. With hands pressed to her side, as if to still the beating of her heart, Lucretia listened to Gennaro's story, and when he produced from his bosom his mother's letter, and she leaned over to look at it, Gennaro fancied a tear fell upon the paper.

"Ah me!" said Lucretia, drawing a long sigh of relief, "who can tell how many tears your mother may have wept when inditing this letter?"

"And I, lady—think you that I, too, have not wept when reading it? Blest Virgin! You also weep! Is it possible?"

"I weep? Oh, yes, I weep for your mother; how should I not pity her? And, in truth, I weep also for you."

"Oh, sweetest soul! Most gentle and compassionate lady! Every moment that passes makes you dearer in my eyes!"

"Love thou thy mother, dear youth! Keep the command she gives thee, and pray Heaven that one day its anger may pass away from her, and she may press thee to her heart. Ah, people approach us—I must go."

"Lady, you shall not go!" cried Gennaro, still holding her, and gazing on her face with eyes that spoke the fire in his bosom. "Tell me but who you are!"

"I—I am—I am one who lives only in your love! Let that suffice. I must go. Unhand me! O Heaven!"

At this instant, Orsini and his companions returned. Lucretia's mask was now replaced, but the moment Orsini had observed her, he had pointed her out to his comrades. He approached, and overheard the words, "One that lives only in thy love," addressed to Gennaro.

"I will tell that!" he exclaimed to Lucretia, thrusting himself in her way to prevent her passing. "You are not going so quickly, lady!"

Lucretia called on Gennaro for help, but almost before she had spoken he was at her side. "Who lays a finger on this lady is no friend of Gennaro's!"

"Calm yourself," said Orsini, coldly. "We merely wish to tell her who we are." Lucretia bowed her head, but not so swiftly that Gennaro failed to see her features wrrenched and paled with a strong agony of emotion.

"Now, fair signora, listen?" said Orsini, advancing. "I am Maffio Orsini, whose brother you slew, sleeping!"

"And I," said another, "am Vitelli, whose uncle you murdered, that you might seize his domain!"

"And I," said another, "am nephew of that Appiano treacherously slain by you at a foul, shameless feast!"

"And I," said another, "am Petrucci, whose domain of Sienna you cruelly seized!"

"And I," said the last, "am kinsman of him whom you flung into the Tiber!"

"Now," cried Orsini, "now we have described ourselves, let her tell you *her* name and description."

A cry for pity was wrung from Lucretia, which only the presence of him whom she loved could have drawn from her. In vain! She fell imploringly at Gennaro's feet with wild cries of deprecation; but while she yet spoke, her mask was torn from her, and one fierce, exultant shout broke from those who surrounded her—

"Behold her—shameless, perjured, infamous! It is the Borgia!"

Lucretia fell in a swoon. The blood forsook her cheek, and her long golden hair swept the ground in a wild, dishevelled mass. Who can tell what thoughts coursed through her flaming brain when she awoke and found Gennaro gone?

FERRARA.

Arrived at Ferrara, strange toils of danger encircle the band of youthful adventurers. Can Lucretia Borgia forget the insult offered to her by Orsini and his companions? Can she remember and not revenge? And Alphonso, the jealous Alphonso, has long tracked the footsteps of Gennaro by his spies, and now meditates his doom. Two dark, opposing Fates, each with her own victims singled out, and all unconscious of the coming blow, glare at each other through the gloom of circumstance, and terrible must be the conflict between them!

While Orsini, Gubetta, (for Gubetta still hovers near Gennaro,) Gennaro, and the rest of the band, were discussing a festival at the Palace Negroni, for which invitations had been sent to Orsini and others, Gennaro, taunted with his sadness, and rallied about his previous interview with Lucretia, publicly struck at her name, inscribed upon her palace in letters of gold. It was not unnoticed. Lucretia's spies had seen the daring insult to her escutcheon. The rest trembled at the audacity of this youthful adventurer, who thus publicly, in Ferrara, under the very shadow of the dreaded name, avowed his hate of the Borgia. Meantime, Astolfo, the agent of Lucretia in Ferrara, who had orders to convey Gennaro to her presence, was overpowered and carried off by a band of bravos under the direction of Rustighello, the duke's emissary. In these matters, in times of darkness and cruelty, everything goes by right of strength and quickness, and circumstances favored the duke.

In a chamber in the ducal palace stood Alphonso, giving directions to Rustighello where to find the terrible wine of the Borgias. "Take thou the gold and silver vases into the next chamber; but touch not the wine in the golden vase. Wait without, with thy sword. If I call thee, bring the vases; if thou hearest any other signal, come with thy sword."

Alphonso had scarcely finished speaking, when an usher announced the duchess. She entered, imperiously beautiful.

"I come, Alphonso, for vengeance! Your wife's name has been insulted in the open day in Ferrara."

"I know it."

"Know it! and do you not punish? Alphonso suffers this traitor to live!"

"Patience! The miscreant will soon be here!"

"Whoever he may be, I claim that he die before my eyes. By your love for Lucretia, give me your ducal word that he dies, and in my presence."

"My pledge is given!" A fiendish smile played around the lips of Alphonso as he uttered these words. "Bring in the prisoner!" and the

guards dragged forward the youth whom Lucretia had met in Ferrara.

When Lucretia saw Gennaro, she started, and her blood seemed curdled at its source. Not a symptom of her agitation was lost upon the duke. At last she spoke, in a voice thick and tremulous with contending feelings.

"This is not he! Some of his wild companions—" But Gennaro interrupted her, and challenged his doom.

"Duke Alphonso, I am unused to falsehood. It was I!"

It was impossible for Lucretia to conceal her emotion from Alphonso. He pretended to misunderstand it, and whispered her, in a fond, encouraging tone, that she had his word, and nothing should save the prisoner. In a hasty whisper, Lucretia entreated a few moments' audience of her husband alone, and Gennaro was taken away. The only effect of her urgent, almost passionate, entreaties that the prisoner's life might be spared, was to inflame the jealousy and rage of the duke, which now burst out into a flame, and overwhelmed her prayers in a fury of vindictive threats. At last, he said, with diabolical calmness of manner—

"Choose, Lucretia, choose between sword and poison—by one or the other the accomplice of your infamy dies, now, before your eyes! That was your prayer. I grant it, according to my oath."

"Oh, not by the sword! not by the sword, monster! Unhappy Gennaro! I, too, shall die."

At a sign from Alphonso, Gennaro was again brought in, guarded.

"Prisoner," said Alphonso, "at the earnest entreaty of the duchess, who, in her great clemency, forgets your crime, I grant you—liberty!"

"Serpent!" thought Lucretia, unable to turn her face from Gennaro.

"Besides," continued the duke, "I know you for a valiant soldier, and am unwilling to rob the state of your courage in arms."

"Signor," said Gennaro, "I am not so wholly unworthy of your clemency as might seem. Once, when your illustrious father was hemmed in by adverse squadrons, and in danger of his life, he was saved by a volunteer."

"And that volunteer was thou!" almost shrieked Lucretia, starting up.

"Lady, it is true," said Gennaro, without uplifting his eyes to hers.

"Then, duke—" Lucretia began in a whisper; but he stopped her by again addressing Gennaro.

"Art thou willing to enrol thyself beneath my banner, and fight for me?"

"Signor, I am bound by an oath to the Venetian Government; and an oath is ever sacred."

"I know it is," said Alphonso, turning to Lucretia with a look which blasted her rising hopes; "I know it! At least accept this purse of gold, brave soldier."

But Gennaro declined to accept the purse.

"Then, soldier, in accordance with ancient custom, you will not refuse to drink with us? One generous cup of wine in honor of our friendship! Lucretia, our consort, will be our cup-bearer."

"Mother!" said Gennaro in his inmost heart, "unknown, but dear, and ever watchful, I owe this preservation to thy goodness, and thy intercession with Heaven!"

Alphonso poured for himself from the silver vase, and bade Lucretia fill Gennaro's cup from the golden vase. She obeyed mechanically. He drank. It was done! The poison of the Borgias was working in his veins, and in a few moments would creep to his heart and arrest its generous pulse forever.

"Now, duchess," resumed the duke, withdrawing, "you may detain him in your presence, or dismiss him at your pleasure!"

It was a cruel piece of mock complaisance, fatal to his vengeance; for in a few seconds, Lucretia had snatched from her bosom the antidote to the poison, of which she alone knew the secret, and, invoking the name of Gennaro's mother, had given it to him, and dismissed him by a secret door, with frantic entreaties to fly from Ferrara that hour. The duke and Rustighello returned, expecting to find Gennaro a corpse; and they found him fled, and Lucretia fainting.

DOOM.

It was midnight of the same day. Gennaro, brave as ever, and true to his friends, had stayed in Ferrara, to attend with them the *fete* of the Princess Negroni, in her palace. Gubetta also was there—the evil genius of the hour.

When the guests were heated with wine, he proposed to withdraw, saying he was tired of revelry, and wanted rest. Orsini entreated him to remain, and hear a new Bacchanalian song he had just composed—a proposal which Gubetta pretended to find very ludicrous; he received it with shouts of derisive laughter, in which some of the guests joined him. Orsini took offence at the derision with which his offer of a song was received, and challenged Gubetta. In the turmoil of a general scuffle, the ladies fled, and the guests left their swords without. When peace was restored, a cup-bearer, dressed in black, carried round a goblet of wine of Syracuse, which was found surpassingly good, and partaken of by way of ratifying the reconciliation. Gubetta alone did not drink; which Gennaro observing, Orsini said it was no wonder, as he was a great deal too drunk already. However he was not too drunk to call upon Orsini for his song.

THE SONG OF ORSINI.

"Oh, the secret through life to be happy
I have found and will teach to my friends.
Whether gloomy or bright be the weather,
Whatever just Providence sends,
I joke, drink, and laugh. 'Tis fool's sorrow
To think of the future with pain.
Never care, never care for to-morrow,
If to-day bringeth joy in its train."

As Orsini closed the last verse, voices were heard in the distance, chanting in a deep, sad undertone:—

"The joy of the profanely gay
Will like a vapor pass away!"

"A trick of the ladies!" said Orsini. "Another verse, signora!"

"Let us gather youth's sweets while 'tis flowing—
Long life is the life that is gay;
And when age comes grimacing and lowering,
To frighten my poor breath away,
Still I'll drink, joke and laugh. 'Tis fool's sorrow
To think of the future with pain.
Never care, never care for to-morrow,
If to-day have brought joy in its train."

Before the echo of the chorus, in which all had joined, carried away by the buoyancy of Orsini's manner, and excited by the last draught of Syracusan grape, had died away, the mournful refrain was repeated in the distance,

"The joy of the profanely gay
Will like a vapor pass away!"

And Gennaro and Orsini drew closer together, as the torches began to expire, and the guests were left in darkness. A vague terror now spread through the whole assembly, and some began to try the doors, which were found closed. But the mystery was not long in process of solution, and one wild cry of "Lost!" arose from the guests when the folding portals were thrown open, and, followed by armed men, there stood before them, terrible in her loveliness, beautiful in the hour of her revenge, the BORGIA. A word or two explained to Orsini his position, and part of the mission of the spy Gubetta.

"Signora," said Lucretia, "you gave me a sorry *fete* on the Terrace at Venice! I return you a supper in Ferrara. Five grave-stones wait to cover you, and the poison of the Borgias, mingled in that Syracusan cup is rapid!"

Gennaro sprang forward. "We need six grave-stones, signora, for I am here, and I have drank."

"Oh, Heaven, Gennaro!"

"Aye, lady; and ready to perish with my friends."

"Guards!" said Lucretia with terrible importance, "take away the five men, and leave me alone with this soldier. Begone, and let none dare enter this hall! Now, Gennaro, we are alone. What, what could have held thee here, unhappy, when I bade thee fly? Again, thou'rt poisoned!"

"I have the antidote thou gav'st me."

"Ah, yes! kind Heaven, I thank thee! Drink, drink, Gennaro, for dear life! I had forgotten thou had'st it—but drink!"

"Lady, not *alone*—my friend—"

"Gennaro, there is not enough for *these*! Oh, drink this moment!"

"Begone, I say! We will all die together. I will *not* drink upon thy terms! Ah!" A frenzied light gleamed from Gennaro's eyes, and he snatched a knife from the table, and held it at Lucretia's bosom! She shrieked aloud, warding off the knife.

"*Thou* art a Borgia! hold! hold thy hand! drink, for thine own sake drink! I die a thousand times a day—I care not for myself, but for thee!"

"I a Borgia? I! Impossible!"

"Time passes—thou art dying—only drink!"

"My friend Orsini is dying too!"

"Yield, yield, and drink, for thy mother's sake! It is her voice which speaks in my anguish, my terror."

"Heavens! *Then* perhaps—"

"Ah, yes Gennaro, I am she! My son, my son, he dies! Who waits? Without there! Help, help! O God of pity, save him, save him!"

"Cease, cease, mother. It is too late; I freeze—I faint—Mother, I die!"

Alphonso and Rustighello flung open the doors. The clang of the arms of the guards profaned a chamber of the dead. Lucretia Borgia lay cold and pale, a stony corpse, on the livid body of her son, twice poisoned by her own hands.

THE BIRTHS OF THE NAPOLEONS.

NAPOLEON I.

THE family of the Bonapartes were of some distinction in Italy in the middle ages. They are mentioned in the Golden Book of Bologna, and in the peerage of Treviso; but when Napoleon the Great was told of such a descent, he was in the habit of saying that he "was satisfied to be the Rudolph or Hapsburgh of his race," or that he "dated his nobility from Monte Notte."

Carlo Bonaparte was born March 29, 1746. He studied the law at the University of Corte, and soon became the leading advocate in the small town of Ajaccio. There, in 1764, he married Letitia Ramolino, then fourteen years old, the most beautiful girl in the place. The Ramolinos belonged to the Genoese party in Corsica: Carlo Bonaparte belonged to the party of the Patriots, under Paoli. Carlo Bonaparte became Paoli's secretary. In 1788, the State of Genoa sold their rights over the Island of Corsica to France. Such a sale, the barter of a free people, like a herd of cattle, was a violation of all national law. The Corsicans resisted, and sympathy for their cause spread all over Europe. Paoli, and the Patriots of Corsica determined to resist the French. They could not prevent their landing, but on the 9th of May, 1769, they determined to strike a blow for liberty, and they resisted the progress of the French at the Bridge of Ponte Nuovo. Here the Patriot party of Corsica were annihilated at a blow, and Corsica lost its freedom.

After the battle of Ponte Nuovo, Carlo Bonaparte and his wife fled to a villa they had in the mountains of Corsica, called Monte Rotondo. The French, however, sent a flag of truce to the patriots in the mountains, inviting them to return to the town. Carlo Bonaparte was sent by the

patriots to Corte, and he came back with passports of security. The patriots then began to return to their respective homes. In crossing the river Liamone, on their way from Monte Rotondo to Ajaccio, the river was found to be swollen, and Letitia Bonaparte was nearly drowned. On getting back to Ajaccio, Paoli, who was ordered into exile by the French, wished Carlo Bonaparte to accompany him to England. The condition of his wife, however, prevented him; she was near her time; and on the 15th August, 1769, only a few days after her return, Napoleon the Great was born. Letitia had attended mass on the morning of the 15th of August. On her return home she suddenly became unwell. A temporary bed was prepared for her in a room hung with old tapestry; and those who have since examined the tapestry have declared that it gives the history of the heroes of the Iliad. Such was the birth of Napoleon I.

NAPOLEON II.

The birth of the "King of Rome" (Napoleon II., as he is now designated, though he never wore the crown,) took place in April, 1811, a short year after the marriage between the Emperor Napoleon and Marie Louise, which took place at Vienna, March 11, 1810, was consummated at Compiegne, March 18, and re-celebrated in Paris, 2d of April, 1810. Napoleon's first marriage with Josephine took place 9th of March, 1796.

The circumstances of the birth of the King of Rome are thus described by Southey: "Napoleon's wishes were crowned by the birth of a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the nerves of the medical attendants were shaken. 'She is but a woman,' said the Emperor, who was present, 'treat her as you would bourgeois of the

Rue St. Dennis.' The accoucheur, at a subsequent moment, withdrew Napoleon from the couch, and demanded whether in case one life must be sacrificed he should prefer the mother or the child? 'The mother's,' he answered, 'it is her right!' At length, the child appeared, but without any signs of life. After the lapse of some minutes a feeble cry was heard; the infant thought to be dead was awakened from its lethargy by the discharge of one hundred and one pieces of cannon. Napoleon entered the antechamber in which the high functionaries were assembled, and announced the event in these words: 'It is a King of Rome.'

"The birth of the heir of Napoleon was received with as many demonstrations of loyal enthusiasm as had ever attended that of a Dauphin; yet the joy on this occasion was far from universal. The Royalists considered the event as fatal to the last hopes of the Bourbons; the ambitious generals despaired of any dismemberment of the Empire. The old Republicans who had envied Bonaparte's despotic power, as the progeny of the revolution, looked forward with a deep distrust to the rule of a dynasty fond of shedding the blood of the haughtiest of the houses of Europe, and consequently were more likely to make common cause with the little band of hereditary sovereigns, than with the people. Finally, the title, 'King of Rome,' put an end to the fond hopes of the Italians, who had been taught by Napoleon to expect that after his death their country should possess a Government separate from France; nor could the same title fail to excite some bitter feelings in the Austrian Court, when the heir apparent under the old empire had been commonly styled 'King of the Romans.'"

But the most interesting event of all connected with this birth, is the letter of the divorced Josephine to the Emperor. This truly affecting epistle runs in the language following:

"NAVARRE.

"Sire:—Amidst the numerous congratulations which you receive from all parts of Europe, from every town in France, and every regiment in the army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach you? And will you condescend to listen to her who so often consoled you in your sorrows and assuaged the pangs of your heart, when she speaks only of the happiness which has just crowned your wishes? Being no longer your wife, dare I offer my felicitations on your becoming a father? Yes, doubtless, Sire! for my soul renders the same justice to yours as yours to mine; I conceive what you now experience as readily as you divine my emotions on this occasion; though separated, we are united by the sympathy which bids defiance to events.

"I should have been glad to learn the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not by the

Canon of Goreux, or the Prefect, Cuvier, but I am well aware that your first attentions are due to the members of the *corps diplomatique*, to your family, and above all, to the happy princess who has just realised your dearest hopes. She cannot be more devotedly attached to you than I am; but she has had it in her power to do more for your happiness by assuring the welfare of France; she has, therefore, a right to your first sentiments, to all your cares; and I, who was your companion in misfortune only, can claim but a far inferior place to that which Marie Louise occupies in your affection. You will have watched round her bed, and embraced her son, before you take up your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait!

"It is, however, impossible for me to defer telling you that more than any one on earth I share in your joy. You will not doubt of my sincerity when I say that far from being afflicted with a sacrifice, so necessary to the repose of all, I rejoice that it has been made, *now that I suffer alone*. Suffer, do I say? No, since you are contented, my only regret is, that I have not yet done sufficient to prove how dear you were to me."

NAPOLEON III.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the present Emperor of the French, was born on the 20th April, 1808, at the Tuileries. His mother was Hortense, Queen of Holland, the wife of Napoleon's brother Louis, to whom that kingdom had been assigned. The marriage of Hortense and Louis was most unfortunate; they did nothing but quarrel, and in September, 1807, they finally separated, at Amsterdam, and Hortense returned to her mother in Paris. There the present Emperor was born, and it is remarkable that he and the King of Rome were the only two persons of the family of Napoleon whose births were received with military honors and the homage of the people.

There is one circumstance connected with the fate of this family which historians have not as yet observed, but which is well worth mention. Napoleon the Great set aside his own best friend and counsellor, to obtain an heir to the throne of France. He married a princess of Austria, and by her he had a son. That birth was the culminating point of his power and his dignity. From thence he did nothing but descend. He died in exile—his son also. Who succeeded to his name, his fame, his power? The child of Hortense, who was the child of Josephine! In the person of the Emperor of the French, we find not the offspring of Napoleon the Great, but the offspring of his discarded wife. What an illustration of the truth of the adage: "Man proposes but God disposes."

"Oh, greatness! thou art but a flattering dream,
A watery bubble, lighter than the air."

LIFE; AN ALLEGORY.

WHEN we first set out on our journey through life, we have the choice of two roads before us: the one leading down hill, the other ascending. The first, by its alluring prospect, has many volunteers thronging the way, because it is easier to go down hill than up. The principal towns and cities on this journey, where these travelers pass through are Indolence, Folly, Intemperance, and Prodigality; when they have passed these first stages, they lead directly to Contempt, Poverty, Wretchedness, and lastly to Repentance. Some travelers, instead of arriving at Repentance, and returning then to Amendment (which is out of the road by which they came,) are so intoxicated, that they leave these places on the right, and rush headlong into deep despair; and so, straight on, to inevitable ruin. There are two companions oftentimes to be met with in every stage of this journey, called Prudence and Recollection; who, if the traveler would be wise enough to listen to their kind admonitions, would bring him by a very short road (which none are able to recover without them,) to the city of Repentance, and so on to Amendment; and keep him company till they have conducted him in safety back to the place from whence he set out, and prevail on him to try the other road, which I am going now to treat of. The number of travelers frequenting this road, is not so numerous; being more difficult to go up hill than down. To accomplish this, the exertion of every nerve is required to arrive at the different stages, which are Sobriety, Temperance, Industry, and Frugality; and these lead to several others progressively, each of which appears more commodious and inviting, the farther one advances; finding better accommodation at every stage, till at length the traveler reaches the summit of this mountainous road, where he meets with a fine plain, abounding with delights of various kinds; in which are situated the cities of Riches and Honor; and, if he be a worthy man, he will let the industrious poor partake of his blessings, that he may have one of the most desirable mansions in each of these little cities; named Respect and true Content. Though there are comparatively few to be found traveling this

road, all do not attain the end of this journey; as it must be performed during the season called Human Life. And as no adventurers, that I have heard of, had two of these seasons ever allotted to them to perform it in, many travelers find themselves obliged to take up their respective abode in different places, being disabled to reach any higher by reason of the load which they have taken upon them, and various other causes too tedious to mention.

Here it may be remarked, that the discouraged traveler seldom meets with a real friend to assist him in this road. In case any inquiries are made after such a character, they are told there is none in company who have had the honor of his acquaintance; but they will tell you, that they heard their grandfather mention, he had often seen him, but soon after left this country, and gave out, before his departure, that, disgusted to find his highest favors rewarded with the blackest ingratitude, he was determined to leave the country; and since his retreat, a being known by the name of Self-Interest, has been substituted in his room; who bears the likeness of Friendship, and has deceived many honest, well-meaning persons; but as he never sticks to the unfortunate; everybody knows him to be a deceiver.

It is further to be remarked, that we often see too many going too near the side, thinking to find a shorter way up the hill, slide down lower than they were when they first started, and often involve others in their disaster; for finding themselves going, they catch at everything; and by this totally overset many a fellow-traveler, who have found, to their great mortification, they could not get up again. Several of those, who at first looked down with triumph, at those who are sweating and toiling below, many times are outstripped; and the hindmost of all comfort themselves with hopes that they shall reach the top, which sometimes is the case; for when any one finds he can make greater haste than his neighbors, he pushes forward, and passes the next, etc. And, letting go the simile, and to speak plain, nothing puts a period to this ambition but death. You see two roads are set before you, I hope you will make a wise choice.

WINTER.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

THE Summer skies no more are blue,
The birds sit tuneless on the tree;
The fields have lost their verdant hue,
And all looks sad and drear to me;—

586

Stern Winter has begun his reign,
And chill and murky is the air;
And though I rove the hill and plain,
No blooming flowerets meet me there!

THE LEGEND OF CORA LYNN.

MALCOLM II., King of Scotland, was a wise, just, and valiant monarch, who divide his realm into provinces, putting over each a governor or sheriff to restrain the turbulent and lawless; he encouraged the commons to become skilful husbandmen and tillers of the soil, and to become merchants and traders on the sea. Under his rule all the arts of peace flourished, while those of war were not forgotten; for by his valor he spread his conquests far beyond the Saxon border, and, by the annexation of the northern counties of England, obtained the additional surname of *Rex Victoriosissimus*. Hence it is, that, for many years after, the eldest sons of the kings of Scotland bore the title of Prince of Cumberland; and hence it is that we find the inhabitants of these northern counties of England so Scottish in aspect, dialect, and character. Malcolm had no son, but he had four daughters, all famous for their charms: the Princess Beatrix, wife of Crinian Abthane, of the Western Isles; the Princess Doacha, wife of the Thane of Angus, and consequently mother of the terrible Maobeth; Muriella, married to Sigurd, Earl of Orkney; and lastly, the Princess Cora, the most beautiful lady in the land.

Many powerful thanes and chiefs sought her hand in marriage, but the principal competitors were Kenneth, a Lord of the Isles; Græme, Thane of Strathearn; and Dunbar, Thane of Lothian; and so anxious was the king to secure by her means the firm adherence of one of these influential nobles, that he would not have hesitated to employ force and severity, but that he loved the gentle Cora with the tenderest love that can fill a human breast; for he had transferred to her, in another form, all the regard he had borne the queen, her mother, who had now passed away to the company of the saints, and whose remains lay with those of her fathers, among the royal tombs of Iona.

Yet, when this good king waxed old—when his brow became lyart and his beard grew white, and when he saw that Cora, his youngest born, had expanded into a beautiful woman—full-bosomed, graceful, and tall, with snow-white skin, soft eyes, and golden hair—he thought in his secret heart how gladly he would see her some bold warrior's bride.

None of King Malcolm's court loved the chase like the Princess Cora, and she was ever the foremost of the hunters, mounted on a beautiful horse, which Gregory, Bishop of St. Andrew's, had procured for her in Arabia Petrea, with its bridle of silver, at which hung thirteen blessed bells; and as she gave each of these as a prize to the best horseman, successively, in racing

round the ring, the proverb first came among us of "bearing away the bell."

The old king spared no cost in the decoration of her chamber, which was entirely hung with bright-colored silk, and its windows were glazed with clear beryl, though he and his courtiers contented them with beds of soft heather, and had nothing in their windows save the iron gratings which gave them security. Moreover, the floor of her chamber was laid with the softest furs, and her bed and her pillows were the finest feathers, all procured by Mao Ian Rua, the Forester of Dunfermline, and favorite huntsman of the king, in an age when luxury was almost unknown.

She was an expert citharist, and none in Scotland sang more beautifully; thus, each night by the royal couch she sat, with her harp on her knees, and sang the old king to sleep by rehearsing his chief favorite, the low sad song of "The Owl," which our Highlanders yet sing when the cloud of night descends upon the darkening mountains, word for word as Ossian sang it in Selma many a long and misty year ago.

Yet it was strange that three chiefs so powerful, so handsome, and so valiant, as the Thanes of Lothian, Strathearn, and the Isles, should be without interest in the eyes of the young princess; for a day seldom passed without their laying some offering before her. Still the princess remained unwedded, and the bells of many a church and chapel had rung on her twenty-third birthday before the king began to lose patience.

Pondering on her opposition to his dearest wishes, one evening when the sun was low in the west, Malcolm II. left the old tower in the woods by a secret door, and wandered into the deep dark glen of Pittencrief.

The sunlight streamed along the wooded hollow, and tinged with many a brilliant hue the topmost branches of the tallest trees and the red battlements of the old tower which crowned the summit of the *Dun*—a steep and lofty rock, at the base of which flowed a stream. The brown fox shot across the leafy dell, the dun fuimart peeped from among the long grass, and the cushat dove cooed on the branches of the ivied oaks, as the king walked slowly and thoughtfully on, until he reached a nook in the copsewood, where a pair of lovers were sitting side by side and hand in hand, with the arm of the man around the white neck of the maiden, whose soft cheek rested on his brown and sunburnt face. Then the old king paused, with a finger on his bearded lip, and held his breath, for their figures seemed familiar to him.

The maiden wore a mantle of yellow linen, with a tunic of scarlet silk that reached to her ankles, according to the fashion of the time; and, instead of sleeves, this tunic had openings for her arms, which were white as hawthorn flowers, and were encircled by bracelets and armlets of fine silver. After the custom of all unmarried women, her hair, which was of the brightest golden color, was uncovered, untied, and flowed in ringlets over her neck; and a brooch, which the king recognized to have been a gift of his own, beamed on her left shoulder. Roused by a step among the last year's leaves, she started, and turned her beautiful face from her lover's breast, in fear and confusion.

"Cora!" said the king, in a breathless voice, and stood as one transfixed.

The youth wore a lurich of linked mail, with a cap of steel, and an eagle's wing therein. In his hand was a boar-spear, and on his back a short bow and quiver of arrows; at his belt hung a knife and silver bugle—for he was no other than the king's own huntsman, the son of Red John, and usually named Mac Ian Rua.

Malcolm stood silent for a minute, full of anger, grief, and scorn, for he now knew how her heart, by pre-engagement, had become invulnerable, and why the compliments of her princely suitors—the hardy Kenneth of the Isles, the gallant Græme of Strathearn, and the splendid Dunbar, who ruled all the fertile Lothians, from the sands of Tynningham on the east to the Torwood oaks on the west—were heard in vain.

"My own huntsman, by the holy crook of St. Fillan! Have I lived to see my daughter in the arms of Mac Ian Rua?" exclaimed the old king, bitterly, as he strode forward, with his walking-staff clenched in his hand. "Mac Ian," he exclaimed, "thou black-hearted traitor and presumptuous churl, what punishment is due to one who dares as thou this day hast dared?"

"Death," replied Mac Ian, without hesitation, yet pale as ashes, and laying a hand upon his breast, while with the other he handed his sword to the king; "death, Malcolm Mac Kenneth, and I am ready to die; strike, and rid me of a life that, since the hapless hour I dared to lift my eyes and heart so high, has been to me a burden and a toil; for I lived as one who was in daily dread of losing his all—his life, his sun, and glory! God made thy daughter beautiful, oh! king, and if to love her was presumption, strike, strike *here*—one thrust, and all will be over!"

Pale as a statue, the Princess Cora stood between her incensed father and her humble but handsome lover, but not one word fell from her quivering lip, for her tongue was chained by love for both, by fear, and by a pride, that was not unmingled with shame, that her father, the

proud old Malcolm II., should have seen her hanging like a wanton on a common huntsman's neck.

But if the king was proud, he was also generous, and with dignity gave back the proffered sword to Mac Ian Rua.

"Mac Ian," said he, "thou hast wickedly betrayed the trust I reposed in thee, in common with all my people; yet will I forgive thee. Take up thy bow and hunting-spear, and begone; if within three days from this I find thee within thirty miles of Danfermline Tower, by the Stone of Fate, I will have thee torn asunder by wild horses—away!"

Thus commanded, Mac Ian Rua gave the princess a glance of sorrow and agony, and, taking up his spear and bow, made a low reverence to the king, who watched him with a stern yet glistening eye, as he strode down the wooded glen and disappeared.

"And as for thee, Cora," said the king, "the Black Abbess of Iona shall soon have thee under her care. Thou knowest her, Muriella Mac Fingon—stern, ascetic, cold as ice, and immovable as the black stones of the isles? Well, she shall have thee, if not as a nun, at least as one who requires much good guidance, wise counsel, and purification by prayer."

In a chamber of the old Tower Cora secluded herself from all, and wept over this discovery and separation with shame, anger, and grief. But none shared the emotions of the king save the young Macbeth, and his anger had no bounds, for he swore by the pillow of Jacob, on which our kings are crowned, that no mercy should be shown to Mac Ian; and for three days this furious boy scoured all Fife in search of him, beating every thicket and wood between Ardross and the Castle of Lindores.

But who could baffle the pursuit, or trace the steps of a hunter so wary, so bold, and expert, as Mac Ian Rua? He had gone off towards the woods and mountains of the south and west; he crossed the Forth at Stirling Bridge—not the present one, but the more ancient, which was built in the days of Donald V., and inscribed—

"I am free to march, as passengers may ken,
To Scots, to Britons, and to English-men;"

and passing through the mighty forest of the Torwood, he went no man knew whither—at least the fiery young prince and his followers could never discover him, though a hundred head of cattle were offered for him dead or alive.

Notwithstanding his indignation, and the justice thereof, the old king soon missed his favorite huntsman sorely, for he loved all manner of forestry and venery, and Mac Ian had vigorously enforced all the laws of the woods, but now these were outraged and broken daily; wild men hunted with spear and horn, and laughed at the

rangers, for they feared none since Mac Ian Rua was gone.

Rumors of these things reached Cora in her bower; her color came and went, and her eyes brightened, as her old nurse told them; for these acknowledgments of her lover's courage and gallant bearing pleased and gratified her. But now, more than ever incensed against his daughter, the old king resolved to consign her, for a time at least, to the care of the rigid and reverend mother, Muriella, among those servants of God, the canonesses of Saint Augustine. There he hoped, by prayer and solitude, by the force of good example and of pious precept, that Cora would be led into a proper train of thought; that the low-born churl, Mac Ian, would be banished from her memory; and that in good time she would accept as her husband one of those noble thanes or earls, who, in their love for her and jealousy of each other, were ready to clutch each other's beards.

Malcolm loved this bright-haired daughter—his last and youngest—dearly; yet he steeled his heart against her sorrows and reluctance to be immured in that lone Hebridean Isle, and with a train of faithful attendants, departed from his Tower of Dunfermline, in the woods of Fife, towards the Clyde; and as the king's train rode on, many a *déjeuner* was made, many a shaft was shot, and many a lance was flung; but he saw none whose hand was so perfect or whose aim was so true as those of Mac Ian Rua had been; and the beautiful princess smiled brightly at their discomfiture as she rode by the margin of the descending Clyde, making her fine Arabian horse caracole and paw the soft air of the warm summer morning.

And now the ceaseless din of falling water was heard, where the stream rolled over a linn of tremendous height and breadth. There, roaring and rushing between their wooded shores, the whole waters of the Clyde, in one mighty volume, poured over a sheer precipice of four-and-eighty feet, down, down below, into a black and weltering pool, from whence the foam arose like smoke, but tinted by a hundred rainbow hues, in the hot sunshine that fell between the jagged rocks and tangled woods like a steady flood of light, to brighten the gushing flood of water.

Bewildered by the whirling and screaming of the wild birds, by the grandeur and sublimity of the scene, and almost stunned by a dreamy sense that stole over him while listening to the endless roar of that tremendous linn, cascade, or deluge, that thundered down between the shattered woods, and boiled in foam against the upheaved crags till it shook the very shore, King Malcolm, with his white locks streaming on the wind from under his cap of steel, which was girt by a crown of golden trefolls, reined in his horse upon the

brink, with his shrinking daughter by his side, and gazed over the natural rampart into the wild confusion of waters that hissed and boiled in the gulf which yawned far down below.

"Look down, dear Cora," said he kindly, for his soul was awed, "look down, if thou darrest; for in all my kingdom, from Caithness to the Tyne, there is not such another linn as this. The very spray, as it cometh upward from that dark pool below, hangs on our hair like dew!"

At that moment, a cry broke from all the royal attendants, for, scared, some say, by a loud blast from a bugle which sounded like that of Mac Ian Rua, others say by the din of the mighty waterfall, the fiery Arabian steed of the princess reared up on the very verge of that tremendous brink—reared until its sable mane was mingling with its rider's golden hair, and wildly shook its head, till every silver bell at its bit and bridle jingled, and, with Cora on its back, plunged headforemost down into that deep and awful den, the depth of which no mortal hand had fathomed, and which the boldest eye shrunk from contemplating!

In a moment, Cora—the laughing and beautiful Cora—and her fiery horse, had vanished into that hideous maelstrom, which for ages had swallowed up rocks, trees, and herds, with all the *débris* swept down by that mighty stream from Clydesdale and the Western Lowlands!

The poor king closed his eyes in horror; he stretched his trembling hands to Heaven in silent agony, and by the quivering of his bearded lips his nobles knew that he was praying devoutly; and, after commending his soul to God, he uttered a cry of despair, and was urging his steed towards the brink, when Græme, Kenneth, and Dunbar, the three lovers of his daughter, flung themselves before him, and dragged his terrified horse from the giddy verge, and forcibly conducted him from the terrible scene.

Far down below the fall, where, calm and blue and shining, the broad majestic river rolled between its thick dark woodlands to the sea, three days after, the Arabian horse was found, swollen and drowned upon the sand, with its silver bridle and all its tinkling bells; but no trace appeared of the poor princess, from whom that fall upon the Clyde, even to this day, bears the name of *Cora Lynn*. Long and deep was the sorrow of the old and lonely Malcolm.

Now, when too late, the bereaved king thought he could willingly have bestowed his Cora upon even the humble huntsman, and believed he could happily have seen her the wife of Mac Ian, or of any honest man who could love her as she deserved to be loved; but now he had lost her in a moment, and in a manner so terrible that it seemed like a judgment direct from the hand of Heaven upon him, for his pride and severity; for,

thought he, "I may control the bodies of my subjects, or those of my children, but God hath given me no power over the hearts or consciences of either. Woe is me! for the brightest diamond has fallen from my crown."

Now it happened that although her Arabian steed was drowned, the princess, by some blessed miracle of Providence, escaped; for she had been caught in her descent by one of the spouts or boiling streams that ascended upward from the bottom of the den, and unseen among the clouds of light and vapory spray, was flung far over a ledge of rocks into the smoother water beyond; and while the king, her sire, and all his bearded thanes, in their steel caps and iron lurichs, were beating their breasts, calling upon all the saints, and fixing their eyes upon the hazy horrors of the gulf below the lynn, she was swept gently onward, in a dream as it were; and then the hands of some one seemed to buoy her up; then she felt herself conveyed into a dark and shady chasm of rock, overhung by a gorgeous mass of wild-roses and ivy, honeysuckle and sweetbrier; and there, upon a bank of daises and violets, kind hands laid her gently down—a hot breath came upon her cheek, as some one tenderly parted her soft and wet dishevelled hair from her chilled and pallid cheek—and after remaining long insensible, she opened her eyes to meet the enraptured face of the bold Mac Ian Rua, for he it was he who had saved her.

No other leech than love was necessary to bring the half-drowned princess to life. Her heart soon beat with joy, and amid the double raptures of her escape and reunion with her lover, she forgot the sorrow of her bereaved father, and the terror of her friends on the summit of the cascade, from which she had been so awfully precipitated and so miraculously saved; and for the fleeting hours of that soft summer day till the sun sank behind the hills of Lanarkshire, she listened to the adventures of her banished lover, and heard him repeat a hundred times over all he had endured in danger, absence, doubt, and grief, while hovering in disguise near the court of the king; how he had accompanied her step by step from the palace in Fife to the banks of the Clyde; and how, by the goodness of Heaven, he had chanced to be at hand, and ready to save her from a death so terrible, by plunging boldly into the fierce and seething flood beyond the waterfall.

Love, like death, levels all distinctions—and, indeed, he knows of none—thus, the daughter of the king assured Mac Ian that her passion was yet unchanged; and laying their clasped hands in the water that flowed at their feet—that perilous water from which Cora had so wondrously escaped—after the old fashion of Scottish lovers, they vowed to be real and true, and wished that

if one deserted or forgot the other, that God and the saints might so desert and forget the faithless and untrue. And to seal their faith forever, they received the nuptial blessing from a poor servant of God, who dwelt in a cell of rock in the wood of Cadzow; and then, to avoid all discovery, they crossed the Forth, and travelled far north till they reached the forest of Glenfiddich. There Mac Ian built a bower, over the door of which he placed the antlers of a stag; and their daily food was furnished by his spear and bow, while the princess spun with her own white hands, to clothe herself and the bright-haired children with which God had blessed them; and thus, far from courts and camps, and the troubles of council and debate, they lived in happiness, in peace, and in seclusion.

Eight years passed away, and though the poor old king had never forgotten his lost daughter, he had learned to think calmly over the events of that terrible day at Cora's Lynn, and eight times as the mournful anniversary returned, he shut himself up in a chamber darkened and hung with sackcloth; and there he repeated those solemn prayers which the Church ordains shall be said for the dead, and solemnly he rehearsed them while the hot tears coursed over his silver beard: they were for the soul of his daughter, who was yet living in her birchen bower, and singing to her little ones among the woods that shroud the rolling Fiddich.

Aged though he was, the din of war now summoned Malcolm II. to the field, against those common foemen of the British Isles, the half-pagan and wholly barbarous Danes.

Sueno, King of Denmark, who then reigned in England, having driven Ethelred, monarch of that country, into Normandy, had an implacable hatred at Malcolm for yielding succor and assistance to the English, whom the Danes were rapidly crushing; and he resolved to send an army which should assail in his own dominions the king of the Scots, of whose title—Rex Victoriosissimus—he was jealous and impatient.

Landing in Murrayshire, under Enotus, in the year 1009, the Danes, overthrew in battle the Scottish forces which opposed them. In the following year Malcolm marched against them in person with a powerful army, formed in three great columns, under Kenneth, Thane of the Isles, Græme, Thane of Strathearn, and Dunbar, Thane of Lothian; for they were yet feal men and true to the old king whose daughter they had loved so well.

The venerable monarch rode at the head of his troops, who—although he wore a tunic of blue silk, crossed by a white St. Andrew's saltire of the same material (which was then so rare and costly,)—were mostly clad in long lurichs, with helmets of iron, and carried targets and swords.

axes and mauls of ponderous weight, with bows and spears, having leaf-shaped blades of bronze or tempered steel. The wild clans of Galwegia marched beneath the banner of their lord, all clad in tartans, dyed with cheeks of purple and dark red, violet and blue, while their long locks flowed under their caps of iron; and they had their sturdy arms bare, as well as their legs, which were kilted to the knee. *Albyn! Albyn!* was their battle cry, and with the sound of the harp, the horn, and pipe, they roused their fiery hearts, when, after a march of some weeks' duration, they came in sight of the foe, drawn up in array of war, near the old Pictish Tower of Balvenie, then named the House of St. Beyne the Great, which stands on a high green bank overlooking the Fiddich and the rich landscape through which it wanders, where the dark towers cast the shadow of their solemn cones upon its lonely waters.

Southwest of the castle the barbarous Danes were formed in deep ranks, all mailed in byrnes of iron rings, and bosses sown upon cloth or leather, with hauberks and painted surcoats to the knee, with spears and axes of steel and bronze, and ponderous iron maces that swung at the end of clubs and chains; while above their heads waved the enchanted banner with the Black Raven, which had never been unfurled without ensuring victory.

The mighty scalp of Benrinnes was shining in the warm glow of the rising sun; the snow-white mist was rising from the side of Corriehabbie, and the valley, the wood and water, rock and heather, all that make the scenery of the Fiddich so wild, so bold, and beautiful, were glowing under a warm summer sun; while the yells of the red-haired Danes on one side, the braying of mountain pipes on the other, the twanging of bows, and hiss of passing arrows announced that the battle was beginning.

The lonely heron and the mountain eagle were scared from rock and river by the flashing of the steel; but the cries of the combatants brought the glee and the hawk from the four winds of heaven, and high in mid-air, with outstretched wings, they overhung the nearing hosts, expectant of their coming feast—the flesh of horse and man.

The first charge was a furious one, and the onset was deadly and disastrous. The Danes plied the poleaxe, their national weapon, with savage fury; the Scots charged with their long pikes and two handed swords, while swift and surely shot the archers on both sides from the rear ranks of the closing columns. Steel helmets and byrnes of shining rings, bucklers of tempered iron, and targets of thick bull-hide were cut by the sword, cloven by the axe, or pierced by the barbed arrow, or by the spear that was launched from afar; and unhappily, in the early

part of the battle, Kenneth of the Isles, Græme of Strathearn, and Dunbar of Lothian, fell from their horses, each struck by a mortal wound.

Valiantly fought the venerable king, and as fast as men fell, the places were supplied; but disheartened by the sudden loss of the three greatest chiefs in the land, his soldiers began to give way, and with a triumphant yell the heavily armed Danes pressed on them, their eyes sparkling with rage and the lust of blood, while the horse-hair of their helmets mingled with their long and tangled locks and the wild volume of their shaggy beards.

Enotus, the Danish general, a powerful and gigantic warrior, mounted on a white charger, soon singled out the King of Scotland, whom he knew by his venerable aspect, his silver beard, and the diadem of golden trefails that encircled his helmet, and (though around him fought the very flower of the land,) with his tremendous mace the Dane by one blow dashed out the brains of the royal charger, and by a second would assuredly have slain the king, had not a sturdy warrior of the Murrayland, at that moment cloven the mighty Scandinavian almost in two by one stroke of his Scottish battle-axe.

"Well fare thee, my stalwart soldier," cried Malcolm; "for thou hast saved thy king!"

His protector re-mounted him on the white steed of the slaughtered Dane, and blowing his bugle to collect the scattered Scots, plunged into the thickest of the conflict, parting the foes before him like a field of corn.

"By the stone of Fate," cried the King, shortening his reins and grasping his sword, "yonder blast never came from other horn than the bugle of Mac Ian Rua!"

So said all who heard it.

"And if yonder fellow proved to be Mac Ian?" said the king's secretary, wiping his bloody sword in the mane of his horse, "what then, sire?"

"Then he should have the best earldom in the north, were it but for the sake of her he loved and lost," said the brave old King, as he spurred once more to battle; but, alas! disheartened by the loss of three of their greatest leaders, despite the bravery of Malcolm, and the fiery example of this warrior of the Murrayland, the Scots began to give way and retreat, but with their faces and weapons to the foe, until they gained an old rampart formed of turf, trees, and stones, the relic of former wars.

There the king's preserver encountered Enrique, the second Danish leader, and, under Malcolm's eye, cut off his head, and holding it aloft with one hand and his dagger with the other, cried in Gaelic—"Eris-kene!—by this knife I did it."

"Eris-kene, my brave man, thy name shall be," said the King; but hatheless these valiant

deeds, the Scots were still borne back in disorder. Malcolm was swept away with the crowd of fugitives, who were all wedged in a little valley, till he found himself near an old chapel at Mortlach. Here the king raised his gauntleted hands to heaven, and prayed that the holy saint would intercede with God and St. Andrew for Scotland and her people, vowing that, if they obtained a victory, he would increase the chapel by three lengths of his spear, and make the church of a bishopric dedicated to Heaven and its service. Wheeling round at that moment, he found a third Danish captain close by him, and slew him by one thrust of his lance, and restored courage to the Scots.

"Victory! Victory!" cried Malcolm; "God and St. Andrew for Scotland!"

Like a torrent the Scots again rushed through the narrow vale, and again many a tartan plaid and many an eagle's wing was dyed in the reddest blood of Denmark. So furious was their new onset, that the Danes were swept along the valley like dry leaves before a stormy wind, and over a field strewn with gashed corpses and bleeding men, were driven in headlong flight towards the sea. The slaughter was terrible!

Not a man of them saw the sun sink behind the great ridge of Benrinnes; and when daylight faded in the west, the king found himself breathless, wearied, and alone in a silent and sequestered place, there in solitude and unseen, he raised his aged eyes and hands in thanksgiving and in prayer to God and the patron saint of Mortlach.

While he was praying thus, there came a child with a pitcher to draw water at the stream—a little golden-haired girl of eight years, whose face was beautiful as that of an angel, and whose bare feet, as they brushed the heather-bells, seemed white as new-fallen snow. She did not perceive the king as she stooped over the water in a cool and shady spot, and sang the soft, low song of "The Owl;" and as the poor old king, still remaining on his knees, listened breathlessly, he almost seemed to hear the voice of Cora mingling, as of old, with the notes of her harp.

The King now called the child to him, and though her first impulses were fear and flight, on hearing his voice, and beholding a stranger so brilliantly armed, the reverence of his aspect and the kindness of his manner soothed and delighted her, and she approached with timidity and curiosity mingled in her charming little face. The eyes of Malcolm filled, and his heart swelled as he gazed on her, and would fain have kissed, but feared to alarm her.

"Child," said he, "ken ye where I may find a bed wherein to rest me for the night; I am an auld man and a weary one, for I have fought in battle this lee-lang summer day."

"My mother bydes on Fiddich side," replied

the child, "and though she dreads all strangers, she cannot fear you, for ye are auld and kind; and my father is a strong man whom none dare wrong, for he is the boldest archer on the Braes of Auchindoune."

"My name is Malcolm Mac Kenneth," said the King; "auld I trow I be, yea ten times your age, my bairn, but give me your hand in mine and lead on, and look ye, my little one, who taught thee the song of 'The Owl!'"

"My mother," replied the child.

The King sighed heavily, then after a pause, he asked—"And thy name, little one—what is it?"

"Cora —."

"Cora!" he reiterated, and bursting into tears, pressed her to his breast; "I might have guessed it—Cora! what other name could be borne by one so bright, so beautiful, and so innocent; but be not alarmed my poor little one, for I once had a Cora like thee."

"Oh, here we byde, and yonder is my mother!" said the child, who was terrified by the stranger's emotion; and now they found themselves before a hunter's cot, the walls and roof of which were formed of turf and clay; and over the door of which were the branching antlers of a stag.

The King gazed upon her earnestly, yet he knew her not; and though he was older and his face was more wrinkled—though his eyes were sad and haggard, and his hair, which had been grey, was now white as the snows, Cora knew her parent—that princely sire who had loved her so well of old, and all the daughter gushed up in her heart; yet not a word could she say, but gazed upon him trembling with sorrow and remorse, with fear, with love, and hope, while her children clung to her skirts, and she pressed to her bosom their youngest born, the child of Mac Ian Rua, the banished huntsman.

"Good woman, I seek but a night's shelter in your shelling, till my train can join me," said the King; "be not alarmed, I am a Scottish soldier, and have been fighting all day down the waterside. The foes are vanquished, and the King is safe. Allow me to enter; and believe that kindness will not be unrewarded. My name is Malcolm Mac Kenneth."

Cora could control her emotions no longer!

"Father—sire!" she exclaimed wildly, as she threw herself upon the clay floor and embraced his knees; "oh, father! dost thou not know me? Have these few years so sorely changed me? I am Cora—thine own Cora, who was swept down the Lynn of Clyde. Beloved father and king—behold me at thy feet! Oh thou whom I have so cruelly and so wickedly forsaken in thine old age, pardon and forgive me, lest these younglings should forsake me in turn; forgive me and bless

me, though I have sinned against God and thee!" These words terrified the old king as if a spirit had spoken them. He held her from him at arm's length, and his eyes wandered over her face and person with an expression of fear and wonder.

"I am Cora, the little child that clambered at your knee and nestled in your bosom, in old Dunfermline Tower," she exclaimed, passionately; "I am Cora whose cheek was once so dimpled—whose hair was so bright—whose little mouth you kissed so often and so kindly——"

"Cora was drowned! oh day of horror—horror—horror!" replied the troubled King; "she is dead and at rest."

"She is not, for I am she."

"Thou?" he exclaimed.

"I."

"Impossible!"

"I. Oh father, am I indeed so changed?"

A glare shot over the king's keen eyes; he trembled, and stretching out his hands, drew her towards him, but a cloud came over his brow, and pausing, he said—"And these children?"

"Are the offspring of Mac Ian Rua."

"Born of thee?"

"My father—oh, my father!"

"Born of the daughter of Scotland?" he added, bitterly.

"My heart, long steeped in sorrow, will burst at last. In pity, father, have mercy on us."

"And where is the lawless traitor who stole thee from me, and hath concealed thee for these many long years, my daughter?"

"Say rather, where is he who saved me when the greatest and noblest in the land—yea, even Kenneth of the Isles and Dunbar of Lothian, hung back."

"Kenneth of the Isles and Dunbar of Lothian are both lying dead in their armor by the walls of Balvenie—God rest them! they fought and fell for our dear Scotland. But Mac Ian; where is he?"

"Yonder he comes down the glade, with a stag on his back—your favorite huntsman, so ready of hand and true of aim; the same Mac Ian Rua as of old," said Cora, in a trembling voice.

"Heaven be praised, my daughter, I have found thee; yet oh, to find thee—thus!"

"Oh, embrace me, or I shall die; let me feel your cheek on mine once more, my father!"

"Come, then—come to my old heart," said the King, as he sobbed; for it was a rude old age, when even kings had human hearts, and nobles were not without them.

"Forgive my sins against thee," said Cora, in a choking voice.

"They are forgiven."

"And my husband—Mac Ian Rua?"

"Even he, too, is forgiven," said the King, as the door of the hut was thrown open, and the

tall huntsman, fresh from the pursuit, and still clad in his lurich—the same stalwart warrior who had that day slain Enrique and Enotus, and saved his monarch's life, and whose loud bugle blast had rallied the Scottish bands—stood before Cora and her father, with astonishment and fear in his eyes, while one grasped his axe, and the other the antlers of the stag, and his ruddy children clung joyously to his sturdy legs. To dwell longer on this scene would mar its effect.

The huntsman was forgiven, and the old king spent the happiest night of his long life with his daughter on one side of him and her husband on the other, while his grand-children clambered about him, and in wild glee rolled about the floor the glittering helmet which was encircled by a diadem. He told them how he had pined and sorrowed, and how deep his grief had been, for Cora was ever the object around which all his affections had been entwined, and how desolate his heart, his hearth, and home had been since her loss.

Then Cora related, that with the exception of bitter remorse at times, how happily they had dwelt beside the Fiddich, with their children budding round them, maintained by the fruit of her own industry and the skill of Mac Ian's hand.

With early morning came the king's train. They had traced him to the hut, and all flushed with victory, pursuit and slaughter, Duncan, Earl of Caithness, Nicholas, the secretary, Hugo of the Rutherford, Crinian, Thane of Dunbar, Gillemichael, Earl of Fife, and others, stood by his humble couch of skins, and after reporting the utter extermination of the Danes, heard him relate the joyous and wondrous discovery he had made overnight.

In Scotland there were great rejoicings for the restoration of the long lost Cora, and there could no longer be competition or discord about her hand; for Græme, Dunbar, and Kenneth lay dead on the field of Mortlach, and she was now a wedded woman. For his bravery in saving the life of Cora from the waters of the Clyde, and secondly the life of the king in battle, the huntsman, Mac Ian, was madethane of a thanedom in the shire of Rhynfrew; and Malcolm gave him a coat of arms, which his descendants bear to the present time.

Thus, the once despised Mac Ian Rua became the head of a great house, still named Erskine, in memory of his words at Mortlach; and Malcolm II. gave him for his cognizance a hand holding a dagger, with the motto, "*Je pense plus,*" and a shield, *argent*, with a pale, *sable*; then as Mac Ian loved the Clyde—for there he had won the beautiful Cora—Malcolm gave him the lands, barony and castle of Erskine, and from his marriage sprung a race that never failed their country, the loyal and noble Earls of Mar.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

THE people of Paris have been amused by sundry news from the busy world without; and scraps from Baden, Homburg, and Aix-les-Bains, have now and then been providentially sent to enliven the solitude and nourish appetite for scandal, which otherwise must perish during the long months wherein no food is found in the usually rich pastures of the Champs Elysees and the Boulevards. The latest event brought hither on the wings of rumor, is the separation *de corps et des biens* of a newly married-couple, who left us but a few weeks ago, full of love and affection, and all the tender sentiments induced by a *mariage d'inclination* of the purest kind. The lady is young and fair, the gentleman chivalrous and tender; and yet here they both stand before the Tribunal, asking to separate those whom God had so recently joined in a tie, which they had thought to be indissoluble. It seems that the bridegroom, whose love is said to have been so violent that he consented to the greatest sacrifices in order to secure the consent of the young lady's parents, had no sooner obtained that which he sought, than he no longer appreciated its value, and openly expressed his regret among his friends at the Jockey Club at the folly of which he had been guilty; while the bride, after a fortnight's acquaintance with her husband, writes to her mother: "I know that Maxime possesses every quality which can make an accomplished cavalier. He is handsome, agreeable, sings beautifully, dances well, and talks learnedly; but, pity me, dear mother, since he has been my husband I cannot endure him!" The bridegroom, meanwhile, who now declares his love as ardent as ever, was taking every method to improve the mind and manners of his bride, and having large experience in the style and habits of the Prado and Mabille, he was all the time endeavoring to initiate his pupil into a world entirely new to her, teaching her to smoke like "Mad'lle. Malvina," to wear her bonnet like "Mad'lle. Clarisse," and to step out without fear like "Mad'lle. Ophélie," all of them great authorities with a certain class of fashionables, but little formed to serve as examples either in *tenue* or manners to the convent-bred daughter of the Count de C. In this manner, and beguiled by these agreeable occupations and this pleasant task of teaching the young idea how to shoot, the bridegroom arrived with his fair bride at Venice. Here the young lady, after shining amongst the most brilliant and beautiful, was announced to appear at the grand ball given by the princess Malabrisi, and great was the curiosity excited to behold the effect of the magnificent display of

diamonds which had formerly belonged to the bridegroom's mother, and formed the nine days' wonder at Paris during the exhibition of the *corbeille*. With the *naïveté* so peculiar to the ladies of the south, the expectation of the arrival was alone the predominant thought in the ball-room, and when at length the time passed away and the young couple did not make their appearance, all kinds of suppositions got afloat, and the company separated, fully convinced that some catastrophe had happened, which conviction was strengthened by the sudden disappearance of the French Consul from the scene of festivity, and the rumor that he had been sent for to the palazzo, where the young couple resided. The next day the whole city was *en émoi*—the bridegroom arrested on a charge of an attempt to murder his wife, and the wife, implacable and vindictive, refusing to listen to reason or excuse. It seems that the overpowering vanity of the husband having suggested the propriety of wearing the whole of the diamonds, he had insisted somewhat abruptly upon his wife ornamenting her head with the ancient comb of silver worn by his mother, in which still remain the finest stones of the whole collection. Upon her refusal, he came behind the maid, who was just giving the last finishing touch to her lady's *coiffure*, and stuck the comb in her hair, whereupon the wife, seizing it angrily, attempted to dislodge it, the husband still holding it firmly in its place. Somehow, by a sudden movement, the lady (so says the husband,) in her endeavors to get away, knocked her head against the wall, and forced the teeth of the unlucky comb into her head; while the wife maintains that he, growing angry at her opposition, thrust the teeth of the ornamental but murderous weapon into her hair and head, causing the blood to flow, and placing her life in danger. The result has been such a dire hatred on her part, that, in spite of the acquittal of her husband by the local authorities, and the declaration of the Consul that no ground of charge existed against him—in spite of his expressed penitence and renewed love—here we have the pair pleading *en separation* with as much ardor as if they had been married for years, and knew each other's failings by heart. The lamentations of the bride's mother are the most French of all; she takes the entire blame to herself for having suffered her daughter to follow the indecorous English fashion of spending the honeymoon abroad, instead of under the eye of her mother, whose business it would have been to have arranged all these "little differences."

"From a safe port, 'tis easy to give counsel."

BURMESE SKETCHES.

THERE is a peculiar charm in Oriental life, which invests us with a romantic enchantment of everything we read of it. Luxuriant nature covers the whole landscape with superabundant and most magnificent vegetation, while the hues of the firmament, and the novelty and variety of the animated creation seem to the stranger like another world. A lively gossiping book has just been published by Messrs. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York, called "The Golden Dagon, or Up and Down the Irrawaddi," by an American Surgeon, who served on board of the British war-steamer *Phlegethon*, in the late war against Burmah. It has afforded us so much pleasure in reading, that we make some extracts for the benefit of our readers.

THE GOLDEN DAGON.

Shway-Dagoung, the Golden Dagon, an octagonal pagoda of solid masonry, without an opening, holding up its jingling coronal even with the spire of the proud St. Paul's, gilden from base to pinnacle, tarnishing in the rains of many wet, and glaring in the suns of many dry seasons, formed the centre of an area of fortification four miles square, and planned in this wise: The outer lines were marked by a stockade, having four equal sides, of four miles each, one side fronting on the river. Many small batteries flanked this at different points; and the ground between it and the river, and on both sides, bristled with such vegetable bayonets as those we found at Kemmendine, short flinty bamboos, planted thickly, their sharpened points projecting some six or eight inches. These were for the benefit of storming parties. Besides these, mines of gunpowder were discovered, ready to be sprung by means of trains conducted into the jungle.

Within this largest stockade, which completely encompassed the new town of Rangoon—for the old town, along the river's edge, as it was a few months previous, had been carried back, bodily as it were, two miles and set down around the Pagoda, were two others, the last or innermost, which was by far the strongest of the three, immediately enclosing the Dagon. These were, all alike, constructed of the heaviest teak timber, loop-holed every few yards—giant logs, from twenty to thirty feet high, with deep ditches, and bamboo chevaux-de-frise, such as I have described in front, and solid embankments of brick and earth, inside and out. Within, were numerous deep trenches, like those of Kemmendine.

Around and between the stockades, the ground was covered with villainous jungle, affording a perfect cover for Burmese musketry in the daytime, and for tigers, dacoits, and vagabond dogs at night.

Along the walls, in the ditches, on the platforms under the guns, our men found hundreds of Burmese bodies. The Governor had chained his gunners to their own engines, and so they were found dead. While the wives and young maidens brought powder, and the links of chain that were fed to the guns for want of proper shot, the aged, the crippled, and the babes were penned trembling in the trenches, to answer with their lives for the courage and loyalty of men whose fear was greater than their own, and who had only oppression to be faithful to.

The only passage, then, through these concentric lines of stockade, and so on, up to the Dagon, was by a paved causeway of two miles-and-a-half, over recent bridges of logs thrown across ditches; through gates where the anxious regards of a dozen cannon were gathered in a focus; through dim, barbaric streets, full of the devices of Boodhist deviltry, and all manner of pitiful un-Christness—streets, once all bosky and picturesquely vista'd, now encumbered with the wreck of war, and disfigured with the rubbish of haste confounded and panic-stricken; past many a dark, mysterious poonghee-house, whose grotesque gods kept a grim watch within, and whose portals were guarded by most hideous warders—staring creatures cut in stone, and in the mixed fashion of cock, crocodile and tiger.

And so you reach the Golden Dagon, the pagoda of first importance in the empire, having beneath its ponderous base, millions of rupees in gold and silver and jewels, the offerings—partly voluntary, partly extorted—of millions of poor fanatics, trembling, and at their wits' end, between the dhars of their captains, and the curses of their priests.

By a lofty flight of dark stone steps under a low roof fantastically sculptured, and between great balustrades, mottled green and black with moss and damps, whereon two swarthy crocodiles measure their monstrous length, their gaping jaws supported by colossal Nats, you mount to the upper of the two vast terraces which encircle the base of this proud monument, reared to the Stagnant Calm. By a narrow gate you pass out upon the wide platform of the upper terrace, and there stands Shway-Dagoung in all his golden glory—acres of senseless shrines about his knees, and on his towering head, three and thirty feet aloft, a crown of multitudinous tiny bells, swayed by many a playful breeze in gusts of silver tinkling.

Lesser pagodas, griffins, sphynxes, and all manner of barbaric nondescripts, hold the ground around. To the four "airs" four carved and pillared temples face, wherein are lodged the high company of Boodh. The eastern of these sur-

passes, in its arabesque cornices, triple roof, spiral columns, and airy spire, the dreams of the boy Solomon; a golden throne, a temple all of gold.

Near the pagoda, under a sacred canopy, still golden, of its own, from gilded beams hewn from the proudest teaks in Pegu, hangs, within two feet of the ground, the Great Dagon bell. Straining my arm from the shoulder under its vibrating rim, I could touch only with my finger-tips its inner edge; yet never did my lady's silver toilet-bell utter mellow music. Pall inscriptions and hieroglyphics chase its surface from shank to rim; and a dozen funny demons of indescribable absurdity guard the portal of its lodge.

To the Burmese these bells are the dearest objects of pride and veneration. At the dedication of any pagoda of consequence, the people flock from all the country round about, to the founding of this bell, and cast into the molten mass, with eager devotion, bits of copper, brass, silver and gold, and even jewels. The silver scabbards and gold betel boxes of the men; the polished jars of house-wives; the ear-rings and store of pretty baubles, much prized by coquetish maidens; the armlets, anklets, and toelets of nautch girls; even the small metal toys of the young children, and here and there a bit of shining foil called by a baby's name, are flung in without stint, that the Nats may be propitiated and the demons averted.

Everywhere within the pagoda grounds lesser bells are to be seen, of a like costly composition and almost unearthly sweetness of tone. Tongueless, all of them, and stationary, a blow on the rim from a joint of a bamboo conjures their melody. The hundreds of young pagodas which are gathered in the shadow of Shway-Dagoung, have each their tinkling coronets. Unlike the giants of their kindred, these little bells have tongues, from which light gilded leaves are hung to catch the wandering breeze; and, from every land-mark on the river, every headland of noticeable height, their songs come down forever. For the Burmese are profuse in pagodas, and seem sincerely to exult in the labor, danger, and patience with which those shining jewels are flung up, by the hand of superstition, to the tops of apparently impossible crags.

During the first Burmese war the British would have transplanted the Great Dagon bell to London, but in the effort to embark it, its great weight carried away the tackle; it capsized the boat in which it had been shipped, and sank to the bottom of the river. The Burmese fished it out again and restored it to its sacred office; and ever since, they have believed that so long as its voice can be heard in the land Burmah cannot be divided.

But where was all the picturesqueness, all the

"keeping" where was the "calm, eternal eyes," when the genius of shops sat in the high seat of Boodh, and the "18th Royal Irish" had their quarters at the head of the grand staircase amid tall gilded columns and imperturbable, absent-looking giants of gods—pipe-clay abounding on their altars, and red coats and flannel shirts, short pipes and baccy-boxes, hanging around the necks of Guadma and his three forerunners?

And yet, even so soon, all the more harmless portion of the Rangoon population—small traders and handicraftsmen, salt-dryers and boats-people—were flocking in by companies of thousands to reestablish themselves in their old places, inspired with confidence in British magnanimity and mercy, and eager to escape to foreign protection from the ruthless extortion and tiger-like blood-thirstiness of their native masters. For many days, looking from the upper terrace across the low-lying jungle to where the silver skirts of the Salween sparkled, we beheld the long-drawn procession of elephants and ponies, and oxen with carts, and men with parts of bamboo houses, and women with domestic utensils and rice, and little children with pigs, and fowls, and kittens—the happy march of a helpless barbarism bringing its tribute of trust and reliance to an all subduing civilization.

Before I close this chapter, I must say what I mean by "young pagodas."

Twenty-four hundred years ago, two famous princes, brothers, on the eve of some stirring enterprise, military or political, built, gilded, and consecrated a little pagoda—a mere "butcha," as they say in India, a brat of some twenty feet or so, but perfect in his beautiful proportions as he is this day. Therefore they found favor with the Nats, and attained to power and proud distinction. So, other Woons and princes and great captains made much of the young Shway-Madoo, and each in turn gave him, according to his means, one or two or three layers of bricks and stucco, and a new coat of gold over all, and a larger, finer, and more melodious tee; and thus he attained to his present exalted stature, and held up his head beside the highest in the land, and became the haughty Shway-Madoo Prah, the Golden Supreme of Pegu.

And thus many pagodas, which are lofty and illustrious now, were once little fellows that might have stood erect inside the Great Dagon bell—so little, that the children who were learning to count could make a lesson of the bells in their tees. Sometimes, as happened to Shway-Dagoung, the growth of the young pagoda was secretly helped by the Nats, who, when pleased with the liberality and zeal of its founder, would contribute as much to the progress of the work in a single night as the pious builders of the shrine had been able to effect in a whole moon.

THE MALAY'S VENGEANCE.

A British barque sailed, in the middle of October, from Hong-Kong for Calcutta, with a crew of Malays. She was commanded by an Englishman, with English warrant officers. The Malays, as is their custom, were under the control of a tindal—a sort of boatswain, elected from among their own number—next in authority to whom was a “second tindal” or boatswain’s mate. These tindals exercised absolute discretion in respect of the corporal punishments to be inflicted on their countrymen. Blows to a free Malay can be struck only by a Malay; the nature of the offense must be stated to the tindal, who measures it by a standard subscribed to by his men, and dispenses the corresponding blows, or gagging, or confinement in the coal bunkers, or double duty, as the case may be. Sometimes the obdurate are treated with mysterious indignities, the wholesomeness and force of which are appreciated only by themselves.

Such is the universal organization of Malay crews in the Indian seas; and all Europeans must respect it, from Jemmy Ducks, the boy of many snubs, through boatswains and mates, up to the despot who takes the sun and says where she is to-day. The skipper who would venture to trice up a Malay and flog him with the cats, must be drunk or mad. Nor in confiding to the tindal the police administration of his own department does the “old man” incur the slightest risk of lax discipline. Left to themselves, the Malays rarely need punishment, but when they do, it is laid on with the heaviest hand, and with but little heed to the “regulations.” Tindals stand not on the manner of the pounding, but pound at once; and from a purely disciplinarian stand-point, it is beautiful to see how patiently, and with what trained respect according to the bond, the most tiger-like of these fierce fatalists submits to the bloody chastisement of his elected officer, often a slender youth, a mere stripling, to be strangled with a finger and thumb—for the tindal is chosen for his activity, intelligence, and seamanship, rather than his strength.

The Captain’s wife made her home in the brig, and, of course, “worked the ship.” A henpecking, sharp-tempered she-sailor, with an unaccountable aversion for Malays—who have a sort of indulgent contempt for women, and usually content themselves with letting them alone—she cowed the skipper and “horsed” the crew, letting slip no opportunity to have them punished for trivial or imagined misdemeanors, and in this making the husband her instrument of her spite.

She found an ally in the mate, a dissolute fellow of ungovernable passions, often drunk and always reckless, who noisily braved the revengeful devil in the Malay blood, and boasted that “it

just took him to bring the slippery niggers down to their work.”

There were six Europeans in the crew—an English carpenter, the cook, and a small boy, his assistant, and three ordinary seamen. There was also a lady-passenger, with an infant.

One morning, a few days out from Hong-Kong, when the hatches were off to ventilate the hold, and the men, having just had supper, were smoking and chatting in squads about the deck, the second tindal seated himself thoughtlessly on the coamings of the main hatch with a pipe in his mouth. The act was one of unpardonable carelessness, affording a dangerous example to the rest, for which he richly deserved punishment at the hands of his proper officer, and after the manner of Malays; but not as it was administered by the mate, who, coming up stealthily behind the man—all unconscious of the danger, and, no doubt, equally unconscious of his crime—struck him a savage blow on the back of the head with a belaying pin, knocking him headlong into the hold. The Malay was cruelly hurt, and being lifted out by his companions, was carried forward insensible.

The affair produced, at the time, no visible excitement among the Malays: they went about their work as usual, betraying no more than a natural anxiety for the life of their officer, relieving each other in attendance upon him, and employing all their rude arts to heal his wounds.

The vessel lay for some days becalmed, and in that time the injured man was sufficiently recovered to come on deck in the evening and sit forward with his friends. It was afterward recollected and emphasized by the carpenter and the cook’s boy, that from the hour in which the second tindal reappeared on deck, “the watch below” never wholly “turned in,” but gathered in knots about the fore-castle, conversing with animation, and sometimes even with undisguised excitement, in a tongue unknown to the carpenter, who had a slight knowledge of both the Malay and Bengalee languages.

At last, when they were within a day’s sail of Singapore, as the Captain sat near the binnacle in the moonlight, smoking, with his feet on the stern rail, and his back, of course, to his crew, the Malays, armed with knives and axes, came aft with their tindal at their head—all together, but so quietly that their approach was unheard by the skipper, who was somewhat deaf, and their dreadful purpose unsuspected by the carpenter and the boy, who were the only Europeans on deck. They mounted the poop-deck and stood close behind the skipper.

With downright, steady brunt, the tindal buried the butt of his axe in the old man’s brains, and while his astonished eyes still stared, they tossed him over, shivering, to the sharks.

Then the tiger in the temper of each man of them sprang forward with a roar. The mate, with the two women, still lingered over the supper table in the cabin, when these wild beasts, fairly foaming, burst in upon them. The man was brave as well as brutal, and snatching a cutlass from the rack between the stern ports, as the women fled into a state-room, he stood at bay, his back against the door. But the tindal, lithe as a cat, and careless of the weapon as though he had as many lives, slipped under the blade before the mate had gathered his wits together, and, with teeth and nails, fastened on his throat. In a moment, a dozen others had grasped his sword-arm and twisted it out of the socket. Then they dragged him, cursing and biting, on deck and slung him in the rigging and set the second tindal, the avenger, at him.

With barely strength enough to handle his sheath-knife, the Malay clung to his prey, gloatingly, jealously, restlessly, like a famished wild cat over a reeking morsel, dissecting him piecemeal and daintily, with many a horrid interlude and obscene intercalation, down to the heart, while the other fiends were playing out their parts.

With damnable mirth they dragged their foolish enemy, the skipper's shrew, half dead already, from her hiding-place. A little while, and bruised by "pioneers and all," and grotesquely mutilated, she was flung into one of the boats hanging at the davits.

The lady-passenger and her babe were as yet unharmed; with even a degree of care they were placed in the boat along with the still gasping remains of the skipper's wife. It was believed by the carpenter, and afterward so declared by several of the Malays, that they did not mean to

kill or hurt the lady, but only to set her adrift in the boat with her dying sister, to be picked up by some junk or European craft, in the track from Singapore to Hong-Kong. But even as they were in the act of "lowering away," the second tindal, drunk with blood, left his carcass, and rushing in among them with his knife, cut away the after fall, and so, the stern dropping with a jerk, threw the three wretches into the sea, and mother and babe, with that horrid thing, went down among the sharks.

They had dispatched, in the beginning, the four European seamen. The boy had hidden himself and was forgotten. The carpenter had been ever a favorite with them, so they merely bound him down to the deck, between some ring-bolts, leaving him to be picked up by any passing craft. Then inverting the ensign to attract attention, they took to the boats, and made straight for Singapore, where they gave themselves up, being the first to tell their own horrid story. And they told it truly, looking to be admired for the fidelity with which they had done their law upon those who, spite of many a warning, had set it at defiance.

They were told they would be hung, and they were hung, but they laughed at that to the last. Your Malay is your only sincere, practical fatalist; death is a matter about which he never "fashes" himself.

The boy came out from his concealment when they had gone, and released the carpenter, and at dawn the two hailed a passing vessel, which took them off and carried them into Singapore. When we arrived, the Malays had been sent on to Penang for trial and execution, all except two, who were shipped with us to follow the others.

EXTRAORDINARY DELUSION.

THE utmost interest has been experienced in the fashionable circles all over the Continent of Europe, by the publication of the *brochure* of the Princess de S., which, printed at first in small numbers, and for private circulation only, has gradually spread itself throughout the aristocratic and religious *coteries* of Europe.

It is now exactly a year since the young Princess Eleanore de S., in the prime of her youth and beauty, a young wife adored by her husband, and much beloved by her family, died suddenly at the Hotel de S., in Paris, and was buried with great pomp at Pere La Chaise, where a splendid monument, by Lechene, recording her age, her lineage, and virtues, has just been put up by her disconsolate husband. In spite of the high position held by the Princess, and, from her great wealth and beauty,

having become the observed of all observers, there has always existed an extraordinary feeling of mystery in the public mind with regard to the circumstances of her death. The sudden determination, taken immediately after the event, by her mother-in-law, of retiring to a convent, greatly increased the doubt and wonder spread around the whole affair; and now this pamphlet (issued to the world with the sanction of one of the greatest names of any country, from one on the eve of taking the black veil, and who expresses the same awe of this position as that of her death-bed, and appeals therefrom for belief in the strange statements made in the work,) comes to fill us with a deeper amazement than we can well bear. The pamphlet is printed in German, the native language of the writer, who, as mother-in-law of the heroine of the

wondrous story it contains, declares it to be in fulfilment of the vow made to her son's wife that it is now made public. The whole life of the young Princess is here set forth. A child of immense imagination and power, left at an early age an orphan, with the consciousness of beauty and the command of boundless wealth, finding herself suddenly transported to her guardian's old castle in the Hartz, was not likely to enjoy either content or happiness; and here her temper and disposition grew so wild and untractable that, after repeated efforts at home education, it was deemed advisable to send her to be trained into rule and discipline by seclusion in a convent. Just then, her guardian being appointed ambassador to Paris, from the Court of W., it was thought the best opportunity for placing the child beneath the surveillance of the superior of the *Sacré Cœur*, in the Rue de Varennes, where she could be better trained to habits of obedience than elsewhere. But alas! this first experiment proved totally abortive. Three unsuccessful efforts at escape were followed by a decided attempt to set fire to the furniture of her room where she was confined; and the governess, fearful of the effect of such example on other pupils, and weary of the task of taming this wild vehement spirit, reluctantly restored the young lady to the care of her guardian. The position of the latter had now become most difficult. To have her in the house was impossible, as Prince Leon de S., his only son, a youth scarcely older than the refractory Eleanore, resided with him, and to throw the pair together at that early age would have been considered by continental decorum quite out of the question. So a *conseil de famille* was held, and it was resolved to send the culprit, now no longer a mere child, but a fine, high-spirited girl of fifteen, to England, to complete her education, with the hope that the conviction of being thus alone in a foreign country, dependent on her good behavior to ensure the kindness of those about her, might have the desired effect. The young lady was accordingly placed at —, at Hammersmith, and for a time she hoped for change seemed to have taken place in her temper. But, after a while, it appears that the bursts of violence to which she gave way, and the fits of depression which succeeded, became so alarming as to cause serious fears for her health. Letter after letter was despatched to her guardian from the young lady herself, begging to be taken into favor, declaring that the climate of England was weighing her to the earth, and the discipline of Hammersmith breaking her heart. For some time the guardian, acting with the prudence he judged necessary, suffered those complaints and supplications to go on; but at length, moved by one of the

letters, more heart-rending than the others, he allowed his anger to be melted, and determined on fetching his ward from the place, where, she declared, in the strong language she was wont to use, she was "damaging both soul and body, and hurrying both to everlasting perdition." The Prince de S. arrived at Hammersmith one Sunday morning. He had returned no answer to the last letter despatched by his ward, and she was, therefore, not aware of his intention of arriving. The lady commissioned to be the bearer of the news reported to have found her on her knees, alone in her own room, praying, with a most fearful expression of countenance, and on being informed of her guardian's arrival, she had uttered a most unearthly shriek, and rushed down the stairs like one possessed. The guardian was much pleased with her progress and improvement, and brought her back to Paris triumphantly, as a specimen of the good training of the ladies of Hammersmith. There was, indeed, no token of the old indomitable spirit left within her. She was silent and subdued, submissive to all, and only urgent in her supplications never to be left alone or in the dark. She to whom religion had hitherto been a subject of derision, changed suddenly to practices of the most exaggerated piety, but always persisted in maintaining that it was useless to lay any plans for her welfare, for that she should die before she was twenty-one!

"All a mother could do," says the Princess, in the extraordinary *brochure* which discloses the story, "was done by me to eradicate this idea from the mind of our beloved Eleanore, but the answers she always made were so full of terrible meaning that they filled my soul with such deep alarm that I dared not to dwell upon the subject. Even when she became the bride of my son, Leon, she would insist upon every arrangement being made with a view to this early death, which seemed to prey on her mind for ever. It was not till the young couple had been married for some time that, by dint of maternal care and solicitude, I managed to wring from her the confidence of her direful anticipations; and judge of my dismay when she coolly told me that she had sold herself to the Evil One, and that she would be claimed before she had reached the age of twenty-one! She confessed that her despair had been so great at being exiled, that, wearied with incessant prayers to Heaven and the saints for deliverance, without effect, she had at length addressed her vows to the powers of darkness, on the very Sunday morning when her guardian had arrived, and the announcement of his presence was evidently the token of the acceptance of that fearful vow."

It seems that, in spite of every care and

counsel—despite of the constant watching and wise teaching of the Abbé Dupauloux, nothing could turn aside this *idée fixe* from the mind of the Princess Eleanore; and, although every extreme of dissipation and excitement was tried to divert her thoughts, she gave way to a settled melancholy, and died just two days before the completion of her twenty-first year, suddenly, and in her chair, full dressed for a ball at the *Ministère d'Etat*. The idea had evidently done its work in silence; and none can tell the agony which must have been endured during the last few months of that sad existence, in the midst

of splendor and riches, yet nursing the canker-worm within, from which neither the lofty position in which she stood nor the homage she received, could divert her for one instant.

The pamphlet has caused the deepest impression on the minds of all who have perused it; and the retirement from the world of the Dowager Princess de S., for the avowed purpose of praying for the soul of the Princess Eleanore, has added to the terrible effect of the tale, which seems more like a dark legend of the middle ages than an incident of yesterday, but is nevertheless perfectly true for all that."

A Review of the New Literary Recruits.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN THE FAR WEST, with Col. Fremont's last Expedition across the Rocky Mountains; including three months' residence in Utah, and a perilous trip across the great American Desert, to the Pacific. By S. N. Carvalho, Artist to the Expedition. Published by Derby & Jackson, Nassau Street, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. The title of this book sufficiently explains its nature. The author tells us in his preface, that in preparing the volume for publication, he has not followed any established system of arrangement. The incidents are most of them transcripts from original letters, written in the familiar style of friendly correspondence. The description of the journey from great Salt Lake City to San Bernardino, is an exact copy from Mr. Carvalho's journal, written after many days of wearisome travel. The Mormon episodes he has rendered almost verbatim from personal relations by the parties themselves, and not from hearsay. The portion of the book devoted to the peculiarities of the Mormon Social system, is very full and interesting. An incident worthy of mention occurred at the very outset of this last expedition of Fremont. While his party were in camp one night, the men got to discuss the peculiar qualities of Fremont, and from that got on to a discussion about the prominent men named for the Presidency, whereupon Mr. Carvalho nominated Fremont for President. The camp received it with acclamation. Here we have the inception of a movement that has made so much noise in the world. As the incidents of overland journeys are similar to those frequently narrated, we will extract for the information of our readers, one of the Mormon episodes.

BALL AT SALT LAKE CITY.

Towards the end of April, 1854, about ten days previous to the departure of Governor Brigham Young, on his annual visit to the southern settlement of Utah, tickets of invitation to a grand ball, were issued in his name. I had the honor to receive one of them.

If the etiquette of dress, which is a necessary preliminary to the "*entré*" of her Majesty's drawing-room, had been insisted on in the vestibule of Gov.

Young's ball-room, the relation of the following incidents would never have emanated from my pen.

When I arrived at the great city of the Mormons, I was clad in the tattered garments that I had worn for six months, on the journey across the Rocky Mountains. In vain I applied to every store in Salt Lake City for suitable clothes; a pair of black pants or a broadcloth coat was not to be purchased. I, however, succeeded in having a pair of stout cassimere pants made for my intended journey to California; and a gentleman by the name of Addoms, a merchant from Cedar Street, N. Y., contributed a new coat from his wardrobe. I was indebted to him also for a great deal of kindness and attention during my illness.

With my striped cassimeres, black frock coat, and a white vest borrowed for the occasion from Capt. Morris, "*en règle*"—I was as fashionably attired as any one whom I met during the evening. My friend Egloffstein, was also invited, but there were no clothes in the city of Salt Lake to fit him; he had grown so fat and corpulent, that ready-made clothes of his size, would have been unsaleable, consequently, he declined going.

During the day, extensive culinary preparations were being made at Mr. E. T. Benson's house, where we messaged. Mr. Benson had four wives; they were, on this occasion, all engaged; one making pastry and cakes, another roasting and preparing wild geese and ducks, and garnishing fat hams, etc., while the others were selecting the garments which were to be worn by the ladies on this interesting occasion.

I could not exactly perceive why such extensive cooking preparations were making; on inquiry, I learned that in this isolated city, thousands of miles from civilization, and buried, as it were, in the mountains, it was a very expensive thing to prepare a supper for a large company, at the cost of a single individual. Sugar was worth 75 cents per pound, and very scarce; sperm candles \$1.50 per pound, and everything else in proportion. It was expected and understood, that all families who were invited, should bring their own provisions, candles, etc., and contribute for the music. The Governor furnished the ball-room only.

Strangers, of course, were exceptions to the rule.

At the appointed hour I made my appearance, chaperoned by Gov. Young, who gave me a general introduction. A larger collection of fairer and more beautiful women I never saw in one room. All of them were dressed in white muslin; some with pink and others with blue sashes. Flowers were the only ornaments in the hair. The utmost order and strictest decorum prevailed. Polkas and waltzing were not danced; country dances, cotillions, quadrilles, etc., were permitted.

At the invitation of Gov. Young, I opened the ball with one of his wives. The Governor, with a beautiful partner, stood *vis-à-vis*. An old fashioned cotillion was danced with much grace by the ladies, and the Governor acquitted himself very well on the "light fantastic toe."

I singled out from among the galaxy of beauty with which I was surrounded, a Mrs. Wheelock, a lady of great worth and polished manners; she had volunteered her services as a tragedienne, at different times during my visit to Salt Lake, at the theatre, where she appeared in several difficult impersonations; I think she excels Miss Julia Dean in her histrionic talent. I had the pleasure of painting Mrs. Wheelock's portrait in the character of "Pauline," in "Lady of Lyons." She was the first wife of her husband, whom she married in England, about eight years before; her parents, who are estimable people, came over after they had embraced Mormonism. When this lady married, the spiritual wife system had not yet been revealed.

Mr. Wheelock is a president of the seventies, and has traveled a great deal in the capacity of missionary; he had, at this time, three wives, the last one visited the ball as a bride; I was introduced by Mrs. Wheelock, senior, to all of them; they looked like the three graces as they stood in the room, with their arms enfolding each other like sisters; they dwelt together in one house, and the most perfect harmony and affection seemed to exist between them. The last wife was a young girl of seventeen, well educated, and possessing great personal advantages; her parents and brothers reside in the city. I was invited to the wedding, but was prevented attending from the reason I have before assigned. I requested permission to dance with one of them; Mr. Wheelock took his new bride, and the cotillion was formed of his three wives and another lady, with their respective partners. It was a most unusual sight to see a man dancing in a cotillion with three wives, balancing first to one, then to the other; they all enjoyed themselves with the greatest good humor.

The particulars of the wedding, I had from a lady who was present. It seems that it is necessary before a man can take a second wife, that his first wife should give her consent; if she refuses, he is prohibited from taking another. In this case, the first wife's consent was obtained; I will not presume to say whether willingly or unwillingly; Mrs. W., the elder, possessed great good sense, and her mind was highly cultivated. It may be, she made a virtue of necessity, and yielded the assent on which her future domestic happiness depended, with a good grace.

She acted as godmother, and gave away the bride.

I think, on this occasion, the Governor performed the ceremony. The second, Mrs. Rose Wheelock, is a transcendently beautiful woman. There is nothing prepossessing in the appearance of her husband, and it is a mystery to me, how he could have gained the affections of so many elegant women. Mr. W. was appointed to a mission to Great Britain previous to his last "sealing," and left for the States the day after the ball, he only enjoyed his last wife's society about four days, a very short honey-moon!

The lady could have married a more eligible man. She must return to her parents' house to reside, for the three years her husband would be absent; yet she preferred to be the third wife of a man she loved, and who bore a high character for morality, etc., to being the first and only wife of an inconsiderate youth.

After several rounds of dancing, a march was played by the band, and a procession formed. I conducted my first partner to the supper room, where I partook of a fine entertainment at the Governor's table. There must have been at least two hundred ladies present, and about one hundred gentlemen. I returned to my quarters at twelve o'clock, favorably impressed with the exhibition of public society among the Mormons.

BOTHWELL.—The history of Mary, Queen of Scots, her misfortunes, and her unhappy fate, has been so often written and read, that the interest might be supposed to be exhausted. But the master hand of genius has the wondrous faculty of imparting a fresh charm and novelty even to the most hacknied theme. Were the tragedy of Bothwell to be rehearsed by a common author, the thing would fall still-born. We have, however, before us now a poem in six parts, by W. Edmondstone Aytoun, the popular author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Bon Gaultier's Ballads," etc., which is destined to raise the story of Bothwell to greater notice than it ever enjoyed before. The volume, just issued from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, contains two hundred and sixty-seven duodecimo pages, of which one hundred and eighty are engrossed by the poem itself, and the remainder by notes of so copious a character as to possess a remarkable value to the historical student. From a perusal of the notes we learn that Mr. Aytoun has, in his poem, adhered strictly to the historical facts, to ascertain which he has investigated thoroughly the whole subject. This poem is, therefore, an elaborate and studied effort. We have derived much pleasure from reading it; and, as it is not often that poems of such merit, pretensions, and structure, appear we purpose to devote some space to it in our pages this month.

The poem is a monologue, Bothwell being at once the hero and narrator. He is supposed to be in his dungeon cell, awaiting the approach of his doom, and brooding over the events of his brief career of glory and crime, over which he goes. He thus pleads his love for the queen as the excuse for his crimes:

I was the husband of a Queen,
The partner of a throne;
For one short month the sceptred might
Of Scotland was my own.

The crown that father Fergus wore
 Lay ready for my hand;
 Yea, but for treason, I had been
 The monarch of the land;
 The King of Scots, in right of her
 Who was my royal bride,
 The fairest woman on the earth
 That e'er the sun epeied.
 O Mary—Mary! Even now,
 Seared as I am to shame,
 The blood grows thick around my heart
 At utterance of thy name!
 I see her, as in bygone days,
 A widow, yet a child,
 Within the fields of sunny France,
 When heaven and fortune smiled.
 The violets grew beneath her feet,
 The lilies budded fair,
 And all that is beautiful and bright
 Was gathered round her there.
 O lovelier than the fairest flower
 That ever bloomed on green,
 Was she, the lily of the land,
 That young and spotless Queen!
 The sweet, sweet smile upon her lips,
 Her eyes so kind and clear,
 The magic of her gentle voice,
 That even now I hear!
 And nobles knelt, and princes bent
 Before her as she came;
 A Queen by gift of nature she,
 More than a Queen in name.
 Even I, a rugged border lord,
 Unused to courtly ways,
 Whose tongue was never tutored yet
 To lisp in polished phrase;
 I, who would rather on the heath
 Confront a feudal foe,
 Than linger in a royal hall
 Where lackeys come and go—
 I, who had seldom bent the knee
 At mass, or yet at prayer,
 Bowed down in homage at her feet,
 And paid my worship there!

But as Bothwell was with Darnley when they jointly escorted the Queen from France to Scotland, and he was not married to his lawful first wife, Lady Jean Gordon, until seven months afterward. This love of his for the Queen, seems to have been slow in discovering itself. The poet gets over this very awkwardly, thus:

O had I earlier sought the place
 That late—too late—was mine;
 Had I but seen the woman then,
 And deemed her less divine,
 When first upon the Scottish shore
 She, like a radiant star,
 Descended, bringing hope and mirth
 From those bright realms afar;
 When all men's hearts were blithe and glad
 To greet their youthful Queen,
 And once again within the land
 A happy face was seen—
 I might have made my homage more
 Than that of subject peer,
 And with my oath of loyalty
 Have mixed a vow more dear—
 Proclaimed myself to be her knight,
 As in the olden time,
 When any he that wore the spurs
 Might love without a crime;
 When Queens were queens of chivalry;
 And deeds of bold enterprise,
 Not flattering words or fawning speech,

Found grace in woman's eyes.
 O had I then been bold indeed,
 And known the secret power
 Which he who wins in battle-field
 Can use in lady's bower—
 Had I, with friends enow to back,
 And all my kith and kin,
 Who held the borders, far and wide,
 And hemmed the marches in,
 But bid defiance, broad and bold,
 To all who dared advance
 To claim the hand of Scotland's Queen,
 The widow-child of France—
 Had I but sent the cry abroad,
 That neither English peer,
 Nor Scottish lord from England's court,
 Should be our master here—
 Had I but trusted to myself,
 And bravely ta'en my stand,
 Then Darnley never would have been
 The King within the land.

Bothwell never would have assigned such a reason as this for his conduct. He did see Mary before she landed in Scotland. He saw her abroad, and was with her when she landed. Mary is made to wed Darnley, because she was alone in a position of great responsibility, to which she was not equal. We quote the description of Darnley:

She wedded Darnley—and a fool
 In every sense was he,
 With scarce the wit to be a knave
 If born in low degree.
 But folly, when it walks abroad
 In royal guise and straits,
 Will never lack for knavery
 To loiter in its train.
 Loose comrades of the baser sort
 Were always by his side,
 To whisper lewdness in his ear,
 And pander to his pride.
 And men who wore a graver mask,
 Whose hearts were all untrue,
 Escayed—it was an easy task—
 To make him traitor too!

The narrative properly begins with the murder of Riccio, the Queen's favorite Italian secretary, the description of which is as follows:

'Twas night—mirk night—the sleet beat on,
 The wind, as now, was rude,
 And I was lonely in my room
 In dreary Holyrood.
 I heard a cry, a tramp of men,
 A clash of steel below,
 And from my window, in the court
 I saw the torches glow.
 More common were such sounds to me
 Than hum of evening hymn;
 I caught my sword, and hurried out
 Along the passage dim.
 But O, the shriek that thrilled me then—
 The accents of despair,
 The man's imploring agony,
 The woman's frantic prayer!
 "O, for the love of God and Christ,
 Have mercy—mercy—!
 O mistress—Queen—protect me yet,
 I am not fit to die!"
 "O God! stand by me, Darnley—you—
 My husband! will you see
 Black murder in my presence here!
 O God! he turns from me!
 Back—villains, back! you shall not strike,
 Unless you slay me too.

O help! help! help! they kill the Queen!
 Help! help! O nobles—you—
 O Ruthven—Douglas—as you trust
 For mercy in your need,
 For Christ's dear sake, be satisfied—
 Do not this monstrous deed!
 I'll yield—O yes! I'll break with France,
 Do anything you will,
 But spare him—spare him—spare him, friends!
 Why should you seek to kill?
 O God! unloose me, Darnley! shame!
 Let go my arm, thou knave!
 To me—to me—all Scottish hearts—
 Help! Murder! Come and save!"

A door flew wide. I saw them there—
 Ruthven in mail complete,
 George Douglas, Ker of Fawdonside,
 And Riccio at their feet.
 With rapiers drawn and pistols bent,
 They seized their wretched prey;
 They wrenched her garments from his grasp,
 They stabbed him where he lay.
 I saw George Douglas raise his arm,
 I saw his dagger gleam;
 And then I heard the dying yell,
 And Mary's piteous scream.
 I saw her writhe in Darnley's arms
 As in a serpent's fold—
 The coward! he was pale as death,
 But would not loose his hold!
 And then the torches waved and shook,
 And louder grew the din,
 And up the stair, and through the doors
 The rest came trooping in.
 What could I do! No time was that
 To listen or to wait;
 Thronged were the rooms with furious men,
 And close beset the gate.
 Morton and Lindsay kept the court,
 With many a deadly foe;
 And swords are swift to do their work
 When blood begins to flow.
 Darkling I traced the passage back
 As swiftly as I came,
 For through the din that rose without
 I heard them shout my name.
 Enough!—that night one victim died
 Before Queen Mary's face,
 And in my heart, I deemed that night
 Another in his place.
 Not that I cared for Riccio's life,
 They might have worked their will;
 Though base it was in men so high
 A helpless wretch to kill.
 But I had seen my Queen profaned,
 Outraged before my face,
 By him, the dastard, heartless boy,
 The land's and our disgrace.
 'Twas he devised the felon plot;
 'Twas he that planned the crime;
 He led the murderers to her room,
 And—God—at what a time!

This murder is the excuse upon which hinges the subsequent acting of Bothwell. The poet makes him swear revenge for it. He does not, however, set about accomplishing it, and therein is one of the defects of the plot. It would have been better to omit the vow altogether. The next event was the bloody fight between Bothwell, as Warden of the Three Marches, and one of the turbulent border chiefs, John Elliott, of the Park. It is narrated in the following style:

Who owns thee now, fair Hermitage?
 Who sits within my hall?

What banner flutters in the breeze
 Above that stately wall?
 Does yet the court-yard ring with tramp
 Of horses and of men;
 Do bay of hounds and bugle-note
 Sound merry from the glen?
 Or art thou, as thy master is,
 A rent and ruined pile,
 Once noble, but deserted now
 By all that is not vile?
 What matters it! 'These eyes of mine
 Shall never see thee more;
 Still in my thought must thou abide
 As stately as of yore,
 When, Warden of the Marches three,
 In Mary's right I came,
 To still the raging Border feuds,
 And trample out the flame.

Good faith! I had but little zeal
 To meddle with the knaves,
 Who simply kept their father's rule,
 And fought for bloody graves.
 No war was then between the lands,
 Else swift and sure, I ween,
 Each Border clan, on Scottish soil,
 Had mustered for their Queen;
 The tidings of an English raid
 Had joined them heart and hand;
 For well the jackmen knew the wealth
 Of canny Cumberland.
 One note of war, and all the feuds
 Had vanished, like the snow
 From off the fells by Teviot-side,
 When the warm May winds blow.
 But peace abroad breeds feud at home;
 Old cause of quarrel rose;
 Clan fought with clan, and name with name,
 As fierce and deadly foes.
 To them came I in evil hour,
 Most perilous the tide;
 For he who seeks to part a fray,
 Wins strokes from either side.
 Saint Andrew! 'twas no easy task
 To hunt an Armstrong down,
 Or make a Johnstone yield his sword
 At summons from the crown:
 Yet, ere a week had passed away,
 One half my work was done,
 And safe within my castle lay
 Whitehaugh and Mangerton.
 I had them all, but only one,
 John Elliot of the Park,
 As stalwart and as bold a man
 As ever rode by dark.
 I sought him far I sought him near,
 He baffled all my men:
 At last I met him, face to face,
 Within the Billhope glen.

Short parley passed between us twain,
 "Thou art the Warden?" "Ay!
 Thou Elliot of the Park?" "I am."
 "Wilt yield thee?" "Come and try!"
 We lighted down from off our steeds,
 We tied them to a tree;
 The sun was sinking in the west,
 And all alone were we.
 Out flew the steel; and then began
 A sharp and desperate strife,
 For Elliot fought to 'scape the cord,
 I fought for fame and life.
 Ha, ha! were he alive again,
 And on this dungeon floor,
 What joy with such a man as that,
 To cross the sword once more!
 The blows he fetched were stark and strong,

And so were mine, I ween,
 Until I cleft his head-piece through,
 And stretched him on the green.
 "Wilt yield thee now?" "I will not yield,
 But an ye promise grace."
 "That must you ask upon your knee,
 Before our Sovereign's face."
 Blinded with blood, he struggled up,
 "Lord Earl!" he said, "beware!
 No man shall take me living yet;
 Now follow, if you dare!"
 I slipped upon the broken moss;
 And in the augh we rolled,
 Death-grappling, silent, heaving each
 Within the other's hold.
 He passed above me, and I felt,
 Once, twice, his dagger drive;
 But mine went deeper through his breast,
 I rose, but half alive!
 All spun around me, trees and hills,
 A mist appeared to rise;
 Yet one thing saw I clearly yet
 Before my fading eyes:
 Not half a rood beyond the burn,
 A man lay stiff and stark;
 I knew it was my stubborn foe,
 John Elliot of the Park.
 I strove in vain to sound my horn,
 No further strength had I;
 And reeling in that lonely glen,
 I fell, but not to die.

Bothwell is picked up insensible; conveyed to his home, and lies there dangerously ill for some time, from the effects of his wounds. When he recovers he is visited by the Queen, who compliments him very highly upon his courage and devotion. The gracious smiles and tenderness produce an effect upon him, which is described in the annexed lines:

In sooth, I wished them far away,
 The Maries, and the rest,
 That I might throw me at her feet,
 Might ease my burning breast;
 Might tell her how I came to love,
 And how I hid my flame,
 Till he, the wretched perjured boy,
 Had filled his cup with shame;
 Might ask her of her sovran grace,
 To take and keep my vow,
 To rule James Hepburn's heart and hand,
 Not give him promise now;
 One word, one little word of hope.
 Was all he dared to crave,—
 Hope! There was none in store for me,
 Till Darnley filled his grave!

On his re-appearance at court he becomes by reason of his proved valor and well-known boldness, the centre of a conspiracy to dispose of Darnley, who had become odious to the nobles. This part of the narrative we quote:

'Twas in Craigmillar's ancient pile
 That first I lent my ear
 To the dark words of Lethington,
 With Murray bending near.
 The theme was Darnley and his deeds,
 His vain capricious mind,
 That no controlling power could guide
 Or sense of honor blind;
 His wild outrageous insolence
 To men of high degree,
 Who, but for Mary's love and grace,
 Were higher far than he.
 All this I heard, and answered not;
 But when he came to speak

Of Mary's wrongs, and Mary's woes,
 The blood was in my cheek.
 He told me of her breaking heart,
 Of bitter tears she shed,
 Of the sad cry she raised to heaven,
 "O God! that I were dead!"
 Of that dull grief which, more than pain,
 Has power to waste and kill;
 Yet in her secret heart, he said,
 Queen Mary loved him still.
 "Loves him?" "Why, ay! our thought was bent
 At first, on Darnley's banishment;
 On loosing of the nuptial tie,
 As holy Church allows,
 An easy thing, for never yet
 Was such a faithless spouse;
 But when we broke it to the Queen,
 She would not deign to hear;
 He was the father of her child,
 And so to her was dear.
 What then is left? While Darnley lives
 As king within the land,
 Whate'er his insolence may be,
 He holds us at command.
 Why, even you, brave Earl, so high
 In honor and in place,
 You, Warden, Admiral, must bend
 Before his Royal Grace!
 Nay, chafe not at my open speech:
 For more have felt the wrong,
 And, trust me, will not stoop to wear
 Those galling shackles long.
 My Lord of Murray stands prepared
 To aid us, heart and hand;
 Your brother Huntley, and Argyll
 Are eager for the Band.
 You know their strength: yet more remains;
 The banished lords are ours;
 Lindsay and Morton, were they here,
 Would help us with their powers.
 In evil hour, in evil cause,
 They lent weak Darnley aid;
 Persuaded by his lying tongue,
 With treason foul repaid.
 "Surely 'tis time to stanch the wounds
 That vex the land so sore,
 To knit the noble brotherhood
 As closely as of yore;
 To curb the wild fanatic mood
 That waxes day by day,
 And make the surly preachers know
 Their duty, to obey!
 But for one plague-spot in the land,
 Our course were plain and clear;
 If Scotland's nobles back their Queen,
 What foemen need they fear?
 No more will we of foreign league
 Or foreign wedlock hear!
 A better husband for the Queen
 We'll find among our own:
 A champion, able, like the Bruce,
 To take and keep the throne!
 More might I say; but, valiant Earl,
 On you our fate depends;
 Speak but the word, give but the sign,
 And round us throng our friends.
 Scotland is weary of the load
 That lies upon her now,
 And Death is breathing, cold and damp,
 Upon our Sovereign's brow.
 This is the stalwart arm we need
 To save the State and Queen,
 Your own brave blood was freely shed
 For Mary, on the green;
 But Darnley's!—for one drop of your's
 His life were all too mean."

Bothwell yields willingly to become the head, or rather the instrument of the conspirators. It is agreed by them that Darnley shall die. Bothwell undertakes the deed according to a concerted plan. This is by blowing up the chamber in which the hapless king consort sleeps. This great event is described by the poet thus:

I stood that night in Darnley's room,
Above the chamber charged with death;
At every sound that rose below
There was a catching in my breath.
The aspect of the boy was sad,
For he was weak, and wrung with pain;
Wearied he lay upon the bed,
From which he never rose again.
I saw his brow so pale and damp,
I saw his cheek so thin and spare—
I've seen it often since in dreams—
O wherefore did I seek him there?
He lay, indeed, a dying man,
His minutes numbered, marked, and spanned;
With every ticking of the clock
There fell a priceless grain of sand.
Yet over him an angel bent,
And soothed his pain, and wiped his brow—
So fair, so kind, so innocent,
That all hell's tortures to me now
Could scarce be worse than what I felt
Within that thrice-accursed room!
No heart so hard that will not melt
When love stands weeping o'er the tomb.
O had I hellebore for that—
That one damn'd hour!—I'd count me blest;
So would I banish from my couch
The direst phantom of unrest!

Time trickled on. I knew 'twas done,
When Paris entered with the key—
I'd listened for his foot, as one
Upon the rack might hail the tread
Of the grim goliard of the dead,
Yet loathsome was his tread to me!
He looked a murderer; not for hate,
Envy, or slight, or other cause,
By which the devil, or his mate,
Tempt man to spurn his Maker's laws—
But from that hideous appetite,
That lust for blood, that joy in sin,
Which shows the instinct of the wolf,
And raves on the heart within.
Let no man seek to gain his end
By felon means! I never felt
So like a slave, as when he passed,
And touched the key beneath his belt!
For in his glance I read the thought:
"Lord Bothwell! ever from this hour,
Though you be great, and I am nought,
Your life and fame are in my power!"
Ah! shame that I should now recall
The meaner feelings of that time,
The splinters and the accidents
That flash from every deed of crime!
Shame, that a face like his should rise
To gibber at me even now,
To scare me with his hateful eyes,
And beckon from the gulf below!
What reck's it how a califf ends?
If Murray paid him with a sword,
Why let his spectre haunt the friends
Who did not deem him worth the sword!
No more of that!—The Queen arose,
And we, her nobles, stood aloof
Until she parted from her spouse,
And then we left the fatal roof.

"Back, back to Holyrood! away!"
Then torches flashed, and yeomen came,
And round the royal litter closed
A gleaming zone of ruddy flame.
I have slight memory of that walk—
Argyle, I think, spoke earnestly
On state affairs, but of his talk
Not any word remains with me.
We came to Holyrood; and soon
A gush of music filled the hall;
The dance was set; the long saloon
Glowed as in time of carnival:
O hateful to me was the sound,
And doubly hateful was the light!
I could not bear to look around,
I longed to plunge into the night.
A low dull boom was in mine ear,
A surging, as of waters pent;
And the strained sense refuse to hear
The words of passing merriment.
What if that Babel should be stilled,
Smote dumb, by one tremendous knell?
What if the air above were filled
With clanging from the clocks of hell?
Yet waited I till all was o'er;
The bride withdrew, the masque was done;
And as I left the postern-door,
Dully the palace bell struck, One!

I heard a sermon long ago,
Wherein the preacher strove to show
That guiltiness in high or low
Hath the like touch of fear;
And that the knight who sallies forth,
Bent on an action of unworth,
Though he be duke or belted earl,
Feels the same tremor as the churl
Who steals his neighbor's gear.
I held his words for idle talk,
And cast them from my view;
But in that awful midnight walk,
I felt the man spake true.

I heard the echo of my foot,
As up the Canongate I sped,
Distinct, as though in close pursuit
Some spy kept even with my tread.
Or did I run, or did I pause,
The sound was ever flickering near;
And though I guessed full well the cause,
I could not free myself from fear.
I almost stumbled in the dark
Upon a houseless, vagrant hound,
And his sharp snarl, and sudden bark,
Made my heart leap, and pulses bound.
Wherever there were lights on high,
Methought there stood some watcher pale;
Long shadows seemed to flitter by,
I heard low voices mourn and wail.
And I could swear that once I saw
A phantom gliding by the palace
Where then I stood. I shook with awe,
The face was like my mother's face,
When last I saw her on her bier!
Are there such things? or does the dread
Of coming evil crase our fear,
And so bring up the sheeted dead?
I cannot tell. But this I know,
That rather than endure again
Such hideous thoughts, I'd fight the foe,
And reckon with them, blow for blow,
Though I were one, and they were ten!
I passed beyond the city wall;
No light was there in hut or bield,
I scarce could find the narrow lane
That led me to the Kirk-of-Field.
Three men were speeding from the door;

They ran against me in the way—
 "Who's that?" "Tis I!" "Lord Bothwell! back,
 Back, back, my Lord! make no delay!
 The doors are locked, the match is fired!
 A moment more, and all is done—
 Let's 'vold the ground!" "He sleeps then sound!"
 "Within that house shall waken none!"
 Shortly we paused; I strained my sight
 To trace the outline of the pile;
 But neither moon nor stars gave light,
 And so we waited for awhile.

Down came the rain with steady pour,
 It splashed the pools among our feet;
 Each minute seemed in length an hour,
 As each went by, yet uncomplete.
 "Hell! should it fall, our plot is vain!"
 Bolton, you have mislaid the light!
 Give me the key, I'll fire the train,
 Though I be partner of his flight!"
 "Stay, stay, my Lord! you shall not go!
 'Twere madness now to near the place;
 The soldiers' fuses burn but slow;
 Abide, abide a little space;
 There's time enough."

He said no more,
 For at the instant flashed the glare,
 And with a hoarse infernal roar
 A blaze went up and filled the air!
 Rafters, and stones, and bodies rose
 In one thick gush of blinding flame,
 And down, and down, amidst the dark,
 Hurtiling on every side they came.
 Surely the devil tarried near,
 To make the blast more fierce and fell,
 For never pealed on human ear
 So dreadful and so dire a knell.
 The heavens took up the earth's dismay,
 The thunder bellowed overhead.
 Steep called to steep. Away, away!
 Then fear fell on me, and I fled.
 For I was dazzled and amazed—
 A fire was flashing in my brain,
 I hated like a creature crazed,
 Who strives to overrun his pain,
 I took the least-frequented road,
 But even there arose a hum;
 Lights showed in every vile abode,
 And far away I heard the drum.
 Roused was the city, late so still;
 Burglers, half-clad, ran hurrying by,
 Old crones came forth, and scolded shrill,
 Men shouted challenge and reply.
 Yet no one dared to cross my path,
 My hand was on my dagger's hilt;
 Fear is as terrible as wrath,
 And vengeance not more fierce than guilt.
 I would have stricken to the heart
 Whoever should have stopped me then;
 None saw me from the palace part,
 None saw me enter it again.
 Ah! but I heard a whisper pass,
 It thrilled me as I reached the door:
 "Welcome to thee, the knight that was,
 The felon now for evermore!"

Bothwell is suspected of the bloody deed, and the public rumor also points to the Queen, as an accomplice in the death of her husband. Bothwell assumes a bold front, challenges a trial, and is acquitted, because the whole proceeding is a farce. Bothwell still goes on, the instrument of others. Lethington persuades him that he has become so powerful in the land, as to be the most fitting husband for the Queen. Bothwell lends a willing ear,

and never takes a second thought of the impediment caused by his having a lawful wife already. He assents to the suggestion on condition that the nobles should all sign a document declaring him to be the man they had selected to be the Queen's husband. His attendant meets him shortly afterward and hearing what has been done, detects it as a plot of Lethington, Morton, and Kirkaldy, to ruin Bothwell, and in order to thwart their intrigues, he persuades him that instant action is necessary. As he could not hope to gain the Queen's consent in Holyrood, even with the formidable document he had secured from the nobles, and a storm was already brewing against him under the lead of Kirkaldy, who openly accused him of the murder of Darnley. Ormiston persuades him to muster his men, meet Mary on her return from Stirling Castle, whither she had gone, and on some specious pretext, take her with him to his castle at Dunbar. He does so, and leaves Edinburgh just as the plot had ripened there to seize him. He meets the Queen, tells her that the people in Edinburgh are up in arms against her; that it would be unsafe for her to go there, and that she might find safety with him at Dunbar. Ecorted thither, Bothwell breaks his wicked project of marriage to her. Here we quote from the poem:

I sought her presence in the hall;
 Not as a flatterer prepared to woo,
 But like a faltering criminal
 Who knows not what to say or do.
 I told the story once again
 Of wide rebellion in the land,
 Of clamor raised against her reign,
 Of treason by the preachers planned.
 I told her that the English Queen
 Was bent to drive her from the throne,
 That still Elizabeth's aim had been
 To rule in Britain's isle, alone.
 "Madam," I said; "Though great her power,
 Trust me, that woman's craft is vain;
 Nor any tower, nor any tower,
 Shall she usurp on Scottish plain.
 Though knave and hypocrites combine,
 Though the old faith be trampled down,
 We'll rally round our royal line,
 And perish are they wrong the Crown!"

"Yet, Madam, plainly must I speak—
 And O, forgive me if I say
 A lady's arm is all too weak
 The sceptre and the world to sway!
 Changed are the times from those of yore,
 When duty was a sacred thing,
 When loyal hearts the people bore,
 And priests were subject to the king.
 Not now, upon the sabbath day,
 Are men exhorted to obey,
 Nor do they meet to kneel and pray.
 Savage and wild the preacher stands,
 And imprecates with lifted hands
 The wrath of heaven upon the head
 Of all who differ from his creed.
 Nor only that; the pulpit rings
 With lying tales of priests and kings.
 Bold in his self-commissioned cause,
 He hurle defiance at the laws,
 And bids his hearers bear the sword,
 Against their rulers, for the Lord!
 O since your father, royal James,
 Sighed out his life in Falkland tower,
 How many churches, wrapped in flames,
 Have witnessed to the spotter's power!"

Amidst the jeers of knave and clown
Altar and fane came thundering down;
The abbey, where the poor were fed.
Have now no inmates but the dead,
And wild birds feed their callow young
In aisles where once the anthem rang.

"And deem not that their rage is passed—
It lives, it burns within them still;
Misrule and anarchy will last
While those wild preachers have their will.
This new rebellion shows their mood;
Altar and throne alike must down:
The hands that tore away the hood
Are eager to profane the crown!

"But we can stay them in their course;
And this the counsel of the wise:
Force must be met, and fought by force,
Else Scotland, as a kingdom, dies.
The nobles who allowed their aid
To help the growing power,
Shrink from the monster they have made
Insatiate to devour.
Ready are they with heart and hand
To crush rebellion in the land;
All private quarrel to forego,
And league against the common foe.
Such, Lady, is their full intent,
And this the token they have sent.
Behold their names—recorded here
Are those of prelate, statesman, peer:
The heart of Scotland and its might
In this great bond of love unite,
And nevermore shall treason dare
To lift its head in open air
Against a brotherhood so fair!

"But, Madam, something they require;
O that I might from speech refrain!
Scarce can I utter their desire,
Or speak a prayer that may be vain!
Yet must I do it. Lady! see—
With throbbing heart and bended knee
Thus low before your royal seat
I pour my homage at your feet!
O, by the heaven that spreads above,
By all that man holds fond and dear!
I had not dared to tell my love,
Or breathe that secret in your ear,
But for the urgency of the time,
When silence almost is a crime—
But for the danger to the throne,
James Hepburn to his grave had gone,
And never knelt as now!

Nay, gracious madam—do not rise;
Well can I fathom the surprise
That sits upon your brow!
Were I by wild ambition stirred,
Or moved by selfish aim,
Then might you spurn my suit preferred,
Bid me begone, condemned, unheard,
And ever loathe my name.
Nay more—for frankly will I speak—
The marriage bonds I wear, though weak,
Would still have tied my tongue;
Nor from my heart had friend or priest,
While life yet ebbed within my breast,
This free confession wrung!"

Silent and still, though pale as death,
Queen Mary kept her throne,
But for the heaving of her breast,
She seemed of marble stone.
Scarce by a gesture did she show
What thoughts were rushing by:
O noblest work of God!—how low,
How mean I felt when grovelling so,
With every word a lie!

"And can it be," at length she said,
"That Bothwell has his Queen betrayed?
Bothwell, my first and foremost knight—
Bothwell, whose faith I deemed more bright,
More pure than any spotless gem
That glitters in my diadem?
Great God! what guilt of me or mine
Hath thus provoked thy wrath divine?
Weary, though short, has been my life;
For dangers, sickness, murders, strife,
All the worst woes that man can fear,
Have thickened round me year by year.
The smiles of love I scarce had seen

Ere death removed them from my view;
My realm had scarce received its Queen
Ere treason's hideous trumpet blew.
They whom I sought to make my friends,
My very kin proved false to me;
And now before me Bothwell bends
In falsehood, not in faith, the knee!
Nay, nay, my Lord! you need not speak,
For I have read your purpose through;
There is a blush upon your cheek

Which tells me that my words are true.
Bothwell! was this a knightly deed,
To wrong a woman in her need,
When neither help nor friends were nigh,
And snare her with an odious lie?
False was the tale that brought me here,
False even as the love you feign;
And now you think, perhaps through fear,
Your Queen and Mistress to restrain!"

Stung to the quick, but bolder far,
As men detected ever are,

I answered her again:
"Madam! if I have erred through love,
I look for pardon from above,
And shall not look in vain.
True love is prompt, and will not wait,
Till chance or hazard ope the gate.
Not mine the arts that gallants own
Who sigh and circle round the throne,
Content a lady's glove to wear
As their sole guerdon from the fair.
A soldier I, with little time,
And little used, I trow,
To bend, or fawn, or liep in rhyme,
As courtly minions do.
If I am plain and blunt of mood,
My sword is sharp and keen;
And never have I spared my blood
In combat for my Queen.

Why, Madam, should you speak of fear?
I used no force to bring you here.
This castle is a royal hold;
Above, upon the turret high,
The Ruddy Lion ramps in gold,
Brave sign of Scotland's majesty.
Safe as in Holyrood you bide,
With friends around you and beside,
And here you keep your state.
Say that I longed to speak my mind,
To tell you what the peers designed:
To plead my cause, however rude,
Where no rash meddler might intrude:
Was that a crime so great?
Ah, Madam, be not so unkind!
If love is hasty, it is blind.
And will not bear to wait."

Then rose she up; and on her brow
Was stamped the Stuart frown:—
"By all the saints in heaven, I vow
This man would bear me down!
He prates of love, as if my hand
Were but a sworder's prize,

That any ruffian in the land
Might challenge or despise!
What mad ambition prompts you, sir,
To utter this to me?
What word of mine has raised your hopes
In such a wild degree?
I gave you trust, because I deemed
Your honor free from stain;
I raised you to the highest place
That subject could attain,
Because I thought you brave and true,
And fittest to command,
When murder stalked in open day,
And treason shook the land.
Are these your thanks for all my grace,
Is this your knightly vow?
Fie, Bothwell! hide your perfured face—
There's falsehood on your brow!"

Swift as the adder rears its head
When trampled by the shepherd's tread,
Sprang up my pride; for word of scorn
By me was never tamely borne.
Like liquid fire through every vein
The blood rushed burning to my brain;
All the worst passions of my soul
Broke out at once beyond control.
No longer did I strive to woo;
Pity, remorse, away I threw,
And, desperate that my aim was seen,
I, as a rebel, faced my Queen?

"Madam! I sought in gentle guise
To win your royal ear;
Since humble speech will not suffice,
In words unblent with courtesies,
My message shall you hear.
I speak not for myself alone;
But for the noblest near your throne,
Who know the weakness of the State,
And will not longer brook to wait,
Lest valor be aroused too late.
Deeply the Lords of Scotland mourn
The woeful cause of this your grief;
The fate which left their Queen forlorn,
And took away their Prince and chief.
But sorrow, though it wrings the heart,
Hath yet a limit to its range;
And duty must resume its part
Since even empires wane and change.
Therefore they pray you, of your grace,
To put aside the garb of dule,
And choose some mate of Scottish race
To aid you in the sovereign rule.
You need a guardian for your son,
And they a chief to lead them on.
There's not a man but will rejoice
To hail the partner of your choice:
To him obedience will they yield,
Him will they follow to the field;
And deal so strictly with your foes,
Whether abroad or here,
That the wide land shall gain repose,
And good men cease to fear.

"So say the Lords: and all agree
To follow and be ruled by me.
Traced on this parchment are the names
Of those who own and urge my claims.
Therefore the suit which you despise
Seems not so strange to other eyes;
Nor, Madam where it safe or wise
To thwart their wishes now.
Alone, 'tis clear you cannot stand;
For not the sceptre, but the brand,
Must still the tumults of the land,
And lay rebellion low.
Your nobles proffer well and fair;

They wait your answer to their prayer,
Not doubting that your Grace will own
Their deep devotion to the throne.
And now, 'twere best I tell you plain,
Resistance to their prayer is vain.
Their will—or, if you think the word
Too harsh—their counsel must be heard!
I am no madman, fond and blind,
No fool to court contempt and shame;
Nor did I hope to sway your mind
By any oaths that love can frame,
Well know I, Madam, what I do,
And what awaits me if I fail:
I stand not here to fawn or sue,
I came determined to prevail!
Think not that rashly I provoke
The sentence and the headman's stroke!
Dream not of rescue—none will come;
As well seek answer from the dumb!

"Nay, if you doubt me, send and try;
No harsh or timid gaoler I!
Your messengers have leave to go
Where water runs or breezes blow.
Send forth your summons—warn them all!
Tell every noble, far and near,
That Bothwell lured you to his hall,
And holds you as a captive here.
Bid Morton come, bid Cassilis arm;
Call Errol, Caithness, and Argyle;
Give order for the loud alarm
To ring through strath and sound o'er isle.
Call Lethington, your truest friend:
Warn Herries of this rude surprise—
How many lances will they send?
Believe me, not a man will rise!
Bound to my cause is every peer;
With their consent I brought you here:
And here your highness must remain,
And quell your woman's pride;
Till from Dunbar a joyous train
To Holyrood shall ride,
With Bothwell at your palfrey's rein,
And you his willing bride!"

O tiger heart! that fiercer grew
With every anguished breath she drew—
That gloated on her quivering eye,
And trance of mortal agony!
O savage beast! most justly driven
By man from home, by God from heaven!
What fitter refuge could I have
Than this neglected lair,
Where, grovelling o'er my empty grave,
I yet am free to howl and rave,
And rend my arisely hair?
O well becomes it me to rage
At crimes of other men;
To snarl defiance from my cage,
And antic in my den—
I, than all others guiltier far,
So vile, so lost, so mean!
O fade from heaven, thou evening star,
I cannot bear thy sheen!

Hopeless, abandoned to despair,
What else could Mary do but yield?
I took her hand—she left it there;
'Twas cold and white as frost on field.
I tried to comfort her; a burst
Of friendied tears was her reply:
Forever be the deed accursed
That forced such witness from her eye!
Dim as an unregarded lamp,
Her light of life was on the wane,
And on her brow was set the stamp
Of utter misery and pain.
Like some caged bird that in dismay

Has fluttered till its strength is gone,
 She had no power to fly away,
 Though wide the prison-door was thrown.
 In vain I strove to wake a smile,
 In vain protested she was free,
 For bitterly she felt the while
 That henceforth she was bound to me!

Again I entered Holyrood;
 Not as an unexpected guest,
 But, in the pride of masterhood,
 With haughty eye and princely crest.
 The cannon thundered welcome out;
 The magnates all were there;
 And though I missed the people's about,
 For them I did not care;
 More trusty than the rabble rout,
 My troopers filled the square!

We have quoted so largely from this work that we have no space left for criticism. It has many merits to which we cannot now allude generally. Some of the sentimental passages are strikingly beautiful.

THE BANISHED SON, and other Stories of the Heart, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," "Rena," "Robert Graham," "Planter's Northern Bride," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Mrs. Hentz has been one of the most popular of our American female writers. Mr. Peterson is just now issuing a uniform edition of all her works, having purchased the copyright. The volume before us is very handsomely gotten up, and speaks well for the series. We shall take occasion soon to review Mrs. Hentz's writings in an impartial manner.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK, or Practical Receipts for the Housewife, comprising all the popular and approved methods for cooking and preparing all kinds of poultry, omelets, jellies, meats, soups, pies, vegetables, terrapins, pastries, pickles, syrups, rolls, preserves, puddings, desserts, sauces, cakes, fish, etc.

Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. A lady who has looked over this volume, and who knows more about such matters than we do, assures us that the receipts are much more practicable for private families, and especially for young persons, than most of its predecessors. The publication of books of this character is one of the best features of our modern progress. It renders housekeeping much easier for young persons to learn; and saves an infinite deal of experiments and the like.

THE POETRY OF THE EAST.—By William Ronseville Alger. Published by Whittemore, Niles, and Hall, Boston. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia. The specimens in this volume are from the Hindoo, Persian, and Arabic. It can be seen, even at a mere cursory glance that the originals abound in beauties, but, like too much poetry, they often lose sadly in the translation. We have not space at present to do justice to the volume.

THE CONQUEST OF KANSAS, by Missouri and her Allies. A history of the troubles in Kansas from the passage of the organic act, until the close of July, 1856. By William Phillips, special correspondent of the New York Tribune, from Kansas. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. We have given the whole title of this book, because it saves us a great deal of trouble in describing it. Of course it is a one sided affair, made for the northern market.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.—By Alphonse De Lamartine. In three volumes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Lamartine's eloquent diction and appreciative mind have clothed William Tell, Milton, and Madame de Sevigne with fresh interest. He has made a gallery of portraits which will long attest his skill as a writer.

Familiar Gossip.

WITH READERS, FRIENDS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AMONG our large accumulation of manuscripts, we find some from which, though several years old, we propose to glean a few extracts for the entertainment of our readers. They are of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent; poetical, doggerel, epistolary, didactic, narrative, fiction, etc. To begin, here is a letter enclosing some poetical extracts. We never answer such communications, and accordingly threw this aside. Specimens of an article will not do for us. We must have the whole or none. In regard to the size of poems in print, anybody may calculate without difficulty. A line of verse makes a line of print, and if the writer of this were a subscriber to Graham, he would be able to tell us exactly the size his poem would be in print. The specimens appear good, if original.

PROVIDENCE, November 6th, 1854.

GENTLEMEN:—I have an original poem, (an heroic, or at least a sort of heroic) called "Poesy," which I am desirous of giving to the world through

the medium of the press. I'm no egotist, nor am I given to vain boasting, but the poem has been pronounced "good" by those fully capable of judging its merits, and it is deemed worthy of publication. The poem, when published, would occupy about three or four columns of such a paper as the "Waverly Magazine," (Published at Boston, by Moses A. Dow,) but how much space of a Magazine like yours it would cover, I know not. Now would you not be willing to publish this poem (of which I give you a few lines below,) and thus oblige

Yours, most respectfully, F. H.

POESY.

AN HEROIC POEM.

That heaven-descended power whose mild control
 Can calm the headlong passions of the soul;
 Can frantic rage and cool revenge disarm,
 And from its purpose deadliest hatred charm.
 Which binds its bands around our hearts so rare,
 And twines their cords with every fibre there—
 I would adventurous sing. Inspiring theme!

Oh! wake my fancy to one transient gleam;
Descend, and all my soul, to feeling, warm;
Bend o'er my harp, and every chord inform,
And grant the lay, which fancy wakes may be
Worthy thy inspiration, Poesy.

When, on the darkness of the gothic night,
The rising sun of science poured his light,
Poesy, with her sister Graces rose,
And shook the chilling dew-drops from her brow.
Some portion of her ancient power remains,
But languid creeps the current in her veins;
And not her pristine vigor can she boast.
Benumbed by sleep, her power to charm is lost;
Silent beside her harp neglected sleeps,
And every string with mildew muffled weeps.
Where shall she bend her flight? Before her eyes
No scenes, save those of mouldering ruins rise!
O'er all her sons, the sleep of death has come;
There lies Homer's, there the Mantuan's tomb.
Immersed in ignorance, the land appears,
And every scene, a robe of mourning wears.
Grieved at the view, her rainbow wing she spread,
And from the plains of former triumph fled.
Yet hovers on light pinion of the wind,
To "cast one fond, one lingering look behind"
On scenes, to thousand recollections dear;
Then to thy plains, Oh! Albion, speeds her swift career.
So the poor slave, torn from his native shore,
And doomed to see his happy home no more,
Condemned, in foreign realms, to draw his breath,
His hope—despair; his only refuge—death,
Turns, as the winds fill the expanding sails,
And wafts him, helpless, from his natal vales.
Of every mountain, ceaseless flow,
Like streams of molten silver glow;
And on their dappled borders, every flower
Proclaimed 'Twas Flora's vernal hour.
Poesy felt the inspiring scene,
As, hovering on delaying wing,
She viewed the varied landscape green
In the embroidered robes of Spring.
"And here," she cried, "my power should reign;
There should be heard that heavenly strain,
Warbled erst from Maro's string.
Must such inspiring scenery smile,
For ages, on this enchanting isle,
And not one poet rise the while,
Its charms to sing!"
This said, on eager wings she flew
To that wild spot, where Avon rolls along
Its waves the plodded meadows through;
Avon, the unknown to song.

The perpetrator of the following must certainly
have felt relieved after being delivered of such a
tremendous effort:

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY MARONAL.

Hushed was all nature, in a calm serene.
No breeze of wind did fan the flowing plain,
Smooth lay the surface of the gliding flood—
Even aspen leaves without a motion stood."
A calm so still, that nought could be heard,
Not even the songs of the warbling bird,
All nature seemed hushed in sweet repose,
As night still and silent o'er the day God had closed.
The moon's soft light, emitting a softer ray,
Now and then came struggling through the cloudy way,
But fainter grew the shining of her light,
Until, wrapped in the gloomy shroud of night.
At last a low and distant sound came o'er,
As the fast gathering clouds begin to lower,
The thunder's tone, the vivid lightning's glare,
Shot over the heavens long, wide and far.

Flash succeeding flash, as upward rolls
The gathering clouds from pole to pole;
Then came a whirl of wind and rain,
Scattering desolation through the lovely plain.

This reminds us of Mother Goose's heroic poem:

"The lightning roared, the thunder flashed,
And granny's teapot went to smash!"

GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.—The enterprising publishers of this old and popular periodical conduct it with a great deal of taste and good judgment. They happily combine the really useful and instructive with the amusing, ornamental, and fashionable, and produce one of the best, if not the very best, family magazines published in America. The new volume will commence with the January number, and we hope the list of subscribers will be largely increased with the new year.—*Middlesex Journal, Woburn, Mass.*

The following piece we have kept by us to while away idle moments, whenever we have nothing else to do. It has served as a sort of chopping block for our ingenuity. We have taken it up a hundred times and read and re-read it, and turned and twisted the words, the accents, the sense and the sound, in the vain endeavor to find out how the author designed it to be read, so as to be thought metrical.

We now offer it for the public to try upon. The author of it beats Professor Longfellow all to smash, in oddity of metre, and as for Southey, he is nowhere, by the side of such a competitor. If he had ever read this it might be considered very doubtful whether he ever would have

"Sung of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous tale."

If the author should see this notice, we hope he won't let his vanity strike in.

FIRE-SIDE DEITIES.

When men of other days and other thoughts,
Built shrines and bowed the knee to many gods,
They paid the willing tribute of the heart
To household deities. To forsake them
Would induce the fearful reproving of Jove,
And turn the pleasant, playful smiles of Juno
To tears and chiding frowns. The old father
Would cast his first-born from the dear fireside
Where he was reared, if, in his great pride,
He refused to worship the lares and penates,
Even the mother would lament the fate
Of him on whose young cheeks she oft had wept
Tears of love and hopeful solicitude.
Old friends would give no more the earnest grasp,
And a sad sight would be the only proof
Of old acquaintanceship.

But since those times

Man's faith has witnessed various changes,
Slow responses have long since died away
In the Parthenon. The priestess has gone,
And no more sends the favorite daughter
To gloomy tartans, or gallant youths
To fight their country's banded enemies.
But time makes not such changes with the heart,
And though the heathen fire-side deities
Have passed away, yet man's religious heart
Makes home as sacred and his friends as dear.

After the sailor has been long away,
And worshipped other than domestic gods,
He would return and bow, with humble heart,

When he first felt a mother's earnest kiss,
The heathen chose his favorite deities
For fire-side worship, we need not wonder
That he loved them, and from his conquered land,
He would take with him, like sad *Æneas*,
The good penates of his boyhood-home
To share his mournful toils on angry seas.

Though modern wanderers suffer the same fate
Which doomed the Trojan to an exile-home,
They do not bear those wooden images
Which blessed a happy father's house.
The Christian traveler gazes on the hills
Of Pagan lands, he sees the pebbled streams,
And listens to the harmonies of nature's
Great organ. His thoughts begin to travel
Over the wide sea to his fatherland.
To a sacred spot—the youthful fire-side.
As memory strikes the flinty rock,
Tears of domestic love begin to flow,
And, as he looks to God for happiness,
He thinks of deities that guard his home
From death and disease. He is no pagan,
Yet he loves to think that around his fire-side
Messengers of mercy shed holy joys.

When man is hurried on by the gay world,
And sees the secret springs of human deeds,
Let him remember that there is a spot
Where hope is strong and love has many ties.
If prompted by his wayward, wandering heart,
And loves no more the birth-place of his joys,
In his own bosom he'll be more bereft
Than was the heathen who brook the gods,
That sanctified his early childhood home.
The golden chain of pure domestic love,
Blends old and young to the ancestral home;
And if there be a heart that wanders off,
And seeks no more to find a safe retreat,
When it first beat with lively hope,
It is a traitor to the holy laws
Of honest nature and domestic love.

But let him turn from life's bewildering cares,
And seek reform at home. His recreant heart
Will gather strength and give him victory
In the fierce warfare which we all must wage.
He'll then pass on through life with pleasant thoughts
Enlivened by the hope, that after death,
Will be a home, filled with bright angels,
Where he can live, and reap eternal joy.

Terms of **GRAHAM'S LADIES PAPER**, 50 cents a year
to single subscribers, and to Clubs, 5 Copies for \$2;
14 Copies, and one to getter up of Club, for \$5; 24
Copies, and one to getter up of Club, for \$8; and 50
Copies for \$15. Always payable in advance.

THE subjoined letter accompanied a poetical offering long since disposed of. We exhume it now to express our wonder whether "Cooke's Store" still contains our "Nana." She has not quite kept up to the times, or she would put the French touch to her name and make it "Nannie." The letter riveted our attention for a single reason. Our old nurse was named "Nannie," originally Nancy. Now, don't feel mortified or indignant, fair poetess, for she was a dear good creature, and when she was young, was a favorite belle. We have often listened with wonder at the descriptions of her marvellous youthful beauty, and vainly endeavored to find out the remains of it in her wrinkled face—for dimples, alas! will become wrinkles, and teeth, though ever so white, will decay. The brilliant eye of the youth-

ful belle is too liable to become, in age, fierce in its expression. The wreck of hopes and fortune, and in fact all else, has done this for "Nannie." But she was good to us, and we still love the name. But to the letter:

COOKE'S STORE, La., Dec. 23, 1855.

MR. EDITOR:—It being the fact that parents always have an extravagant opinion of their own offspring, I modestly conclude that mine (I mean the offspring of my brain,) is worthy of a place in your Magazine. If you, as I hope, shall be of the same opinion, I may occasionally send you a fresh production.

I presume if you are pleased with the child, it is not absolutely necessary to know the parent. Just imagine a woman of middle stature—anything else than the figure of a half-starved poet, and you will recognize
Yours,
NANA.

P. S.—If you absolutely require my patronymic, I will give it you at any time.

Does "Nana" mean to tell us that she is fat? We judge so, and yet just imagine a fat poetess. Perhaps we ought to say *embonpoint*. Probably we might if she would change the name of Cooke's Store to Cupid's Corner, or something else sentimental.

"SILVICOLA" is a deal too sensitive for a Western "bushwhacker;" and yet, as he says he is such, we must e'en believe him. His verses are meritorious in a high degree, and perhaps that may account, in some part, for his fear; for true merit is always modest. Never be afraid, man, of a little honest criticism. If you think it unjust, plume your wings and take a fresh flight; our severity will frighten away none but those whose productions are worthless. For the vigorous spirit will not be crushed thus, and it is only such we seek for our contributors. An unconscionable deal of trash has been forced into American literature by the weakness of editors, who have spared the lash and spoiled the child in too many instances. If any of our victims do not like the process of criticism to which we sometimes subject them, and feel like pitching into us in return, all we have to say is, in the words of an old chum, "Go ahead, steamboat." Moreover, we'll help them out of the drag by printing what they write about us.

"C. S.," of Uniontown, Pa., is accepted. Our pages are not engrossed by any exclusive set of writers, but are free to all whose productions may prove acceptable to us. We shall exercise our judgment in excluding those of even standard writers, if they do not come up to our mark.

"E. L. K.," of Baltimore, is informed that we cannot "go it blind." In order to make arrangements about publishing stories, we must first see them, and judge for ourselves whether they are worth publishing. A great many others of our correspondents might as well take the same advice, and thus save themselves the trouble of writing useless letters.

SUBSCRIBERS TO **GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE**, whose subscriptions expire with the present number, are respectfully requested to renew the same without delay.

TO THE EDITOR OF "GRAHAM."

I have just read your *Obit-Chat* for October, good friend, and could not help exclaiming how ungrateful! as I let fall the book, and thought how happy you ought to be. Of all the occupations on earth, were it not for a little natural love of ease, I should like that of an editor. Don't think I am ignorant of its toils and cares: I have peeped behind the scenes, and counted them all; but remember, ingrate, the pleasures thereof.

You are not alone—editors, like "Republics, are ungrateful;" always moaning over their cares, as if Job had not said "man is full of trouble;" when they should be exulting in their privileges. Why, you are resistless potentates in your spheres! You are sad, and the busy press tells thousands who sympathize with you. You are merry, and by the same great power, countless hearts grow bright. The busy man neglects his cares to listen to you, and the pretty maiden forgets her day dreams when your missives come.

I don't wonder you feel cross when you wade through inky seas of trash, and strain your eyes over delicate chirography, or shut them in despair, at the wretched scribbling some folks, men of genius, too, sometimes choose to call penmanship.

I shall never forget the look of anguish with which an editorial friend spread before me a voluminous manuscript, looking as if written with bird's claws, and said, "Ida, behold the pleasures of life editorial! How would you like to dim your bright eyes over trash like that?" "Trash!" cried I, "It may prove a diamond in the rough."

"Alas, no. The unhappy author has only one trait of genius—bad penmanship. But, Ida, I have plenty such favors, and if you will throw back your shawl, draw closer to the table, and fancy yourself editor awhile, I will resign them to you."

"Thank you. I prefer the promenades."

I drew on my glove, adjusted my shawl, settled the folds of my dress, and left him "alone in his glory;" thinking, as I passed up the street, the bright eyes of the belles and beaux far better than the fires of genius, when buried in hieroglyphics Gliddon could scarcely decipher. I am grateful I am not an editor—sometimes.

You are yawning, I fear, and wishing I would shorten my letter if I expect you to read it; but, sir, a word of comfort in your ear. Take this evil, and congratulate yourself you are spared a greater; for oh, wise editor, I, too, have been smitten with the literary mania. With me it is intermittent. I had a severe attack some time ago, and was only cured by heavy doses of printer's ink; part of it administered by "Graham;" much more elsewhere. Under cover of a *nom de plume*, I was quietly amused at hearing my articles criticised by my friends, several of whom are of the *littérati*. They, with the editors, were so kindly indulgent as to encourage renewed attacks; and as I recently suffered from one, I resolved to inflict some of my fever fancies upon you, "poor unfortunate;" but knowing my own defects—I don't think myself a genius, and am, therefore, an exception to your rule—I hesitated, and seeing how unceremoniously, and how publicly you deal

with some of your correspondents, I now rapidly retire from the field and stand apart, amused to see you dash in among the army of authors, catching here and there a poor crow who fancies himself an eagle, and nailing him up with the sharp darts of criticism, as a scare crow to other pretenders.

You hope I have done, do you? I have not. Now don't be cross, "and swear a bit," as you say editors do; "shame on them for it; but place your feet in a position, *a la Americaine*, take a fresh cigar, and resign yourself to being victimized; or if you will not, throw this into the fire, and I'll not care; for I have taken pleasure in writing to you, and the ill reception of my letter will never bring a tear to my eyes, or a frown to my brow—frowns make wrinkles you know. "You have calls of all sorts," you say. From ladies included, I suppose. Tell me, do ladies usually transact their own business in news-offices? Well, when I turn *blue*, and weary myself with mounting dingy stairs to editorial sanctums, I will peep in from the door, and if you have a pen in your hand, or, worse still, a frown on your brow, I'll feel as frightened as Queen Elizabeth's maidens did when the royal brow contracted; and if you are walking restlessly, or, oh! horrible, "*swearing a little*," you will hear a quick rustling of silk down the steps, or reach the door in time to see a little pair of boots pattering of to Chestnut street.

"Ida, can you be serious?" cries a dear friend very often. I can; and now seriously thank you for the hint to authors, that magazine articles are "too much alike;" in fact, all have the family stamp. I am wearied unto death of love and sentiment—in magazines of course—but from your tone, I fear you have escaped the thralldom of the master of the world; or from behind your sober years of married life, you forget the days when you, too, were foolish with love's folly, and pout! and pshaw! at such nonsense; or, oh, still worse, with the vinegar visage of confirmed bachelorhood, leave such things to women and children, and turn to a dull scientific work, grateful that you "are not as other men."

I see you state that Bayard Taylor, our glorious literary chevalier "without fear or reproach," was once editor of "Graham." I well remember how surprised I felt when I first saw him. The pictures of him represented a youth—a very boy—and when he stood before me, my eyes could not recognise in the tall, handsome man, the stripling of my fancy. I am glad I have seen one handsome poet, for they are very rare; and you know the casket should be worthy of the gem it contains.

By the way, he says Queen Victoria is the finest reader he ever heard; and after her he rates the wife of our poet Longfellow. I have heard others extol this lady's charms and accomplishments, and rejoice to find our noble poet so fitly mated.

At last, oh, "weary soul," I have done, and by way of excusing this long, long letter, allow me to remind you that I am not a "*constant correspondent*," and that this is the first, and probably the last letter from
IDA ILLMAN.

P. S. A very woman, you cry, for lo, a postscript I would only add, if you feel particularly savage at being detained so long, and wish to retaliate, just

enclose this letter in a blank envelope directed to Ida Illman, Philadelphia Post Office, and I engage to read it all over again, and you will be sufficiently revenged on poor

Ida.

We are very sorry for having frightened away our friend Ida, for by the pleasant chatty epistle she writes us, we can see plainly that she is a woman of wit, sense, and spirit. Let us request her not to mind our criticisms on the productions of our correspondents, but to try her hand as often as she chooses. If she will write to us once a month just such a letter as the above, we shall take great pleasure in reserving a place for her in the Editor's department of the Magazine. It is quite evident that Ida wants to know whether the personage who edits "*Graham*" is married or single. It is a matter of no great consequence. Married or single, we

"Have loved—who has not—but the goblet we kiss,
And we care not for love, when we're certain of bliss."

Write again, Ida, and we'll be romantic or sentimental, or nonsensical, just as you choose, merely to suit your humor. As for the calling upon us, bless your soul, we are always glad to see the ladies anywhere, especially such as Ida; but we beg leave to suggest that the editor is not always visible at his office. If he were, there would be very little writing done.

THE January number of *Graham* will commence a new volume, which we design making unusually attractive and interesting. So unexpected has been the favor with which the new publishers have been greeted, that they have determined to leave nothing undone to deserve the large measure of success so liberally promised them on all hands. When, upon taking hold of the Magazine, we announced that we intended to make merit alone the standard of judgment in selecting literary matter, and to disregard the sanction of popular names, many were inclined to look upon it as a mere ordinary publisher's promise, not likely to be fulfilled. In looking back over the numbers issued by us, we think that we may safely challenge scrutiny as to whether we have not endeavored to make good our word. We have introduced a degree of interest and utility into *Graham* not likely to be soon forgotten. Despising the beaten track so long followed by others, we have kicked trashy literature to the winds, and given to our readers good, solid, substantial food. We have not yet fully developed our designs, which embrace many features of a novel and peculiar character. The forthcoming volume will derive unusual value from them.

A LADY subscriber, who wants to become a contributor to *Graham*, rests her claim on the ground that she lives in Illinois, and that they ought to have at least one authoress in that State. She appears to be down on us Eastern folks, for some imaginary contempt of the land where she lives. Hear her:

"We boast of our broad, fertile prairies; our Starved Rock and Indian mounds; and the Eastern States impudently add, wind, sudden storms, ague and fever, etc. Well, I am glad they allow us the credit of having something that *they* don't generally possess."

Friend Abby, pray don't get indignant, for if it be any pleasure to you to have the fever and ague to brag of, you may have and welcome all the shakes you like. As for despising Illinois, were the editor of *Graham* to do it, he would be a most ungrateful dog, since the people of that noble State patronize his productions most liberally. Illinois is not as proud as she ought to be, and her people might reasonably hold up their heads higher than they do. We once heard a distinguished representative of that State say in a National Convention, "Gentlemen, I'm a human live sucker, from Illinois." It was thought a good joke at the time, but we rather fancied that he sunk his own dignity and that of his state when he said it, for he was a learned, eloquent, and respected member of the bar and of Congress. Moreover, his name was Smith. We hope the innumerable generation of Smiths in Illinois will not, each individual man, take this to himself forthwith, and demand satisfaction, because we won't fight, especially with a man of the name of Smith; for if we were to hit one of them, we should never get through fighting the rest of that "*Corsican family*."

In an odd corner, there has been lying, all this long leap year, the following piece. It is not particularly splendid, but it comes from a lady—a single lady—an unmarried lady—we do not know of what age, but that is of no consequence. As there is a little time left yet, we make room for this appeal. Here! all ye handsome dogs with black whiskers, or red mustachios, or auburn goatees, or drab imperials—come, where's your gallantry?

1856.

And this is Eighteen Fifty-Six,
So now there are the chances,
For maiden ladies in a "fix"
To offer their advances.

This is the year when gentlemen
Must all behave most proper,
While ladies take the gallant part
And their attentions offer.

The gentlemen must be careful be;
And when the ladies flatter,
And say, "oh wont you marry me?"
Think seriously on the matter.

And when they grow impatient too,
And become a perfect bother,
Say, "Oh I know not what to do,
Please go and ask my mother."

THE following may serve as a specimen of a great many letters we receive. It accompanied some verses. If we do not encourage any of these bardlings, it is not for want of sympathy, but because we do not wish to encourage any one to undertake the profession of an author who does not possess marked merit.

"I confess, Sir, this is a very rude thing to send as an introduction to a strange editor, but it will answer my purpose well enough. If it was studied and polished, it might give you too high an idea of my abilities; as it is, I can, with truth, say I have done better. Do you think I can ever write well enough for your Magazine, Sir? My lame and baulky muse will not strive without coaxing. I am out of all

manner of excitement and inducement. I don't take Graham now, because I cannot afford it, being very poor. Until now, my writings have been sent off by a *judge*, who could distinguish the better from the worse, but it is unnecessary to say this is none of his work. If you think I can ever write anything acceptable, will you please inform me? H. C. L."

The man who don't take Graham's Magazine because he is too poor, must be precious poor indeed. We have many such patrons as this, and might have three or four times the number, if we held out any encouragement to them.

LADIES and gentlemen about to subscribe for a Magazine for 1857, are requested to send for a copy of "Graham's Illustrated Magazine," (which will be sent without charge,) and compare it with any other magazine published. This is all that is required to show the superiority of "Graham" over all others. Try it.

A "PERSPIRING YOUTH," in "Old Kaintuck," writes us a few lines on business, and adds the following "Postscript." He evidently thinks he is "bound to shine," and so we let him:—

DEAR SIR:—You may be in want of a very humorous or descriptive scene or sketch, as it may happen, if you address me, postage paid, and enclose an envelope or postage stamp, and I will exert my powers to their utmost tension to please your readers. You may think I am a very self-important, ambitious personage. And I would not blame you much, for so I think myself; but you know the "devil must have his due," and so, dear friend, don't, if you please, censure me for my aspiring feeling for I am only in my twentieth year. But methinks I could compose a "leetle," for my teacher always said I had a wondrous talent for such things. Not being guilty of self flattery, I say I think that I could, at least I could give you a specimen. And if you did not like it, you could "let her be." So, my dear friend, I hope you will forget my high ambitious mind, which, like the eagle, disdains to set huddled up in some old hollow; but builds his nest in the towering peaks, from whence he can look down on others as his inferiors. Sir, I am ambitious of being one that can so sit, and behold the workings of my own mind appear before the public; for I dislike very much to have the least talent for anything and not cultivate it; for by cultivating the mind it becomes a rich and luxurious garden from which spring flowers of the most delicious odor and fairest hue. I say, my dear sir, that my letter is not got much sense in it; but I have seen letters published before now that did not have as much sense in it; not by so saying do I want you to think me an ostentatious fool, but because I am desirous of making *some show in the world of intellect*. I know that I could make an attempt. Excuse for blots, bad dictation, and for making my Ps. longer than my letter. H. W. McK.

RECOLLECT that all single subscribers to "Graham," who remit *three dollars*, will receive a copy of Graham's Ladies' Paper for one year *without charge*.

We receive a great many letters from our literary friends, who send us articles for which they expect to be paid, and yet fix no price. There are at least twenty before us stipulating for the "usual rates." In most cases the writers are by no means well known, many are not known at all. Do they expect to receive the same pay given to such authors as W. Gilmore Sims, W. H. Herbert, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, etc.? Of course. There are others who write, asking us to fix a price for their articles. No, friends, if you want pay, fix your own price, and stick to it. We have no time to chaffer about rates by letter; we must decline, also, the requests to send the productions of authors to other publishers not named.

"ADA" wishes us to pardon her "presumption," if she has overrated her productions in sending them to us, and says that, should they meet with our approbation, she will deem herself more than gratified by our indulgent judgment. Now don't, pray, be so excessively modest, Ada, for, though it becomes you very much, yet somehow it ain't kind o' natural to pile it on so thick. We almost blush ourselves at the spectacle. Just mark how awkward it makes us look upon the tipod; and in the words of the immortal James Yellowpulsh, "phancy our phaelinks!"

A CORRESPONDENT writes us from Bermuda, saying, "should you find the accompanying lines *even barely* worthy of a place in your Magazine, will you please insert them." Ah! friend, that is a very poor sort of way to do business. It would reflect no credit on you nor us, to publish anything under such circumstances. What is barely worthy, is not worthy at all; in fact, as Dogberry has it, such things are "most tolerable, and not to be endured."

In one of our letters from the north, way up among the White Mountains, a correspondent says: "I suppose you receive any quantity of communications, the authors of which say, 'if you think this worthy a place in your *very valuable* pages, please insert,' etc. Now, although this is a stereotyped mode of writing to an editor, yet I am forced to ask the same indulgence for my literary hantling." You are right, friend, in supposing your mode of address by no means a new one; on an average, we receive about a peck of such every month. Why not try your hand at something new, and show that you have originality; for that would bespeak consideration for your productions. For an address entirely original, take this: Most potent, grave, and reverend signior; My very noble and approved good masters; or this: I take my pen in hand to let you know, etc.

NEW LONDON, Ct., Sept. 16th, 1856.

Messrs. WATSON & Co.

GENTS:—Hurrah for "Graham's Illustrated Magazine." I am so pleased with the October number, that I cannot resist the inclination to express to you my exuberant satisfaction. Graham's has been for years a regular visitor to my library table, but at no time in its past history has it surpassed its present and prospective excellence. The merit and

variety of its contents is indicative of that success which, I am confident, will attend your future efforts. The idea of giving selections from *declined articles* is novel and full of piquant interest.

The aromatic pungency of the "Chit-Chat" comes in like a pinch of snuff after dinner; and the "Book Notices," though brief, are racy and candid. Few Editors, I fancy, ever confess that they have not read a Book, as you do in the notice of the "Angel in the House."

I will here state that any contribution I may send you, is to be considered as a "gift offering" unless you receive notice to the contrary—for literature, with me, is a recreation and not a business.

I should be pleased to know when my poem—"Pictures of Autumn"—is to appear, if you could find time to drop me a line. But I am not ignorant of the fact that Editorial leisure is like Seraphic visits—scarce and a great ways apart—and so good night.

Truly yours,

H. S. CORNWALL.

In all cases the subscription for GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, or GRAHAM'S LADIES' PAPER, must be paid in advance. This rule is absolutely necessary, and in no instance will it be deviated from. Subscribers will please renew their subscription for the new volume.

Winter Fashions.

Nothing is to be seen at present but winter goods, rich, heavy materials, and warm or dark colors. Furs have superceded laces, muslins have retreated before velvets, and moire antiques, and all the "airy nothings" of summer have vanished from the street, and in their stead we have furs and woolen goods, and all the clothing for which we are indebted to animate nature. Vegetable food and vegetable clothing go out together, and between animal food and animal clothing there is a strong sympathetic bond.

Furs do not enter into trimmings this season so much as was anticipated, but instead we have an imitation of Russian sable, which is used pretty extensively for trimming cloaks. We have nothing new in this department—the sable is still the fur *par excellence*; the shapes are in no wise different from last year, and we must confess they are pretty enough to be retained for another season. The large cap is slightly pointed in the back, and full over the arm, thus preventing any ungraceful drag which might result from the absence of this very important little gusset. They are almost universally furnished with a small collar, which gives them a much more finished appearance. The small cape and its diminutive, the victorine, sweep round the shoulders and fall in long and square tabs in front, ending in three or four tails. The muffs are worn, we are pleased to see, as small as last year. The cuffs are of the same size as last year, reaching almost to the elbow. There is another style of cape, circular shape, with arm holes, very convenient for holding a muff. The Russian sable, the scarcest and consequently the dearest fur we have, is, we understand, smuggled into this country, its exportation being prohibited by the Russian government. A small muff of this fur costs four hundred dollars, and the entire set, consisting of cape, cuffs and muff, is worth \$1,400 or \$1,500. Next in importance comes the Hudson Bay sable, its price ranging from \$200 to \$700 the set, its value increasing as its color darkens. Then we have mink, a beautiful fur, almost rivaling the sable; and next, "fallen from its high estate," comes ermine, now only a fourth rate fur, of which in the good old times kings had the monopoly. Then again we have chinchilla, fitch, squirrel, stone marten, miniver; and if

our ladies can't be suited, no matter how diverse their tastes may be, it must be the result of the bewildering variety they have to choose from.

A very important department in fur establishments is that devoted to children. There are some furs dedicated to their exclusive use, such as miniver and chinchilla, and others which they use in common with their elders, as ermine, and the mixed white and gray squirrel. They have entire sets, capes, cuffs and muffs, and of all sizes, suitable for children of every age, provided that the "juvenile world" must form a very considerable item in business calculations. The price for a set of miniver is thirty dollars, and for ermine, from twenty-five to forty.

DRESSES.

Among the beautiful and fashionable dresses which have been manufactured for the winter season, are some of green and blue silk, having flounces ornamented with a wreath of oak-leaves broché in darker tints of the same color as the ground. These wreaths have very much the appearance of being formed of velvet. In other dresses, the foliage is in a different tint from that of the ground.

CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS.

Cloaks, mantillas and all the varieties of outside winter garments, designed for the coming season, are now fairly before the people, and certainly surpass in grace of form and beauty of design those in fashion last year. The straight scarf-shaped mantilla, that gave such a squareness and angularity to the figure has disappeared, and in its stead we have the pointed style, in all its phases, from the scarcely perceptible peak to the fully developed shawl. The trimmings are profuse and varied, and some, in addition to their intrinsic claims to admiration, have all the charms of novelty to recommend them. Chief among these is the crochet trimming, which is made of thick purple silk, crocheted into shell patterns, and floral patterns, and tufted patterns, and patterns too intricate to be described. The beauty of this trimming is considerably enhanced by a deep fringe which is attached to the edge stitches of the crochet, and which is generally very thick and luxuriant. In addition to this, the most delicate embroidery has been called into requisition to give greater value

to materials that could well stand on their own merits and dispense with all extraneous aid. This is particularly the case with one called "the Zuleika," a new and *recherché* mantilla of the shawl pattern, whose gorgeous oriental magnificence is in keeping with its name. It is formed of the richest black velvet, and trimmed with deep guipure fringe, so arrayed as to give the appearance of a double shawl. Above each fall of lace fringe runs an exquisite embroidery of the palm-leaf pattern, interspersed with bugles that glance and glitter in the light. We have seldom seen anything more splendidly beautiful. Indeed the Zuleika, like the harem beauty whose name it bears, possesses "the majesty of loveliness" in a pre-eminent degree. The same style, reproduced with less ornament, but preserving all the graceful characteristics of the original, of which we have seen several, is admirably adapted for ladies of simpler tastes.

Another style, differing altogether from the above, but vying with it in beauty, is "the Laurentine." It is composed of the same material as the "Zuleika," but inclines to the mantilla form. The back is slightly pointed and the trimming is the crochet fringe we have already described. In the same establishment is exhibited a small sized mantilla suitable for mild winter days, elaborately ornamented, but still keeping within the bounds prescribed by correct taste. It is called the "Cruvelli," in honor, we presume, of the far famed prima donna, whose disappearance has sensibly diminished the radiance of the operatic sky. The material is black velvet, and the trimming is guipure lace, crochet fringe and hanging buttons, dispersed in groups of three parallel rows each, and brought out into as full relief by the deep toned color of the velvet as if they were contrasting colors, and not different shades of the same hue. But we must not give too much space to velvet, nor omit all mention of cloth, which enters so largely into the makeup of winter cloaks this year. Prominent among these is the "Osarina" and "la Reine d'Ecosse," both composed of black beaver cloth, but differing in the style of trimming. The "Imperial beauty" is trimmed with Lyons velvet, and resembles the Spanish circle in form. It is furnished with a hood, from the lower end of which depends a row of dangling buttons, that sway to and fro with the slightest motion. The "Mary Stuart," or "Reine d'Ecosse," is not only a graceful, but a comfortable garment, having a berthe formed of fringe, and full flowing sleeves, very desirable for winter weather. Gray beaver cloth is also much worn, and when trimmed with black, forms a very pretty style, which can be appropriately worn with mourning. The "Coronation Cloak," is very pretty and *distingue* and the trimming imparts to it quite a novel effect. It is made of black beaver cloth, and in form it is a Spanish circle, with the indispensable hood. The trimming, is an imitation of Russian sable, and is fluted round the hood.

BONNETS.

The new winter bonnets are of no larger size than those which have been worn during the summer, as will be seen by our engravings. They have wide open fronts, and crowns sloping back, so as to make

the bonnet appear nearly flat. The curtain, in the new bonnets, is slightly larger than in those which have preceded them, and the strings are formed of wide ribbon. Many of the bonnets prepared for the approaching season are composed of velvet and silk; and black lace very frequently forms a principal part of the trimming. We have seen a bonnet composed of folds of brown velvet and silk. It is trimmed on one side with a large bow and flowing ends, formed partly of silk and partly of velvet. On the opposite side, there is a bird of Paradise. A barbe of black guipure, of a rich, light pattern, passes across the top of the bonnet, the ends being looped up at the sides, intermingled with the other trimming, and with small loops of velvet which ornament the crown. A bonnet of purple velvet is nearly covered with rows of narrow black lace, and trimmed with black and purple berries. The strings consist of purple ribbon striped with black. One of the newest black velvet bonnets is trimmed with a barbe of black guipure, and an ostrich feather shaded in black and violet. The brim and the curtain are edged with a wreath of foliage in violet colored velvet. In the inside, white pinks and pansies are intermingled with light quillings of blonde. Among the prettiest of the bonnets recently made, we may mention one composed of rows of dark grey crape and blue cherry velvet spotted with white. The rows of velvet are edged on each side with narrow black lace. This bonnet is ornamented on the outside with feather trimming, of three colors, grey, blue and white. This trimming is in the style of a cordon or wreath, and is a novelty just introduced.

HEAD DRESSES.

Hoods or Calcehes, made of satin or silk, are now generally worn by ladies as a head covering, in going or returning from parties or the opera, instead of the worsted scarfs so much in use during the last season. These hoods are wadded and quilted, and are so light that on being thrown over the head, they do not in the least disarrange the head-dress. Some are entirely covered with lace, which hangs down in front and at the sides, in the manner of a veil. These are equally comfortable and beautiful for a party hood.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIGURE FIRST is a walking dress of brown polin. Double skirt, with the trimming on the upper skirt extended up the sides to the waist. Corsage high to the throat, with cape bretelles ending at the waist in rounded tabs, falling over the demi-basque. Sleeves composed of short cap, double puff and frill.

FIGURE SECOND is an evening dress of pink glacé silk. The skirt covered with small flowers. The pinking which finishes these is headed by narrow black velvet ribbon. The half high corsage ornamented with berthe bretelles, formed of three folds in imitation of the skirt; finished with rounded tabs crossing in front, where they are fastened with a bow of ribbon. Short puffed sleeves with a frill open in front of the arm, and falling gracefully over the elbow.

LADIES, recollect that we send a copy of Graham's Illustrated Magazine and a copy of Graham's Ladies' Paper, to one address, for one year, for Three Dollars.



THE above is a handsome coat for a boy of about ten or twelve years of age. It is made of drab colored ladies' cloth, neatly braided with three rows of narrow dark drab braid, which forms a neat finish to the edge of the coat, and extends to within three inches of the bottom of the front, which is closed with fancy buttons in rows, worn open, as seen in our engraving. The flowing sleeves are made wide to display under sleeves of fine white linen. The neck is finished with a small round collar.



A SUIT FOR A LITTLE BOY.



A HANDSOME DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.

No. 1.

This really handsome and rich costume is intended for a little boy, while at the age which makes fashionable garments so becoming, and this gay little rogue is not only the pride of his parents, but is himself as proud as an heiress at sixteen. But to describe his costume. His pants are of emerald green velvet, embroidered round the bottom, and up the sides with silk; they descend a little below the knee, and are finished with cambrio ruffles delicately edged with embroidery. He wears a dark green velvet saque with long sleeves, and a talma cape falling open in front far enough to reveal two rows of chinchilla fur that edge the body of the saque, and run up the front, meeting a small round collar of similar fur. The cape is also surrounded by the same rich trimming, the sleeves are likewise finished with it, at the hands where it turns back in cuffs from under which the embroidered sleeve ruffles peep daintly out. Our little gentleman wears a black cloth cap, embroidered in front, with a tassel at the right side. A pair of fine checked stockings and patent leather shoes complete the costume, and a very rich one too.

No. 2.

This engraving represents a bright little lady prepared for a promenade in the street, and a handsome little gipsy she is, with her pink silk dress, embroidered with a wreath of roses, buds and leaves, all round the skirt: her rose-tinted sash floating out to sight, and her darling little feet so daintily laced up in their dark green gaiters, with a peep at the snowy stockings between them and the pointed ruffles of pantalettes, equally white and more than equally rich. The rich talma cloak she wears is made of green velvet, tinted like an ivy leaf, and has a deep border of chinchilla fur, the most beautiful of all furs for children's garments. Loops of green cord, connected with fancy buttons, loop the cloak together in front. The bonnet is white silk drawn in shirrs, and ornamented with a long white ostrich plume.



The front of this really beautiful head dress is edged with a band of velvet half an inch wide, succeeded by a puffing of tulle the same width, laid on plain pink silk. Then follows another band of velvet and one of puffed tulle double the width of those that surround the front. The back of the crown is composed of pink silk, covered with pink tulle, and crossed by two inch wide bands of velvet, edged with narrow ruffles of blonde. A deep fall of blonde surrounds the front, and extends round the curtain with considerable fullness. The curtain is of pink ribbed silk, edged with fancy velvet and blonde. The sides are adorned by ostrich plumes, curving gracefully over the front, and sweeping back toward the curtain. The inside is adorned by a full cap of blonde. A single pink lily with buds and leaves forming the only ornament, save the graceful coils of feathers, which form a portion of the side-trimmings. Broad pink strings edged with satin.



The material of this bewitching little bonnet is white corded silk and sea-green velvet. The crown is of white silk. A border of velvet, headed by two narrow folds of silk, and one of velvet, surrounds the front. A fall of lace, embroidered with black and white bugles, extends across the head, and mingles with the side-trimmings, which consist of full clusters of sea-green and black ostrich plumes, interspersed with crimson pinks and wheat ears. The curtain is of white silk, over which is laid a fall of lace embroidered with bugles. An inch wide border of velvet, with an edging of black and white blonde, adorns the edge. The face-trimmings are blonde, with a crimson aster mingled with leaves and spray on the right side. On the left are clusters of black-berry blossoms and jet, with a bow and ends of narrow crimson velvet, edged with black lace. Broad white ribbon strings, edged with green velvet.

GRAHAM'S LADIES' PAPER, a handsome sheet of eight large quarto pages, will be supplied to subscribers at the low price of Fifty Cents a year. It will be one of the best papers ever published for Ladies. Send and get a specimen copy gratis.



THIS cloak is entirely new, being first introduced this season, and we think that in form; finish and material is unsurpassed by any of its predecessors. The material is rich Lyons velvet. The back is in the form of a talma, a yard in depth, with straight open fronts. A rich border of medallion embroidery, formed in a double border of crochet, with a profusion of French knots, intermingled with rosebuds and leaves, forms a border round the entire garment. A false cape extends round the shoulder, terminating at the arms. The edge is finished with small scoallops, each scoallop enriched by a little silk button. Above these scoallops is a vine of embroidery similar to the one just described, but of a narrower pattern. The neck is finished with a small round collar, edged with scoallops and enriched by embroidery. The sleeve is a novelty. It consists of six pieces, commencing wide enough at the bottom to form deep scoallops, and decreasing in width as they approach the top to a size that forms a graceful sleeve, forming a gradual slope from top to bottom. The edge of the sleeve is enriched by embroidery, each scoallop forming a distinct pattern. The pieces which compose the sleeve being defined by a row of small silk buttons, which extends its full length. Lining of black silk, quilted in straight lines.

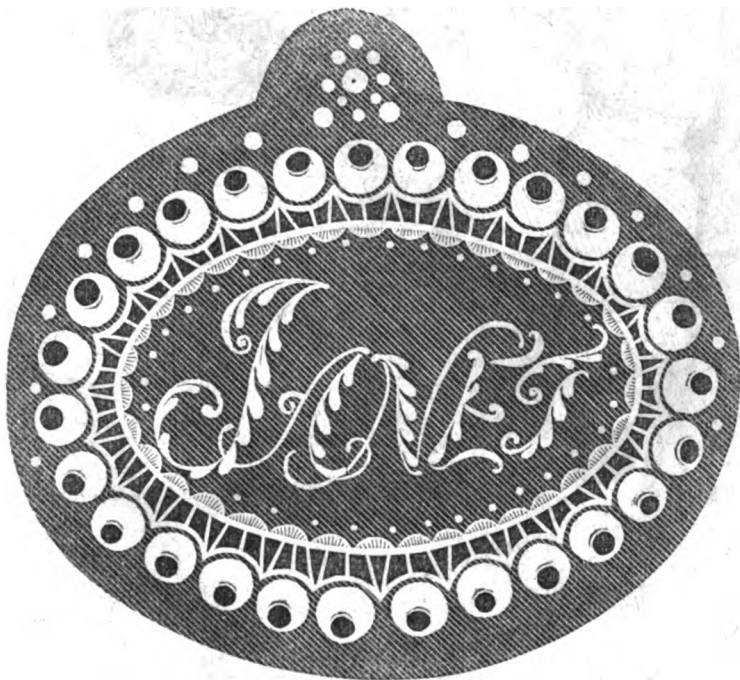


THE material of this fashionable opera or evening cloak is rich narrow velvet; it is made with a deep yoke, in which the skirt is introduced in full box plaits in the back, while the fronts are plain. It has a small round cape falling just over the yoke. The sleeves are long, and flowing back from the arms with a graceful sweep. There is an easy flow and beauty about this sleeve which we do not often find in sleeves of this description. They generally presented an appearance of clumsiness which detracts from the elegance, particularly on small people. A border of rich chinchilla fur surrounds the entire garment. The lining is of rich white satin, handsomely quilted. Altogether, it is one of the most superb garments we have seen this season.

The Ladies' Work-Table.

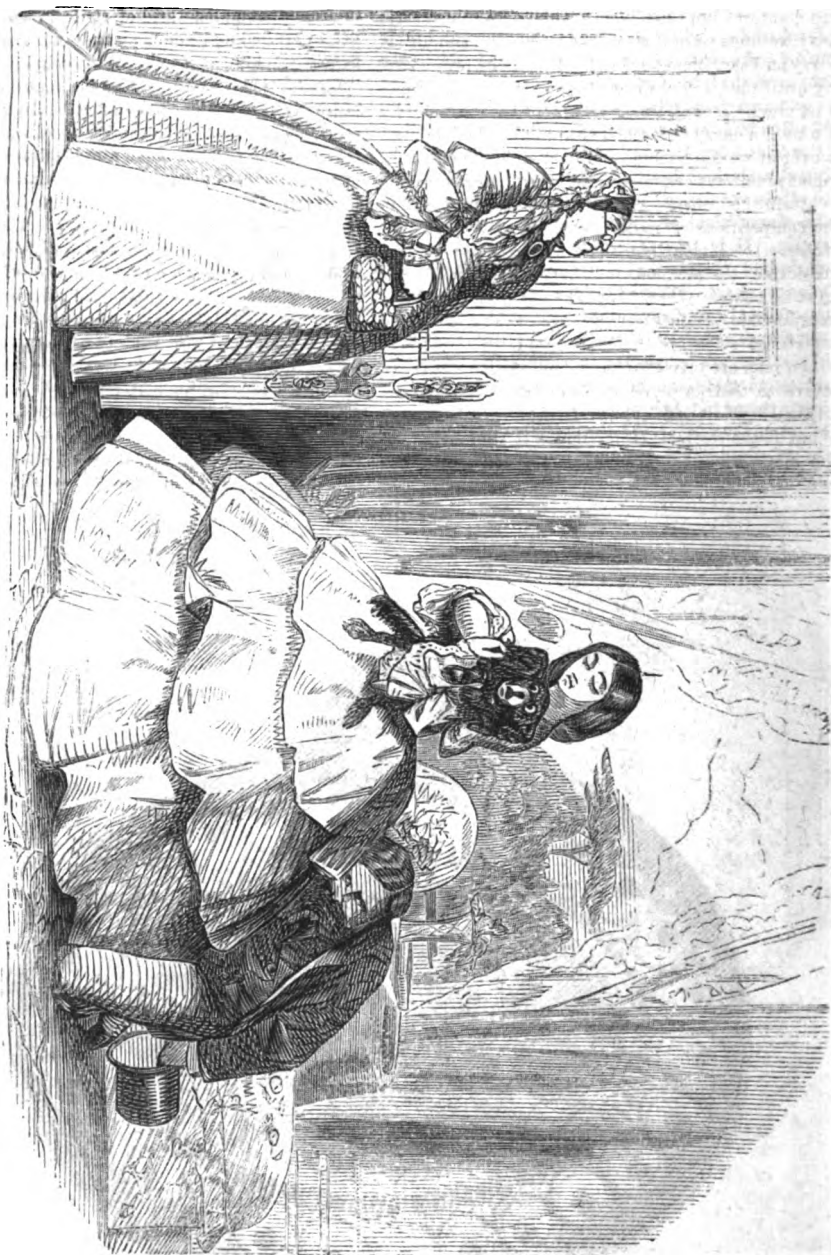
In the daily routine of domestic life, we know of few things having greater influence upon its peace and comfort than the "Work-Table." In those restless dwellings where its office is a sinecure, and all is flurry and excitement, from the rising up in the morning until the lying down at night, composure of mind is as much jeopardised as rest of body is sacrificed. We live in days of ceaseless agitation. The intellect is ever at work, teeming with new projects and aiming at ambitious desires, every faculty being strained to attain the desired end. Political agitations, and the competitions of trade, divide the over-taxed energies. It is true that these are, or ought to be, masculine abstractions, in which the gentler sex have no share. Where they are not so, the cases are exceptional; yet does not the edge of the whirlwind sometimes seize on those least able to resist it? When men are tempest-tossed and spirit-torn, they return to their own habitations with ruffled spirits and a brow but half-calmed from recent agitation. What is the result? If the impressionable mind of the mistress of the dwelling catches the reflection, and her household duties and domestic interests are

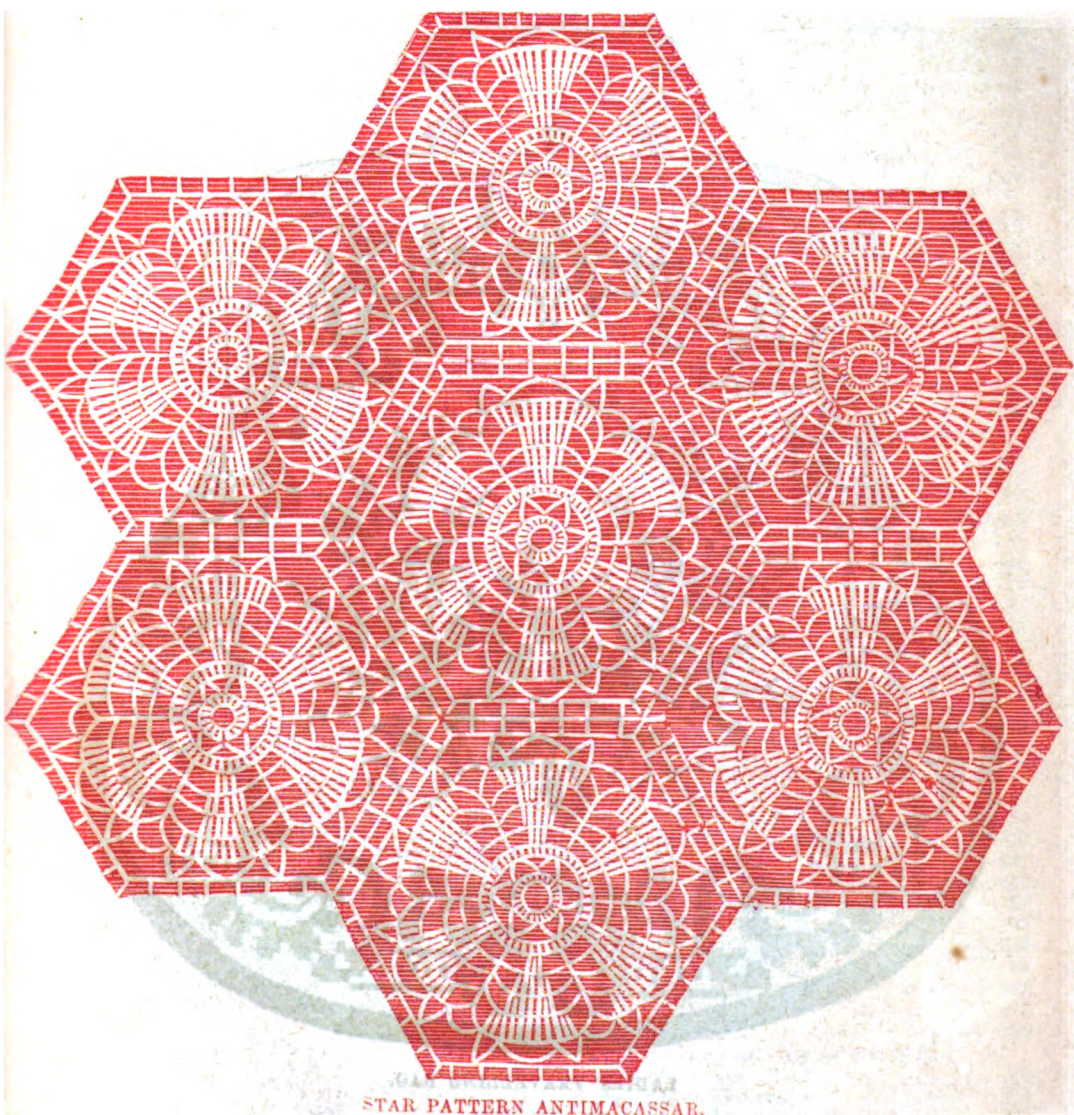
disturbed, then all goes wrong. But, on the other hand, supposing that the master of the house comes in from that outer world of strife in which he has got so bruised and wounded, and finds those who are dearest to him on earth sitting calmly round that "Work-Table," which is like the centre of a circle of peace, what is the consequence? He looks round on the happy faces, all so interested in those gentle labors, which seem to make him blush for the excess of his passion, of disappointment, or his wild excitement after gain. How pleasant it is to look on those smooth brows and those calm lips! The works of those busy fingers are *for him and his*; they are either for the comfort or adornment of *his home*. The girls hurry to meet him; the wife looks at him a little anxiously, fearing that something has gone wrong. Shall he give vent to his troubles that the outer world has forced upon him—his fears, his cares, his anxieties, his distractions? Impossible! He thanks heaven for the happiness of that home, which is as a haven of rest to his troubled soul, and sits down with feelings of softening gratitude among the circle gathered round the "Work-Table."



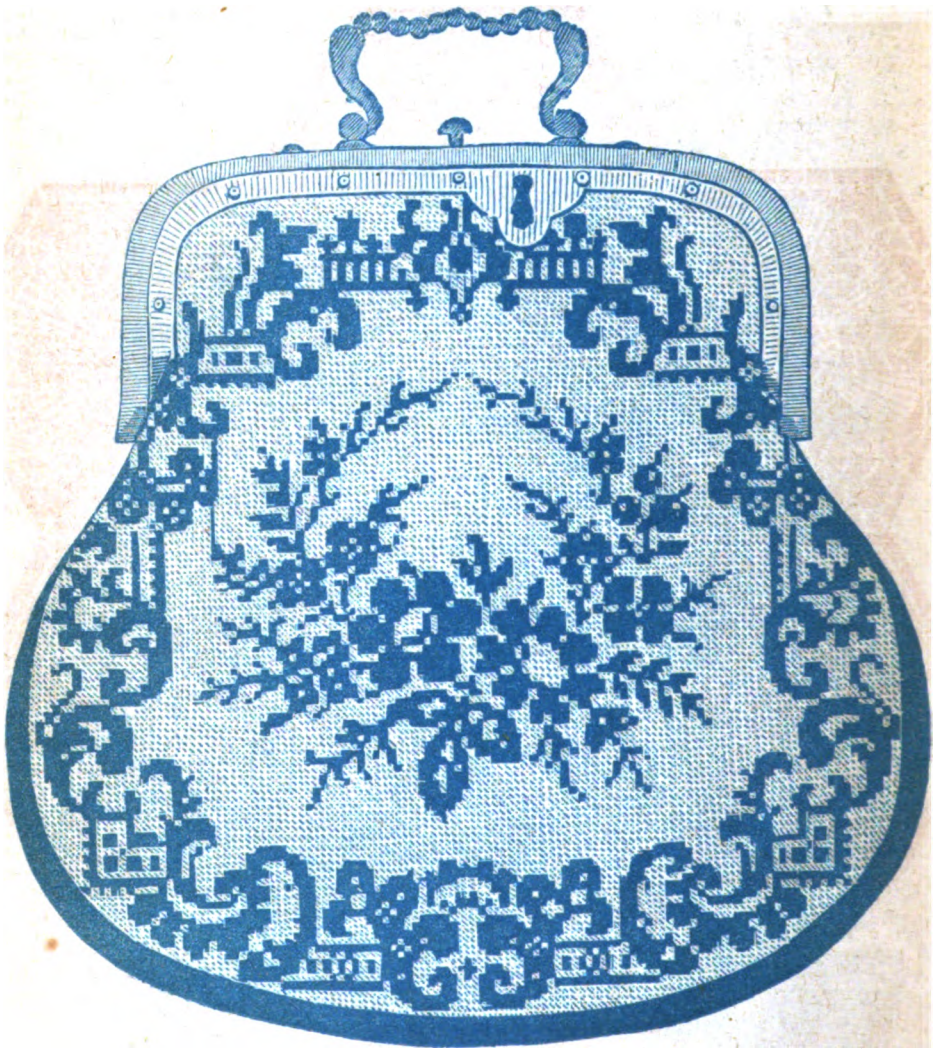
CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

THE CONVENIENCE OF CRINOLINE. A WARNING TO MOTHERS.
TROUBLESOME PARENT.—“Who was making that noise, Clara?”
CLARA.—“Only me and Moustache, Mamma!”





STAR PATTERN ANTIMACASSAR.



LADIES' TRAVELLING BAG.

CONTENTS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The Bold Soldier Boy
The Fisherman's Daughter.
The Only Daughter.
The Mother's Pets.
Grandmother's Apples.
The Greek Maiden.
Six Splendid Colored Fashion Plates.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Rival Queens, - - - 1
Assassination of Sigebert, - - - 8
Assassination of Bishop Pretextat, - 4
Fredegonde Surprised by the King, - 5
Brunehaut in Disguise, - - - 7
Assassination of Rauchingue, - - - 9
Assassination of the Guests, - - - 10
St. Columb and the Soldiers, - - - 11
Death of Brunehaut, - - - 12
The Mandarin's Queue, - - - 17
Love and Jealousy, - - - 49
Burnt-Wood-Weal, - - - 65
Queen Blanche excludes Louis IX. from
the Chamber of his Wife, - - - 97
The Luck of Eden Hall, - - - 105
The Ring is Found, - - - 118
Burning of the Hospice of the Grimsel, 129
Flight of Helen and Paris, - - - 198
Dual between Germain and Orville, - 209
The Doom of Ali, - - - 225
Betrayal of the Princess Tarrakanoff, 241
Marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, 280
Shane Fadh's Wedding, - - - 805
Mildred St. John, - - - 821
My Dog and Gun, - - - 887
Rensselaer Harbor, - - - 885
Butler's Island Storehouse, - - - 887
Sledge drawn by Nine Men, - - - 888
Little Willie and Newfoundlanders, - 888
Brig in Harbor, - - - 889
The Esquimaux Huts, - - - 891
Ice Belt of October, - - - 891
Newfoundland Dog Team, - - - 898
Passing the Crimson Cliffs, - - - 898
Imalik, - - - 895
The First Kayak, - - - 896
Entering the Danish Settlement, - - - 899
Mr. and Mrs. Shadblow discussing the
merits of Dancing School, - - - 401
Louis Dismore's First Meeting with
Cecele Vannier, - - - 417
The Spaniard Challenging Carl, - - - 488
Maria Lecrinaki, - - - 449
Charlemagne in Council Deciding the
Destiny of his Daughter, - - - 481
Mrs. Lennox refuses Captain Keller's
Hand and Fortune, - - - 497
Old Winna showing Cecele the Linen
she had Washed for the fine ladies,
Alphonso and Lucretia, - - - 529

LITERARY CONTENTS.

Adventures in the Valley of the Amazon,
An Autobiography of a Country Girl,
By CLARA AUGUSTA, - - - 28
A Scene in 1866. By BEN SCRIBBLER, 104

A Legend of Novaheevah. By H. P.
CANTWELL, - - - 121
A Story from Real Life. By ANN W.
CURTIS, - - - 199
A Struggle with the Evil One, - - - 259
A Review of New Literary Recruits, 550
Bartolini—A Story of Venice, - - - 68
Burnt-Wood-Weal, - - - 65
Blanche of Castille, - - - 97
Balm for Melancholy, - - - 180
Bon Mots, - - - 278
Battle Between Truth and Falshood, 848
Burmese Sketches, - - - 545
Chit-Chat with Readers, Friends and
Correspondents, - 75, 280, 369, 457, 559
Comicalities, - 96, 192, 288, 384, 480, 572
Cymbeline, - - - 158
Curious and Ingenious Receipts, - 186
Caldron, the Spanish Poet - - - 248
Clouds and Sunshine. By H. G. A. - 814
Contents of an Editor's Drawer, - 871
Cecele Vannier. By Mrs. HELEN MARIA
ARION, - - - 417, 518
Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, - - - 885
Domestic Management. By Miss
EMILY M. POSTON, - - - 127
Daguerreotypes, - - - 188
Editorial Patch-work, - - - 76
Editorial Selections, - - - 267, 468
Editorial Melange, - - - 866
Elegant Tom Collins, - - - 428
Editorial Chit-Chat, - - - 178
Extraordinary Delusion, - - - 648
Fashion Gossip, - 90, 189, 284, 388, 467
Familiar Talk, - - - 188
Fate of the Princess Tarrakanoff, - 241
Fashion and Dress, - - - 284, 565
Familiar Gossip with Readers, Friends
and Correspondents, - - - 559
Flower and Garden Hints, - - - 278, 365, 465
Forest Hues at Maple Farm. By Mrs.
L. S. GOODWIN, - - - 488
Gipsies. By MARY J. WINDLE, - - - 214
Gertrude. By EDITH BYRNS, - - - 251
Gambling, - - - 432
General Wolfe's Daughter, - - - 442
How a Miami Chief was Weighed, - 26
Helen of Troy, - - - 198
Housekeeper's Assistant, - - - 368
Illusions, - - - 51
Isadora D'Aubrey, - - - 235
Items for the Ladies, - - - 265
Isabella of Spain, - - - 289
Love and Jealousy. By ANGELINE E.
ALEXANDER, - - - 50
Language of Flowers, - - - 277
Leaves from the Literary Forest, - 478
La Mercia, - - - 408
Lover's Resolves, - - - 151
Literary Novelties, - - - 168
Literary Notices, - - - 275, 374
Life; An Allegory, - - - 636
Lucretia Borgia, - - - 529
Mothers of Families in Fashionable
Society, - - - 52

CONTENTS.

Mabel Gray. By CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.	107	A Home in the West. By Rev. P. ROBINSON.	120
Morning Walks. By MARY SPENSER PEASE.	140	Agricola. By JOHN CARR MILLER.	120
My Experience in the Country. By CLARA AUGUSTA.	298	A Legend of the Haunted Cave. By GAYLORD J. CLARKE.	510
Mildred St. John and her Little Cousin. By CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.	321	Ballad. By ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.	343
My Dog and Gun.	337	Epitaph on an Infant.	162
Never Say Die.	346	Eternal Joys. By C. DUNN GREEN.	234
Our Hunt. By GEORGE BRANDON.	38	Earth-Bound. By LOTTIE LINWOOD.	487
Oddities.	80,	Fragment. By H. E. M.	25
Our Fast Age. By Miss ALICE GRAY.	149	Flirting a Fan.	128
Ornamental Gardening.	169	Friendship Musings. By FRANK FOREST.	431
Ornamental Homes.	850	Fanny. By DAVID L. ROATH.	523
Patterns for Needlework.	98, 190, 285	Friends that are Kind and True. By E. G. CLINGAN.	313
Pearls from the Waters of Sentiment.	79	"He Hath Made Everything Beautiful in His Season." By ALICE.	157
Prophecies. By INA.	217	Hope.	208
Recipes for Preserving.	266	Hero and Leander. By S. D. PRATT.	501
Recipes for the Toilet.	364	Maple Leaves. By WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.	304
Smile Extractors.	81	Morning Song. By D. W. C. ROBERTS.	349
Spirit of Current Literature.	84	Night in the City. By H. S. CORNWALL.	208
Shane Fadh's Wedding. By WM. CARLETON.	305	None Knew Her Name. By M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.	264
Sketches of Russian Character.	361	Now and Then. By EDWARD A. DARBY.	523
Six Months before Marriage. D. W. C. ROBERTS.	436	Ode to Shakespeare. By A. J. REQUIER.	24
The Rival Queens.	1	Our Last Walk. By C. FRANCES ORNE.	69
The Quiet House.	13	Pictures of Autumn. By H. S. CORNWALL.	431
The Mandarin's Queue.	17	Rome.	16
The Princess and her Lost Foot.	44	Song. By W. H. C. HOSMER.	74
The Brothers of La Trappe.	48	Song.	258
The Perfection of Police Machinery.	62	Songs; from the German of Fallersleben. By W. W. CALDWELL.	338
Traces of Sappho, the Poetess. By G. HILL.	70	Still I Must Hope. By EMMA.	416
The Omen. By Mrs. L. S. GOODWIN.	113	Summer Dreamings. By CLARENCE MAX.	496
The Hospice of the Grimsel. By WILLIAM A. KENTON.	129	The Calm.	64
The Miner's Story.	145	The Old Oak Tree. By SIGMA.	103
The Fugitives. By J. G. ALLAN.	155	The Luck of Eden Hall.	105
This and That Ghost Story.	205	The Sunset Hour. By L. G. RIGGS.	126
The Fatal Visit. By JAMES REGINALD.	209	The Lily.	139
The System of Compensation in Happiness; or the Invisible Dramas.	219	The Burial of De Soto. By SALLIE C. LEVERING.	144
The Seven Year's Race. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.	228	The Happiest Days. By C. F. ORNE.	198
The Winter's Tale.	260	The Doom of Ali.	225
The Penalty of Jessonda.	381	The Wreath. By LUTHER G. RIGGS.	320
The Jaguars of Brazil.	339	The Voice of Praise.	330
The Fortunes of a Soldier.	353	Too Faithful. By Mrs. L. S. GOODWIN.	366
The Beggar of Algiers.	360	The Peri's Love. By M. A. SHERWOOD.	343
The Work-Table.	378, 571	The Poet's Task.	406
The Bungalow Ball. By JEREMY LOUD.	401	To a Dying Sister. By INVISIA.	416
The Ghost's Kiss. By F. AVENEL.	433	To T. Apoleon. By ELLA.	427
The Good Angel of Louis XV.	449	The Wanderer.	430
The Daughter of Charlemagne.	481	To Mary.	443
Too Poor to Marry.	497	The Spell of her Memory. By CHARLES D. GARDETTE.	496
The Hero of the Bastille.	502	To Maria. By GEORGE P. OLIVER.	509
The Brotherhood of Mercy at Florence.	512	M. D.	
The Births of the Napoleons.	534	Thine and Mine. By LOTTIE LINWOOD.	523
The Legend of Cora Lynn.	537	Venice by Moonlight. By D. W. C. ROBERTS.	436
Three Weeks after Marriage.	544	Winter. By Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.	536
Woman's Rights.	60		
West Point. By NEX.	344		
POETRY.			
Althea. By JEROME A. MABEY.	16		
A Dirge. By T. M. TWEND.	43		
August. By WEST.	103		

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